

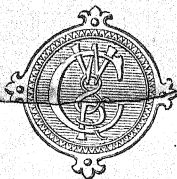
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glided softly past the lingering crowd of those who had come to say 'good-bye,' and to which she herself had a moment before belonged.

'O Reggie,' exclaimed the girl in frightened accents, as the train steamed out of the station, and the full consciousness of her audacity smote upon her for the first time. 'And it's a smoking-carriage too!'

'Not now,' said Walter Litton, smiling, as he emptied out of the window the pipe which he had held concealed in his hand from the moment of her appearance.

'I am so sorry,' said she earnestly. 'I don't at all object to smoking; I rather like it.'

'You mean, you like to see *others* smoke,' observed the captain, laughing. 'Well, you shall see me. Litton had only a pipe—the contents of which were, moreover, almost exhausted—but it really would be a sacrifice to throw away a cigar like this.'

'You're a naughty, selfish man,' said Lotty, with such a loving stress upon each adjective, that you might have imagined she was eulogising the deed.

'My dear, the doctors recommend it,' answered the captain mildly; 'all our men that have been badly hit—unless they were shot through the jaw—were enjoined to smoke the best tobacco, and very often.'

'Poor fellows!' ejaculated Lotty pityingly. 'I imagine they deserve the best of everything.'

'One of them has got the best of everything,' whispered the captain—at least so far as Reading, Lotty sighed.

'I believe I was very wrong to come, Reggie; the people stared so at me as we came out of the station. What must they have thought!'

'The people always do stare,' was the contemptuous rejoinder; 'but I never heard of their thinking.'

'But I am afraid that it *was* wrong,' persisted she, 'and that everybody must think so.—Don't you think, Mr Litton, it was a wrong thing to do?'

This was rather a poser; for Walter Litton *did* think it was so; as wrong a thing, that is, as so exquisite a being as Lotty was capable of; that is to say, he thought it injudicious, rash, and a little 'fast'; a thing which, if he had been in his friend's position, he would certainly not have recommended. He has never invited and pressed a young lady to do. In his own mind, he blamed the captain very much, but he was not so bold as to say so: he felt that that would be much more dangerous than to blame Lotty herself.

'There can be no harm in it whatever,' answered he, 'if, as Selwyn says, the up-express can be caught so conveniently at Reading. Our train stops nowhere else, so we cannot be intruded upon by strangers; otherwise, that would certainly be embarrassing. As it is, you go back to town in the ladies' carriage, and no one need be any the wiser. There was no very high morality in this speech of Walter Litton's, it must be owned; but let the reader (male) put himself in his place; he could not call her 'a bold creature' and prophesy that *she* would come of it—like a woman.

No more questions of conscience were put for his decision, and he hid himself at once behind the broad sheet of his newspaper, and left the lovers to themselves. It was a somewhat perilous situation for one with so delicate a sense of what was due to his fellow-creatures; for when he had

read one sheet, he had still to keep it up before him, for the sake of appearances, or rather in order to ignore them. He did not dare turn the paper over; 'the liberty of the press' was denied to him. An accidental glance had shown his two companions in such very earnest converse, that their lips seemed inclined to touch. He could not well cry 'Ahem, ahem!' before removing the obstacle between them and him; and so he remained in durance. Stone walls, however, do not a prison make, and much less those of paper; his thought was free, though always within honest bounds of license. He thought no more of Lotty as of one with whom he had fallen in love at first sight, but as of a sister who had become betrothed to his friend; and of her future. She was, he knew, the daughter of some wealthy 'self-made' man—Brown by name, and something, he did not know, *what*, by trade—and that her father was set determinately against the match. If he himself had been in Brown's place, he might (he owned) have been of the same opinion; not because his friend was poor (which was the obstacle in this case, Selwyn had told him), but because he did not think him likely to make a good husband. He was a good fellow, or at least Litton had always persuaded himself so—genial, witty, bold, an excellent companion, and a man who had been a general favourite at college. Yet it was said of him, that if a room, no matter how many were its occupants beside himself, had but one arm-chair in it, Selwyn was sure to get it.

Now, in a friend, this might be overlooked; indeed, it was so in Selwyn's case. His friends, and Litton above all, did not grudge him the arm-chair, though he always got it; but in a husband this was not a promising trait. It was unpleasant to reflect on it. Half an hour before, Walter would have been ashamed to have found himself dwelling on 'dear old Selwyn's' little weaknesses; but that was before he had seen Lotty, his sister (you see), as he was supposing her; and, without doubt, Selwyn had behaved very selfishly in getting her to come to Reading. There were risks in it—none to him, but all to her—such as he should not have allowed her to run, and which, as he knew, she (Lotty) resented. Suppose she were to miss the up-train, and her friends were discovered at home, or some acquaintance were to recognise her as she left the carriage at Reading. Any one of these unpleasant accidents might happen, and the consequences to her might be very serious. There was no knowing what a 'self-made' man (probably intensely respectable) might do, on hearing of such an escapade in a member of his family; it might be even the cause of an estrangement between them, though that, indeed, would be likely to throw her into her lover's arms, which was the very thing, perhaps, by-the-bye, that Selwyn—

'That is a pretty plan to impute to your old friend,' here interpolated the voice of Conscience. 'Why, if this girl had not been so uncommonly good-looking, and taken your precious "artistic" fancy, Master Walter Litton, you would never have attained this lofty elevation of ideas: you might have gone up a little lower. I don't deny, but not so high as all this. Moreover, it is a sheer assumption that anything like an elopement was contemplated. How could Reginald Selwyn know that this young lady would come to the platform to see him on to Cornwall? The whole affair was

evidently the work of a moment; and yet you were about to attribute a design—and a very mean one—to the lad who, when you were schoolboys together, often stood between you and harm, and used his three years of seniority, and the superior strength that went with them, to your advantage and succour; to your old chum at college; to the man who went down into the Valley of Death among those heroic Six Hundred, and whose wounds should be mouths to speak for him to the heart of every fellow-countryman. For shame, Master Walter!

Something like this did really pass through the young painter's mind, and covered him with self-reproach; and all this time the two objects of his thoughts were sitting hand in hand immediately opposite to him, billing and cooing, but unseen, and almost unheard. All that he knew, and could not help knowing, was, that Selwyn was pleading earnestly for something or other—advocating some impudicious and rash course of conduct, as was only too likely—and that Lotty was objecting to it, if those gentle tones of remonstrance could be called objecting.

At last, as the train shot through a station, with a whirr like the rising of some enormous pheasant, the captain observed aloud: "Why, that's Twyford, isn't it?"

"Yes," answered Litton: "the next station, I believe, is Reading."

He took up his *Bradshaw* to see whether this was the case; but hardly had he begun to peruse it before he uttered an exclamation of horror: "Look here; Selwyn, you are quite wrong about the up-express: it does not start from Reading for the next two hours."

"Are you sure, my dear fellow? Let's look—Well, that's exceedingly inconvenient. I can't imagine how I could have made such a mistake."

"The only thing to be done," said Walter, moved by Lotty's white and frightened face, "is for us two to get out also, and keep this young lady company: our time is no object, or, at least, none in comparison with her staying at the station for so long alone."

"Oh, I don't mind that," interrupted Lotty, in terrified tones; "but what am I to do about papa? I shall not be back in London till eight o'clock. He will be certain to find it all out—O dear, O dear!"

"He will be quite certain, Lotty," said Selwyn, with earnest gravity; "and this necessitates the step to which I have been trying to persuade you all along. This mischance may be turned into the happiest stroke of fortune, if you will only take my advice; and such an opportunity will assuredly never happen again."

"O Reggie, but I dare not. Dear papa would never forgive me."

"He will not forgive you for coming down with me to Reading and going back again, and will keep a very tight hand on you in future, you may be sure, Lotty; but he will forgive you if you don't go back at all, when he finds there is no use in being so passionately in love with a girl as you have become my wife."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Litton. "You must not do anything rash, Selwyn."

"Rash! no, quite the reverse, my good fellow. This young lady has promised to marry me sooner or later; that has been settled long ago, but her

father will not consent to it. He says "never;" so it is no more disobedient in her to marry me now than it would be ten years hence. By this lucky piece of imprudence, she will have already offended him beyond measure; her life will henceforth be made a burden to her under his roof. She can't possibly get back, you see, without the most tremendous row; and after that, there would be the other row, when we were married. Now, why shouldn't we have the two rows in one, and get it over for good and all? When the knot is once tied, the old gentleman, perceiving it is of no use to anathematise us, is all the more likely to listen to reason."

"But really, Selwyn, this is a most serious step."

"Of course it is, my dear Litton," interrupted the captain; "it's the most important step in the world just now, but only to two people in it—me and to me. Lotty is of age, and can judge for herself."

To this speech, so significant in its tone, Walter Litton did not know what to reply. The affair was certainly not his business, nor did any valid objections to Selwyn's arguments occur to him, save one—namely, that the young lady in her present position, separated from those who had the right to give her good advice, and urged by one whom she passionately adored, was not a free agent.

"I don't know what to do for the best," cried Lotty, wringing her hands. "Oh, why was I so foolish as to get into the train!"

"Not foolish, darling, only so fond," whispered the captain. "You acted as your heart dictated, and that is a guide to which it is always safe to trust. So far from regretting your position, you should rejoice that it has placed the happiness within our grasp which sooner or later we had promised ourselves. Life is too short for such procrastination."

"Oh, what will papa say?" sobbed Lotty, comforted by this philosophy, but at the same time obviously giving way to the inevitable, which in her idea was Captain Reginald Selwyn.

"I can very easily guess, my darling," said he, smiling. "There will be an eruption of the volcano; burning lava—some very strong language indeed—will stream forth in every direction, and overwhelm the solid Duchesses and his myrrids."

Then after a while there will be silence and calm. The crater will cease to agitate itself. "What's done can't be undone," it will sigh, and nobody will be a penny the worse."

"A penny the worse," echoed Litton inwardly. "Is it possible he is calculating upon getting money with her?" All his uncharitable thoughts regarding his friend had gathered strength again; he could not forgive him for taking advantage of this girl's love and isolation.

"What will Lily say?" sobbed Lotty, after a long pause, during which the whistle sounded shrilly, to proclaim their approach to the station.

"She will say, 'How lucky dear Lotty is to have married the man of her choice. Shall I ever have the like good fortune?' And, in the meantime, being the kindest-hearted girl (save one) in the whole world, she will employ herself in effecting a reconciliation between your father and ourselves. Come, darling, the time is come for your final decision; be man, be courageous!"

'Selwyn,' interrupted Litton abruptly, 'there is one thing that has been forgotten: with whom is this young lady to reside until you can procure a marriage-license? Have you any female relative in Cornwall who can receive her? Otherwise, the whole plan must needs fall to the ground; that is positively certain.'

'You are as right as the Bank,' said the captain admiringly. 'What a stickler you are for the proprieties; if it was not for your beard, you would make a most excellent chaperon! Why, of course, I have thought of a home for Lotty until she shall be mine. My aunt Sheldon lives at Penaddon—that is only a few miles from Falmouth, for which we are bound, and quite as pretty; you will fill your portfolio there just as well.'

'Never mind me,' interrupted Litton impatiently. 'Good Heavens! as if anything signified except this. But are you sure of her getting a kind reception, a welcome?'

'Yes, quite sure,' answered the captain decisively. 'Mrs Sheldon will do anything for me. We shall be married from her house in the orthodox manner; it will be scarcely an elopement at all. See, here we are at Reading; and to think that my own darling is not going to leave me, neither now nor ever!'

'O dear! O dear! what will poor Lily say?' murmured Lotty, nestling, however, close to her Reginald, and evidently quite resolved to stay there.

'Can we not telegraph to her?' inquired Litton eagerly.

'What! and tell her where we have gone?' cried the captain. 'That would be madness indeed.'

'No, no; I mean to relieve her mind; to let her know that her sister is safe and well. Otherwise, they will think she has come to harm.'

'Oh, thanks, Mr Litton,' answered Lotty gratefully; 'I should never have thought of that.'

'Litton thinks of everything,' said the captain laughing; 'he ought to be a courier to a large family travelling on the continent. But seriously, it is an excellent thought; and as I am a cripple, and I daresay Lotty would find her pretty hand shake a bit under existing circumstances, you shall telegraph for us.'

'Yes, but not home, Reginald. Lily will not be at home until five o'clock; and some one else might open it; and no one must tell poor papa, but Lily. She will be at the drawing-class in George Street, you know.'

'Quite right. Then this is the telegram,' said the captain, dictating. '*From Lotty, Birmingham (that will put them far enough off the scent), to Miss Lillian Brown, Ladies' College, George Street.—I have gone away with R. S. to his aunt's house. Your sister will be married to-morrow. That will prevent the telegraph clerk from taking particular notice, as he would do if he thought we were a runaway couple, and at the same time convince them that all interference will be too late. Say all you can for her to her father. Her dear love to both of you. That you will forgive and not forget her, is her prayer. Farewell. There is a deal more than the foregoing words there, but sentiment is always expensive.'*

The message had been written while the train was slackening speed, and now they had reached the platform.

Litton sprang out at once upon his mission,

which he had but just time to accomplish, ere the engine began to snort again.

'Some fellows wanted to get in here while you were away,' observed the captain, on his return to the carriage; 'so I have got the guard to stick an engaged board over the window. It combines utility and truth, you see, for it keeps us private, and exactly describes the mutual relation of Lotty and myself.—Don't it, Lotty?'

The captain had been mentioned in despatches for his coolness.

CHAPTER II.—THE DAUNTLESS THREE.

'Where is Penaddon?' asked Litton, when the train was once more on its way. 'I mean, how far is it from Falmouth?'

'Oh, well, a good step: when I said a few miles, I rather underrated the distance. I should think it was twenty miles. It is on the south coast of Cornwall, near the Lizard.'

'Then there is no railway,' observed the other curiously.

'No; but it is a goodish road, though hilly; and with four horses, we shall spin along in a couple of hours.'

'Is it a telegraph station?'

'Yes, there's a telegraph; but we can't go by that,' said the captain sharply.

'No; but you can send word to your aunt that you are coming. That you must certainly do, Selwyn, for, with an hour's stay at Plymouth for dinner, we shall not arrive at our journey's end till very late; and it will, of course, be necessary to make preparations for your reception.'

'Our chaperon is always right, Lotty; he shall telegraph at Swindon,' said the captain comfortingly, for the news that they were to be so long on their way seemed to have come on the poor girl quite unexpectedly, and once more she had dissolved in tears. 'You must tell my aunt the state of the case, Litton; ask her to take charge of Lotty, and also to secure a couple of rooms for you and me at the little inn. It's just the place for a painter—covered all over with the blossoms of a great what-you-may-call-it—a westeria—the branches of which keep it from tumbling to pieces, and looking on to the old castle.'

'I hope there are not many people at Penaddon. It is not a gay place, is it, Reginald?' asked Lotty tearfully.

'Gay! No, my darling,' replied the captain laughing. 'My aunt Sheldon complains that she is buried alive there. There is not a soul to speak to within five miles.'

'I thought you said there was a castle.'

'Yes; but it has no roof to it. It is a Roman ruin. Even the church has fallen to pieces, and half of it into the sea. There is another church, however, built judiciously more inland, in which marriage-services are no doubt performed upon occasion.'

'What will your aunt think of my coming down like this, Reggie?'

'What will papa think? What will Lily think? What will your aunt think?' mimicked the captain. 'Why, my dear Lotty, you seem bent on collecting the thoughts of all the family. As for Aunt Sheldon, I promise you she will think no worse of you for this little escapade, but rather the

better, for she made a runaway match of it herself—and not so very long ago neither.'

Here Litton looked up quickly; his friend's eyes were fixed on Lotty, but the captain's foot came in significant contact with his own, and gave it a warning pressure.

'There is something wrong about Selwyn's aunt,' thought Walter. 'Sheldon, Sheldon! surely I have heard that name before,' and presently he remembered where he had heard it. Mrs Sheldon might have made a runaway match, but that was not the incident in her married life which occurred to his memory. He recollected her name in connection with some law-case in which there had been circumstances, he did not remember what, but which had made a vague impression on him, not to her advantage. It was too late, however, to make any objections now, even if one could ever have been made on such a ground. Sixty miles were already put between Lotty and her home; an hour and a half had elapsed which had placed her old life and her new irrevocably apart. A less time suffices to do as much for many of us. A word spoken in the heat of hate; a look given—nay, suffered to escape—in the ardour of love; is often a Good-bye to all our Past, and on its ruins Life begins once more.

From Swindon, 'the chaperon,' as the captain had christened Walter, and as Lotty herself now also termed him (for she was fast recovering from her apprehensions and anxieties, Litton telegraphed to Penaddon, and, when they reached Exeter, to Falmouth also, to order the carriage and posters to meet them at the station, that not a moment should be lost. He did not tell his companions of his having taken this latter precaution, since it would only have aroused the captain's mirth; but, to Walter, everything that seemed likely to conduce to Lotty's comfort was of importance, and he was quite content to do her service without acknowledgment. It was he, of course, since his friend was incapacitated by reason of his honourable wounds, who procured Lotty her railway ticket, provided them with refreshments, and ordered their dinner at the inn at Plymouth. In fact, as Reginald subsequently observed, it was Walter who did the 'bidding,' and he the 'cooing' throughout that journey. The former duty required no little adroitness to avert public attention from Lotty, for, despite all that has been done for the independence of the sex, it is still unusual for a young lady to travel with two young gentlemen, neither of whom are related to her, in an 'engaged' smoking-carriage. The interest of the passengers, who had somehow or other become cognisant of this social anomaly in their midst, was greatly excited by it, and most of them, as they got out at their various destinations, would stroll up the platform to steal a look at 'the damsel three,' as the captain himself styled themselves. On these occasions, not only did Walter confront the intruders with indignant countenance, and every hair in his beard bristling defiance at one side-window, but he built up on the other an eidolon, made of his own and the captain's surplus travelling gear, to obscure the view. At Plymouth, too, he preceded them to the inn, and bespoke a private room for the little party, whereby he obtained a fleeting reputation of being Lotty's husband. The waiter's powers of observation were not so keen as those of the

chambermaid, who remarked at once that Lotty wore no wedding-ring, and built up a little romance upon the circumstance.

Whether anything of this was guessed by Lotty, or that she had been made to feel in any other way the embarrassment of her position, it is certain, that so far from being invigorated by her meal, her spirits had deserted her when she entered the train again; and as dusk came on, the doubt of a welcome from Mrs Sheldon, and the certainty of the unhappiness that she had by this time inflicted on those at home, oppressed her mind in spite of her Reginald's efforts to enliven the way.

'Stare, my darling, of course she people stare,' he would explain in mitigation of her discomfort; 'but it is only with admiration. They see a Crimean hero and his sister—that is, a Sister of Mercy in attendance upon him—also a young surgeon rising fast in reputation, but who has sacrificed his professional prospects for the time, in order to accompany his friend to a warmer climate. It is quite an idyll of Hospital life.' As for the perturbation produced in the Brown family, the gallant captain was sublimely indifferent to it; and with respect to the reception they were likely to get at Penaddon, his knowledge of his aunt's character, and of her liking for himself, perhaps made him confident of a welcome. At all events, his stoicism only once broke down, which happened on their arrival at Falmouth, where, in addition to the carriage-and-four bespoken by Litton, they found a considerable crowd attracted by that phenomenon.

'Well, I must say you have advertised us pretty completely,' was Reginald's only acknowledgment of his friend's forethought. And certainly the remarks of the bystanders were of a nature calculated to irritate an invalid. That the four horses were ordered for an elopement, the natives, it seemed, had made up their minds, and from that stand-point not even the presence of a third person could move them. They only adapted their old theory (as men will) to suit the unexpected fact, and exclaimed admiringly: 'Why, if she ain't a running with two of 'em!'

The rest of the journey was melancholy indeed; for, however pleasant Dr Johnson may have found it in his time to travel by post, he had no experience of what it is after one has already come some three hundred miles by railway; it rained unceasingly too, for the first hour, so that, though the moon was at her full, there was little to be seen from the windows of the carriage, and when it grew clear, the country was no longer picturesque. They had no more, it is true, to toil up one hill-side only to descend another, but their way lay over bleak and barren moors, swept by a wind that seemed resolute to oppose their passage, and in whose hiss and moan poor Lotty, though her hand was clasped in Reginald's, heard many a warning and remonstrant voice. At last there fell upon their ears that sound, which has no other like to it in nature, the roaring of an angry sea; and the captain let down the window, and bade Lotty look out. Around them and before them, for they were on a high-set promontory, spread the moonlit sea, wild and white with wrath as far as eye could reach, and beneath them a spectral ruin.

'That is Penaddon Castle, Lotty, in which, as you may observe for yourself, no county family

resides at present. The light down yonder is from the Hall, which shows that hospitable preparation has been made for your reception. The scene looks a little ghastly by this light; but, to-morrow, you will own that you never saw a prettier place, or one, I hope, in which you were so happy.

STORM-WARNINGS.

Our readers are probably aware of the remarkable efforts of the late Admiral Fitzroy regarding records of the weather, and the organisation of a system of storm-warnings. At his decease, the Meteorological Department at the Board of Trade was abolished. In lieu of it, the Admiralty agreed to place an annual sum of ten thousand pounds in the hands of the Royal Society, who appointed eight or ten of its members, well versed in these matters, to form a Meteorological Committee, to be trusted with a generous reliance on the honest and unselfish prosecution of their duties. This system has been in force seven or eight years; and the results of the committee's labours are annually published. The members of the committee (whose services are wholly gratuitous) meet once a fortnight, or oftener, if necessary. At present, they comprise the veteran Sir Edward Sabine, Mr Warren De la Rue, Captain Evans (hydrographer to the Admiralty), Mr Calton, Mr Gassiot, Admiral Richards, the Earl of Rosse, Major-general Smythe, Major-general Strachan, and Sir Charles Wheatstone; with Mr Scott as Director, and Captain Toynbee as Marine Superintendent.

The complete Report of the proceedings in 1873, only recently published, affords means for explaining, in a brief way, the kind of work carried on, and the organisation by which it is conducted.

In the prosecution of ocean meteorology, the committee supplies on loan to captains of ships a set of instruments which have been properly verified at Kew Observatory; these instruments are returned to the office when the voyage is over, for recomparison with standards. They comprise a marine barometer, thermometers, and hydrometers, with occasionally an azimuth compass. The conditions of the loan are, that careful observations shall be made with these instruments; that the results shall be entered in a tabulated register; and that the register shall be transmitted to the office when each voyage is ended. No observations are recognised except those made with the committee's instruments. In regard to the ships of the royal navy, the plan is different: the committee supplies all the meteorological instruments, duly verified, but is not empowered to demand a record of observations. This is in accordance with an arrangement made between the Admiralty and the committee, whereby a division of labour is established. Nevertheless, captains of royal ships frequently, and voluntarily, send valuable Reports to the committee. In addition to the supply of instruments direct from the office in London, a stock is kept at some of the more important sea-ports, under the care of agents responsible (through Captain Toynbee) to the committee. Presents of valuable charts are made to those captains who send duly prepared registers of observations. At the close of 1873, more than seventy merchant-ships, voyaging in almost every ocean, were making and recording daily observa-

tions with the instruments supplied. As one result of the mass of valuable information thus gradually accumulated, the committee prepares charts on a large scale of such portions of the ocean as exhibit meteorological peculiarities. For instance, there is a part of the Atlantic known to mariners as the *Coldrums*, concerning which it is desirable to obtain as much information as possible, of such kind as meteorological instruments can furnish; and the committee is preparing charts that will give this information. From two hundred to two hundred and fifty registers are received annually at the central office, from all parts of the world; and then computers and transcribers are employed in reducing these authentic records of observations to a form suitable for future use; with the fairly grounded hope, that we shall thereby add every year to our weather-lore of the various oceans and seas. Many of the documents are from sea-ports abroad, in addition to the entries jotted down by the captains of ships during their voyages. At the beginning of the present year, 82 of the committee's barometers, 510 thermometers, and 314 hydrometers, were afloat in ships of the mercantile marine, all doing useful daily work; these, including others in store, and at the out-ports of Liverpool, Aberdeen, and Glasgow, made a total of more than 1700 scientifically constructed instruments, all tested to the highest degree of accuracy. The instruments belonging to the Admiralty, but equally under the scientific care of the committee, comprised at the same time barometers, thermometers, and hydrometers, to the number of more than 3200. This is not all.

The committee maintains many agencies in various parts of the United Kingdom, charged with the duty of taking daily observations of the weather, and of forwarding tabulated registers of the results to London. The director visits all these agencies in turn. In addition to this, voluntary observers aid in the useful work. Forty or fifty private gentlemen, in various parts of the kingdom, make regular observations with instruments approved by the committee. Some send up to the central office monthly tables, with one observation per day, some with two per day, and some with three; while others prepare complete monthly registers. A quarterly Weather Report is published, giving a summary of results obtained at all the stations; mean values are given, not only in English measures, but also on the metric and the centigrade scales. Hourly tabulated values for each class of instruments are likewise issued. Seven self-recording observatories are maintained, from each of which issue anemograms, barograms, and thermograms—self-recorded diagrams of the results furnished by the instruments. An enlarged publication of results is about to be undertaken, in conjunction with the Meteorological Society. It is also contemplated to obtain, with the aid of the lighthouse Boards, observations on sea-temperature near the coasts, with especial reference to the migrations of mackerel, herrings, and other fish; and thus some important information will be procured on a subject of interest to the community.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the committee's labours is that which relates to Weather Telegraphy. By the aid of land wires and submerged cables, a constant intercommunication is kept up between the central office and numerous

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out-port and other stations, all which are periodically visited and inspected, and competent agents are appointed. There are sixteen such stations in England and Wales, eight in Scotland, and five in Ireland, some of which send two telegraphic communications every day; and two stations abroad contribute to the good work. Foreign governments are supplied with copies of some of the telegrams, such as relate to British ports most contiguous to the territories of those governments; and transmit telegrams in return. The committee thus practically knows, every day, and in some instances twice a day, the state of the weather along a vast range of European coast, from Christiania in Norway, to Corunna in Spain.

The daily observations are made at eight in the morning, and the telegrams relating to them all reach London by nine, *via* wire and cable. The 'Intelligence Department' at the General Post-office then extracts from these telegrams such portions as are required for its wind and weather Reports. A private wire next transmits them to the committee's office. By eleven o'clock, the particulars are reduced and tabulated into a daily weather Report, copies of which are sent off to the evening newspapers, in time for publication. A wind-chart for the day is also prepared for the *Shipping Gazette*. If necessary, telegraphic intelligence of storms or atmospheric disturbances is sent to our own coasts and to foreign countries. Later in the day, the foreign telegrams, and subsequently the afternoon Reports, come in. The daily weather charts are drawn and ready by noon, and forwarded to the lithographers to be printed; the copies for distribution come in about half-past three; and by half-past five several hundred copies are sent off to the general post. The daily weather Report is supplied gratuitously to seventeen London newspapers and journals, to thirty or forty seaports, to the public and private observatories in the United Kingdom, to scientific societies, to government offices and departments, and to various institutions and official establishments in foreign parts.

Simultaneous or synchronous observations, as a means of ascertaining the exact state of the weather at one particular instant over wide-spreading regions, are about to be made daily in as many parts of the world as can be conveniently selected. The importance of these simultaneous observations in determining the law of storms, and the occurrence of those hurricanes and cyclones so destructive to human life and shipping, it is impossible to estimate. The time selected is that particular instant which corresponds with twelve hours forty-three minutes P.M. Greenwich time, and which can easily be translated into the local time of other longitudes.

Storm-signalling apparatus is supplied by the Board of Trade to about a hundred and thirty stations on the coasts of the British Islands; besides those at the royal dockyards under the management of the Admiralty. These signals are so shaped and coloured as to symbolise different messages or warnings; at some stations, lamp-signals are used at night. The committee's central office sends out intelligence of storms probably approaching, chiefly to such stations as are most likely to be affected—sometimes on the east coast, sometimes on the west, and so on. The message sent usually comprises an order to hoist the storm-signal, accom-

panied by a brief statement of the reasons. The message itself is to be posted up for the information of the public, and is to remain in force for forty-eight hours, unless superseded by another in the interim, denoting either that the danger is known to have passed over, or that there are signs of the approach of another storm. All information sent to the coasts is also forwarded to Lloyd's, where it is posted up for the information of captains, shipowners, and underwriters, or ship-insurers. In 1873, about two hundred and fifty storm-warnings were transmitted by wire and cable; and of these, two hundred were justified by the rough weather that supervened—a striking proof of the advance that has been made in scientific weather forecasts. The uninitiated cannot interpret storm-signals; but port authorities, and sailors generally, know that a cone hoisted with the point upwards denotes an approaching wind veering round from the north-west by north to south-east; with the point downwards, a wind veering from south-east by south to north-west; while a drum, as well as a cone, is considered to denote a very heavy gale approaching from the direction indicated by the cone.

The committee is not without hope of being able shortly to commence a system of *daily forecasts*, to announce all over the kingdom the probable state of the weather in different localities, on the morrow or the day after. If this can be done, the result will be almost beyond price—supposing always that the result justifies, or approximately justifies the prediction, a matter to which the committee will direct close attention before setting the scheme on foot.

It will be seen, therefore, that the work done by the Meteorological Committee of the Royal Society, in conjunction with various governments and scientific bodies, is of a very high degree of importance, giving us some clue to the solution of that world-perplexing question, 'How about the weather?'

THE WILMINGTON GIANT.

THE White Horse in Berkshire has been, until recently, regarded as the chief representative of the turf-cut monuments in England. It has, however, at length found a rival in the Wilmington Giant, a figure that now appears as a prominent object on the South Downs, and which has already attracted a large number of visitors, and may be seen by every traveller on the south-coast line, as he journeys to the fashionable and rising watering-places which are in the eastern part of the county of Sussex.

Until recently, few comparatively were aware of its existence, for it had been so nearly obliterated by the turf, that it required a peculiar light to be easily traced. And those who looked on the 'Long Man,' as it was locally called, were not likely to recognise the interest of the inquiry which it had the power to awaken. At length, the figure became known as the Wilmington Giant, and as such has undergone some restoration. The Giant is two hundred and forty feet in length, while the head is above twenty-one feet in diameter. In each of the outstretched arms is a club or staff. It is cut on so steep a slope of the hill as to appear almost upright, and by its size and altitude brings to mind the Colossus of Rhodes. It towers to

an immense height; and when the spectator has mounted only as high as the breast, on looking north, the whole of the country between him and the mid-Surrey hills is fully commanded.

Assuming it to be a work of high antiquity, whose preservation was the first object considered by the original designers, indications of its purpose are sought for in every detail which it presents. The whole figure tells of the perfect idol; its form and size may be considered as fairly indicative of the veneration of the workers for the object represented. What have been previously looked on as statues in the Giant's hands, are now suggested to be emblems of a gnomeric character; that is, indicative of the hours of the day, according to the shadows that may be thrown on the surface. Even at the present time it may be said to act as an enormous gnomon, little as it is thought of or ennobled by the existing race. At noon, the sun is exactly over its head, and the whole figure then is seen only in its restored outline; while the most casual observer can easily trace by the shadows, as they lessen or deepen in tone, the hours before or after noon. If the whole surface was kept clean, as is the case with the Berkshire White Horse, this power would be intensified; realising which, we are the better able to understand the part it would play in regulating and directing the movements of our early ancestors. It has indeed been calculated, that, with the chalk fully exposed to view, it could have been used as a day-signal, and made the means of communicating over a vast area; two of such figures, it is asserted, would have been sufficient, if placed at suitable distances, to have conveyed a sure, though shadowy message to London—a power not likely to have been disregarded by those whose painstaking skill had secured it. Inferior as it may be to the achievements of modern telegraphy, it is some indication that our British forefathers could cut off the difficulties created by distance in their communication to a detached body, and might convey to them signals that would direct their movements.

Cæsar, in his notice of the painted savages whom he found on first landing on these shores, refers to their habits and religious ceremonies, wherein sacrificial rites had a prominent place. 'They have,' he says, 'figures of a vast size the limbs of which are formed of osiers; they fill these with living men, which being set on fire, the men perish in the flames.' This terse and simple statement appears to have been the foundation for the belief, that wicker-work idols of the human form were the recognised deities of the Britons. This idea has been introduced into ballad literature, and popularised by pictorial illustrations. The description of the 'wicker giant grim,' and of the 'victims caged within his limbs,' must now give place to more sober definitions, which will stand the test applied by the searching system of modern investigation. And no sooner is attention seriously directed to the monstrous pictures, representing a basket-work idol of the human form standing erect, filled with struggling victims, than the merest exercise of common-sense is ready to pronounce the thing depicted to be impossible. No figure of the kind could be made to retain its perpendicular position when packed with human beings. The absurdity of the picture, which is familiarised to us by its appearing as a woodcut in magazine literature, and also as gracing the pages of that which

intends to lead us into thankfulness for our present light and knowledge, when compared with the dark and gloomy past, is made apparent by tracing the 'artist's license.' A pitchfork is being used by a bystander, on which is hoisted an infant, to be thrust through the open wicker-door, which then only can be reached by a ladder. The frantic struggles of the older victims who are caged in below, made to fill the legs of the human-form basket, may tend perhaps to convince us that the principle of *voluntary sacrifice* was utterly unknown to our forefathers.

But no sooner is Cæsar's description removed from such encumbrances, and we gather up the simple facts that remain, than we find we have enough left to satisfy us. On his landing in Britain, he found that there were 'idols of immense size with osier limbs,' that these were used in 'human sacrifices wherein the victims perished in the flames.' We neither question his statements, nor for a moment doubt his thus giving us concisely the 'manners and customs' which he witnessed. The same authority assures us that *wicker-work* boats covered with skins were found to be in use by the natives of these islands upon the invasion of the Romans. The hurdle—that texture of twigs, osiers, or sticks, made more or less firm according to the purpose it was intended to serve, was doubtless known to the aboriginal inhabitants—is still in use for sheep-pens. It is suggested that the Wilmington Giant serves in every particular as an illustration of Cæsar's text, if it be admitted that at the time of the sacrificial rites being observed, *hurdles* were placed round as an inclosure. It is well known that the whole district over which the Giant towered was occupied by an enormous wood, sacred to two deities known as Andred and Andras—in other words, the powers of nature; and probably there is some connecting link between the remaining monument and the departed forest-like feature of the country.

Antiquarian labours, with which Mr Phené's name is inseparably connected, must have guided him in forming his opinion and estimate of the great monumental turf-cut work, which has given rise to a popular and interesting inquiry, as his zeal has been the moving cause for securing its restoration. He is referred to as an authority on the subject; his multifarious learning seems to condense on any object which reflects the scattered rays of a past age. Friendly controversy has of course arisen; but the feeling of surprise and wonder generally prevails, that so venerable and ancient a work should have been attributed to mediæval times; or that the terse text of Cæsar should have been distorted from its original force by hampering commentary or absurd illustration. The literary feature introduced thus into a matter of antiquarian or archaeological inquiry, deepens greatly the interest which was so suddenly aroused. If the evidence given by the Wilmington Giant is rejected, and he is not allowed to appear as a witness to the pagan rites which were practised on British ground, he must be allowed to stand in the glory of mystery, and henceforth to share with Stonehenge the privilege of being a 'not understood' monument of a bygone time.

We must conclude by noticing that the East Sussex Archaeological Society selected Wilmington as the place of their annual autumn meeting, on which occasion the church, the ruins, as well as

that part of the old monastic building which is now used as a farm-house, were duly inspected by the members and their friends. And then, *last, not least*, the Giant was visited. The enjoyment of all present was greatly promoted by the presence of Mr Phené, who pointed out the peculiarities which confirmed the opinion he had elsewhere expressed. 'In the middle ages, the Colossal,' he observed, 'was never dealt with, while it was, to the ancients, a great feature, in which they delighted and excelled.' He referred to the enormous figures and sculptures to be found in Egypt, India, Central America, and other parts of the world, and mentioned the identity of attitude of the Giant with figures on Gnostic gems, as also with figures in Egypt and Nabia, and with that of Diana at Ephesus. The monkish theory was remarked on, as popular error; when Mr Phené, in reply, expressed his opinion that some medieval effort had been made to obliterate that which was sure to have been found objectionable to the monks, but that, fortunately, such iconoclasm had been insufficient to destroy the contour. He then compared the Wilmington Giant with the Dorsetshire Giant; and on the possibility and probability that Cæsar saw both of the monuments which had so long lain hid, or uncared for, being pointed out, the company seemed ready to receive the proposition, none being prepared with evidence which tended to contradict it. That relics so important are so easily restored, and given freely to the people, that they may enjoy and learn thereby, is one of the pleasant and satisfactory features attending the *securing of turf-cut monuments*.

SOME SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

In a book entitled *Past Days in India*, some excellent stories are told by 'a late Customs officer,' relying upon his 'sporting reminiscences of the valley of the Soane and the basin of Singrowlee,' in the district of Mirzapore. His reminiscences embrace what he was told as well as what came within the range of his own personal cognisance; so that he does not, fortunately, vouch for the truth of all that he relates. And it must be acknowledged that, in certain cases, more than ordinary powers of credulity are required.

To 'bell the cat' was considered by the fabulous conclave of rats so hazardous a proceeding, that the expression, from the time of the celebrated Douglas to the present day, has been commonly used to denote any bold measure which would entail the necessity of personally confronting a redoubtable creature. To 'bell the bear,' then, should require an extraordinary degree of boldness; and yet even that feat is said to have been accomplished. An 'aheen,' let it be understood, is a 'herdsman.' Now it happened upon a day, near the village of Murkoondie, that three or four aheers were tending buffaloes in a jungle, 'when one of them (the aheers, not the buffaloes) suddenly came upon a bear at the foot of a tree, half-buried in the hole he was digging to get at a white ants' nest.' He made signs to his companions to come to him. This they did; and they all stood for a long while watching the bear, which was far too intent upon procuring a dinner to take any notice of them. Hereupon, inspired by that spirit which finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, one of the aheers conceived a more or less happy idea,

which he communicated forthwith to his appreciative fellows. Producing a buffalo-bell, he made a proposition which was received with approbation, silently expressed; for there was the fear of attracting the attention of the bear. Then the two boldest, heaviest, and strongest of the aheers noiselessly drew near to Bruin, whose 'head was buried deep in the hole,' jumped upon his back, and by main force held the bear down until the others had tied the bell round his neck. The practical jokers, having performed their task with the utmost rapidity, retired with corresponding nimbleness to a place of safety, whence they watched with great interest the bear's behaviour. 'The antics he played, and the awful row he made in trying to get rid of the sonorous bell, sent the aheers into fits of laughter. The poor animal is said to have been seen or heard of for four days in different parts of the country, and is supposed to have traversed between one hundred and two hundred miles, being at last found dead of fright and starvation on the borders of Kewah, fifty miles from where he had the ornament put on.'

There is no telling to what straits a true sportsman may be reduced; and it is always advisable to know what is good and palatable to eat. Now it appears that the 'fretful porcupine,' though its quills may be its most remarkable and, from a commercial point of view, most valuable peculiarity, is by no means to be disregarded by a hungry hunter who longs for savoury meat. This fact is vouched for by the 'Customs officer,' who testifies that 'roast, or rather baked, porcupine' is 'a first-rate dish.' And this is the way to dress and cook it: 'The porcupine, after being cut open, cleaned, and stuffed with proper seasoning, is enveloped, quills and all, in a thick paste of atta (flour with the pollard and bran in it); the cook then digs a hole in the ground, and smoothing it all round with thin mud, puts in a quantity of live coals. When the hole becomes well heated, the ashes are withdrawn, more live coals put in, and the porcupine on them, and all covered up with live coals and wood. After a sufficient time has elapsed to allow for the porcupine to be properly cooked' (no definite number of minutes, however, being mentioned for the guidance of experimentalists), 'the black mass is taken out of the hole and cut open; the head is then cut off, and the skin (the quills coming with it) peeled off easily, the rest being sent to the table, looking and tasting very much like a well-fed sucking porker.' There is, of course, no reason, except prejudice, why one should not eat porcupine. It is a rodent of healthy appetite, feeding chiefly on roots and vegetable substances in general, to such an extent as to play havoc, sometimes, in a garden. Indeed, the ancient Romans are said to have bought and sold it for food; and there are many points, besides water-supply, in which we might advantageously imitate the ancient Romans. Hedgehog, which is not unlike porcupine, is believed to be a very common dish amongst our gipsies; and the way in which the former, baked whole in a wrapper of clay, is prepared for the table, is not dissimilar from the process just described in the case of the latter.

The time to thoroughly enjoy some baked porcupine is, no doubt, when the appetite is ravenous after some hours of exercise and excitement; let us say, after a 'hankwa.' But as everybody may

not know what a hankwa is, and how it is conducted, the present occasion may be seized for giving an explanation in detail. A hankwa, then, is a 'drive of wild animals'; and it is conducted as follows: 'The first thing to be done is to send off an experienced shikari (sportsman) to discover the traces and lair of a tiger. This having been done, and a young buffalo-bull provided as a "victim," the shikari takes it before sundown to the spot arranged for the hankwa or drive, and in the track of a tiger, and fastens it securely to a stake driven firmly into the ground, or to the roots of a tree. The shikari has with him two or three villagers, who have brought their tangaes, or wood-axes, and charpoyis (native bedsteads), according to the number of sportsmen, which they proceed at once to fasten securely in trees conveniently situated. Poles are then cut and fastened twelve to eighteen inches above the front edge of each charpoy, and to these poles small leafy branches are tied, hanging downwards, which serve as a screen to the sportsmen on the machaun (platform). These poles are also used to rest the barrels of the guns on, that they may be close at hand. (It is, however, generally best to fasten the charpoyis in the morning, as then the leafy screen, being fresh, presents a more natural appearance, the shikari doing it directly he finds the "victim" killed.) These preparations being completed, the shikari's party make their way out of the neighbourhood as quickly as possible, knowing that the jungle is no longer ever-safe, because about that time wild animals of all kinds issue from their various coverts in search of their prey or food.' Messengers are then sent to all the villages in the neighbourhood 'to give notice of a hankwa the next morning, and to summon all the men and boys not absolutely required for any special duties. As a properly conducted hankwa seldom lasts longer than two or three hours at most, generally in the early morning, and as the villagers engaged in it receive a whole day's pay for their trouble, they are always glad of the summons.' As soon as day breaks 'on the following morning, the shikari, taking one or more crafty men with him, proceeds very cautiously to the jungle, to see whether the "victim" has been killed or not. If on his return he reports "a kill," the gentlemen, who by that time have got everything ready, proceed quickly to the spot, but with as little noise as possible, all talking on the way being in a decidedly subdued tone of voice. Some eight or ten of the bravest and most intelligent villagers accompany them, and station themselves in trees, a few yards apart, to the right and left of the trees in which the machauns are. As the duties of these men are more onerous and dangerous than those of the beaters, they will have double pay each for their trouble.' It should have been mentioned that the charpoyis 'are placed about ten feet from the ground, this height being generally considered the safest, as the machaun then would be just out of the reach of a tiger, were he to stand up on his hind-legs and try to get in. Finding himself foiled, should he still be bent on mischief, and make a spring, most likely he would go clean over, harming no one, even if the sportsmen were foolish enough to allow him so much time as to accomplish all this. Whereas, were the machauns placed some feet higher up, unless at once very high, the tiger's spring would land him nicely in the machaun. . . . No doubt, in such a

case, on making his spring he would be saluted with a volley; still, unless lit in an immediately vital spot, he might have strength enough left to inflict some ugly wounds with his teeth and claws; and 'it is well known to sportsmen that wounds from any of the feline race are extremely troublesome to heal.' The villagers who have placed themselves in the trees to the right and left, and at about the same height as the machauns, act the part of, and are called, rokhis or stoppers. When, then, 'a rokh sees a tiger coming his way, he cries out "Hiah," or some such sound, not too loud, or else taps the tree once with the handle of his axe, just loud enough to attract the attention of the tiger, and make him apprehensive of danger in that direction. If this sound is not enough, he taps again louder, and if the tiger still persists in advancing, he throws a stone or a bit of stick at him, which usually turns him, and makes him go in the direction required.' When the gentlemen have 'started for the machauns, the shikari takes all the rest of the men and boys (fifty to a hundred or more), and places them a few yards apart, forming a semicircle in rear of the place where the tiger is supposed to be lying down, preparing for a sleep after his heavy repast. Two or three tom-toms (small native drums) are also stationed, one in the centre of the line of beaters, the other at even distances to the right and left. The shikari then having ascertained that all is ready, placing himself in the centre of the half-moon, signals to the men right and left as far as he can see, and these again pass the signal on till it reaches the gentlemen, warning them that the hankwa is beginning. The signal is always made with the hand, never with the voice. When the return-signal from both sides reaches the shikari, he orders the beaters to commence shouting and beating the bushes with sticks, or throwing earth or stones into thick clumps, whilst the drummers 'create the greatest din of which their instruments are capable. And it is, altogether, quite noise enough to waken 'every animal couching within a long distance on either side of the line of beaters, causing them to start up, and wonder what on earth is going to happen.' Meanwhile, in the machauns stand the gentlemen 'on the tiptoe of expectation;' and, though they be 'stung by one or more of a cloud of mosquitoes, or bitten by a villainous red or black tree-ant, or, it may be, tickled to the height of irritation by one or more wilful, persevering flies,' they 'dare not move hand or foot to drive them away, momentarily expecting the burst, or the stealthy tread, as the humour may be, of the tiger or tigers.' Here he comes, you think, as there is a movement and a rush out of the bushes; no, it is 'a wild boar only,' but quite enough to give 'the unpractised nerves of some a rude shock.' There he goes, then; no, this time 'it is a bear,' which, thinking 'that the sooner he is out of such a neighbourhood the better,' puts his best foot foremost, and 'shuffles off double quick.' Surely, this is he; but no; this is a hyena sneaking past, and nearly mistaken by some excited novice for a tiger. And the fear of committing such an error is what makes the tension of the nerves so painfully great; for 'if an unlucky shot was fired at such small game, the tiger or tigers would be alarmed, and break past the rokhis, or double back on the line of beaters, scattering, and, likely

enough, grievously wounding, if not killing, one or more of them.' At last the grand spectacle is seen: one, and, perhaps, two tigers shew themselves within range; there is a rattle of artillery from the trees, and both the grand creatures roll over in the dust. At the same moment a third comes rushing past; bang! bang! go a couple of rifles; and there 'follows a roar which must be heard, for it cannot be imagined or described.' The animal's back has been broken; and, 'owing to the contortions and roars, which rather disturb a fresh hand's nerves, it is somewhat difficult to give a maimed tiger his quietus. . . . Old tigers are much more game and dangerous than young ones only two or three years old; the bones of the former, having solidified, become capable of resisting a leaden ounce-ball. . . . For tiger-shooting, it is advisable to use composition balls, made of one part tin and two lead. . . . On the first shot being fired, the beaters redouble their shouts, making the walkin ring again. When the wounded tiger has received its quietus, the men of the hankwa draw up, and the sportsmen descend from their not over-easy perches. The examination of the spoil comes next, and the allotting of due honour to the successful shots, the remarks of the gentlemen being interspersed with those of the villagers, complimentary to the sportsmen, but by no means so to the dead game, or their living female relations. During this interval, by the orders of the shikari, some of the beaters have cut down branches and young green bamboos, peeling off and twisting the outer skin of the latter into a sort of rope, with which, tying up and swinging the recently fierce, but now quiet enough monsters, they bear them off triumphantly to the sound of the tom-toms to the sportsmen's camp. The beaters are then mustered, and paid off by the paymaster personally, boys getting two, three, or four pice (½d. to 1½d.) each; men, five pice (1½d.); the rokh, two annas (3d.), and the shikari, two or three rupees (4s. to 6s.). Lastly, the defunct tigers are made over to the shikari, to skin them properly, and take off their heads (cleaning the latter well), preserving the teeth (either separate or in the skull), and also the claws. Many persons do not give the shikari his present until the separate parts of the trophy have been produced; and this is the best plan, as men of that kind are apt to steal the claws and teeth to sell as amulets. Some people go to the trouble and expense of boiling the carcase down for the sake of the grease, tiger-fat being said to be a specific for rheumatism.' Such 'is a tolerably faithful account of a hankwa, or drive of wild animals, the manner of conducting it, and the results.'

The superstitious awe with which the natives regard the tiger, has given rise to ludicrous stories, which would not gain credence amongst the least incredulous of European children. Of this kind is a story told about a khansamah, or native butler. The general idea of a butler is a portly, not to say obese, personage; but this khansamah, on the contrary, 'was of a very lean and spare habit.' He, then, having made some purchases at a market-town, was returning through the jungle to the camp whence he had set out, when, according to his own description, 'a monster of a tiger, with a light leap, bounded over some bushes into the road right before him, and only a few paces distant.' He was, he said, so overcome with fright

that he did not know what to do; but, as if he were in the presence of a superior being in human shape, he dropped his bundle, fell on his knees, took off his turban, and placed it on the ground in front of him, joined the palms of his hands together, and thus addressed the tiger: 'My lord, compelled by the harsh order of my employer to traverse this forest, it has been my misfortune to darken your exalted excellency's presence with my insignificant shadow. I am a very poor man, with a wife and several small children . . . and as they have no one else to look to for a mouthful of food, should your excellency's highness be pleased to make a meal of me, they would be left entirely destitute. . . . Besides, if your excellency's highness will only condescend to look at me better, you will perceive that . . . I am little better than a bag of bones. . . . Most exalted prince of the forest, I submit it to your highness's judgment whether my lean and spare habit' (and with that he stripped off his chupkun, or coat, shewing his skin, for flesh he had none) 'would afford you a single toothsome morsel.' His speech had been accompanied with a series of bows; and he prostrated himself, every now and then, 'until his forehead touched the ground.' Which of the many dialects of India he spoke is not recorded; but he asserted that the tiger perfectly understood him, for the beast, having eyed him over, and sniffed contemptuously at his 'bag of bones,' gave one growl of disgust, and bounded back again over the bushes, leaving the khansamah 'in a bath of perspiration,' and 'singing *sotto voce*' a song of deliverance. It is said 'that a villager was a concealed spectator of the whole comedy; and his report, together with that of the khansamah, is embodied in the above relation;' and it is quite possible that the story is merely an oriental exaggeration of a real fact, for even tigers have been known, under certain circumstances, to let men go scathless.

Amongst the many pieces of advice offered by the 'Customs officer,' there is one which strongly recommends itself to one's notions of common-sense: 'When any one in India,' he says, 'asks you to go out with him after a tiger, *on foot*—don't go.'

JUDICIAL PUZZLES.

ELIZA FENNING.

INSTANCES do occur, though less frequently, perhaps, than might have been expected, in which public opinion, not merely the wild prejudice of 'an ignorant or angry populace,' is directly at variance with a legal decision. And of those instances not the least remarkable was one which occurred in 1815, and which offers for solution a really pathetic 'puzzle.' It was a case in which, after conviction, a fresh investigation was ordered; three months were occupied in reconsidering the matter; 'every opportunity was afforded for bringing forward any circumstance that might tell in the prisoner's favour,' and yet 'the result of this inquiry, the patience and impartiality of which there seems to be no reasonable ground to doubt, was a confirmation of the verdict of the jury.' And, nevertheless, when all was over, and a girl of two-and-twenty summers, 'whose pall was borne by six young women, robed in white,' and whose remains were followed to the grave by thousands—as many

as ten thousand, it is said—of spectators, the feelings of the sympathising crowd were shared by so cool a hand as Sir Samuel Romilly, who 'recorded his belief in her innocence; ' by so keen a possessor of intuition as Curran, who 'was in the habit of declaiming in glowing words on the injustice of her fate; ' and by so experienced a practitioner in criminal cases as the late Charles Phillips, 'Brougham's pet,' who apostrophised the 'convicted felon' in these words: 'Poor Eliza Fenning! So young, so fair, so innocent, so sacrificed! Cut down even in thy morning, with all life's brightness only in its dawn! Little did it profit thee that a city mourned over thy early grave, and that the most eloquent of men did justice to thy memory.'

Now let a short statement of the principal facts that led to Eliza Fenning's untimely and awful fate be given.

On the 21st of March, Mr Robert Gregson Turner, law-stationer in Chancery Lane, his wife, and his father, Mr Orilbar Turner, who 'was a partner in the business, but resided at Lambeth,' dined together at the house in Chancery Lane. All three partook of some dumplings, which were served up at dinner; and 'they had hardly done so, when they were attacked by violent pain, accompanied by the symptoms of arsenical poisoning.' Mr Gregson Turner's household consisted, besides himself and his wife, of two apprentices, named Gadsden and King respectively, 'youths of seventeen or eighteen years of age, who lived in the house'; of Sarah Peer, the housemaid; and of the cook, Eliza Fenning. And Eliza Fenning 'kneaded the dough, made the dumplings, was in the kitchen the whole time until they were served up to table, and during the greater part of that time was there alone,' so that she had plenty of time and opportunity for doing pretty much as she pleased with the dumplings. 'Indeed, she herself stated that no other person had anything to do with the dumplings.' Let us now proceed a few steps further. Sarah Peer, King, and Fenning had dined, earlier than the three persons taken ill, upon a pie, the crust of which had been made of the same flour that had been used for the dumplings; and Sarah Peer and King, who did not touch the dumplings, took no harm of any kind. The poison, it is clear, was not in the flour. Was it in the sauce, which was served with the dumplings? The 'sauce had been served in a boat separate from the dumplings, and of this sauce Mr Orilbar Turner did not partake, yet he was one of the sufferers. The poison, therefore, was not in the sauce; nor was it in the yeast, the remains of which were also examined.' But to go on with the series of singular facts. It appears that Gadsden, for whom Eliza Fenning may have felt some partiality, and for light conduct towards whom and his fellow-apprentice she had been rebuked by her mistress, came into the kitchen, just after the dumplings had been brought down, and was about to eat a piece of one, when Fenning exclaimed: 'Gadsden, don't eat that; it is cold and heavy; it will do you no good.' Gadsden, however, did eat 'a piece about as big as a walnut, or bigger; and, there being some sauce in the boat, he 'took a bit of bread and sopped it in it, and ate that.' And he 'was taken ill about ten minutes afterwards.' Moreover, Eliza Fenning herself was taken ill with exactly the same symp-

tons of arsenical poisoning: but when? Not until after Gadsden, whom she had warned; and not until after the arrival of the elder Mr Turner's wife, who had to be fetched all the way from Lambeth to Chancery Lane. All the other sufferers were, it must be remembered, taken ill almost immediately after eating; so that, though Eliza Fenning did taste the dumplings, either she must have had a very peculiar constitution, or she must, for some reason or other, have thought it incumbent upon her, at the last moment, to be included in the number of those who had partaken of what might be suspected of having caused the illness, whether it were to shew by her fearlessness that she did not believe the dumplings to be deleterious, or to gain by her recklessness credit for such belief. Anyhow, the fact that she had eaten of the dumplings was urged in favour of her innocence; whilst the other fact, that they were not intended to be touched by herself and her fellow-servants, may be regarded from two different aspects; for, if she had made them for herself and her fellow-servants, it would have been strange indeed if she had been shy of them, whereas there is nothing strange in refusing to touch what, though you yourself have had a hand and, conscience tells you, an innocent hand, in it, has had the most disastrous effects upon others: at anyrate, until suspicion has been openly directed to you.

However, was it a case of poisoning at all? And was the poison discovered in the dumplings? It is uncomfortable to be told that 'there was what would now be considered a most unaccountable amount of carelessness in the examination of the dumplings themselves; ' still 'the remains of the dough left in the pan in which they were prepared' were examined, and unquestionably contained arsenic; ' and it was proved that Mr Turner was 'in the habit of using arsenic,' which 'was kept with the most culpable negligence; ' so that Eliza Fenning had no easier access than anybody else in the house to the fatal preparation. And how did she herself behave when suspicion took form and voice, and openly attributed the general illness to poison contained in the dumplings? She expressed no surprise at or dissent from the idea of poison, but she, first of all, maintained that it must have been in the milk fetched by her fellow-servant, Sarah Peer, and used for the sauce; then she suggested that it was in the yeast; and ultimately, 'on her trial she abandoned both these stories, and confined herself to a general assertion of her innocence, in which she persisted on the scaffold.' Reasons have already been given to prove, as clearly as proof can go, that the poison was not in the sauce or the yeast, and that it was in the dough of which the dumplings were made. And, whilst 'by a process of exhaustion we arrive at the fact, that it was hardly possible that any person but Fenning could have introduced the arsenic into the dumplings,' it was as open to anybody else in the house as it was to Fenning to get at the arsenic. It will naturally be asked if she bore ill-will to anybody, so as to have a motive for doing a fiendish deed. It appears that Fenning had been in the service about seven weeks. Soon after she entered it, her mistress observed some levity of conduct on her part towards the apprentices, and reproved her severely for it, threatening to discharge her; but this passed over; and with this exception, she does not appear to have had

any discomfort or ground of ill-will against her mistress, or any others of the family.' Would any reasonable being consider that an 'adequate motive' for running the chance of involving in one common destruction the offending mistress and her unoffending husband and father-in-law? Besides, said Fenning's champions, she partook of the dumplings herself, and suffered. It has been already shewn that she might have had reasons indicative of anything but innocence for the latter proceeding. And as for the slight motive, Mr Paget aptly cites, from one of Scott's novels, 'the scene in which Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot discloses to Lord Glenallan the conspiracy which resulted in the death of Eveline Neville,' and remarks that Scott's knowledge of the human heart was never 'more completely shewn by anything than the trivial cause which he assigns for Elspeth's bitter hatred and deep revenge. "I hated Miss Eveline Neville for her ain sake. I brought her frae England, and during our whole journey, she gecked and scorned at my northern speech and habit, as her southland leddies and kimmers had done at the boarding-school, as they ca'd it." So that we should be careful how we let inadequacy of motive weigh with us, whether we be called upon to give a verdict from a jury-box or from our easy-chair, in the face of other evidence. It may be added also, that many a person, and especially an ignorant servant-girl, may, without any intention of doing serious harm, play with edged tools, or with other dangerous things, and, meaning only to inflict a slight wound, or cause a trifling twinge of pain, may be so appalled at the unexpected consequences, as to lose head and nerve, and rather trust to falsehood and the chapter of accidents for a chance of escape, than boldly confess the truth, and appeal to common-sense and mercy for a mitigation of punishment. However, Eliza Fenning was found guilty of the most heinous crime of all, and suffered for it upon the scaffold. The verdict of the jury had undergone reconsideration at the hands of the law-officers of the crown, and Eliza Fenning's conviction and sentence were confirmed; but the public by voice and deed expressed dissent. Whatever may be the true solution of this 'puzzle,' it is, no doubt, in consequence of the sentimental opening it offers, a great card in the hands of those who advocate the abolition of capital punishment.

ODD CURES.

WHEN Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, lay prostrate with pleuritic fever, the greatest physicians in the land found their skill avail nothing; and all the statesman's alarmed friends got for expending seven hundred guineas in fees was the cold comfort, that everything that could be done had been done, and the case was hopeless. While those gathered round the bedside of the supposed dying man listened for his last sigh, he faintly murmured: 'Small-beer, small-beer!' The doctors did not think it worth while to say nay, and only interfered to squeeze an orange into the half-gallon cup of small-beer before permitting it to be put to the lips of the sick man, who drained it to the dregs, and then demanded another draught, which he served in the same way; then, turning on his side, he went off into a

deep slumber, attended with profuse perspiration, and awoke a new man. Nature knows what she is about, and when she prescribes, a happy result may be pretty safely predicted.

Graham, the once famous quack, was wont to exhibit himself plunged to the chin in mud, a mud-bath taken regularly being his specific for insuring a century of health, happiness, and honour. Every physician at the time treated mud-bathing with ridicule, but in the present day the mud-baths at a certain German watering-place are among the recognised means of meliorating several disorders. Graham was not wrong; he only took a quackish way of announcing his theories. There is apparently a curative power in earth. Not long ago, a man employed at some iron-works near Melksham managed to get himself fixed in the narrow part of an iron tube, and when he was extricated, was to all appearance dead. His mates dug a hole in the ground, put the unconscious patient into it, and filled in the earth, leaving only a small hole for him to breathe through, should he draw breath again. In a very short time he shewed signs of returning life, with his own hands cleared away the earth; and a dram of brandy set him once more on his legs, little the worse for his mishap. Joaquin Miller's earth-cure experience had a more ghastly ending. Travelling with a mining-party in California, six of them were suddenly struck down with scurvy, and there being none of the usual remedies at hand, an old sailor suggested the trial of one which had saved a ship's crew in some land in the tropics. This was simply to bury the men upright as far as their chins, until the earth drew the poison out of their bodies. Six pits were quickly dug in the warm alluvial soil, and when the sun went down, the men were placed in them, and the earth shovelled in around them. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and the operation completed, the invalids chatted gaily together; their shaggy heads just bursting through the earth, in the fitful moonlight, made them look like men coming up to judgment; their voices sounding weird and ghostly, as of another world. After a while, one by one they fell asleep, and all was still. Their comrades then stole away and sought their cabins. When they rose in the morning, and went to see how the buried men fared, they found that the wolves had come down in the night, and eaten off every head level with the ground!

A good story is told of an old shoemaker. He was charged with practising unlawful arts as an ague-charmer. 'I cure people,' said he, 'by pretending to do it. People believe I can cure the ague, and when they come to me, I say I can cure them. Bidding them wait my return, I go into my garden, cut a twig of some tree, make nine notches in it, and bury it in the garden. Then I tell them I have buried the ague with it, and they have such confidence in me that the ague leaves them.' Here we have the whole secret of a magical medium. Dr Faith is a famous exorciser of disease. In plain English, according to the well-known saying,

'Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure.' Addison advised the learned men of his day to use the time they wasted in controversies about nothing, in brandishing loaded sticks, thereby enjoying all the pleasure of boxing without the blows, while evaporating the spleen that made them uneasy to the public as well as themselves. The strains of David's harp drew the evil spirit out of King Saul; Farinelli sang the Spanish monarch out of a melancholy stupor not far removed from madness; and with still greater ease, an amateur comic singer used to charm away a lord-lieutenant's tic-douloureux; while a French gentleman of the olden time had such reliance upon the power of sweet sounds, that, instead of calling in a doctor when he was troubled with any pains, he sent for a band of musicians, who never failed to play every ache out of his body. Equally sceptical as to the worth of nauseous potions was the son of Lord Landerdale, who, when his father's physicians despaired of his overcoming his obstinate wakefulness, quietly suggested that they should send for a preacher who always made his father 'to fall asleep in the kirk.' The preacher was brought, and the worthy man's harangue had the wished-for result. There is a powerful somniferous effect in monotonous reading or speaking.

Pope once found himself in a stage-coach with a young and pretty gentlewoman, who let him know, with a great deal of innocence and simplicity, that she was the lately married daughter of a neighbour, who, having come up to town to consult her physicians, was returning to the country, to try what good air could do to recover her. Happening to have some fruit with him, Pope ventured to prescribe a little, which, though prohibited by her doctors, she accepted, and ate. Some laughing and agreeable conversation ensued. The young woman's colour returned. A little cheerfulness had done its work, and she confessed to feel herself getting well. The incident reminds us of the scriptural text: 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but grief drieth the bones.' Why is this capital old prescription so little kept in remembrance? Singing a humorous song may do more for one than taking a dose of medicine. In our young days, a collection of droll songs had, by way of recommendation, on the title-page:

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
While every song so merry draws one out.

There was a good deal of philosophy in these two lines.

Dr Crawford, a Baltimore physician, had a troublesome patient, a man who had taken it into his head that he was slowly dying of a liver complaint, when he had nothing at all the matter with him, barring the delusion. The doctor sent him travelling, and he soon forgot his disease altogether; but, unfortunately, he had no sooner returned home in the best of health, than news came of the death of his twin-brother, of schirrous liver. He was thereupon seized with the fancy that he,

too, was dead like his brother, of liver complaint. Dr Crawford was sent for, and after hearing the story, merely remarked: 'O yes; he is dead, sure enough, and probably his liver was the death of him, as he expected it would be. However, I will soon ascertain that, by opening the body before putrefaction sets in. Bring me a carving-knife.' The knife was soon in the doctor's hands, and he stepped towards the hypochondriac; but, before he could commence his post-mortem examination, the dead-alive jumped up, shouting 'Murder!' dashed out of the room, and out of the house, and made across country; he ran till he ran himself out, and fell from exhaustion. Finding nobody followed him, as soon as he was able, he returned to the house, and though he lived a score years longer, he was never heard to complain of his liver again.

There is another anecdote of the same kind. Dr Cabarus was called in by the friends of a French duchess who had convinced herself that she had swallowed a frog, which was revenging itself by destroying her health. She had consulted several eminent men, but they only tried to reason her out of her hallucination. Cabarus, with greater wisdom, gravely felt the pulse of the poor lady, listened patiently to her details, and then gratified her with: 'The frog is there, madame; but I will remove it.' Proceeding to the nearest spot where such a thing was procurable, the doctor bought a small green frog, and returned to his patient. Administering an innocent emetic; as soon as it operated, the doctor took an opportunity of slipping his hand into the basin provided for the occasion. Believing she beheld her tormentor, the duchess gave vent to her gratitude, but suddenly stopped, turned very pale, and exclaimed: 'O doctor, the frog has left some little ones behind her!' Not at all put out by this new freak of a diseased fancy, Cabarus replied: 'We shall see;' then taking the frog in his hand, he scrutinised it for a moment before uttering in assuring tones: 'Madame, that is impossible; the frog is a male!' The duchess was satisfied; and the young physician from that day had no lack of fashionable patronage.

Howel relates that Lord Sunderland, three months after being badly bruised in the breast while playing at football, was taken with a quail, whereupon Lord Rutland put a pipe of tobacco to his mouth. Unaccustomed to the weed, Sunderland took the smoke downwards, and being seized with a violent fit of coughing, cast up divers little impoisthumated bladders of congealed blood, which saved his life, and brought him to have a better conceit of tobacco ever afterwards. With a regular smoker, the remedy would have failed, so he owed his cure to a happy accident. A somewhat similar story is told of a colonel of the 49th Regiment, who, after being shot through the body in the West Indies, became a confirmed invalid, until set coughing by the smoke from some flambeaux at an illumination in honour of Duncan's victory at Camperdown, when he threw up a piece of cloth, carried into his body by the bullet, and soon

became a strong man again. Another brave officer had his life prolonged by a kindly ball. He had served as aide-de-camp to Wellington in the Peninsula, and when peace was proclaimed, was ordered to Torquay under sentence of death, his medical advisers pronouncing him to be in an advanced stage of consumption. When news came to him in his retirement that the Corsican was once more master of the situation in France, the captain asked his doctor to tell him how long he might expect to live if he took proper care of himself. 'With care, several months,' was the disheartening fiat. 'Only several months!' said the doomed man; 'then I may as well die in battle as in bed.' He joined the army, and at Waterloo received a shot which carried away part of his lungs—the diseased portion, as it fortunately chanced—and the gallant fellow lived for many a year afterwards.

Cæsar held, that to die quickly was to die happily; so too thought one whose case has been cited by Montaigne as an instance of Fortune playing the physician. Jason Phereus, troubled with an incurable imposthumation, resolved to end his pain by dying in battle, and throwing himself into the thickest of the fight, was run quite through the body, which caused the imposthumation to break, and his wound healing, he found life enjoyable after all. This lucky hero, who could brave death better than he could endure pain, owed his cure to a foe. A quinsy-afflicted cardinal had to thank a monkey for a like good turn. His physicians had left him to die, and as he lay, waiting helplessly for the end, the dying cardinal saw his servants carry off everything that was movable, without being able even to expostulate with the thieves. At length, his pet ape came into the room, and, taking the hint from the provident lackeys, looked round for something he could appropriate. Nothing was left but the cardinal's hat; this the ape donned, and proud of his novel head-gear, indulged in such odd antics, that his all but dead master burst into a hearty fit of laughter; the quinsy broke, and the cardinal recovered, as much to his own astonishment as to the dismay of his plundering servitors.

A number of years ago, an eccentric Edinburgh surgeon, of high repute, popularly known as Lang Sandy Wood, once had a lady patient who was in the same sore strait as the aforesaid church dignitary, owing to the presence of a tumour in the throat, which stubbornly refused to yield to medical devices. The Scottish surgeon was at his wife's end, when a lucky inspiration saved his being compelled to own he was beaten. While conversing with the sufferer, he stirred the fire, and left the poker there, and after a bit, asked his patient to open her mouth as widely as possible. Directly she obeyed orders, Dr Wood seized the red-hot poker, and rushed at the wondering lady, as if he proposed thrusting his strange surgical instrument down her throat. A shrill scream rang through the room, the tumour broke, and the frightened lady found herself out of danger.

When messengers were despatched to Blücher in his retirement, with the stirring tidings of the escape of 'the man of thousand thrones' from his island prison, they found the marshal—believing

he had been transformed into an elephant—exercising himself by running round a room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust. However, they told their tale. The name of Napoleon acted like a charm upon the rough and tough old war-dog; the cloud passed from his mind; Blücher was himself again, ready to go anywhere and do anything. His visitors were better physicians than they thought themselves. Just as unpremeditated was the cure a mad woman effected on herself. She swallowed more than half a pint of laudanum, bade her servants good-bye, drew her bed-curtains round her, and composed herself for her last sleep. In the morning, the would-be suicide awoke in terrible agony; the doctors managed to expel the poison, and, to their astonishment, the madness vanished with it.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Oh! gentle grace of early years,
And guilelessness of maidenhood,
What timid charm thy beauty wears,
Ere yet the rose has tinged the bud:

Ere yet the warmth within the heart
Is kindled into light and flame,
Since Love and Love's impassioned art
Are still unknown in all but name.

The dimpled cheek, unstained by tears;
The furtive glance, the downcast eye,
Uncertain if it hopes or fears
It knows not what, half pert, half shy;

The wayward smile which curves the lip,
As yet not ripe for lover's kiss;
The myriad fairy thoughts which slip
Through maiden dreams of future bliss;

The thousand lurking loves which lie
Asleep beneath each silken tress,
Who, when they wake, shall instant fly,
And wound in very wantonness;

The charms which rest as yet concealed,
Behind the veil of maidenhood;
The fancies which, but half revealed,
Give colour to the pensive mood;

When time is full, and years are ripe,
And Nature's wonder-work is done,
Shall yield a woman, archetype,
Who must be wooed, but would be won.

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ABOUT 'GENIUS.'

THERE is hardly a word in the language more misunderstood and misapplied than that placed at the head of this paper. It is generally supposed that the possessor of the coveted quality may dispense with those habits which are admitted to be so essential to a man of business. We admit the existence of the quality—a disposition of mind, often hereditary, which qualifies a man for a particular pursuit—but deny its importance, unless accompanied by the less showy but more sterling attributes of industry, energy, and perseverance. So important are these characteristics, that even writers eminent for their knowledge of mankind have asserted, that an individual possessed of a determined will can distinguish himself in any pursuit, irrespective of predisposition towards it. Though we are not prepared to go to this length, we conceive that a little genius, when accompanied by these qualities, will go a long way; whereas, a large share of it, unassociated with such important accessories, will be a curse rather than a blessing to its possessor.

If there is one fact more than another which strikes one in perusing the lives of great men, in any of the avenues which lead to distinction, it is the life of unceasing toil they lead, coupled with such an attention to details as less gifted men would have scorned. To hear some people talk of a man of genius, one would think that the general had but to grasp his sword and lead his men to victory; or the author to take up his pen, and the work which is to charm thousands flows readily from it. But in the one case, the years of toil expended in training these soldiers, in mastering the science of manœuvring them, and attending to camp details, are forgotten; and in the other, if we follow the author to his desk, we shall probably find, by the blotted and interlined manuscript, the knitted brow, and frequent reference to books, that the work is not produced in so easy a manner as had been supposed. The case of Sir W. Scott may be advanced in opposition to this, for some of his books were penned as fast as his quill could 'trot'

over the page; but then we must remember the years of preparation he had gone through—thirty-four years had passed over his head when he wrote his *Lay*, and forty-three when *Waverley* was published—to accomplish such a result, during which he had steeped his soul in archæological lore, Border legends and ballads, and studied character with unwavering minuteness.

We trust that the examples we shall give in the present paper of the toil undergone by those who have won a niche in the Temple of Fame, will shew that really good work of every kind is the product of hard unflinching labour—mere drudgery, often—and that such statements will encourage those who—misled by the too popular estimate of genius—wonder that they do not more easily accomplish their designs.

Sir W. Scott's rapid method of working has been mentioned as a fact which might be quoted against our theory, but nothing could exceed his care when 'getting up' a subject. For example, when writing *Robby*, he visited Mr Morritt, and said he wanted 'a good robbers' cave, and an old church of the right sort.' That gentleman says: 'We rode out in quest of these; and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate-quarries of Brignall, and the ruined abbey of Egglestone. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild-flowers and herbs that, as it happened, grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying that, as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but understood him when he replied: "That in Nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit, apparently, an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed and constricted to a few favourite images; and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness

which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth." Lockhart was astonished to find, that even during a trip in which he accompanied Sir Walter into Lanarkshire, the latter continued his literary labours. 'Wherever we slept, whether in the noble mansion or in the shabbiest of country inns, and whether the work was done after retiring to rest at night, or before an early start in the morning, he very rarely mounted the carriage again without having a packet of the well-known aspect ready sealed and corded, and addressed to his printer in Edinburgh.'

At a banquet given at Liverpool to Charles Dickens in April 1869, he said, that all he could claim in establishing the relations which existed between himself and his readers was constant fidelity to hard work, and remarked that his literary fellows knew very well how true it is in all art, that what seems the easiest done is oftentimes the most difficult to do, and that the smallest truth may come of the greatest pains. This was exemplified in himself in a remarkable degree, as the following incident, related by Mr Mundella, M.P., at a public meeting at Sheffield a year after, will shew. A distinguished artist once said to him: 'When I was painting a portrait of Dickens, it was arranged that I should sit in his room while he was at work. He was a most painstaking, industrious, and methodical man, and nothing would divert him from the regularity of his habits. I was there for hours, and he wrote, as it seemed to me, almost with anguish. I looked in his face, and watched the anxiety and the care. I saw the blotting and the re-writing of his work, and was astonished to find how much he owed to his indomitable perseverance.' To the same effect wrote Mr Arthur Helps in *Macmillan*, June 1870: 'Those who have seen his manuscripts will recollect what elaborate notes, and comments, and plans (some adopted, many rejected) went to form the basis of his works. To see those manuscripts would cure anybody of the idle and presumptuous notion that men of genius require no forethought or preparation for their greatest efforts, but that these are dashed off by the aid of a mysterious something which is comprehended in the word genius. It was one of Mr Dickens's theories, and, I believe, a true one, that men differ hardly in anything so much as their power of attention.' Lord Lytton—himself an indefatigable worker—was of the same opinion. 'What men want,' he wrote, 'is not talent; it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour;' and Lord Chesterfield had observed before him: 'The power of applying our attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of superior genius.'

Take the testimony of two schoolmasters of the highest class. Dr Arnold of Rugby wrote, as the result of his great experience: 'The difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy;' and his successor, Dr Temple, in one of his sermons (third series), says: 'Nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that genius dispenses with labour. What genius does is to inspire the soul with a power to persevere in the labour that is needed; but the greatest geniuses in every art invariably labour at their

art far more than all others, because their genius shews them the value of such patient labour, and aids them to persist in it.'

Lord Macaulay's industry was untiring. He would spend hours in the Library of the British Museum hunting up what many would think an unimportant fact, and those who read his well-rounded periods little knew with what labour they were produced. His thrilling narrative of the western rebellion was not written in his own study, but in a cottage on the Somerset marshes, in which he spent weeks, so that no detail to be gained from the spot might be wanting in his description! To this quality, more than any other, he was indebted for his fame.

Jeffrey, the original editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, was an indefatigable worker. If he had not been, it is probable that the *Review* would have died in its infancy. That he had great difficulty in keeping his team in order, appears from the following extract from a letter to Horner, asking for his contribution: 'I have some right to dun, too, not merely because I am the master, to whom your service is due, but because I have myself sent fifty pages to the press before I ask you for one. Hear now our state, and consider: Brown has been dying with influenza, and is forbidden to write for his chest's sake. Brougham is roaming the streets, or correcting his colonial proofs, and trusting everything to the exertions of the last week, and the contributions of the unfledged goslings who gabble under his wings. Elmsley—even the sage and staid Elmsley—has solicited to be set free from his engagements. And Timothy refuses to come under any engagements, with the greatest candour and good-nature in the world.'

Byron said that Sheridan had written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, and delivered the best speech known. He appeared to his friends as a brilliant wit and writer, producing *bon-mot*, speech, or play without effort. But when Moore published his manuscripts after his death, it was discovered that all was the product of toil and elaboration. The wit he had been conning over in the morning, he would wait patiently to introduce in such a manner that it appeared an inspiration; and his speeches were often written several times over, and committed to memory. Such a sentence as the following would be written many times before he was satisfied with it: 'His (Bonaparte) are no ordinary fortifications. His martello towers are thrones; sceptres tipped with crowns are the palisades of his intrenchments, and kings are his sentinels.' The dialogues in his plays were elaborated in like manner.

Moore spent nearly eighteen months reading up Greek and Persian works for *Lalla Rookh*, and the result was, that it exhibited such fidelity to oriental manners, customs, and scenery, that its popularity even in the East was extraordinary, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot. The circumstance of this poem, with its gorgeous oriental scenery and sentiment, being written during the depth of winter, in a secluded dwelling in Derbyshire, is in itself a marvel. Many of Moore's songs were also the product of much labour. On one occasion, he wrote to Power: 'You will hardly believe that the two lines which I had, with many hours of thought and glove-tearing, proposed to insert in the vacant

places, displeased me so much when I read them yesterday, that I am still at work for better. Such is the easy pastime of poetry!

We trust we have given sufficient examples of the painstaking zeal of men of genius, and we think it is much to be regretted that such a valuable—almost indispensable—characteristic should have led men like Dr Johnson to deny the existence of genius altogether. The learned lexicographer says: 'People are not born with a particular genius for particular employments or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which by great application grew to be called by the generality of mankind, a particular genius.' Now, while agreeing with Dr Johnson that to get through literary work it is often necessary to 'set to it doggedly,' we venture to think that all the application in the world would not make a man a first-rate musical composer, artist, or poet, unless he had a natural gift or faculty for either of those pursuits. Experience has proved that when a child, almost as soon as its little fingers can grasp a pencil, tries to draw surrounding objects, an artistic genius is there, and should not be neglected. The same holds good with music, mechanical and other pursuits. That education will be the most successful which develops and encourages these evidences of genius, instead of endeavouring to stifle them. If such indications were always watched for and acted upon, we should not so often see the round man in the square hole—to quote Mr. Sydney Smith's simile—but the world would contain more of those much-to-be-envied men whose occupation is their pleasure—whose heart is in their work.

Is genius hereditary? A few years ago, Mr F. Galton, F.R.S., wrote a book to prove that it was, and his investigations are extremely interesting and instructive, if not conclusive. He considered it quite practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men 'by judicious marriages through several consecutive generations,' and that it is our duty to investigate and exercise that power for the future advantage of the human race. He found that the custom of English peers—particularly judges and statesmen—marrying heiresses was most fatal to the continuance of the order. It is natural that a judge or statesman should wish to marry an heiress, but the latter has generally either only one child or none. From this cause, many of what we may call 'peerages of merit' have become extinct, and valuable qualities not transmitted to future generations.

Of forty-two great painters of antiquity, half had relations and sons, as the Caracci and Van Eyck's kinsmen, eminent in the same art. As a rule, in all classes Mr Galton found that 'the eminent ones are almost invariably more numerous than the eminent brothers, and these a trifle more numerous than the eminent fathers.' In contradistinction to the often expressed opinion, he considers that the average ability of the wives of such men is above mediocrity. Hence the ability and careful training their sons display is often, to a great extent, to be traced to the influence of an able and good mother.

Religious and political persecutions, by draining countries of their intelligent men, have proved—in Spain, for example—suicidal policy. Mr Galton

points out how large a proportion of the eminent men of all countries are the children of refugees. He thinks—and very probably—that the long period of the Dark Ages was much extended by the celibacy of the clergy and monastic orders, for the array of talent entering the ranks of the 'religions' not being able to transmit itself, became to a great extent lost.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER III.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE carriage here began rapidly to descend, and passing under a gateway, and through a wilderness of shrubs and laurels, drew up before a flight of stone steps.

Litton knew, of course, that they had stopped at the front-door of the Hall, and was all anxiety to note how his companions were received. His quick eye had observed, even in that uncertain light, that the gateway was not only old, but crumbling to its fall; that the shrubbery showed no tokens of the gardener's care; and that the steps were chipped and broken. The whole place was evidently poverty-stricken; but it was not poverty—just then—that he feared upon Lotty's account. He was anxious to see what sort of guardian Selwyn had provided for her in his aunt. The door opened, and an old man-servant appeared, and came slowly down the steps, at the top of which, with a lamp in her hand, stood a tall dark woman, gazing at them intently.

'That's my aunt,' whispered the captain, jumping out and running up to her. She did not move towards him a hairbreadth, nor even hold out her hand. Then a question and answer were, as it seemed, rapidly exchanged—and, to Walter's extreme relief, a smile broke out upon the hostess's face, and she came swiftly down to the carriage-door. She was only just in time, for poor Lotty, in an agony of grief and shame, had almost fainted away: it had seemed to her that Mrs Sheldon was about to refuse her admittance.

'What a journey you have had, my dear, and how tired you must be!' were that lady's first words, uttered in a sweet and sympathetic, though, as it seemed to Walter, a somewhat affected tone.

'However, you have reached home at last.'

She held out her arms, gracefully, almost theatrically, in welcome, and Lotty fairly threw herself into them, and burst into tears. She had not known till then how much, how very much, she stood in need of womanly countenance and succour.

'Welcome to Penaddon, my dear,' said Mrs Sheldon, this time, as it seemed, with genuine tenderness.—'And welcome to you, sir,' added she, to Walter, extending to him graciously her unoccupied hand. The pose of her tall, well-rounded figure was magnificent, nor did she seem at all embarrassed by the weeping girl who hung upon her shoulder.—'Who is this gentleman, Reginald? You have not introduced us,' said she, pointing to Walter.

'Oh, it's only our cousin.'

'Your *courier*!' exclaimed Mrs Sheldon indignantly.

'Yes; our courier, our chaperon, our gooseberry-picker, our all.—Is he not, Lotty?—Mr Walter Litton.'

Even Lotty could not refrain from laughing—though, truth to say, it was in a half-hysterical way; and Mrs Sheldon, not uninfluenced, perhaps, by Walter's comely looks, took her nephew's mischievous joke in high good-humour. As she led the way from the hall into the dining-room, with Lotty on her arm, Walter could not help remarking how like aunt and nephew were: the lean fine-featured face, the bright but somewhat unsympathetic eyes, the hard yet mobile mouth, were common to both; and if the woman was not so handsome for a woman as the man was for a man, it was only because time had laid its inexorable finger on the former's charms. She was still young—that is, for a married woman—not more than five-and-thirty at the most; but there were lines about her face which spoke of trouble past and present; and now and again her mouth would shape itself, as it seemed unconsciously, into a painful smile.

Her manners were perfect, however, and the tact with which she ignored the embarrassing position in which all were placed, was worthy of Talleyrand.

'I have provided nothing, Reginald, but tea and coffee and cold chicken,' said she, pointing to the table, which was laid for supper, 'because I knew that this dear girl of yours would have no relish for a heavier meal. What she wants more than anything else are rest and quiet; and as for you two gentlemen, you will find fare more suited to your taste at the inn. You will think me very inhospitable, I fear, Mr Litton, but—'

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'Yes; and that is just what you *will* do, Reginald, if you don't get there till two o'clock in the morning,' rejoined his hostess. 'Moreover, the later you arrive, the greater will be their surprise, and the more they'll talk about the matter; and for the present, it is just as well that they should not talk about it. I have sent my own maid to bed, lest the spectacle of a young lady's advent without so much as a hand-bag in the way of luggage, should stimulate her curiosity. The idea'—here she turned to Lotty—'of your travelling about the country, my dear, with two portmanteaus warranted solid leather, and a couple of hat-boxes, is something too ridiculous.—You can't touch a bit, you think? Well, of course, you can't, while this veteran from the wars, of whom you must have got thoroughly tired by this time, stands sentry over you in that way.—Come, sir; you are an invalid yourself, and must not keep late hours. Bid her good-night, and be off to your inn.'

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Lady Jean Gordon, who was destined to take an important part in the history of the period, now comes upon the scene. She was daughter of George, the fourth earl, and sister of the restored Huntly. Being only twenty-one years of age, she could be turned to advantage by marrying the Earl of Bothwell, in whom, from his dash and fearlessness, the queen had vivid expectations of support. Lady Jean had no particular objection to the alliance; but there was a far-off family connection, and, according to the customary usage, it would be necessary to procure a dispensation from the pope to allow the marriage to be validly performed. Why any such dispensation should have been thought of, is by no means intelligible. By the overturn at the Reformation settlement, the canon law and the old ecclesiastical system had been abolished. The business of the church courts had been transferred to lay commissaries, by whose successors, until this day, the forms of process connected with wills and probates are administered. Yet, from an inveteracy of feeling, and to save any chance of future challenge—for no one could tell how things might drift back to the old arrangements—it was customary, in cases of this kind, still to rely on the good offices of the dispossessed archbishops, and the assent of their superior the pope.

Right or wrong—absurd as it now seems to be—the dispensation was procured from the pope, through the agency of his legate, Archbishop John Hamilton of St Andrews, for the marriage of Lady Jean Gordon with Bothwell. The alliance accordingly took place; and we should never have heard more about it, but for the marriage of Mary with Darnley. History informs us of that disastrous connection. Within the short space of two years, Rizzio was assassinated, Mary's son, James, was born, Darnley was murdered, and Mary was carried off and married by his murderer, Bothwell—a rapid succession of momentous events. What, however, of Lady Jean Gordon? How did Bothwell contrive to shake himself clear of her, so as to marry another? This was effected by a trick, regarding which, after an interval of three hundred years, we have only now got at the truth. We may go back a little in the narrative.

Bothwell, according to all testimony, was an unprincipled spendthrift and scoundrel, and Mary's infatuated attachment to him seems to be one of the oddest things we read of out of the realms of romance. That she knew he had taken the chief part in ridding her of Darnley, is matter of historical dispute. Huntly, however, was largely concerned in the transaction. For the selfish reason of getting the entire family property restored, he became a participator in the murder. What throws a certain grotesque character over the horrible affair is, that the desolate building at the Kirk of Field in which Darnley was blown up, was pompously adorned with hangings, carpets, and other trappings; the plunder of the cathedral of Aberdeen, which had been carried off from the castle of Strathbogie after the fall of the Huntlies. All this splendid upholstery was blown into the air, at two o'clock in the morning of the 10th February 1567

—the people of Edinburgh being roused from their slumbers by the terrific crash.* Huntly was not unrewarded. He was put in possession of a large portion of the old domains of his family. In some sense, this was an act of gratitude for favours to come. It was expected that the earl would win over his sister, Lady Jean, to the scheme of a divorce from Bothwell.

The exact nature of Bothwell's propinquity to the Huntly family is nowhere satisfactorily explained. According to one authority, Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, became by marriage Countess of Bothwell, and from her, in regular succession by three removes, was descended James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell. This, however, does not agree with the account given in the generally accurate *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas. All we can really understand is, that Bothwell was related to the Huntly family by several removes—a degree of consanguinity which would, in the present day, be no barrier to intermarriage. Bothwell was born about the year 1535, and succeeded his father in 1556. Though turbulent and profligate in his habits, and plain, if not repulsive, in features, he artfully managed to have honours heaped upon him, as if morally and physically he had been a paragon of excellence. He was created Lord High Admiral of Scotland, sole Warden of the Scottish Marches, Governor of the castles of Dunbar and Edinburgh, and received extensive grants of lands in East Lothian and elsewhere. His marriage with Lady Jean Gordon gave him another lift onwards, for her ancestor, George, second Earl of Huntly, as has been told, married a daughter of James I.; and thus by birth and alliance he claimed connection with the royal family. As regards the dispensation for his marriage with Lady Jean, it has been long a subject of grave dispute. Some historians have averred that there was no such dispensation; some have had doubts on the point; while others, though on obscure grounds, have maintained that the dispensation was validly executed. A mysterious question is now happily solved.

A short time ago, Dr John Stuart, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, while engaged in examining documents in the charter-room at Dunrobin, for the Historical Manuscripts Commission, had the good-fortune to bring to light the original Dispensation for the marriage of James, Earl of Bothwell, with Lady Jean Gordon. In a volume just published under the title of *A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary Queen of Scots Recovered*, Dr Stuart presents a fac-simile of the dispensation. It is an instrument in Latin, issued by Archbishop John Hamilton of St Andrews, as legate of the Holy See, and is dated February 17, 1566. In

* Whether Darnley was killed by the explosion or previously murdered, is not quite clear. His body, bearing marks of violence, was found under a tree in the adjoining garden. The house in which he lodged was inside and close to the old city wall, near the north corner of the present South Bridge Street and Drummond Street. A full account of the shocking event—with collateral circumstances, including the bringing of bags of gunpowder on horseback from Holyrood, and the buying of 'six halfpenny candles from Gordie Burn's wife in the Cowgate,' to give light during the operations—will be found in Burton's *History of Scotland*, second edition, vol. iv.: a work to be commended for its copious details, accuracy, and erudition, recently published.

the same volume is given a copy of the contract of the marriage. Among the parties who by their signatures assent to the alliance, are the queen, who signs as 'Marie R.'; and Dame Elizabeth Keith, Countess of Huntly. This honourable lady was so illiterate as not to be able to sign her name—a very common imperfection among ladies of rank in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. To her ladyship's signature are appended the words: 'With my hand led on the pen be the lordie bishope of galloway.' Another of the signatures is that of George Lord Seton, who was the friend and connellor of Queen Mary, and who sacrificed everything in her cause. The great interest of the queen in the affair is attested by her gift of a wedding-dress to the bride, consisting of 'cloth of silver, lined with taffeta.' She also bequeathed to her a 'coiff, garnished with rubies, pearls, and garnets.'

The marriage of Bothwell with Lady Jean took place in the Canongate Church on the 24th February 1566. Now commences the second act in the drama. Bothwell, after the murder of Darnley, February 10, 1567, wished to have Mary for a wife; but, to effect this object, means must be found to dissolve his marriage with Lady Jean. This lady had been so grossly maltreated, that there was abundant cause for procuring a divorce; but another reason, likely to be more effectual, was resorted to. It was no less than that the marriage betwixt Lady Jean and Bothwell had been effected without a dispensation, and was invalid, according to the canon law; that, legally, there had been no marriage at all. How Lady Jean, with the instrument of dispensation in her possession, should have lent herself to this deception, is only explicable by two things—her desire to be rid of Bothwell, and a wish to conciliate the queen, with a view to promote interests of her brother, the Earl of Huntly, still more extraordinary is the behaviour of the bishop John Hamilton. He had granted the dispensation on the 17th February 1566. Bothwell's application to him for a declaration of nullity of the marriage, on the ground that there had been no dispensation, was initiated on the 17th April 1567, and on the 7th of May following, the archbishop pronounced his sentence, 'that the marriages were legally null, in respect that the parties were related to each other within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, and consequently were debarred from a lawful marriage without a previous dispensation having been obtained.' Historical literature, we imagine, can scarcely produce a more scandalous instance of conniving with fraud. For John Hamilton, titular Archbishop of St Andrews, there can be no excuse. He must henceforth be stigmatised as a wilful perverter of justice and time-server, a disgrace to his profession. But for political or selfish ends, there was duplicity throughout. Lady Jean's brother, the Earl of Huntly, was a consenting party to the annulling of the marriage, and thereafter he took a prominent part in a meeting of nobles to recommend Bothwell as a suitable husband for Mary.

While the matter of the divorce was in hand, the queen, April 21, 1567, went to Stirling to visit her infant son. On her return, she was intercepted by Bothwell, with a body of horse, on the way to Edinburgh, and carried by him to the castle of Dunbar, where she was detained upwards of a week. Instead of taking offence at this outrage,

Mary, on the score of his eminent services to the state, gave a step in the peerage to Bothwell, by creating him Duke of Orkney. Her ill-starred marriage with this worthless personage took place on May 15, 1567, little more than three months after the murder of Darnley. What ensues belongs to history. Shocked with Mary's conduct, the people rose in insurrection. With Bothwell, she first sought refuge in Borthwick Castle. That being an insecure stronghold, they retreated to the castle of Dunbar. Thence, Mary adjourned to Seton palace, while Bothwell tried to raise a defensive force. In the shelter of the grand old mansion of the Setons, she had a few days' repose and recreation, one of the amusements provided for her being 'shooting arrows at the butts.' Then came the termination of her regal career. At Carberry Hill, on June 17, she surrendered herself to a confederated force, and, with 'tears and kisses,' bade farewell to her evil genius, Bothwell. She never saw him more. Their relationship as husband and wife lasted only a month and two days—a troubled honeymoon, ending in despair and anguish. We need not follow her to her island prison, her flight to England, the cruel treatment she experienced from Queen Elizabeth, and the tragical conclusion of her life at Fotheringhay, February 8, 1587. We may pity and deplore Mary's sad fate, without extenuating her errors.

Let us now turn to Lady Jean Gordon. Retaining the title of Countess of Bothwell, and endowed with a jointure from the Bothwell estates, she lived for a time in a suburb to the south of Edinburgh—probably the Sciennes, then a resort for retired persons of quality. Afterwards she went to reside with her brother, the Earl of Huntly, at his castle of Strathbogie. There she met Alexander, eleventh Earl of Sutherland, who, like herself, was by descent a Seton; her intimacy with him ripened into affection; and the pair were married in 1572. At this time, Bothwell was still living; but he died not long afterwards. Stripped of honours and estates, consigned to infamy, he was suddenly plunged into the condition of a homeless and reckless desperado. A moral retribution had at length overtaken one of the worst men of whom we have any record in history. Having ruined the fortunes of the young and hapless Mary Stuart, he was, by a just Nemesis, ruined himself. He betook himself to the profession of a pirate, in which he was captured by Norwegians, and he died mad in confinement, about 1576. It is not stated that Lady Jean regretted his decease. To Dunrobin, where she resided with her second husband, the Earl of Sutherland, she carried the dispensation which has been so much the subject of controversy. Deposited among the family archives, there it lay unknown to any one until lately discovered by Dr Stuart, who, by its publication, has done a material service to history.

Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, died while still a young man, at Dunrobin, in 1594, leaving his countess, Lady Jean, with a family to engage her motherly attention. One of her sons was Sir Robert Gordon, the historian of the House of Sutherland. To enable herself, as she said, to conduct with advantage the extensive business for the benefit of her children, she took for third husband, Alexander Ogilvie of Boyne, who had been previously married to Mary Beath, the queen's 'four Maries.' In the excuse

Lady Jean for entering into this fresh matrimonial engagement she can hardly be considered to have done herself justice. She was what would now be called 'a strong-minded woman,' with good business qualities. Douglas speaks of her as 'a woman of great prudence.' During the last illness of the Earl of Sutherland, she managed all the affairs of the family; and such was her energy and enterprise, that she caused coal to be dug for, and established a manufactory of salt, at Brora. The opening of a coal-pit at the spot had been previously attempted, but relinquished.

Lady Jean's union with the Laird of Boyne lasted only a few years. At his decease, she remained permanently a widow. Till her death, she continued to take an active share in the management of the Sutherland estates. Dr Stuart embellishes his book with a portrait of this remarkable woman, which seems to have been executed when she was advanced in years, and resembles the sober countenance of an aged nun. Till the last, she preserved the dispensation which had allied her to Bothwell, and there, as recently discovered, it continues at Dunrobin among the carefully preserved muniments of the Sutherland family. Lady Jean lived till her eighty-fourth year. She quietly drew out existence till the reign of Charles I., and died in May 1620.

How much it is to be regretted that, with her wonderful power of observation, Lady Jean did not write a diary of her experiences from the reign of Mary till the rise of the troubles which issued in the Commonwealth! For all this, she was competent; but possibly she was too much engrossed in family affairs to think of writing down an account of passing events. In 1615, she had to mourn the loss of her eldest son, John, twelfth Earl of Sutherland. At his decease, he left a son, from whom, in direct descent, sprang William, the seventeenth earl, who was destined to be the last of the family in the male (or Seton) line. His lordship had two children, daughters, Catherine and Elizabeth. An unlucky event deprived him of the elder when she was about a year and a half old. One day, after dinner on coming into the drawing-room at Dunrobin, he, by way of frolic, held up the infant above his head, and, sad to say, let her accidentally fall, by which she received injuries from which she shortly died. In distress of mind at being the cause of his child's death, his lordship became ill, languished, and died at Bath in June 1706. From fatigue in having attended him on his deathbed, day and night, for three weeks, the countess, his widow, also died. Both were laid in one grave in the abbey church of Holyrood—a sacrifice to affection, and an acute sense of duty, pathetically commemorated in lines by Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto:

for ne'er did wedded love
To one sad grave consign a lovelier pair,
Of manners gentler, or of purer heart!

There now only survived the orphan child, Elizabeth, who was born at Leven Lodge, near Edinburgh, in May 1706, and was little more than six months old when the heritage of the Sutherland family devolved upon her, which, unhappily, became matter of contest. Her right to succeed was litigated by two male relatives; but after various proceedings, lasting over five years, Elizabeth's title was sustained, as springing in a clearly traced line from the first Earl of Sutherland, 1276,

and that, on a previous occasion, a female had, unchallenged inherited the titles and estates. Popularly, the decision was deemed a triumph, and extraordinary rejoicings took place in consequence.

The prudence, foresight, and vigour of character of Lady Jean Gordon were inherited by the young Countess Elizabeth. In 1779, she patriotically raised a regiment of a thousand men; and in 1793, raised another regiment of fencibles, which is now known as the 93d Sutherland Highlanders. At the court of George III. (nearly a hundred years ago), the Countess Elizabeth, for her beauty and fine figure, was justly considered to be a distinguished ornament. With her many estimable qualities, titles, and princely domain, her marriage could not but be brilliant. In 1785, the countess was married to George Granville Leveson Gower, Marquis of Stafford; he was also heir of his uncle, Francis, the famed Duke of Bridgewater. The marquis was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833; after which date, the Countess Elizabeth was generally styled the Duchess-Countess. She died in 1839.

To some, it may seem strange that we should extend the story of Lady Jean beyond the period of her varied existence. But in the institutions of Great Britain, a family with extensive possessions, and of historical note stretching over centuries, is a species of corporation identifying the past with the present, and calculated to be of use in imparting a certain solidity and permanence to the fabric of society. Is it not interesting to know, that the present Duke of Sutherland, noted for his public spirit and extraordinary desire to effect improvements on his property, traces his descent from Lady Jean Gordon, whose extraordinary history, in connection with Queen Mary, Darnley, Rizzio, Huntly, and Bothwell, we have very faintly delineated?

W. C.

THE AMERICAN ICE-HARVEST.

DURING a late visit to the United States, I had an opportunity of witnessing the spectacle of an industry almost peculiar to that country, namely, the *cutting and storing of ice*. It is not every traveller who has the chance of seeing it, and, indeed, but few Americans are themselves acquainted with the process.

Some American families who reside in the country, and have a pond of pure water on their premises, cut and store their own ice. But, as a general rule, the article is supplied by men who make a business of it—either as companies, or by individual enterprise. Of these, there are several in the northern states who not only provide ice for home consumption, but also in large quantities for exportation.

When the first great frost sets in, and is likely to last long enough to produce ice of a sufficient thickness, the ice-cutter's care commences. Not in now cutting the ice, for it takes some time before it is ready for this operation—even in America, where the thermometer often falls to twenty degrees below zero. If the prospect for a crop be good—that is, if the frost promises to be a severe one—the ice-cutter will wait till the ice be about fifteen inches thick; or more, if he feel confident that the freezing will continue. In some seasons, a thickness of two feet is attained. But there is something to do besides waiting: the surface has

to be kept clear of snow; and this is done by means of *scrapers*, as soon as the ice is strong enough to bear men upon it for the handling of them. These *hand-scrapers* are immense ho-shaped implements, with wooden blades of about six feet in width along the edge; their use being to remove the loose snow, which retards congelation.

When the ice becomes strong enough to carry horses, which it soon does with the thermometer below zero, the *horse-scraper* is brought into requisition. It resembles a large shallow wooden box without the lid, only that at one end it is not square, but cut off diagonally—very much like the cases in which grand pianos are packed. The diagonal edge is shod with iron, so as to penetrate the frozen snow, and scrape it clear off, which it does very effectually. Not the *snow-ice*, however, as this has to be got rid of in a different manner, and with altogether a different implement—the *snow-plane*.

As the *horse-scraper* is carried on over the ice, the slanting edge throws the snow to one side, just as a ploughshare turns over the furrow of earth. The horse is harnessed as if for drawing a harrow, a trace being attached to the scraper by a hook fixed in the head or fore-end of the slant; and if the machine be not thought heavy enough to reach the bottom of the snow, the driver leaps inside the box, and so increases its weight.

When the time at length arrives for the ice-harvest—the process is exceedingly interesting, and a variety of tools is displayed upon the pond. First, an area of clear ice is selected, perhaps an acre in extent, or it may be several acres, according to the amount of business transacted by the individual or company who has charge of the enterprise. A stake or *target* is set up at one edge of the cleared space, either by being inserted into the ice, or simply stuck in one of the heaps of snow that have been scraped off. The target is to guide the eye in striking a line. The true line being fixed on, a straight-edge is held firmly in its place, and the *hand-groove* is brought into requisition. This consists of a series of sharp steel chisels—each a quarter of an inch in breadth of blade—set firmly in an iron back-piece, one behind the other. The blades are usually seven in number, and of unequal lengths; the front one being the shortest, the second coming behind it a very little longer, the one behind that a little longer still, and so on, to the last. They are placed parallel to one another, and slanting to the surface, as the couler in a plough, or the steel-piece in a carpenter's plane. It is, in fact, a species of groove-plane, such as carpenters make use of for moulding; only that the groove is cut in the ice by seven steel pieces, instead of the one used for grooving wood.

When the hand-groove is once entered in the ice, the front tooth or chisel cuts out a slight square trench of a quarter of an inch in breadth, and about the same in depth; the second chisel following, deepens the trench another quarter of an inch, the third, another; and so on. Thus, when the hand-groove has been drawn along the ice, being firmly pressed down, it leaves a score of an inch and a half in depth, cut out as neatly as if done with a moulding-plane. What might be called the 'shavings,' or ice-chips, are thrown out

by the chisels—each, as it passes on, casting out its own. The track thus made must be in a true right line; and it is for this that the straight-edge is laid along the ice, just as a ruler is applied upon paper.

As soon as a commencement is made by one length being thus cut, the straight-edge is taken up and shifted along, still keeping in the same line, through the guidance of the stake or target; and thus the trench is continued, bit by bit, until it has reached one corner of the great square, or rectangle, of ice intended to be taken out. The straight-edge is now turned at right angles to the course just completed, and a new groove is commenced, leading off so as to section off the ice into squares. When thus sectioned, the ice, by the aid of a plough, is 'marked' out by trenches, until the whole space of an acre, or acres, presents the appearance of a gigantic chess-board, the squares being each twenty-two inches wide.

And now another implement appears upon the scene—the *four-inch cutter*. This is simply another plough, drawn by a horse; and when it has gone over the ice, the trenches will be found four inches deep behind it. And then comes a *six-inch* cutter of exactly similar construction, making them six; and an *eight-inch* cutter following them, making eight; and then a *ten-inch* one, still further adding to them, leaving them to ten. There is even a twelfth! He had plough upon the premises, should it be so, and make a furrow of this depth; which occurred to him only when the ice is over if he had despised thickness. The reason for having certainly taken thus graduated is, that the str

not equal to cutting a groovy drive over the ice all at once. Two inches unhappily too, he could all at once. Two inches unhappily too, he could all at once. Two inches unhappily too, he could all at once.

It is not necessary to say, how desolate was the through to the water, to his eyes, how bright remain to be split off. For them was love, and the soon after to be by him too was love—he confessed easily in a vertigo ignore it, when another had read easy to break it; heart, through all the amount of

In America, honour, which he had put on in without any of which he upon the also hide in lake or pond. For him the ice is proof long near to the spring of his water as a piece of the nation can. If I am not for them. As some of the ice-cutting concerns have a very large trade, both for home consumption and exportation, they require storage-houses of large capacity. The ice-houses are not all upon the same pattern. They are usually, however, large, square, or oblong structures, of three or four stories in height, several of them standing side by side in a row, their gables flush with one another, and facing the same way. When we speak of them having three or four stories, it is not intended to be understood that they have this number of floors. On the contrary, they are open from ground to roof. It is but by rows of windows that the separate stories are represented—the windows being only in the gable ends. In point of fact, they are not windows intended to admit the light, but doors, designed to give entrance to the ice. Along each row of them, and slightly elevated above their sills, runs a plank-staging, wide enough to allow of men passing conveniently back and forward. It is confined along all the houses (if there be more than one); and this is why they are set so closely together. The purpose of this staging will now be discovered.

you *what*, if you'll sit down, while the breakfast is getting ready, and write an application for the Special License—that will be really doing me a service. I'll sign it, of course, but writing is as hard a job for me just now as when I first learned pot-books and hangers."

This was another stick to be fetched for the schoolmaster; but Walter obeyed with a smothered sigh; and the missive was despatched at once by messenger, in order to catch the mid-day mail from Falmouth.

In spite of his wounds and his love, the captain made a much better breakfast than Litton, though he had been out for hours in the sea-breeze.

"Gad," said the former, without notice of this circumstance, "this Penaddon air is first-rate for the appetite; and now that that license is sent for, and one has nothing on one's mind, one feels inclined to eat for ever."

Litton thought within himself, that that poor girl up at the Hall, for the first time separated from home and friends, and having for her sole companion a lady so well acquainted with the law of the land as respected clandestine marriages, might not be so fortunate in having 'nothing on her mind'; but he kept that conviction to himself.

It was near eleven o'clock before the meal was concluded; and the captain, putting an innumerable cigar in his mouth, expressed his conviction that they were 'due up yonder,' and led the way to the aunt's residence by the footpath through the *land*.

"Queer old church, that," said he, with a nod in the direction of the ruin; "and a very favourable place for the 'cheap-trippers' to bring their grub to. So was the castle here—it's no more a castle by-the-bye, than it's a lunatic asylum, but that's what they call it—until Farmer Yates stopped their little larks by putting up 'Spring-guns, and man-traps set on these premises.' Did you ever see a spring-gun or a man-trap? It would probably cost a man a thousand pounds in damage, or twenty years' transportation, who should smother up any such engine; and yet people believe in their existence."

"That is the case, perhaps, with some other dreadful penalties, that seem a little disproportionate to the offence," observed Litton thoughtfully.

"How so? You don't mean that one can't punish those poacher fellows?" answered the matter-of-fact captain.

"No," said the other, smiling; "I was referring to the theological menace—the effect of which may be very wholesome, like that of the board yonder, but which one ventures to hope may a little exceed the reality."

"Oh, I believe all *them*," cried the captain resolutely. "None of your free-thinking for me. I'm not strait-laced in morals and that; but when it comes to religion, that's quite a different thing. I'm a church-and-king man, I am."

"What is that?" inquired his companion dryly.

"Well, a man that swears by the Thirty-nine Articles, and respects the laws, sir—the game-laws, for instance. It is true I have neither read the one nor the other, but I take 'em on trust. That's faith, my good sir; in which I am afraid you artist gentlemen are rather deficient."

"My dear Selwyn, it is my opinion that Nature intended you for the pulpit—to beat 'the drum ecclesiastic,' instead of the kettle-drum."

"As it happens, we don't beat kettle-drums, nor even possess them," said the captain, with a little touch of tamper, the usual accompaniment of theological discussion. "It is a pity to see a clever fellow like you talking of matters you don't understand. Here's something which you do. Look at that fine view, yonder, through the trees: the church and the sea, and the ships, and that little beggar with the red cap, with his shrimp-net? I hope my aunt has given Lotty some shrimps for breakfast.—By jingo, there they are!"

The two ladies were walking in the wall-garden of the Hall, which, standing on a lower level than the spot where the young men stood, was completely commanded by it. Though the grounds about the house were, as we have hinted, as ill kept as the mansion was dilapidated, this did not affect their natural beauty, which was very great. The walls of the garden were crumbling to the touch at time, but moss and lichen covered them; the fruit-trees had escaped from the rusty nails that had once confined them, but their laden branches looked not less fair as they hung heavily down, and even trailed upon the ground; and though that might be difficult to tell flower from branch, rankly did they grow together, the few into her blazed with colour.

This wildered Eden was boyanxified! He had bawling stream, and besideational education, and hostess, apparently in each the poet recurred to his consens of the ading flash. If he had despised upon them. The ofness, she had certainly taken wall worthy of the ear.

thought this home-as that weary drive over the ing, and one fair t which, unluckily to, he could them both.

"How very, Veded him! How desolate was the rapture.

"It's a prett' theirs! For them was love, and the tain," though for him too was love—he confessed. The fact is, my he ignore it, when another had read has not his phis heart, through all the armour of to be relied hip, honour, which he had put on in to pieces, with which he had striven to hide it. I suppose she'll. For him was love, alas, and love's

clever end spring of his life was broken. "He can tell? If fame had been there, the at the pumping would not have been so anxious as his as the p'grasp it. Oh, c'menter and t' he had mation led to accompany this or don't forgetful to obliged to have all my work, and small is sketch- told you, when she takes to draw in the time. Not that I've anything particular moment the of, more than my neighbours; but almost grave- little secret, one likes to keep it, and mystery into a is resolute to find it out. Scandal let say, charm- life to her, so you may imagine him, a 'cavir of breathing she labours under any of the mar-

"But why does she live there?—tho, tho, tho, not unnatural inquiry."

"Well, you see, she has been in the Society, and it is better to attract materially plenty of fine folks about it, right numerous class to talk to her a bit and say which, though matters—"urgent pro, tlections to it) it may kill Crimea—and must! Doubtless been found to be together as you can have the good-fortune to see spoken" are not, in the woman, the next day, or the but she looks and the disappointment, and get over

chamber, to meet his eyes at morn and eve; but there were to be no more such looks or words. Why should there be? He had been overpaid already for what he had done; and besides, there would have been danger in such thanks. This he felt to be the case, not so much from any consciousness of latent longings for that forbidden fruit, as from his indifference to other dainties. Mrs Sheldon, with whom he was thrown ~~into~~ ^{into} as a matter of course, from that hour, until he has Penadon, was more than gracious to him, without kindling a spark of gratitude; the position was expressed by the formula of that great stumbling-block to the female intellect, the Rule of Three: As Mr Littor's delicate attentions were to Lotty, so were those of Mrs Sheldon to Mr Littor.

There were doubtless good points about the character of his hostess, but she was not so much above the average of her sex as to take this insensibility in good part; that a young man of w-and-twenty, no fool, indeed, but of a frank and simple nature, should have such opportunities of a life flirtation with her, and neglect them; that he should put forth all her strength to make him captive, and yet fail, was a circumstance that she exceedingly resented. She knew something of his own art, and went out sketching with him to the most picturesque and romance-inspiring spots, in vain; she sang to him to the music of the wave, yet shewed herself no siren; she told him her own touching history—so much of it, that is, as it suited her to tell him—without evoking a single spark of sympathy more than the barest civility demanded. It was long since she had made a conquest, and that made her all the more eager to bring this young gentleman to her feet: her weapons, she flattered herself, were as formidable as ever, and she had certainly not forgotten how to use them. Yet he was as invulnerable as Achilles.

She wanted to wound him, she probably did not know herself, nor what she would have done in the poor wretch, had she succeeded. A man's attentions in such cases, even if not honourable, are definite; a male 'flirt,' though such a thing is, is a *visus naturæ*. Mrs Sheldon had an instinct of nature; and just as she delighted in shooting, though she knew her bag are not to be his own, yet so was she annoyed, and disappointed, at her success. Her mistress of Penadon do so, to do, else it would have been a rapidity with, about feelings, wit and skill to the young man, and I fell; view their few days, the atmosphere of a very some insipid pointed to set her long as. So Walter then something gave way (it was at least of all and it fell to 'very stormy').

On the day when the stick which had been set to fetch was used upon his given Lotty 'away' to Reginald, and the pair had departed for the honeymoon, and that was to take himself to the railway as like the Hall door, Mrs Sheldon made him as more present: not a piece of plate, but a piece of their mind.

'I will not say I am glad you much of it,' Littor, said she, as she held out her

honestly confess it seems to me that you have been here long enough, for your own happiness and for that of another.'

Walter could scarcely believe his ears. He had conceived a dim notion for sometime that this lady had been endeavouring to get up a flirtation with him; to which, perhaps, he had not responded very promptly; but he had taken Reginald's statement, another had fallen in love with him, mostly as a

'I think which, indeed, it was half-intended; this said Waruggestion, therefore, made apparently in and this news, that he had fallen a victim to her for long,' staggered him not a little. To reply that

'I hope you to have made her unhappy, was a flout, as you say, beyond his powers, yet it was not Nell's as if that was expected of him.'

'I had heard, my dear Mrs Sheldon,' stammered he, 'I never forget these days at Penadon, and, thanks to you, I have enjoyed during my visit.'

'I expected rather to forget them,' answered she gravely, and especially what you have missed. I know your secret, and I will keep it, Mr Littor; but I cannot but express a sense of relief that Lotty has left my roof, and with her husband.'

With that, without further delay, she withdrew into her sitting-room, closing the door behind her, and leaving him standing in the hall, transfixed! He had received what is called 'a classical education,' and the *sympliciter* *injuriam* forme of the poet referred to his memory, with a blinding flash. If he had despised the attentions of his hostess, she had certainly taken her measure.

'That which was that weary drive over the high road, which, unhappily too, he could not get on with what it must have been to the lips her barren land, to his eyes, how bright and brilliant as to theirs! For them was love, and the fruition of it! for him too was love—he confessed it; how could he ignore it, when another had read it writ on his heart, through all the armour of duty, of friendship, honour, which he had put on in vain, and with which he had striven to hide it from himself! For him was love, alas, and loneliness. The spring of his life was broken, the hope was gone. If fame had been there, the art, his race, he would not have been so much to grasp it. Oh, momentary, he had consented to accompany the fair large and tend him this, this momentary to rapidly fly, and lose this, this small sketch, which, as it so hardly place this infatigable, fine female face divine, she pictured, the moment this.

'Why, that's a *Marachon*! maturity most grotesque! Self-teaching—she is another mystery into a diverted in my Scarborough, but the way to say, charms as well your resorts; it is in the name of my own, upwards of twenty years, have eaten in ease after the manner, the best, and to make it as voracious as the years, are for

the lease of life she attract materially may be measured by the right, numerous class making collected a number, which, though made and thought to motions to it) it may kill the water baths. Doubtless been found to be nephew, creature, the good-fortune to see ments, in which she, a woman, the next day, or the have of ones feet, the disappointment, and get over

services had been secured, nor was he now in need of an 'Imogen,' pecuniary necessities, consequent upon certain extravagances of the vacation, having caused him to confine himself to the less sublimated but more remunerative occupation of portrait-painting; so Walter had his present model to himself. He also had been taking portraits, since his return from Penaddon; and though not disposed of at a very high figure, these had furnished him with funds for more than his needs, as well as provided him with this excellent counterfeit presentment of Philippa, Edward's queen, in the act of beseeching that monarch to spare the lives of the citizens of Calais.

'A very uncommon subject, truly,' said Jack Pelter, in his usual character of cynical, but friendly critic. 'But why not strike out something perfectly original, my dear fellow—such as the Finding of Harold's Body after Hastings?'

'Because I mean to show,' returned the other with equal gravity, 'how a great artist can appropriate a story, however often pictured, and make it his own on canvas, just as Shakespeare has done in literature.'

So, every afternoon, from two until the wintry dusk closed in, Philippa of Hainault knelt upon a soft cushion of Utrecht velvet (or something like it), on the second floor of No. 99 Beech Street, and held up prayerful hands to the stern Edward, who thus replied to her supplications: 'The head a shade more to the right—the hands a little lower—just the faintest smile, as if you saw the ruffian was yielding. Thank you; that's beautiful' (which it was). 'If you are getting to feel stiff or tired, Red Riding-hood, be sure to mention it.'

'I do just a little, grandmamma.'

'Then get up, and trot about.'

This happened many times during each sitting, if Queen Philippa's position could be called so; and on one occasion, just after one of these trottings about, and when Nellie had fallen on her knees again, and was about to supplicate for the poor citizens with renewed vigour, there was a knock at the door, and in walked Captain Reginald Selwyn. The house in Beech Street did not boast of any groom of the chambers; when the front-door bell was rung, a diminutive maid-of-all-work answered it, and directed the ringer to the first or second floor, according as Mr John Pelter or his friend was the object of his visit; neither of them had many callers, but Litton had far fewer than Pelter; the time had not yet come, if it was ever to do so, when critics should drop in, who would have a word to say, under the head of Art Gossip, about the forthcoming picture by Mr W. Litton; and at least for picture-dealers to show their criticism, not with a view of bespeaking some-thing, but to let it be left the easel. So Mr G of his to see her show on that day, but least could not have resisted it. Selwyn. Many more had been offered, but neither Pelter nor Litton would have accepted of which he had been offered.

'You shall come and see Sir Reginald and me, is lady,' said the captain, laughing, 'and be invited to dine with the great Brown. The old villain has got some particular Madeira, the thought of which makes me still more impatient of my position, since every day by which our reconciliation is postponed (for he drinks it daily) makes an inroad on the bin.—How hard you must have been working lately, Litton!' Here the captain

'Why, Litton, my good fellow, you must have thought me dead, as well as "done for" Matri!—Here his glance lit upon Philippa, Edward's queen, who had risen hastily from her cushion, and was regarding the new-comer with much embarrassment. It was the first time that her sittings had been intruded upon by any one, save Mr Pelter, whom she did not "mind," and looked upon as another "grandmamma."

'I think we will finish for to-day, Miss Neale,' said Walter quickly, 'as our time is nearly up, and this is an old friend whom I have not seen for long.'

'I hope the young lady will not go on my account,' said the captain gallantly.

But Nellie had already exchanged her high-peaked head-gear for the bonnet of everyday life, and thrown over her mediæval robes her warm winter cloak; and while Walter was once more explaining that the sitting had been nearly over in any case, she slipped through the door, which Selwyn held open for her, and, with a hurried bow, in acknowledgment of that civility, was gone.

'By Jove!' said the captain gravely, 'this is what you artists call the pursuit of your profession, is it?' I don't wonder that portrait-painting is so popular.'

'My dear Selwyn, you don't suppose that that poor girl comes here to have her portrait taken, do you?'

'No; by jingo! I don't,' answered the captain sententially.

'I mean,' continued Walter, with resolute sedateness, 'that though my patrons are not unhappily in the highest position in society, Miss Neale is not one of them. She is a good honest girl, who helps her father by sitting to me as a model for a few shillings an hour.'

'O indeed! she is a model, is she?' returned the captain, still very incredulously. 'A model of what?'

'Oh, of anything, according to the subject, you know.'

Nothing would have been easier, or more convincing, one would have thought, than to have shown his friend the picture of Queen Philippa, which was already advanced towards completion in corroboration of this statement. But Mr G's first act, on seeing the captain, the first was to throw a large piece of linen over the picture, and rapidly ply his brush like the painter of a canvas, which, as it so hard a place to paint, the female face divine is a picture, the moment the

'Why, that's a disgraceful maturity most grateful to the artist—she is a model, is she? There is no mystery into it, there is no mystery about the way she charms her way into the artist's mind; it is a fine, glowing tongue to town, upwards of twenty years of age, who have a pease after the manner of the artist, not of a circus best, and, to make it, the artist, Europe, the voracious as the artist, years are forced to notice.

With forward's lease of life she attracts materially balcony by measured by it, right-temperous class lady collected a number of say which, though ones, and thought to mention to it) it may kill boiling-water baths. Doubtless been found to be the obstinate creature, the good-fortune to see house in which she is a woman, the next day, or the hungry ones feed the disappointment, and get over

cementing them together. The tender-hearted shell artist cried at the sight, and determined to have nothing more to do with snail-boiling. In 1774, the members of the Royal Society could not be brought to believe an Irish collector, who averred that certain white snails that had been confined in his cabinet for at least fifteen years, came out of their shells upon his son putting them in warm water; but the possibility of the thing was proved in 1850, when, after four years' somnolence in the British Museum, an Egyptian desert snail woke up none the worse for its long rest and abstinence. It fed heartily upon lettuce-leaves, and lived for two years longer. Spallanzani asserted he had often beheaded snails without killing them, and that in a few months they were as lively as ever, having grown new heads in retirement; but we fancy the abbé must have played the headsman imperfectly, and only taken a slice off, instead of the whole head.

Snail-eating has been in vogue in Italy for many centuries. In Pliny's time, Barbary snails stood first in repute, those of Sicily ranking next; and it was the custom to fatten the creatures for the table by dieting them upon meal and new wine, with such success, if we dare believe Varro, that some of their shells would hold ten quarts of liquor, so that they must have rivalled the Brobdignagian snail over whose shell Gulliver broke his shin. In modern Rome, fresh-gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door, for the benefit of good housewives, who boil them in their shells, stew them, or fry them in oil. An Englishman strolling about Palermo, came upon some people gathered round a number of baskets filled with what, at first sight, he took to be white pebbles. Upon nearer acquaintance, the pebbles proved to be snails, waiting to be thrown into a large iron pot standing over a fire made between four stones, and boiled with herbs and tomatoes, for retailing to the expectant crowd. Dining afterwards with a Sicilian gentleman, he was invited to partake of some snails treated in this way, and, for politeness' sake, forced himself to swallow a couple of them, although he found it impossible to feign the delight with which his host and his daughter sucked the molluscs out of their shells. A century ago, some four millions of snails were annually exported from Ulm in 'cags' of ten thousand, fetching from twenty-five to forty florins a cag. We do not know if Ulm still carries on the trade, but any one desirous of getting on in snail-culture, may learn all about it at Ulm. There youngsters of both sexes are stark side during the summer months collecting snails, papa took for the snails—small pebbles, oh, so saved of trees, and with tools resting on Walter's heart, mine-twigs, and crystal cubes, so to talk about it, said, 'I have gratifying cross-bars snatched prey upon your young and stinging of the store, any one who knows it, and endless succession, these, your father must, and are seen gliding upward, and your pleading, inquired mud-dredging machine, or, well bred, a solid mud-dredging machine, or, in action, one ping off the water on the banks of the son-in-law, which it is. At the end of the staging, I do not see you on to man, armed with a grappling, are stooped at the garb the block of ice as it comes, for instaroyl must with a dexterous jerk detaches it, to those are not the chain, and transfers it to a smother, to these are the gently descending. Along this it merits of these the open windows, at one of which

clean-feeding molluscs. In Paris, Burgundian snails are worth a halfpenny apiece, and five hundred pounds worth of snails are disposed of in the markets in the course of a year. Indeed, the establishment of a special market for the sale of snails is talked about, and the authorities are considering the expediency of making snails pay the octroi duty—a very strong evidence that they have become a recognised article of food.

The snail generally eaten in Italy is the large brown one; and certain big brown striped snails to be found in Surrey are said to be descended from some imported from Italy by one of the Arundels, either to please his foreign wife's palate, or to save her from consumption. We do not suppose snails were ever served at ordinary English dinner-tables, although Robert May—whose cookery-book, published in 1660, was declared to deserve the praises of famous Cleveland or renowned Ben—gives full directions for cooking them. They were to be stewed in claret, vinegar, and spice, with some minced hard-boiled eggs, and served on bread, with slices of lemon; fried in butter with onions or oels; or—after being shelled, salted, and scoured—boiled with rosemary, parsley, thyme, and salad oil, put back in the shells, set over the fire, and served hot from the gridiron. According to this accomplished cook, snails were only in season in January, February, and March; so thought the country lass who told a gentleman who caught her catching snails: 'We hooks them out of the wall in winter-time, not in the summer; and we roasts them, and when they've done spitting, they be adome, and I loves them dearly!' Gipsies, too, love them dearly, esteeming a dish of snails something delicious. Some few years back, the newspapers gave currency to a story of a poor woman who had fed herself and family through the winter upon snails she had salted down in a barrel. A curious discussion arose upon this. Some insisted the thing could not be done without destroying the shells. Fearing that, if this view prevailed, people might be deterred from storing such wholesome and palatable food, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* sent the editor a salted snail, which had lost little of its bulk, and less of its weight, in the process, for him to taste and criticise.

We are told that the Newcastle glassmakers hold an annual snail-feast; that snails are publicly sold in Gloucestershire markets, and that, properly boiled in spring-water, and seasoned with pepper and salt, they make a very nice dish. Nevertheless, the day is far distant when English folk will take kindly to them; they may, like Philemon Holland, own the possibility of snails being very wholesome, 'but toothsome, certainly not.'

Dr Bulleyn, a famous physician of Elizabeth's day, says snails broken from the shells and sodden in white wine with oil and sugar, are very wholesome, because they are hot and moist, for the straightness of the lungs and cold cough; so use who believe snail-soup as good as cod-liver oil, have professional warrant for their faith, though consumptive patients might declare the soup to be worse than the disease, if it is necessary, as Mrs Delaney says, to take a spoonful of snail-soup with everything inhibited. In the winter and spring resorts for invalids in the south of England, snails are carefully collected for the purpose of making a kind of mucilaginous soup for those who are affected with certain complaints.

It is when snails go wandering without their shells, which is generally supposed to be a sign of coming wet weather. An American observer says one species of small, known in Cincinnati, never takes its walks abroad except rain is at hand; then it may be found ascending the trees, and getting upon the leaves. Others do this sort of climbing two days before a downfall—settling upon the upper side of the leaves if the downpour is destined to be soon over, but taking to the under side if it will be heavy and long-lasting. One species turns yellow before rain, and blue when it is over. The 'solitary snail' retires to crevices in the rocks, and fastens up his domicile a few days before wet sets in; while the 'forest snail,' which has been timed to travel a mile in forty-four hours, as soon as he feels foul weather is approaching, makes the best of his way to some more exposed situation, that he may have the benefit of it—so that, even among snails, tastes differ.

A SUMMER visit to this little known French watering-place on the Bay of Biscay, situated to the south-west of Bordeaux, is less interesting than a visit made in the last days of autumn or in winter; for then the little town, which aspires to become, at no distant time, a flourishing city, assumes a lodging-house and sea-bathing aspect; the natural industries of the neighbourhood are interfered with; and the primitive picturesqueness of the bay, the sands, the forest, and the clusters of semi-Swiss chalets, partly disappears. The proper time for a sojourn at Arcachon is when the October and November gales are heard roaring beyond the bush, crying, as if from the heart of the Atlantic, "I am coming!" and when, on favourable nights, swarms of boats, illuminated by red fires at the stern, put out from the shore in search of fish, which are attracted by the light, and are harpooned by steady hands.

At Arachon, the entire locality, as far as Biarritz and Trouville, is comparatively new. Forty years ago, there existed only a church, a few huts, and a sort of infant pump-room. Only by boat, or on horseback, or on foot, could it be approached. Now, a railway invites the stranger. There is a long straggling street, with rows of tall pine-trees, and a row of villas, and a row of private dwellings with two fronts—one opening on the highway, and the other facing the sea; a street impossible to widen, since it is inclosed between the sand-hills and the bay; a sweep of galleried structures, often adorned by brilliant gardens, whence the sojourner may emerge, either to swim in the water, or to herd the dairy cows from the dunes, or to plunge in the dark grottoes of the forest, wherein the resinous emanations are declared to be of incompensable value to thin-blooded and weak-chested people. Arachon, therefore, is a kind of French Bournemouth, with the superior advantage of a genial southern climate; its dry, sandy soil, and its far extending groves of pine trees, being deemed of much value in a sanitary point of view. The resinous perfume of the Arachon pines is rather overpowering, and a little trying to the head. But, on these accounts, Arachon—the word

Nothing that I saw in the interior of the sterile wastes lying inland, over which the still-walkers stride like phantoms, produces an effect more striking than the autumnal torch-light fishery. The quaint craft steal quietly out, with noiseless oars; no one speaks; behind the helm of each is an iron grating, upon which burns, with a blood-coloured blaze, a flambeau of pine-wood close to this, a man, armed with a long and keem-pointed trident, keeps his eyes fixed upon the transparent ripples; the drowsy fish, fascinated, rise lazily to the surface, and are speared with marvellous dexterity. It was not an easy matter to get admitted to take part in one of these night excursions; but, upon condition of absolute silence, I was privileged; and nothing could have been more curious than to watch the harpooner as, from one moment to another, he flung his prey over his shoulders into the bottom of the boat. A still more fantastic sight, however—which I did not witness—is said to be exhibited on a perfectly dark night, when the surface of the sea is phosphorescent, and each mute stroke of the oar scatters around a cloud of sparkling drops. The fishermen stopped one evening at the Island of Bixis, about half-an-hour's distance from the hotel, and saw a woman in the water, with her head and shoulders above, and her arms raised, as if she desired that the fishery trade should flourish; no flower will flourish upon it. Formerly, a few cows and sheep browsed upon its desolate hill, guarded by a solitary shepherd, inhabiting a rude hut, often threatened with destruction by the waves. You may shoot rabbits here, or ducks, or pick up oysters; but it is a dreary desert, on a miniature scale, and only suggests a picture to the eye when the fire-bearing boats are clustered about it, beneath the sky of a moonless midnight.

The people of this place, other than the fishermen and the resin-collectors, have grown ambitious within the last few years. Not merely do they aspire to create a luxurious little city on the shores of their basin, but they contemplate reclaiming the sandy territories behind, and converting the sweep of sea in front of them into first-class bathing places. Having made up their minds, in their life, it occurs to me that the frumptions of such wishes might spoil the place altogether. No one, with a heart for the picturesque or the pastoral, could desire that Arachon—the lonely and lovely bay of the Atlantic—should be converted into a Hastings, or a Scarborough, or a Rothery, charming as those resorts unquestionably are. Leaving the little town, and turning into the great forest, you have a perspective before you of the grandest scenery in Europe, timber-hills, hamlets, and immense Forests not inhabited here. The hills are for- with foundations, walls, for the tract materially balconies, staircases, and doubly numerous class bright, and impenetrable fens. Which, though place is almost desolate (sections to it) it may kill the youth of manhood some doubtfully been found to be hope of more by moving the good-fortune to see escape of others by moving the same, the next day, or the

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A TERRIBLE WEDDING-TRIP.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

My life, on the whole, has been commonplace and uneventful enough. Nevertheless, there stands out one episode, so strange and fearful, that even at this distance of time I am unable to contemplate it without a shudder. Before narrating it, I must introduce myself, and give a brief account of my antecedents.

I was born in India. Of my father, who was a surgeon in the army, I have but an indistinct recollection, for he died before I had attained the age of seven, and his kind face has faded into a dim memory. Very vividly, however, can I recall my mother's overwhelming grief at his loss, and the sad voyage which followed, from India to her native country, England. I was, of course, too young at the time to feel very acutely either my father's death, or the reverse of fortune which accompanied it; but the fact that we were left with no other means of support than the small pension of an officer's widow and child, was a bitter aggravation of mamma's trial. Naturally extravagant, and brought up with habits of reckless expenditure, the practice of economy was a new and difficult task for her. Prompted, however, by her excessive devotion to myself, she learned it well; and it is to the exercise of a rigid self-denial on her part, that I owe the very liberal education which she contrived to afford me. Unable to support the expense of an establishment, however small, we lived, during the first ten years after coming to England, in lodgings. But at the close of that period, when I had accordingly reached the age of seventeen, an event occurred which produced a welcome change in our position. Upon the death of her half-sister—a wealthy widow, who, with the exception of her son, Mr Hugh Fernley, had been our only relative in England—mamma found herself possessed, in addition to the agreeable legacy of a few thousand pounds, of a prettily furnished cottage in Westmoreland.

To our new home we removed forthwith; but

though at first highly delighted both with it and the charming scenery by which it was surrounded, we soon found that a residence in the rural village of Elstonlee was not without its drawbacks. Pleasant as it was during the summer season to ramble about in fragrant woods and winding country lanes, or to rake and weed in our own little garden, these innocent recreations palled in time; and when the long winter months succeeded, and outdoor life became less enjoyable, the loneliness and seclusion of the place oppressed us, and I, at any rate, learned to consider Woodbine Cottage as by no means a paradise. Our all but sole society consisted of the rector and his wife, and Dr Adair. The latter was a gentleman about forty years of age, a bachelor, well educated and intelligent, but rather sedate. As the only physician in the neighbourhood, he enjoyed an extensive practice, his services being in requisition for miles of the country around our village. Undoubtedly a clever practitioner, and having a gentle and sympathetic nature, the doctor was a universally esteemed and welcome guest, but it was at Woodbine Cottage that he elected to spend most of his spare time.

Constituting himself from the first quite a friend of the family, he took an untrifling interest in all our little affairs, and mamma and I had reason to be grateful for innumerable kindnesses most unobtrusively rendered. His evening calls became more frequent and prolonged as the time passed on; and as they formed the only breaks in the monotony of our lives, we were not sorry when that we were not of even daily occurrence. Gifted with a fully retentive memory, at no time did he lose a single word of any conversation, and he was not slow to bring to mind any anecdote which he had heard of some one or other of our acquaintances. He was a very agreeable companion. To the amusement of the family, he would, nevertheless, contrive to attract materially to himself, by a very judicious selection of his remarks, a large amount of dry wit, and he was never slow to seize an opportunity of exercising it. He was a very entertaining man, and his conversation was so full of interest, that he would, nevertheless, contrive to attract materially to himself, by a very judicious selection of his remarks, a large amount of dry wit, and he was never slow to seize an opportunity of exercising it. He was a very entertaining man, and his conversation was so full of interest, that he would, nevertheless, contrive to attract materially to himself, by a very judicious selection of his remarks, a large amount of dry wit, and he was never slow to seize an opportunity of exercising it.

rattling dice beneath the sweeter sounds of Handel's water-music, Bach's symphonies, or Beethoven's sonatas. Dr Adair was passionately fond of music; and not unfrequently, at the conclusion of a game, he would leave mamma's side, and lean for a few moments over the back of my chair, silently watching my fingers as they strayed over the keys of the piano.

One evening, some two years after our settlement in Elastonia, I had, I think, been playing with rather more taste and pathos than usual, and the doctor had taken his favourite position, when, happening to glance upwards, I detected an expression upon his face, which caused me quickly to avert my own, and which brought the warm blood rushing in a torrent over cheek and brow. It was the suddenness of the revelation which had broken upon me, however, and not any pleasure that I derived from it, which made my heart palpitate so rapidly as I continued the melody. Until that instant, I had never conceived such a thing as possible, yet that one glance had sufficed to convince me that the elderly physician was my lover. Had I needed further assurance of the fact, it was forthcoming, for, upon the following day, I received from him an offer of marriage. This, though with much distress on his account, I was obliged to decline, for, though my esteem and admiration for him were great, I had learned to regard the good doctor rather in the light of a father, and could not now feel for him a warmer sentiment. For three days this unfortunate contretemps disturbed the pleasant relationship which had subsisted between us; but upon the fourth, Dr Adair reappeared at the house. There was perhaps an additional shade of gravity discernible in his demeanour for some time afterwards, but the offer was not again alluded to, and by degrees we fell into our former unconstrained manner of intercourse.

Equanimity, however, had not long been restored to our little party, before it was again discomposed by anxiety on account of the state of my health. A severe cold had settled upon my lungs, appetite had entirely forsaken me, and day by day I was growing paler and thinner. Greatly alarmed, mamma nursed me indefatigably, whilst the doctor's kindness and attention were unremitting. Still there was no improvement, and the fear of consumption began to loom like a dread shadow over our horizon. Winter approached, and my obstinate cough defying all remedies, our medical adviser, though with evident reluctance, expressed his opinion that it would be advisable for me to spend it in a warmer climate. Mamma, of course, at once resolved to follow his recommendation, which I was to do.

My pleasure, as not only affording the for the are lifted out of the health, but also of some times are staying of the store, solitary life. Consultations were endless succession, the locality for the winter-quarters, and are seen gliding upward, station between the rival merits mud-dredging machine, and Torquay, decision was given in water on the banks of the river. A preliminary bustle At the end of the stage, a large party of preparations ensued, and man, armed with a grappling-iron, at Area more genial south. the block of ice as it comes, and one with a dexterous jerk, detached the vessel, we took up our chain, and transfers it to a smaller corall stood in extensive gently descending. Along this path, a delightful and the open windows, at one of which the establishment,

which was large, and furnished throughout with extreme elegance, was in every respect well conducted. The season having commenced before our arrival at Torquay, the house was already well filled, and whilst the whole party was social in the extreme, many of the guests, to my supreme satisfaction, were young. It did not lessen my content to find that they were also gay, and that it was customary for the more quiet and elderly people to retire each evening to one of the public drawing-rooms, whilst the other would resound with merry laughter, and very frequently with music and dancing. It took me some little time to get accustomed to our new life, offering, as it did, so great a contrast to the stagnant existence, as I now considered it, which we had of late been leading. But I presently began to feel quite at home, and, delighting in society, my gratification daily increased. In fact, as I repeatedly told myself, I had never before felt so happy, and to my exuberant spirits was doubtless in a great measure to be attributed the almost miraculous improvement which took place in my health.

We had been at Torquay about two months, when, one evening, happening to be dressed a little earlier than usual, I sauntered into the drawing-room to await there the ringing of the dinner-bell. Several gentlemen were dispersed about the apartment, reading newspapers, or chatting upon politics, and amongst them was one lady. A glance shewed me that this was Lady Janet Griffiths, an especial favourite of mine; and seating myself by her side, I was admiring some lace-work upon which she was engaged, when the tones of an unfamiliar voice struck upon my ear. Looking up, I observed that a stranger sat directly opposite us, conversing with poor Herr Eberhard, a young German, who was endeavouring, by a winter in Torquay, to prolong a life, whose certain doom his hollow cheeks and hacking cough too plainly told.

The new-comer was a strikingly handsome man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age. His features were finely cut, and his fair and very clear complexion contrasted well with the raven black of his hair and moustache. His eyes were large and dark, and his figure, though small, was finely moulded. Very white and regular teeth displayed themselves when he smiled or spoke, and I noticed also the extreme whiteness and delicacy of his hand, my attention being drawn to it by the incessant movement of the long fingers as they played with his watch-chain. Never before had I been so singularly impressed as I was by this gentleman, and again and again I found my eyes wandering to his face, attracted by a peculiar type of beauty, that seemed absolutely to fascinate me. But at length, having once or twice glanced at his glance, I felt my behaviour to be anything but feminine; so I turned to Lady Griffiths, and strove to interest myself in her work. Mamma was late that evening in performing her toilet, and as I waited until she made her appearance, we were the last to enter the dining-room. Upon reaching my usual place at the *table-d'hôte*, I could not help feeling a sensation of pleasure on perceiving that the fresh arrival had been accommodated with a seat next to my own; and my satisfaction was farther increased when, during dinner, I found his attention directed exclusively to myself; and so interesting did his conversation prove, that

the hour of dinner, usually so tiresome, passed but too rapidly. There was no dancing that evening. Mr St Julien—that, I had ascertained, was the name of my new acquaintance—was my partner in a game at whist, and in spite of the superior attractions of other girls by whom we were surrounded, he still kept his place by my side when it was finished.

That evening was but the prototype of those which followed; Mr St Julien continued, as he had begun, to select me as the principal object of his attentions, and as our intimacy increased, I discovered that he added to his other advantages that of being an accomplished scholar. How happy I was, as day by day our friendship deepened, and the conviction forced itself upon me, that Herbert St Julien was falling in love with me! It was but slowly, indeed, that I would allow myself to believe the fact, for it appeared to me too delightful to be true. Nevertheless, it was so. He loved me with an ardour and devotion equal to that which I bestowed upon him in return; and in little more than six weeks from the day I had first met him, Herbert St Julien and I were *fiancés*. Rejoicing in my joy, mamma readily gave her consent to the betrothal, and expressed perfect satisfaction with the account Mr St Julien had given of himself. This was, briefly, that, with the exception of a sister-in-law, he had no relation in the world; that he had latterly been living in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, where he had a house; but that, having been extremely ill, and suffering still from occasional severe headaches, and general debility, he had been recommended to travel. He had not, he said, intended to remain at Torquay longer than a week, as he was merely taking the place on his way to Italy; and had it not been for the 'sweet cause' of his change of plan, he would now have been at his estate upon Lake Como.

The mention of this latter particular brings me to notice the only thing which occasioned me any uneasiness with regard to my future prospects; this was, that, from all I could gather, my intended husband was a man of enormous wealth; from time to time he would mention by name some castle, property, or estate belonging to him, until it appeared to me that he had possessions in almost every European country. These possessions I presently learned to regard with positive dislike, perceiving, as I could not fail to do, that the responsibility of wealth, and the care of so much landed property, was a source of much solicitude to my lover. Indeed, as I thought, he allowed this anxiety to become oppressive; for although it would have been difficult to have described in what it consisted, it seemed to me that a subtle change passed over Mr St Julien's face whenever his estates formed the subject of conversation, and that his dark eyes, usually so calm and intelligent, took a different expression, and wandered from one object to another with a vague kind of uneasiness. This peculiarity did not, so far as I could perceive, attract mamma's observation; but, convinced that it was not altogether imagination upon my part, and attributing it to the cause I have mentioned, I quietly resolved that, so soon as we were married, I would persuade Mr St Julien to dispose of some of these estates, and thus to lessen his care. My determination upon this point was strengthened when I found that, whilst I was myself better than I had ever been in my life, poor Herbert's

health declined rather than otherwise from the time of our engagement.

The headaches, from which he had before suffered at but rare intervals, now became of frequent occurrence, and were accompanied by nervous irritability, which had not previously characterised him. Knowing that he had been recommended to travel, and believing that this would be the most efficacious remedy for his indisposition, mamma and I endeavoured to persuade him to leave Torquay at once for the continent, more especially as we were ourselves upon the point of returning to Westmoreland. But to this proposition he could not be induced to listen, except on one condition, and that was, that I should accompany him as his wife. And so persistently and unremittently, when this idea had once taken possession of his mind, did he urge that our marriage should take place at once, that mamma at last gave in, and passing over to his side, expressed her opinion that Herbert's proposed journey to the continent might just as well be our wedding-trip. Against these united forces, there was, of course, no reason for my holding out, and before long, I had given a not very reluctant consent that the marriage should take place within a month.

SOCIAL PRESSURE.

SIR ARTHUR HARRIS and his 'friends in council' are well known to discuss all kinds of questions; and it is not surprising that they should have turned their attention to 'social pressure,' and more or less kindred topics. The size of towns is one of the subjects which have caused them to ponder; it is undoubtedly connected very intimately with social pressure, and it certainly suggests an inquiry as to whether towns may not be too large. Those who hold that towns may be too large, will probably set down amongst the merits of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and James I., monarchs otherwise sufficiently different one from another, the fact that each and all three of them were almost equally desirous of preventing their metropolis from 'becoming too large.' Whether their anxiety upon that point did or did not arise rather from an apprehension of the political dangers which might threaten their august selves, than from a far-sighted anticipation of the social pressure which would one day bring evil upon their subjects' posterity, it were invidious and censorious to ask; by all means let their departed majesties have the benefit of the doubt.

However it may be, there are those who hold that 'one of the greatest evils of modern life is the existence of great towns.' You will be that, whatever their advantages may be (and there are not a few), their disadvantages include a want of health, of time, of comfort, of maturity of every kind.' It is said, though it may not be true, that, to begin with, 'immense animals, not more than ten per cent. are for horses now carried to the knacker-trail; materially less in London, would find a numerous sale same time to the same sort of use, which, though if 'all the horses which objections to it may kill did similar work in undoubtedly been found to be would not be so. Others have the good-fortune to see ways.' It is a nice young woman, the next day, or the celebrated 'after the disappointment, and get over

mortality is not exceedingly high, it is yet a place where, nobody, except butchers' boys, enjoys perfect health—the full state of health that they are capable of enjoying; which, of course, is calculated to shake one's faith in the practice of estimating the healthiness of a given place by its statistical tables of mortality. It is said, and with some truth, that 'the first article of food' is 'fresh air,' and that, though 'there is no danger of London being starved for want of animal food,' there is more and more danger every year of its health being diminished from the want of a supply of pure atmosphere.

As to water, again, which is hardly second to fresh air, a man who lives in a 'huge city' has little power of protecting himself, and 'must take the water that is provided for his quarter of the town, whether he is satisfied with it or not.' It is said, moreover, though it may be far from true, that 'every year the hospital surgeons in London find it more difficult to cure wounds and injuries of all kinds to the human body, on account, it is supposed, of the growing inferiority of the London air.' There is, however, another theory which attributes the aforesaid difficulty to another cause, arising from the pernicious habit of doing everything on the 'big' plan, and having a large number of patients in one large room, instead of having them carefully distributed in smaller numbers, and, rather than not distributed at all, in smaller rooms. To recur to the lower animals: it is asserted that in London the cows are 'killed off prematurely, and do not last a third part of the time that they would last in the country or in a small town.' This may be so; but, as the writer of this article can testify on good authority, all London cows do not spend all their lives in London. The aforesaid writer, having received a great shock one day in London through seeing a cow's head suddenly appear at a drawing-room, or upper-room, window in a by no means unfashionable neighbourhood, not very far from Cavendish Square, was led to make inquiries, in order to convince himself that he had not been the victim of a spectral illusion; and he discovered that the whole house was tenanted throughout by cows, numbering from forty to sixty, which arrived at the upper series of apartments by means of properly arranged inclined planes. These cows, it appeared, according to the evidence of their very obliging and courteous owner, periodically exchanged quarters with other cows at that time enjoying country-air on a farm at Willesden; and, in that way, the two sets of cows were kept in as good health, or at least in any circumstances.

There can be no doubt the overcrowding of towns is a direct consequence of overgrowth of towns. The staging of the population on the part of the thousands who can 'get endless succession' of the fresher air of the suburbs or the air seen gliding upward, and whose exodus makes it mind-dredging machine, hundreds of thousands who remain water on the banks of the private and individual charity is. At the end of the stage, the immense size of the man, armed with a grapple, the members of a family, the block of ice as it comes out of children, who in the with a dexterous jerk detaches, rest, a part in the chain, and transfers it to a smoky coil stodge cities be gently descending. Along this hanging a other 'to go the open windows, at one of who the goods of poor

people.' About the nuisances bred of social pressure, and themselves breeding physical and moral mischief, everybody has a general idea; but would anybody include 'the vending of oysters amongst noxious trades?' It must be understood that the oysters are to be 'natives,' and of the highest excellence. But the following anecdote is related: 'One of the greatest vendors of oysters in the metropolis' had 'a large subterranean place where he deposited his oyster-shells. This place was connected with the sewers. The small portions of animal matter left in the under-shells became putrescent; and, from the huge mass of them which had accumulated in that subterranean place, there finally arose an odour of the most horrible nature, which came up through all the neighbouring gratings, and most probably into some of the neighbouring houses. . . . Of course,' concludes the narrator, 'I cannot prove that' a deadly fever which had prevailed in the immediate vicinity 'was the result of this accumulation of shells, but I believe it was, and such was the belief of those persons who, at that time, investigated the matter.'

There are many other topics connected with social pressure, such as the state of crime, and the facilities afforded for the commission of offences in large modern cities by persons who escape detection and punishment. In Liverpool, for example, with its teeming population, about four out of every five crimes of violence go unpunished. Notwithstanding, therefore, the vigilance of the police, the odds are four to one that a ruffianly offender will not be found out.* Rather a startling view this of dense overcrowding in large cities! We say nothing about the 'political aspect of the subject,' which may be just hinted at as worthy of a serious reader's reflection. Whosoever would liken London to Babylon may be gently reminded that 'the similitude is a very unjust one as regards the city of Nitocris and Semiramis, for Babylon had just what, in its densest parts, is deficient in London. We are told that Babylon contained within its walls land sufficient for agricultural purposes to enable the inhabitants of that city to be fed by those resources during a siege.' And the most imaginative of poets would hardly venture to describe a band of sorrowful captives sitting down to weep by the waters of London, and hanging their harps 'upon the trees that are thereby;' and area-railings would be too prosaic.

The degree of social pressure in the present day may be said to be rising like the degree of heat recorded by a thermometer from winter to summer. Things that could be done easily fifty years ago, cannot be thought of now. The accumulation of capital in certain hands, and the advantages given by machinery, put the puny efforts of small concerns out of the question. No doubt, skill and industry are as much in request as ever—indeed, more so—but the competition is more keen, while the ignorance, heedlessness, and improvidence demonstrated in enlarged dimensions, are seen leading to the most appalling consequences—huge masses of human beings in a state of semi-destitution, who give no end of trouble to police, parish authorities, and benevolent institutions. Is this condition of things, as is evidenced in large cities, destined

* See an interesting article from the *Liverpool Advertiser*, in *The Times* of December 23, 1874.

to be the outcome of what we call civilisation! Some will say no; but under the existing tremendous pressure, we fail to observe any turn for the better. Our only hope is in education, taking it in its widest sense. That, however, is putting off 'the good time coming' for at least a couple of generations; and how are matters to be comfortably managed in the meantime? There is more, however, to consider. The population of the metropolis is said to be now four millions. Can any one foretell what will be the degree of social pressure when the population has reached six, eight, or ten millions, for to these numbers it is assuredly advancing?

Social pressure has other aspects, but we cannot refer to all of them. In large cities, and more particularly the metropolis, it is vigorously displayed in those objectionable characteristics of our age, intrusiveness and over-publicity. Any individual eminent in literature, statesmanship, or any other walk in life, is sure to be pestered with attentions from those who wish to make capital in some way out of him. 'He will be asked to preside at public dinners; to speak at public meetings; to become a member of innumerable committees; to give testimonials to people as to whose qualifications he knows little or nothing; and to make one of the concourse of notable persons at public funerals.' And the worst of it is that, from some weakness inherent in human nature, the secondary work, as it may be called, thus forced and intruded upon the eminent man, will be almost imperceptibly allowed to become his chief occupation, will after a while 'not be unwelcome to him,' will appear even to himself to 'gain him sufficient applause and favour; and so we shall lose the best work of a great man, or, at any rate, of a man capable in one direction.' As for over-publicity, how near a relationship there is between it and intrusiveness must be evident even to the purblind. 'Nothing,' it is mournfully admitted, 'now is sacred. Sorrow, disease, misfortune—all are canvassed with minuteness before the eyes of an unwholesomely curious world; greedy of novelties, delighting in sensation, and no real or imaginative detail is spared, for the public dearly loves details.' By a sort of poetical justice, the great, as some people count greatness, are those who suffer, just as they are also those who gain most from publicity; for 'extreme publicity,' it is truly observed, 'tends to destroy the just privacy of private life; it furnishes a worthless occupation for mankind in general; that it is unwholesome, tedious, destructive, indelicate, and indecorous.' 'Publicity, moreover, cuts both ways; it is equally dangerous to fear and avoid it, or to love and court it.' How many timid and shame-faced persons are requested to consider, 'fear, to take the course of just results, because of that aversion which they have to this demon of publicity,' which, as far as possible, interferes with the strongly recommended practice of washing dirty linen at home. 'On the other hand, a still greater danger lurks in the love of publicity, which comes to be a besetting sin, sometimes even of the greatest minds, and which leads to falseness, restlessness, and to a most dangerous desire always to stand well with that public, which is sure, very soon, to be made acquainted with all that the lover of publicity may say, or speak, or intend.' At the same time, it

must be remembered that there is a wholesome use of publicity, and that by its means many a grievous wrong may be remedied, and the rottenness of many a whitened sepulchre proved beyond dispute. It is a terrible instrument to employ; but it is sometimes the only instrument which can be successfully employed against the treacherous, the cunning, the pettifogging, the over-reaching, and, at the same time, specious and pretentious expert in chicanery.

OUR MARRIAGE-LAWS.

NOT long since, in a case before one of the police courts of London, there was a dispute as to whether one of the parties concerned, a Scotch-woman, was married or not. She alleged she was; but the man whom she claimed to be her husband, flatly denied the charge. The magistrate was puzzled; and some one in court dryly remarked, 'that so loose was the state of the law, that many people in Scotland did not know for a certainty whether they were married or not.' This was putting the matter too strongly. Things are bad enough, but not so bad as that.

There are two kinds of marriages in Scotland—regular and irregular. Almost all are regularly effected, by the proclamation of banns, and a ceremonial, at which, in presence of friends, a clergyman of some denomination officiates—a certificate of the proclamation being his warrant to do so. The ceremony may take place at any hour, and anywhere. In some cases, it takes place in a church or chapel; in others, and these by far the greater number, in the house of the parents of the bride. Among the humbler classes, the affair usually occurs in the evening, and is accompanied with some little festivity. No fees are exigible by officiating clergymen. The ceremony is reckoned to be an ordinary piece of ministerial duty. The actual cost of a marriage ceremonial, therefore, may be limited to the outlay for the proclamation, which varies from about five shillings to a guinea. As the minister verifies the marriage, with the names of witnesses, on the certificate, which is returned to the officer by whom it was issued, the whole thing is put beyond challenge. In all this, the sole object is a distinct verification of the contract which has been effected by the two persons concerned. The religious part of the ceremony is, legally speaking, of no moment. In law, marriage is not only a civil contract, but is allowed to be entered into with the same freedom as a contract of sale of effects; indeed, with more. Proof of mutual consent is what is absolutely required. A female reaching fourteen, and girls twelve years are for ever qualified to enter into the contract materially parents or guardians have a right, numerous class. Rather a into disavowal this which, though entitled to her serious objections to it) it may kill enter as are, has undoubtedly been found to be efficacious. Others have the good-fortune to see bo me other nice young woman, the next day, or the thext month, after the disappointment, and get over

So much for regular marriages; now for those of an irregular kind. Herein lies the weak, we might say, the disreputable part of the Scotch marriage system. As nothing more than proof of mutual consent, followed by cohabitation, is deemed sufficient in the case of subsequent contest, a door is opened for abuse and litigation—we might add, domestic misery. Mutual consent may be expressed in words, uttered in presence of witnesses, or proved by letters or admissions of the parties. Thus, if a man say, pointing to a woman: 'That is my wife;' and she courtesy in assent, this is sufficient proof of their marriage. It is, however, important to note, that the consent on both sides must be serious, and placed beyond doubt. A man saying jocularly, or for some wicked purpose, 'That is my wife,' or writing an inscription in an hotel book, purporting that the lady who accompanies him is his wife, will not constitute marriage. There must be no trick, or even the suspicion of trick. That is law; but, unfortunately, young women liable to be imposed on, do not know the niceties of legal proof, and may imagine that the trick of inscription in an hotel book as Mrs So-and-so, marries them at once and for ever. Hence some of the litigations and disputes which we see in the newspapers regarding marriage. Looking to private morals and public policy, it is not easy to understand how lawyers, men of sound learning and the best intentions, do not make an effort, by an appeal to the legislature, to remedy the abuses that occasionally come before them. Fortunately, there are not a great number of 'bad cases.' But why should there be any?

We cannot leave this department of the subject without alluding to what have long been known as Gretna Green marriages. As on the western border, the village of Gretna Green was, in old posting-days, the first convenient halting-place on Scotch ground for runaway couples from England, it became a favourite resort at which a mutual declaration of marriage could be exchanged before witnesses, and verified by certificate. The declaration generally took place in the presence of a blacksmith, who, in reality, was no more necessary than any other witness, but who gradually assumed an authority which imposed on the credulity of the English strangers, and thereby profited by the liberality usually dispensed on such auspicious occasions for his trifling services. The declaration of the marriage being obtained, the parties could at once return to England, and their marriage was held ever after to be valid, here and all the world over. An end may almost be seen gliding to have been put to Gretna Green and mid-dreeding runaway marriages by an act of Parliament water on the banks of years ago, which declared that no

At the end of the pages of that kind a fallid unless man armed with a grapple has for the last six weeks the block of ice as it comes on records of a fallid with a dexterous jerk detaches the children, who are of chain, and transfers it to a snore coracal part of the

secently descending. Along this the wall stodge cities and the open windows, at one of which a dother 'to give the eopds of poe

was required, neither was any license looked for. A small fee paid to a clergyman settled the whole affair. For the sake of the fees, parsons who were confined for debt in the Fleet prison, would marry any pair at a moment's notice. They made a kind of business of it. The usual fee was two shillings, but there were cases in which the parson in desperation would officiate for a glass of gin or a roll of tobacco. The Fleet prison, however, was only the centre of the traffic in marriages. The street leading to the prison was dotted with public-houses, where matrimony could be cheaply solemnised. Pennant says: 'In walking along the street in my youth, I have often been tempted by the question: "Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?"' The invitation came from a dirty profligate-looking fellow, wearing a slovenly parson's costume, generally attached to one of the numerous taverns in the locality, over the door of which was inscribed: "Marriages performed within." It is interesting to know that each of these taverns kept a parson, with a register of its business in marriages—the liquor consumed and paid for on the occasion of these irregular nuptials being of course the inducement to carry on the trade. Lord Hardwicke's Act caused quite a flutter in the marriage-market. On the day before it came into operation, no fewer than two hundred and seven couples were united. As each tavern had its register, it became important to purchase up the whole; and we learn that government acquired over a ton of registers extending back to 1686. In comparison with this, Scotland has nothing so utterly flagitious.

The new law established under Lord Hardwicke's Act was not by any means free from blemish. From being loose, the observance required of those 'about to marry' went to the opposite extreme, and became odiously strict and punctilious. The ceremony could be performed only by a benefited clergyman, and within canonical hours—that is, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 12 noon. But, by what clock or watch were these hours to be regulated? The marriage was liable to be challenged from some paltry error as to time. There was also a certain abuse as regards the warrant for conducting the ceremony. Instead of banns, there might be a license, under episcopal authority, costing very much more than banns, and which could be called nothing else than an 'indulgence.' By paying two or three guineas, one escaped the delay and the publicity of banns. Licenses and banns still keep their ground; but latterly, as is well known, marriages in England may be solemnised in fat cooing chapels, registered for the purpose, or, though a religious ceremony at all, in the ~~and~~ certain superintendent registrar of the ~~d-machinery~~, put the presence of witnesses. Curiously enough, marriage is a simple, cheap, and dry way in a registrar's office has not commended itself to popular favour. Marriage in the parish church, after due proclamation of banns, and with the impressive pomp of liturgical ceremonial, still receives general approval. The laws relating to the marriage of minors in England are more strict than in Scotland, but regulations on the subject are not greatly attended to, and practically are of little avail.

In Ireland, the marriage-law generally resembles that of England, but to it are superadded statutory obligations as regards the intermarrying of Catholics

and Protestants that are barely intelligible, and as leading to perplexity and distress of mind, cannot be too severely reprehended. During the last eighty-five years, there have been no fewer than three acts of parliament on the subject, each adding to the confusion. The whole would need to be swept away, and a simple intelligible law, free from sectarian distinctions, enacted instead. Ireland, like Scotland, wants a Lord Hardwicke; but he is long in coming.

We may now take a glance at continental usages. The French Revolution, which affected to liberalise everything, led to rigorous arrangements regarding marriage. In France, and wherever the Code Napoleon has taken root, marriage is ordinarily a matter of extreme difficulty—the trouble incurred perfectly monstrous. According to law, marriage is a civil contract, and must necessarily take place in the office of the mayor. It is customary to adjourn to a church, where there is a supplementary religious rite. To this there can be no objection. The pinch consists in the obligation to exhibit the assent of parents. According to law, each unmarried Frenchman and Frenchwoman is a child to be taken care of. No young man under twenty-five, or woman under twenty-one years of age can marry without the consent of parents. If the father and mother are dead, certificates to that effect must be produced, and the consent of grandfather and grandmother will be accepted; but if they are dead also, the fact needs to be certified. Getting together these certificates is such a terrible nuisance, that in an enormous multiplicity of cases in humble life, the marriage ceremony is dispensed with. In its efforts to avert moral wrong, the law is the fruitful cause of wrong. There is a possibility of a man or woman above twenty-five marrying without the consent of parents. But even in this case there are ridiculous formalities. The parents must be served three times with a summons or notice of the intention to marry; and a certificate of this notice legally verified must be shewn, before either the mayor or priest will perform the ceremony. Age does not liberate a man from these ridiculous obligations. If an old gentleman of eighty takes it into his head to marry, he must begin by getting legal certificates of the death, not only of his father and mother, but of his grandfather and grandmother—that is to say, he may have to rake up records a hundred years old. There is something comic in these obligations, but likewise something to be treated seriously. It is not being generally known in England that the consent of parents is necessary to constitute a valid marriage in France, Englishwomen marrying Frenchmen in England, may find that their marriage has been altogether invalid. An English lady long resident in France, to whom we were lately indebted for an amusing sketch concerning French manners, mentions the following as a fact: 'Not many years since, a young English girl, who had married a Frenchman in England without the consent of his parents, was subjected to the misery and humiliation of finding that her marriage was null and void in her husband's country, and that he was at liberty to take another wife.'

Looking at the whole affair of marrying, on which so much of the welfare of society depends, we know of nothing of a serious nature that has engaged so little public attention. With some

modern modifications, the whole thing is little better than a chaos, which, as far as we can see, is maintained as a subject of costly and distracting litigation.

W. C.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER VII.—MR JOHN FELTER AS MENTOR.

It is astonishing how the profession of Love—that is, the love of man for woman, or *vice versa*—being of such endless variety, should be described by poets and philosophers as of only two or three kinds, or even 'lumped' (as Pope, for instance, lumps it) into one. Monomania, fever, atrophy, have each their name and place in medical science; but all these diseases, and many others, are in psychology spoken of as one, as though no difference existed between them. There is, it is true, an admitted peculiarity in the case of what is called a Platonic attachment; but this term is seldom used, except in irony, and I am inclined to think that those who so make use of it are right. I have never known a Platonic attachment where the lady, at least, would not have married the gentleman if she could. That love itself is proven in its outward shape, is (in spite of the poets) now allowed. We admit that the sweetness and light of the world do not change, as Byron, for instance, would have us believe, to gall and darkness, to Corydon because Phyllis rejects him; or that the sun seems to shine for him by night, and roses to bloom for him in February, if she accepts him. He is pleased and gratified, of course, more so, doubtless, than if he had won five shillings at skittles; yet not more, perhaps, than if he had won five pounds. I am speaking of a Corydon of the humbler classes, of course, when I mention so vulgar a game, and such small amounts; but if Corydon was a born gentleman, and, in the practice of his profession, the Turf, should pull off, say, fifty thousand pounds on a double event, that would probably give him almost as much pleasure as being accepted by Phyllis.

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands;

but if such luck as we have supposed should happen to a gentleman-sportsman, don't you think the glass of Time would run itself into just as golden sands as if Love held it? I must confess I do. Of course, there are some young persons who, being denied by their Beloved Objects, immediately go and hang themselves; but these are fortunately exceptional cases, which do not materially affect the census returns. A more numerous class plunge into dissipation; a remedy which, though (besides other serious objections to it) it may kill as well as cure, has undoubtedly been found to be efficacious. Others have the good-fortune to see some other nice young woman, the next day, or the next month, after the disappointment, and get over

it by marrying her. All of us are agreed that there are many ways of meeting a misfortune of this kind, as well as many ways of expressing our bliss upon receiving an answer from Phyllis in the affirmative; and yet almost all are resolute to affirm that the love of Corydon for Phyllis is the same all the world over. This is a great error. Without any trespass upon that dangerous ground of Platonic attachment, a man may adore a woman with honesty and honour, whom it is utterly out of the question that he should marry, from whom it is impossible that he should receive any greater favours than a clasp of the hand or a kind word. The type is not common, because the Phyllises who are capable of inspiring such a passion are few; and such disinterested Corydons are few: but it exists. Such a love, for example, would have been entertained by Warrington for Laura, if he had met her in the first instance as the wife of Pendennis. There would have been no harm in such an attachment, nor thought of harm; but it could not have been expressed by the terms respect, regard, or friendship; nay, it would comprehend a devotion for Mrs P. not entertained, perhaps, even by Mr Arthur Pendennis himself.

It was some absorbing feeling of this sort which filled Walter Litton's soul with respect to Lotty; in some cases, it might not have been a disadvantageous one—indeed, an unselfish passion of this sort is often most advantageous—but Walter was too young for such a gracious burden, not, as he imagined, because life lay before him lone and barren for so many years, but because he lacked the discipline of life; he could not free himself from its influence at pleasure, and though he could forget it—that is, the smart of it—in occupation, it pervaded even the work of his hands. It is certain that his present picture profited by this. Love, 'the more ideal artist he than all,' had given a spirituality to the expression of Philippa, Edward's queen, which Miss Nellie Neale, and perhaps even Lotty herself, did not possess; it was, in fact, a glorified likeness of the latter, a likeness that might easily escape the eyes of such as were but slightly acquainted with her, or had not seen her under circumstances calculated to evoke her deeper feelings, but which would strike most forcibly those who knew her best. Without, of course, recognising the source of his friend's inspiration, or even being aware of what it was, Mr John Pelter perceived that this portrait was far in advance of anything that the young fellow had yet achieved; and he told him so, after his peculiar fashion, puffing at his pipe, and regarding this *chef-d'œuvre* with his huge flax-covered head sloped to the critical angle.

'My dear Watty,' said he, 'I don't wish to flatter you, but that's the most like a human creature of anything that you have yet turned out.'

'I am glad to hear you say so,' returned Walter, well pleased with this moderate praise, which, indeed, in Jack Pelter's mouth, implied far beyond what it expressed. A huge good-natured giant was Jack, who knew much more of his profession, though he seldom used the slang of it, than many a man who can discourse of 'his art' by the

hour, and leave his hearers in the most inextricable entanglement; a man, it was true, who cared little to be known by the world at large, so long as he was known by the dealers, and was supplied by them with the funds sufficient for his not extravagant needs, but who worked as honestly, after his lights, as Raphael, whose cartoons he believed to be the most valuable bequest that any living being has left to posterity.

'Yes, Watty, this is a great advance upon your "Drunken Organ-grinders"—I beg your pardon, your "Brigands Carousing." The young woman's foot here is out of drawing, and I daresay the other would be, if it wasn't covered by her train; but the picture is good, sir—it's good.' And Mr John Pelter stepped back from it slowly, upsetting 'Penaddon Church' as he did so, and once more regarded it with fixed attention. 'You must not lump any King Edwards with a lot of this kind,' continued Jack, 'or else you'll spoil it.'

'But Queen Philippa must be kneeling to *somebody*,' urged Walter.

'Then don't let her be Queen Philippa at all. That high head-dress may very well be taken for a fool's cap; and if you write "Forfeits" under it, the whole thing will explain itself. "Who is the owner of *this* pretty thing? Let her kneel in one corner, dance in another," and so on. There; don't be affronted; I'm only joking, so far as regards the title. The girl must kneel alone, that's certain. Chuck your Pinnock's England overboard, cut away the rest of the canvas, and call her "Supplication."

'Upon my life, Jack, I think that a good idea.'

'Of course it is. Send out for something to drink its health in. "O for a draught of vintage full of the warm South," something delicate and tasty, and redolent of the subject.—Jenny!' roared he from the top of the stairs, 'fetch a pot of stout.'

Over this refreshment they discoursed the future of the immortal work.

'That must not go to the Gallery, or any of those places, Watty,' said Jack, whom the generous liquor had rendered still more eulogistic. 'You must have a shy with it at the big shop.'

'I am sick of trying there,' answered Walter despondently.

'Sick of trying! Why, you have not got a gray hair on your head! If you were *my* age' (Jack was about thirty), 'you might talk of blighted hopes.'

'But you have been hung, and in good places too; and yet I have heard you say that you had just as soon your pictures went to the Gallery, or straight to Pall Mall!'

'Well, well, that's because I wanted the money,' interrupted the other, with irritation. 'Don't you mind about me. If I said I don't care about fame, perhaps I ~~was~~ wrong, or perhaps I lied. Your case, at all events, is different. Follow my advice, Watty, my boy, and send "Supplication" to run its chance with the committee. They do *sometimes* take a thing on its own merits. Remember how Campbell was hung last year, through MacCollop, R.A., taking him for a fellow-countryman. "Death by misadventure," as somebody said of it, when all the newspapers were down upon his daub.'

'You are very encouraging,' said Walter, smiling; 'but nevertheless I will try the big shop.'

In spite of Walter's pretended irony, there was

great encouragement in Pelter's recommendation. Jack was not above the weaknesses of his calling, and could abuse a brother artist—who was successful—so roundly as any one. But he was singularly just and honest in the main. His tenderness for his young friend was great. It is not too much to say that his hopes for his success were higher than for his own; for he was one of that increasing class who are not ambitious either of fame or fortune. As long as he could earn a competence, he was satisfied with the result of his own labours; and a competence with him meant something very modest indeed. It is not a good sign in our social life that so many men, even in comparative youth, are becoming indifferent to great gains and high distinction: if such sentiments were universal, the production of anything really great in any line of life would be rendered impossible; but it is only the natural rebound from that excessive struggle to get a head and shoulders above their fellows which distinguished the last generation, not altogether to its credit. In that contest, Friendship too often went to the wall, and every generous impulse was trodden under foot, in order that Self should rise supreme. There is no better excuse for indolence than the spectacle of successful Diligence standing all alone upon its pedestal, without friend or lover, a mark not only for envy, but for deserved contempt; and Mr John Pelter had seen, or fancied he had seen, not a few eminent gentlemen of his own profession in that isolated position. By toiling and scrapping, and denying himself all the delights of youth, there is no man so great a fool, he would argue, but that he can acquire for himself a heap of money—only to find that, by long disuse, he has lost the faculty of enjoyment. There was no great fear of this in Mr Pelter's individual case: his capacity for pleasure was so considerable, that some of it would certainly have remained with him under the most disadvantageous circumstances; but it suited him to adopt this theory, which, it is fair to say, he acted up to in a very conscientious manner. He worked well, never 'scampering' a square inch of that which he set his brush to do, but never overworked himself; he took his time over his canvas and his ease, and did not trouble himself much with speculations upon the verdict of posterity. The verdict of posterity, he would philosophically explain over his pipe and pot, was, in its relation to art, merely the judgment of a set of people removed by one or more degrees farther from the great lights of antiquity than we ourselves, and who were, therefore, less qualified to give an opinion. All that was best and greatest, lay in the past; and though the present might not be a great age—indeed, he had very little belief in its being so—yet, it was only reasonable, by the argument of analogy, to suppose it would be superior to the future. Why, then, make such a fuss about posterity? The fact was, that in Mr Pelter's eyes, posterity was but the next generation of picture-dealers. For his own works, he had no ambition; no desire for fame, and very little even for profit; but for those of his friend he allowed himself some hopes. He liked the young fellow dearly, and had a genuine admiration for his talents, which he wished to see made use of to the best advantage. Perhaps he had a secret conviction that he had missed his mark in the world, and was solicitous that Walter should have better fortune.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ACADEMY CIRCULAR.

I once knew a very clever but paradoxical man who was wont to explain that, upon the whole, the British House of Peers were created from personal merit; his line of argument I forget, and, indeed, though urged with great ingenuity, it was somewhat difficult to follow even when in process; but I am nearly sure that genuine conviction animated it, until he became a peer himself; after which, modesty, or perhaps some innate sense of humour (in which I had always thought him deficient), sealed his lips upon that subject. There is a natural and wholesome desire on the part of the public to believe such things. I very much question whether nine people in ten do not entertain the delusion that a silk gown (for example) is an honour conferred upon barristers for eminence in their profession: I am quite sure that it would shock them to hear that, for every Victoria Cross that is given for valour, half-a-dozen are applied for in vain. Folks in the country even believe that pictures are accepted or rejected in the Royal Academy every year solely upon their own merits; that the Hanging Committee know nothing about them; that they are sent in without name or address, and simply with a motto—like the poems that compete for the Newdigate or the Chancellor's medal—and are adjudicated upon without any personal reference to the artists. And yet these good people would be quite insulted if you inquired if they believed in the Millennium.

Walter Litton knew very few R.A.s, and none who were upon the Hanging Committee of that year. No member of it was inveigled into the second floor in Beech Street, and persuaded to cast his eye upon 'Supplication,' in order that, when he saw it again upon a certain momentous occasion, recognition might follow. Jack Pelter would have done him that good turn—for he was one of those who will do for a friend what 'wild horses' would not have compelled him to do for himself—but Walter declined the offer.

'My dear Jack,' said he, 'you are most kind; but I would rather the thing stood on its own hook.'

'I want it to hang on the Line,' was Jack's only rejoinder.

'Well, I hope it will, or, at all events, somewhere. It may be very foolish of me, and very sanguine, but I have great confidence.'

'In the committee?' broke in Pelter. 'Then you must be very foolish and very sanguine indeed.'

'No; in the merits of the picture.'

'Gad, how I wish I was your age!' sighed Jack. 'Do you think it will be bought for the nation?'

'I don't wish it to be bought at all.'

'Oh, I see; you want to keep it for your diploma picture.'

But though Jack was thus cynical with his friend, he had a high opinion of the excellence of this particular piece of work, over which Walter expended a prodigious amount of time and pains. His usual habit was to tire of his productions. He was by no means a careless worker, but ere he had finished one picture, his mind had begun to be busy with its successor. He always deemed his last work his best, of course; but his last would be nothing to that which was to follow it, the

germs of which *chef-d'œuvre* were already sprouting in his brain. But with 'Supplication,' the case was different. Every detail was wrought up to the highest pitch of perfection of which he was capable, and he was never tired of touching and retouching; he did not retouch the face, either because he was satisfied with it, or because he distrusted his ability to effect improvement, but he would fix his eyes upon it for long intervals with the intensity of an intending buyer. Then he would look up with a sigh, and busy himself with the embroidery of Queen Philippa's robe, or with the colour of the cushion upon which she knelt. He would even do this when his model was in the room, forgetful of her presence, and of the money per hour it cost him; and upon one or two occasions, he noticed that she also had her fits of abstraction. Then it struck him that her face had grown paler of late, and her large eyes less lustrous, and his tender heart reproached him for his indifference.

'We have been working very hard at this picture, have we not, Red Riding-hood?' said he kindly. 'Don't you think you would be the better for a little holiday?'

'Not so far as I am concerned, sir. I am not at all tired.'

'You look so,' returned he, regarding her in really quite a paternal way; 'very fagged and out of sorts. Are you quite sure you are well?'

'Yes, sir; I am well enough.'

'But you may not be a good judge of that. I shall go round this afternoon, and speak to your father about you, little one.'

'Oh, pray, sir, don't speak to him!' returned she with sudden vehemence. 'Indeed, indeed, there is nothing the matter with me—nothing, at least, to speak of. There is no need for any holiday. Besides, father has bills to pay, which were not settled at Christmas, and it would vex him if I fell out of work just now.'

'Oh, I daresay you can manage about the bills. You have been one, two, three, four months eternally kneeling upon that cushion; and so far as this picture is concerned, I can get on very well by myself now. Yes, yes; you must have a holiday.'

'As you please, sir,' answered Nellie humbly; 'that is, so far as the sittings are concerned. Indeed, I have felt that I have been picking your pocket for the last six weeks.'

'Picking my pocket, Red Riding-hood! Why, how was that?'

'Well, sir, I have seen that I was of little or no use. You don't know how absent and thoughtful you have become; I might just as well have been at home as in your studio, for all the good I have been to you for this last hour, for instance. And then the picture isn't like me, not a bit. It was at first, perhaps, just a little; but you have been thinking of somebody else all along, and been painting her instead of me.'

The colour rose to the very roots of Walter's hair, but he answered laughingly: 'And has that offended you, Red Riding-hood, all along?'

'No, sir; indeed, I didn't notice it at first. But it seems wrong that I should come here and take your money, when you could get on just as well without me.'

'And that's what makes you look so pale and sorrowful, is it? You must certainly have

a very tender conscience. However, let me tell you, for your comfort, Red Riding-hood, that I can *not* get on without you. I have got used to you as a sitter, and when folks have come to the age of your grandmamma, they are averse to change. Perhaps you have sat long enough for Philippa; but you have plenty of expressions beside that pleading one, which you have worn so long, that I do believe it has made you down-right miserable. Mr Pelter has recommended me to take the game of Forfeits for a subject, which will require you to be full of fun; and, after a month or two of that, I shall expect you to be in tearing spirits.'

When Walter and his friend were smoking their pipes that evening, the former spoke of his model's altered looks, and of the talk he had had with her. 'I could make nothing of it, except that she must really have taken it to heart that the picture is not a portrait. I wish you would take her for a bit, Jack, and put her in good spirits.'

'I am doing a veteran in boots and a beard,' said Pelter dryly; 'and I should recommend you to paint a veteran for your next picture—Miss Nellie's great-aunt, for instance.'

'Nonsense! I am really serious in asking your opinion, for I am sure the girl is out of sorts about something; not ill, I think, but wretched in her mind. What the deuce can be the matter with her?'

'I am afraid Red Riding-hood's grandmamma is turning out to be a wolf, in spite of herself, Walter.'

'I don't understand you, Pelter.'

'Don't you? It's a very old story, my good fellow. I don't for a moment imagine you want to devour her, mind, though she would be a dainty morsel for some people. But I have a suspicion she wants to be eaten.'

'You don't mean to say that the girl has fallen in love with me?'

'I am not sure; but there is no accounting for tastes, and she may have done so. I am glad, for her sake, at all events, that you are a gentleman—and not a man of honour.'

'I hope not, indeed, in the sense you mean,' answered Walter, reddening. 'But it seems to me your view is a very comical one.'

'It would be, if I had suggested she had fallen in love with *me*,' returned Jack. 'But that she has fallen in love with somebody, is certain: downcast eyes, pale cheeks, and sighs, are all "signs" as old Burton calls them in his *Anatomy*. You will find them there under the head of "Love a Cause." Perhaps she is enamoured of your Apollo, which is as large as life, and very like: such things have happened in the case of statues, so why not with paintings? If this be so, and since nobody will buy it, you had better give it to her.'

'I think what you suggest is quite as likely as that she should have fallen in love with *me*,' said Walter gravely; 'but she is certainly very unhappy. After what you have said, I would send her away to-morrow, but that she says her father is so hard up.'

'You are too emotional,' said Mr Pelter; 'or, in other words, a soft-hearted young fool. Also, I wish you would drink a little firer. Please to ring for another jug of beer.'

As a matter of fact, however, not only had Mr

John Pelter had his full share of the beer, but he had no reason to plume himself upon hardness of heart. His general views of his fellow-creatures, like those of most Bohemians, were cynical, but in each particular case he showed himself no philosopher. Indeed, he could not bear with equanimity the misfortunes of total strangers to him, much less of his friends. He was opposed to beggars upon principle, but often and often would he take some poor pinched creature into his studio, under pretence of his artistic wants, and then dismiss him warmed and filled. To his personal friends he was devoted, and when Litton's picture was in due time sent into the big shop on approval, Jack was far more anxious about its fate than Walter himself. Indeed, Walter exhibited an indifference in the matter, which, considering what the other knew of his character and antecedents, was inexplicable to his friend. He showed despondency, sitting almost idle for whole days alone—for he had, for the present, dispensed with the services of Nellie Neale—but not those symptoms of solicitude for the success of his great work with which Jack was so well acquainted in other cases. The cause of this was curious, yet by no means unknown in the profession to which he belonged. *He missed his picture.* This is peculiarly an artist's grievance. The novelist can both have his cake and eat it: his book—the writing of which, has given him so many hours of pleasure, and with the characters whereof, even though he may have failed in making them real to others, he has been living for months in as close a relationship as with those of his household—remains to him after it is written. But when the painter has sold his picture, it is gone for ever. The majority of his class may be glad enough to get rid of it, if the price is satisfactory: Pelter was so, and Litton himself had been so hitherto. But now and then, a picture becomes to its creator like a child to its father. The wrench of parting with it, however mitigated by recompense, is as severe as that which Romance attributes to the Arab when parting with his horse. He has seen it grow under his hand in unexpected strength and beauty, out of nothing; it has been his companion for many solitary hours, whispering to him hopes of fortune and of fame, which, however realised, must needs fall short of its suggestions; till, though so ineffably ideal, it has become something lifelike. It is sometimes pregnant with Association: reminding him who drew it of some much-loved scene that can never be beheld again, as on that bygone day in which he saw it first; or, perchance, of some dear one whom death has taken. The heart has more tentacles than the eight-armed demon of the sea, wherewith, like it, it lays hold of things animate or inanimate with devoted clutch: 'it clings, it clings;' and neither Siren's voice nor Reason's can make it loose its hold. Walter missed his picture, though the face it mirrored haunted him like a ghost; and would have been well content to hear it was in that academical Vault—the bourn from which all pictures do return to their disconsolate owners—so that he might go at once and claim it. It would be found there, doubtless, as other works of his had been, but meanwhile he grudged its absence. He had another picture on his easel, but his heart was not in that, as it had been in its predecessor; he was equally painstaking, equally conscientious with it, and yet he did not

need Jack's ominous silence—his omission to point out its defects—to convince him that it was a failure. At times, so errant was his mind, that he saw both pictures—their lines and hues mingled together, like a dissolving view. Under such circumstances, to paint was useless, and he gave himself up to his own morbid thoughts.

Where was Lotty now? He had seen nothing of Selwyn for months, nor heard of him, and so far, as he bitterly reflected, that was a good sign. In prosperity, the captain was more likely to forget his friends, than if he had need of them. On the other hand, since he owed him money, he might be ashamed to come; they might be very, very poor. He had seen in the paper that Selwyn had sold out of the army, and now he must needs be living on his capital, if his creditors had left him any to live upon. And when that was spent, what could they do then? To what wretchedness might not that innocent, angelic creature be reduced by this time—and thanks to him! It had not been Walter's fault, of course, but he reproached himself for not having combated the captain's arguments in the railway carriage in favour of their elopement, nay, with having been in the railway carriage at all, since, but for his presence, Lotty would not have taken that first fatal step of leaving home. At another time he would be full of pity for them both. What right had he to judge the motives of his friend, since he knew for certain only the strength of his temptation, which he acknowledged to himself—his own present feelings, indeed, were an evidence of the fact—was overwhelming. It was harsh in the captain not to have let him visit them in their trouble, since he ought to have known that their poverty would have only exacted sympathy and respect, and to what catastrophes might not this false pride impel him! Surely, surely, he would never permit Lotty to want, through disinclination to apply a second time to his own scanty purse! At this idea—the picture of that fair young face, white and wan with physical woe—he would start up from his chair, and pace the room like a madman. The very postman's knock, though letters seldom came to the lonely young fellow, would suggest all sorts of hideous apprehensions; there might be news that Reginald was in prison—he had himself said it was more than probable—and Lotty alone and starving. One day, when there had been a letter for the first-floor, he heard Pelter's loud voice upon the carpetless stairs, exclaiming: 'Oh, this is for Mr Litton;' and then his friend's heavy tread coming up-stairs three steps at a time. Jack knew something, though by no means all, of his solitude upon the young couple's account, and sympathised with it. He stood now at the open door, with a very grave face, and in a solemn tone, exclaimed: 'Walter, here is a letter for you. I have opened it by mistake.'

'A letter,' said Walter; his hand shook as he held it out for the missive. 'No bad news, I hope, of—of Selwyn?'

'No; it's only a circular—a circular from the Academy, my lad,' cried Jack with a joyous whoop. 'It's to tell you that Wednesday is Varnishing Day, and, therefore, that your "Supplication" has been accepted.'

Then his two great hands seized Walter's, and wrung them in expressive silence.

'I am not a good one at congratulatory speeches, Watty, old fellow, but I am downright glad!'

O blessed time of Youth and Friendship, O happy hand-clasps, only second to the first kiss of Love; what glories must be beyond the gates of the grave that shall recompense us for your loss!

JUBILEES AND CENTENARY FESTIVALS.

AN increasing tendency manifests itself to keep in memory past events, by means of celebrations more or less festive—not only once a year, on the return of a particular day in a particular month; but also once every twenty-five years, fifty years, hundred years, five hundred years, nay, thousand years. The poorest boy in the kingdom likes to celebrate, even if it be only to the extent of a bun or a penorth of nuts, the anniversary of his birthday (except those unfortunate persons who were born on the 29th of February, and who, therefore, can only get birthdays in leap-years); and from the poorest boy up to the greatest monarch, a custom of family greetings on such a day is more or less prevalent. In some families, the anniversary of a death is kept in sorrow, or at least in seclusion; but most of the celebrations to which we refer have a joyous ring about them. Concerning those of rarer occurrence, at the wider intervals above adverted to, there is a curious bit of history, closely connected with the use of the word *jubilee*, the origin and meaning of which are by no means generally known.

The jubilee or *yobel* was an early established institution among the Hebrews. Once in fifty years great changes were made in the ownership of property, and in the personal relations between masters and bondmen. All land that had changed hands during fifty years reverted to those who had owned it at the beginning of that period, or to their descendants; all persons who had been compelled by poverty to become bondmen (a species of serfdom or mitigated slavery) obtained their freedom; while all debts were remitted or cancelled. This jubilee was proclaimed by the sound of the jovel or yobel, a kind of horn, on the tenth day of the seventh Hebrew month. The design is supposed to have been the maintenance of a kind of balance between different tribes and families, to prevent the growth of a few rich landowners amidst a generally impoverished community, and to increase alike the growth of population and the fertility of the soil. The system is known to have been adopted for a time; but commentators differ in opinion, alike as to the period of practical adoption, and to the period when it fell into disuse. From its very nature, it must be unfitted for any save a peculiar and exceptional state of society. Indeed, while the institution was still in full force, exceptions were made to its application; dwelling-houses in towns were exempted, save in a few instances, and so were fields which had been consecrated by a vow to God. The institution was essentially a religious or theocratic one in its nature and origin.

It so happens, by a curious series of changes, that the Hebrew blowing of a horn once in fifty years has given a name to modern festive celebrations quite apart from anything connected specially with Jerusalem or with Rome, and considered equally suitable whether the intervals or intervening periods are of twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years' duration. Recollecting 'jovel' or 'yobel,' the horn that was blown, we shall see at

once that the word 'jubilee' does not in itself denote any particular number of years. Strictly speaking, it was not at the completion, but at the commencement of the fiftieth year that the Hebrew jubilee was held, after 'seven Sabbaths of years,' or forty-nine years; in other words, a jubilee year succeeded forty-nine ordinary years: a century comprised two of the first, and ninety-eight of the second.

At what period particular days began to be celebrated with jubilee intervals, and in relation to matters unconnected with religion, cannot be exactly determined. There may be a jubilee year even for a deceased member of an unimportant private family, if the relatives choose to celebrate it; and in such case the pages of history would say nothing about it, for the very sufficient reason that they know nothing. If a centennial celebration of misfortunes were made the subject of a jubilee, the House of Stuart might well have selected '88 as the year for holding it, seeing that 1488, 1588, 1688, and 1788 were all marked by occurrences which threw a cloud over the fortunes of that ill-starred dynasty.

George III.'s jubilee was a famous example of these celebrations, as one of the fifty-year series. The king, despite many evils that sprang from a narrow and obstinate judgment, was a cordial favourite with his subjects during almost the whole of his life; they liked him, loved him, and revered him so far as reverence was compatible with the familiar sobriquet, 'Farmer George.' The sovereign's birthday was a more universal holiday than it has ever been since, notwithstanding the affection and loyal feeling always displayed towards our present sovereign by her people. The 4th of June was the most joyous day in the year—the annual jubilee day, if that term had happened to be in use.

Before noticing the king's fifty-year jubilee, it may be well to say a few words concerning a previous celebration in which he was concerned. There was something very touching in the malady with which the king was more than once attacked during his life. He himself was conscious of a predisposition to insanity, which gave a tinge of mournfulness to an otherwise cheerful man. In 1792-93, his life was marked by one of these dark periods; and much political agitation arose concerning the appointment of a regent. He recovered, however; and St George's Day, April 25, 1793, was set apart as a day of thanksgiving. The royal family went in great state to St Paul's, accompanied by the majority of members of both Houses of Parliament, the great officers of state, the judges and other public functionaries, and an escort of cavalry; while the streets throughout the whole line of route were lined with troops decked out in new uniforms and trappings. The lord-mayor and corporation took part in the procession, eastward of Temple Bar; while all the cathedral dignitaries met the king at the great west door of St Paul's. The interior of the cathedral, and the service performed, were grand to the sight and to the ear—enhanced by the fresh young voices of six thousand charity children in some of the singing. Beyond the precincts of the cathedral, and on other days as well as the 25th, the public rejoicings were of a special and hearty kind—illuminations never before equalled in the metropolis, a gala on a sumptuous scale at Windsor

Castle, ambassadorial banquets, as well as festivities in which the humbler portion of the king's subjects could take part.

Twelve years later, the jubilee was held—that which is more immediately associated with the name of George III. When the king had reigned half a century, the nation demanded, as with one voice, that the year should be celebrated in some special manner. Strictly speaking, it was forty-nine years, not fifty. The reign began October 25, 1760, and the jubilee was held October 25, 1809, the day that completed the forty-ninth and commenced the fiftieth year of his reign. This corresponded so far with the ancient Hebrew period, which (as stated in an earlier paragraph) occurred every "seventh, Sabbath of years," or seven times seven years. We need not go into much detail concerning the proceedings on this festive day. Rejoicings were held all over the country, of which, though young at the time, we retain an agreeable recollection. The celebration took place in the heat of the great French war, when Bonaparte was the terror of the nation, and a struggle of life and death was maintained against his ascendancy.

At Windsor, on this occasion, the morning was ushered in by the mustering of troops, the firing of cannon, and the sound of trumpets and drums. The king, the queen, and other members of the royal family, attended divine service; and congratulations afterwards poured in from various quarters. At Frogmore, an entertainment of brilliant gaiety was given by the queen in the evening. The gardens were lighted up with lamps innumerable; the walks and avenues were thronged with the nobility and gentry; transparencies and tiny temples were visible at various points; fireworks blazed up with great splendour; and on a small lake or piece of water in front of the house, two triumphal cars were drawn by two sea-horses each, one car containing a majestic Neptune, the other a band of musicians. At Kew, the whole place was gay with arches, stars, and medallions, and the green was ablaze with fireworks at night. In the city of London, after the ringing of bells and a mustering of militia, the Lord Mayor and corporation went in great state to St Paul's Cathedral; and the ending was marked by a banquet at the Mansion-house, with brilliant illumination of public buildings in the city, as well as at the West End. All over the country was the day celebrated, with more or less gaiety according to the resources of the inhabitants. Even in remote India, the old king was duly honoured. The governor of Bombay selected the 4th of June, and made a double celebration, of the jubilee and the royal birthday; the illuminations, the devices, the transparencies, the fireworks, were such as Bombay had never before seen. A volume filling upwards of two hundred pages was afterwards published, giving an account of the celebrations in the various parts of the king's dominions; inasmuch that the jubilee of 1809 takes its place among the historically recorded events of his reign.

Five years later, a more costly jubilee was held, though much less spontaneous and heart-felt on the part of the nation. When the peace of Europe was proclaimed in 1814 (so soon to be broken by the escape of Napoleon from Elba), royal and distinguished personages were entertained with great magnificence in England; and a

suggestion was made that something should be given or done which the public generally could more immediately enjoy. Delays of various kinds occurred; until at length it was decided to roll two celebrations into one—the establishment of peace, and the hundredth anniversary of the accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne of these realms. The day selected was the 1st of August, and the place the royal Parks. In St James's Park, a Chinese bridge was thrown over the ornamental water, with a pagoda in the middle; while the Mall and Birdcage Walk were lighted up in the evening with Chinese lanterns—as were likewise the bridge and pagoda. In the Green Park was erected a castellated structure of wood and canvas, designed by Sir William Conway; in the evening, two hours' display of fireworks kept the populace in wondering amazement; and then the castle suddenly burst forth into a Temple of Concord, displaying countless lamps, transparencies, and devices. Hyde Park was fitted up for the presentation of a *naumachia*, or grand naval battle; barges were dragged over from the Thames to the Serpentine, and fitted up as mimic frigates and line-of-battle ships; a tremendous battle was fought between English and French, in which (we need hardly say) the former were made to win. It was a show that cost a large sum of public money; but it merited gratified sight-seers; the heart of the nation was not particularly moved by it. The old king was in oblivion, too nearly insane to be seen by his still loving subjects; and his son, the Prince Regent, was a man whose personal character was not calculated to win the real respect and regard of the nation generally.

Many readers of *Chambers's Journal* have pleasant personal recollections of the centenary of Robert Burns; and many more heard of that celebration through the public journals at the time. It was right that Scotsmen should bear in memory the hundredth anniversary of the birth of their great national poet. At the poet's birthplace many men of note assembled to do honour to January 25, 1859; and at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Scots residents in London shewed that they had not forgotten the import of the day. Many personal relics of Robert Burns were exhibited; and some of his best songs were sung at a concert which formed part of the day's proceedings at Sydenham. A prize of fifty guineas had been offered for the best poem in celebration of the event; and the prodigious number of six hundred and twenty-one compositions were sent in to take their chance of approval. The three judges gave their award in favour of one particular poem, which was read or recited by Mr Phelps, the eminent actor and elocutionist; and the audience were excited to enthusiasm when it was announced that the successful composition was the work of a young Scottish maiden, Isa Craig, a name that has since risen into literary repute. We should like to give the fourteen stanzas of this poem, but the first two will shew the key-note in which the whole is struck:

We hail the morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A poet peasant-born
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her kings!

As lamps high set
 Upon some earthly eminence—
 And to the gazer brighter thence
 Than the sphere-lights they flout—
 Dwindle in distance and die out,
 While no star waneth yet;
 So through the past's far-reaching night
 Only the star-souls keep their light.

The same year (1859) was marked by the Handel Festival. The great composer of *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah*, and other unapproachable works, died in 1759. It would have been more pleasant to celebrate the centenary of his birth than that of his decease; indeed, that had been done in 1785, by a performance of unusual grandeur, at Westminster Abbey; but the directors of the Crystal Palace believed that they could command the resources for presenting some of Handel's sublime oratorios on a scale of magnificence and completeness never before equalled; and they chose the centenary of his death for a four days' Handel Festival. They were right. The effect was mighty beyond all precedent; the choral power was immense; and a groundwork was laid for those 'Triennial Handel Festivals' which have since given so great delight to hundreds and thousands of hearers.

That a jubilee festival in commemoration of Shakspeare should be held in England, is a matter to be expected; but the meeting generally known by that name was held in a year not specially associated with his birth (1564) or his death (1616). In 1789, the erection of a new town-hall at Stratford-on-Avon, and the presentation to David Garrick of the freedom of the borough, inclosed in a box made from the wood of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, suggested a further holiday to the townsmen in association with their great poet. A temporary amphitheatre was constructed; cannon, fireworks, and illumination lamps were sent down from London, Birmingham produced a 'Shakspeare medal,' and Coventry a 'Shakspeare ribbon.' On the 6th of September, serenaders awakened the townsmen and visitors at an early hour in the morning; a public breakfast took place at nine o'clock, with Garrick officiating as one of the stewards; the corporation and principal visitors went to hear Arne's oratorio of *Judith* performed in the parish church; all went then in procession, headed by chorallists and instrumentalists, to the amphitheatre, purposely taking a route by the front of Shakspeare's house; and at three o'clock a grand banquet was given. Allowing themselves a few hours' rest after so much hard sight-seeing, the guests reassembled in the amphitheatre, where a ball was held; while the humbler folk were amused with illuminations and fireworks out of doors. Thus ended the first day. On the second day, a downpour of rain checked a grand outdoor display; and therefore the amusements were confined chiefly to a public breakfast, recitations, and musical accompaniments, a public banquet, a dinner, a concert, and a masquerade. The third day was as unpropitious as the second; heavy rain spoiled all the plan for a grand theatrical procession and pageant through the town, in which a hundred actors and actresses from London were to take part, dressed for various characters in Shakspeare's plays.

Pageants and festivals in years really associated with the anniversaries of Shakspeare's birth and

death have not been numerous. One was held by the Shakspeare Club at Stratford-on-Avon on the birthday of the poet in 1827, and the two following days, during which a pageant, something like that devised by Garrick fifty-eight years before, was presented with a fair amount of success. So much money was realised from the visits of the twenty thousand strangers, that local speculators got up a similar affair in 1830—very gay, but very unpoetical.* Minor rejoicings were held at Stratford in 1836 and later years; but in 1864, an attempt was made to celebrate the real tri-centenary of his birth. Stratford-on-Avon had many days' rejoicing, but no theatrical pageant through the town. London tried, but failed to do proper honour to the day—a little ceremonial at the Agricultural Hall, a little at the Crystal Palace, and the planting of a 'Shakspeare Oak' on Primrose Hill; but the literary and theatrical celebrities broke down in the attempt to carry into effect anything more comprehensive.

Jubilee festivals have been held in celebration of Schiller, Washington, Beethoven, Humboldt, Mendelssohn, and other distinguished men. In some few instances, the wide interval of five hundred years has been selected; this can easily be done, when we remember that Dante was born in 1265, Petrarch in 1304, Chaucer in 1328, &c. Nay, even a thousand years' interval is not deemed too wide. Alfred the Great was born in 849, and became king of England in 871. Wantage did not forget these dates in 1849 and 1871.

It will be obvious to any one at a glance, that, if the taste for holding jubilee festivals or celebrations should increase, the opportunities for so doing might be multiplied to any extent. The anniversary of the death of a great man is as available for this purpose as that of his birth; and we may choose, or his admirers may choose, that the jubilee may be at intervals of twenty-five, fifty, a hundred, five hundred, or a thousand years. Moreover, if the personage be a sovereign, the day of his accession to the throne may be taken as a starting-point, as well as (or instead of) those of his birth and death. This range of facilities may be tested in a curious way. How many persons of any distinction, for instance, have died within the year 1874? The general public, the members of a particular profession, the fellows of a learned society, may, for aught we know, resolve at some future time to hold a celebration in honour of some one person, be it twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years hence. The list would comprise many persons whose memory is likely to be honoured, if not by a whole community, at least by a considerable body of admirers.

A jubilee of an interesting kind, betokening a long period of wedded life marked by domestic peace, and troubled by few family jars, is that which is occasionally held on the twenty-fifth or the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding-day. The pair are themselves alive to celebrate it, instead of being merely the recipients of posthumous honours; it is a sort of grateful compliment paid to each of them by the other, a really mutual congratulation—supposing, of course, that both look back with satisfaction on the past, and hope that the end may be still distant. The institution is of German

* The reader will find a considerable amount of information concerning Shakspearean celebrations in *Chambers's Journal* for 1864.

origin, and gradually slid into notice with the triviality of 'Christmas trees.' The twenty-fifth wedding-day is called the *Silver Wedding*, when articles of silver are presented, in token of regard to the parties concerned: and the fiftieth is the *Golden Wedding*, when the gifts are of that superior metal. As a little too demonstrative for English tastes, and slightly liable to abuse, the jubilees of this nature cannot be said to have yet taken root in the country.

A DICTIONARY OF ANECDOTES.

We have our *Joe Miller*, a work supposed to be consulted chiefly by persons who dine out a great deal, and are ambitious of a reputation for brilliancy of conversation and readiness of wit; and it appears that our French neighbours rejoice in the possession of a *Dictionary of Anecdotes*. This Dictionary, according to our authority, was compiled by M. Edmond Guérard; and, according to the same authority, upon which or some other it is comfortable to lean under the circumstances, the compilation is amusing. For different people have different ideas about amusement; and it is not improbable that some of our readers may think that whosoever is amused by the specimens of anecdote which our authority has selected must be very easily amused indeed, and that it is astonishing how very small a joke will satisfy the requirements of the 'wittiest nation in the world.' No doubt, it is impossible to do the compilation full justice, for the simple reason, of which we assuredly have no cause to be ashamed, that 'too much French wit' is 'thrown into stories of which English taste will not allow the reproduction.' It has been truly remarked, that a wholesome compound cannot be made out of unwholesome ingredients; and can profanity and indelicacy be considered wholesome? At anyrate, a saying in which either of these two qualities prevails, may be witty, but suggests the reflection that, whilst only a few, perhaps, will see the wit, and appreciate that, every foolish or weak creature will see the profane or indelicate allusion, and will, probably, conclude that the fun consists in that. To what extent, then, the compilation is calculated to be 'popular' in France, and to throw 'light on the national character and morality,' we must be content to believe on the bare assertion of our authority, so far as the popularity and the morality have to do with anecdotes of dubious propriety. That the compilation indicates, 'in an unmistakable manner, the real opinion Frenchmen have of other nations,' will be readily believed; and that 'the sons, and even the daughters, of perfidious Albion appear to little advantage' in the pages, is a statement which will not create much astonishment. That the Englishman should be ridiculed for his 'purse-prond' characteristics, was only to be expected, but the anecdote chosen in illustration thereof is surely an extremely old familiar friend. The name of the person of whom the anecdote is told may be new; but in other respects there is a decided flavour of staleness. 'Milord Hamilton,' we are told, kills 'a hotel-waiter in a drunken brawl, is informed of the man's death by the landlord, and composedly orders him to charge

it in the bill! That story must by this time be nearly a hundred years old, if it is a day. The same remark will not apply to the conversation which is reported to have taken place between the 'Old Pretender' and 'Milord Douglas' upon a certain occasion. 'What can I do, Douglas,' the former is represented as having said, 'to conciliate my subjects estranged from me?' 'Sir,' answered Douglas, 'embark with a dozen Jesuits; as soon as you land in your dominions, hang them publicly. No act of your Majesty's could give greater pleasure to your people.' The feeling here held up to scorn is obvious, and different from that mere desire of bloodshed which, according to the sarcastic Frenchman, leads us sanguinary islanders to exclaim with enthusiasm, when we do get a little sunshine: 'Oh! what a beautiful day! Let us go and kill something; which is but an ill-natured reflection upon our national love of sport. It is curious that our authority should have, apparently, found nothing worth recording amongst anecdotes illustrative of the Englishman's betting propensities. Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew* (for, of course, fiction is as good as fact, as regards such matters) would have furnished an excellent example in the case of the Englishman, who, having a bet about the ultimate fate of a certain lion-tamer, appears, betting-book in hand, whenever the exhibition of 'tamed' lions takes place, and, at last, by his pertinacity, conscientiousness, and air of intense interest, completely unnerves the poor 'tamer,' and—wins his bet. There is an anecdote about Wellington, which, albeit with a savour of familiarity about it, is considered 'worth reproducing to shew how a Frenchman wishing to paint the English general in favourable colours, turns him into the counter-part of one of Dumas's heroes. The time is the eve of the battle of Waterloo. Lord Uxbridge, greatly perplexed in mind, goes to seek Sir Hussey Vivian. His difficulty is this. Though chief of the staff, he has not heard from Wellington a word of his plans for the morrow. He dares not ask him. What shall he do? Sir Hussey Vivian (whose name is spelt quite correctly) agrees that no Englishman can venture to interrogate the commander-in-chief, but the Spanish general Alava, might be bold enough to take the task on himself. Alava, when consulted, admits, with all the caution of a prime minister receiving a deputation, that the matter is serious, but he does not feel justified in undertaking the responsibility of, &c. At length, however, Alava agrees to announce Lord Uxbridge to the Duke, just to give his English colleague a little courage. After a moment's hesitation, the latter consents. In a few minutes he finds himself in the presence of Wellington. With the utmost possible delicacy, he unfolds the object of his visit. The Duke hears him to the end without uttering a single word. When he replies, it is "without impatience, without surprise, and without emotion." "Who?" he coldly demands, "will commence the attack—Bonaparte or I?" "Bonaparte, I suppose." "Well, Bonaparte has communicated to me none of his projects, and, as my conduct must be regulated by his, how can I tell you my plans?" Lord Uxbridge bows his head, and remains silent. The Iron Duke, continues the voracious historian, rises, and, laying a friendly hand on his lieutenant's shoulder, exclaims: "One thing is certain, Uxbridge, and that is, that, come what may, we shall both do our

duty." He then shakes hands with the chief of his staff, and dismisses him.' It will be easily believed that Germans, and especially Prussians, are handled with even more than the severity observed towards Englishmen; and a good story is recorded touching the Chevalier Taylor, to whom it was remarked that, for all his decorations, including orders given him by every other sovereign of Europe, the king of Prussia had passed him over: 'Excuse me,' said the chevalier; 'the king of Prussia gave me an "order" to quit his dominions.' The Gascon is, as everybody will be prepared to hear, the hero of such anecdotes as, amongst us, would be attributed to natives of Ireland, but there is something more akin to poetical exaggeration than to merely droll absurdity in the remark which a Gascon is reported to have made to this effect: 'Wherever he might be wounded, the wound would be mortal, for he was all heart.' The compilation of M. Guérard causes one to wonder how many of the good, and especially the noble, sayings attributed to various more or less historical personages are to be accepted as their own, uttered on the spur of the moment, or as 'after-thoughts,' which occurred either to themselves or to others. We all know, nowadays, that Cambroune did not say, at anyrate on the battlefield, and in the moment of defeat, 'The Guard dies, but never surrenders;' and we are all sceptical about the exclamation attributed by M. de Bazancourt, in his History of the Crimean War, to the late Earl of Cardigan, who is supposed to have cried, as he rushed to the famous charge of Balaklava: 'Forward! the last of the Cardigans!' And a curious revelation is made concerning 'the fine answer of Louis XVIII., when the Prussians under Blücher were disposed to blow up the bridge of Jena—namely, that if they attempted to do so, he would stand on it himself.' It appears that, by Count Beugnot's own confession in his Memoirs, 'the king's ministers were deliberating what declaration should be put into his Majesty's mouth, and Count Beugnot was asked to fabricate something. When Talleyrand read the magnificent phrase the young statesman had composed, he said: 'This is too good; it will never be believed.' Ultimately, as is known, the intervention of the English saved the bridge. Talleyrand then sent for Count Beugnot, and instructed him, now that the affair was settled, to insert the king's imaginary reply in the *Moniteur*, as it would gain the new government popularity.' How very small a witticism a great conqueror will condescend to make, is illustrated by the anecdote told of the great Emperor Napoleon, who 'had ordered Cardinal Fesch to take possession of the see of Paris, to which he had been named. The cardinal replied that he must await the canonical permission of the pope. "But the chapter has given you full powers," urged the emperor. "True, sire; but I dare not make use of them." "Then you practically condemn the bishops of Orleans, of Liège, of Asti? However, I shall know how to compel you." "*Potius mori* (Death, rather, sire." "Oh! *potius mori*—you'd rather I named Maury; very well; then Maury it shall be." The pun is execrable enough, but it is not so bad as those who do not pronounce Latin in the French style may suppose. M. Guérard's volumes are, apparently, not such as one would expect to contain the name of John Milton; but there,

nevertheless, it seems, the author of *Paradise Lost* is made to figure as the maker of 'a cynical observation on marriage.' When Milton was married for the third time, he is supposed, by the exquisitely polite French chronicler, to have been accosted by a friend, who 'expressed his wonder that Milton being blind could find a wife;' but, 'Oh!' said the Milton imagined, one would say, by the French purveyor of the anecdote, 'if I were deaf into the bargain, I should be the best match in England.' Such is the stuff, according to our authority, which goes to make up an 'amusing' *Dictionary of Anecdotes*, in which the truth is to the fiction, probably, in the proportion of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's 'little bill.'

TASTE.

Dost thou love the Winter fire,
When the nervous flames aspire,
And the waves of torrid heat
Ripple warm through hands and feet;
Where, when reading is a task,
And relief the brain doth ask,
Thou dost set thy musing soul
To point upon the crimson coal
Manifold capricious shapes,
Now of men, anon of apes;
Now of cities girt with walls;
Now of temples like St Paul's;
Now of forests, where the wolves
Hungering with fell resolves,
Tongue in a remorseless pack
On the doomed victim's track?
Dream, then, by the Winter fire,
And drink the wine of thy desire.

But give to me the Summer eve,
Ere long-dayed June has ta'en her leave;
When the woods still sing glad praises;
When the lens are white with daisies;
When the furze, and when the broom,
Glitter in their golden bloom;
When the hospitable sun
Scorns to note the Evening Gun,
Nor cares though wearied warders wait
With angry keys beside the gate,
Or bugles blow with sullen night,
Or bells ring loud from towery height.

Or take me to the Autumn night,
Golden by the rich moonlight;
When the lovely landscape seems
Like the day-scene lapped in dreams,
Or a fair face warmly tanned
By the hay-field's sunny land:
Yes! take me to the Autumn night,
Golden by the rich moonlight;
When double blessing cheers the corn,
Blessings of the Eve and Morn,
And it rushes to be ripe,
As if it heard Amphion's pipe
In every beam of sun and moon,
And every zephyr's murmuring tune:
O! it is a blessed hour,
That sees the corn in yellow bower;
Take me to that blessed hour,
And though far from timing tower,
Through all the night I'll never tire,
Drinking wine of my desire.

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LONDON STREET-DEALERS.

WITH the vast extension of London, there has been latterly a marked increase in the number and variety of street-dealers, or costermongers, as they are usually called—a most industrious class of beings, not grudging to start on their perambulations at early morn, and untiring in the prosecution of schemes to earn a livelihood. We shall try to give some idea of this branch of the metropolitan-population.

The London costermongers may be divided into four classes—namely, those who have ponies or asses; those who have hand-carts; those who are obliged to hire hand-carts; and those who have baskets. These people attend Billingsgate fish-market, and the fruit and vegetable markets, from three to five o'clock in the mornings; and though great numbers of them have to travel from all the distant suburbs, they are regularly on their beats, and going their rounds in every part of mighty London, before the breakfast-hour.

People who are strangers to the business of a costermonger may think that the men engaged in it lead indolent lives; this, however, would be a mistake, inasmuch as the trade is one of constant labour, and full of those discomforts and anxieties which arise from the inclemency of the weather, and the losses resulting from the perishable nature of much of their stock-in-trade.

The fish business is both the most regular and the most profitable branch of the trading industry of these men; but whether they deal in fish, vegetables, or fruit, they are benefactors to the great body of the industrial classes; and they not only serve the people with what they require at their own doors, but they supply them at prices below what the articles could be purchased for in the shops. We have known fish caught in the Bay of Galway in the west of Ireland, and the Firth of Forth in Scotland, sold by the London costermongers in good condition at prices below what they originally cost the wholesale dealers. This may seem strange to people who do not know the peculiarities of the trade; the following, however,

will explain the matter. The live and the better sort of ice-packed fish are consigned to, and command a certain price from, the higher class of dealers; and whatever residue may be left after these people are served, is sold to the street-dealers and the small fry of shopkeepers. If it were not for the great army of street-dealers who purchase the fish left on the hands of the agents and wholesale merchants, the losses of the latter would frequently be of a very serious character, and this would be the more so upon occasions when the market is glutted.

Before railways and welled-boats equalised the prices of provisions both at home and abroad, fish and other articles of a perishable nature could often be purchased in the country districts at cheap rates; but, under the present circumstances of cheap and speedy conveyance, these classes of goods are consigned to agents and wholesale merchants both in London and the other large towns; instead, therefore, of their being sold piecemeal, as was formerly the case, they are now sold in bulk, and paid for in cash. Sixty years ago, the fishermen of the Holy Island (Farne Island) were wont to cure nearly all the fish they caught; after being salted, the fish was dried on the shingle in the summer, and when dry, stacked ready for exportation. The railway has done away with the salting and drying process; and the people in the towns along the coast are now worse off for fish, and pay a higher price for what they obtain, than the inhabitants in the great industrial districts.

Mostly all the fish sold by auction in Billingsgate Market are packed in round baskets, and it is amusing to see the costermongers taking these baskets up and weighing them in their arms, and to observe the result of each weighing on their faces as they deposit them on the ground again. It is said, and we believe with truth, that many of these men can, by lengthened experience, tell the weight of the fish in a hamper to within a pound or two.

The social habits of the costermongers are in a great measure peculiar to themselves. Both the men and the women are fond of amusement; they

enjoy the bills of fare provided for them in the penny gaffs; and those among them who have pony or donkey traps, occasionally make excursions into the country. We have seen them going to and returning from 'the Derby,' that grand holiday of Londoners. Among themselves the costermongers are sharp and shrewd men of business; but they are children so far as a knowledge of men and things beyond the pale of their own society is concerned. Their trading morality is little, if at all, inferior to that of the general-dealing public. We may mention that many of the more prudent members of this class of men are enabled by their industry to raise themselves in the social scale, by becoming greengrocers, coal-dealers, or setting up in the fried-fish line.

In London, there is a vast plodding army of people who live by keeping stalls in the street-markets which are scattered over all the industrial districts. The battle of life which is constantly being fought in these strange trafficking communities is full of hardship, suffering, and privation. Thousands of the people engaged as dealers in these places live from hand to mouth; and a stormy Saturday often means to them a dinnerless Sunday and a week back in their rent. Were it not for the poor miserable condition of many of the men and women who stand shivering at their stalls in the cold raw winter air, one could almost feel amused at the strange scenes which are constantly taking place, and the Babel of tongues which mocks all ordinary vocal confusion. Customers are invited to purchase articles of almost every description within the requirements of civilised society. Thousands of people are pushing and elbowing their way. Here a Cheap-John is retailing his rude witticisms and stale jests to induce people to purchase his Sheffield cutlery; and at a little distance, a sleight-of-hand gentleman is selling purses with half-crowns in them for one shilling each, to men who allow their sense of seeing to make fools of their judgment. A number of little boys are having a feed of ice-cream made of corn-flour and seasoned with essence of lemon; the gin palaces are filled with men, women, children, noise, smoke, and gas. The night is cold, and the baked-potato men are doing a good trade; here a gentleman with a professional air and a grandiloquent style is puffing his cure-all pills; and over the way, a man with a well-curled head of hair is retailing fancy boxes of pomatum, which not only makes the hair grow, but causes it to curl in a style equal to his own. These pill and pomatum men have frequented Leather Lane during several years, and both seem to have thriven upon their purging and curling business.

The last time we had a stroll through Leather Lane Market, we were much interested in a poor woman who was exposing pea-soup for sale. She was evidently new to the business, from her shy and retiring manner, and from a decided air of respectability. It was plain she had met with sad reverse of fortune. From the ever-recurring events which affect the fortunes of human beings, numbers of people in London are almost daily falling from one social position to another, until they find their level in the bleak region of abject poverty; and the most serious thing connected with the unfortunate condition of this class of people is, that

their sufferings are much greater than if they had been trained in the school of adversity; and they are also without the little resources of the regular poor, who have been long drilled in misery.

The poor people who struggle for a living by attending at any of the street-markets, of which Leather Lane is a type, have, in most cases, a hard battle to fight to enable them to keep their souls and bodies together; but to our minds, the condition of the men and women who have stalls in the streets, and who are obliged to attend to them daily in all weathers from year to year, until they fall like withered leaves, is one of even greater suffering than that of the market-dealers. During several years, a poor blind man made a stall of a part of the iron rails of Newgate Prison, on which he hung a few trifling articles for sale. The suffering which that helpless man uncomplainingly endured must have made the latter years of his life a martyrdom. From long exposure to the chilling colds of winter, and not being able to move about, his limbs had become fearfully swollen, and his face and hands seemed as if his flesh and blood had got mixed up into one liver-coloured mass. We never passed that man in the cold weather of winter without sharing in his sufferings, and wishing in our heart that he might pass away to his place of rest. His time came. One morning we missed him, and we then knew that he had gone to the home of his fathers. But within a few paces of the ground he occupied, an old woman, who had been his street neighbour during several years, was left sitting and suffering and waiting for a call!

The street-dealers who live by hawking wares, form a numerous and hard-working class; their voices are heard daily in all the thoroughfares of mighty London in winter, in summer, in fair weather and in foul. These people make their purchases at one or other of the wholesale markets early in the mornings. Some of them confine their peregrinations to certain districts; others, however, go where they think to succeed best; and as they require to go their morning rounds before the breakfast-hour, they are generally both jaded and hungry before they can have their own morning meal. It would be difficult for a person unacquainted with this apparently trifling trade to form anything like an idea of the money turned over by the wholesale dealers. We have reason, however, to believe that there is one man in the business in Covent Garden Market whose sales amount to at least ten thousand pounds annually!

In the winter season, the baked potato and roasted chestnut trades employ a considerable number of men, women, and children. A warm baked potato in the cold weather, with the condiment of a little salt and butter, is a most acceptable offering to the hungry stomach of a poor wretch who cannot afford a regular meal of food, and whose accidental home is where chance may direct.

Shrimps, whelks, cockles, winkles, and mussels employ a goodly number of people, both young and old, who hawk them about on hand-carts or baskets. From the ups and downs of fortune among these people, not a few of them, instead of having hand-carts or baskets of their own, are obliged to hire the one or the other, as the case may be, and as a necessary consequence, the profits are reduced very considerably by the sum paid for the loan.

When reaching their respective beats, their voices are sent as heralds before them, and they are frequently obliged to keep moving along, until they are wearied out with fatigue, hunger, and disappointment. Of late years, a new street business has sprung into existence; we allude to the traffic in button-hole flowers. This business is solely in the hands of females, but mostly young girls; those among them who are neat, clean, and good-looking command the best sale. It would be difficult to say with anything like the truth the amount of money which is spent in the course of twelve months on these floral button-hole decorations. This floral fashion seems to indicate a refined taste, and the character of the flowers worn serves to give an idea of the social grade of the wearer. The head-clerk in a lawyer's office or a mercantile establishment may sport a blushing scarlet camellia, at from mincepsence to double that amount, while the subs ornament their left breasts with penny or twopenny bouquets. But the highest of these sums is small when compared to the amount paid for breast-flowers by some of the gentlemen of independent means. We know that a West-end florist who supplies button-hole decorations has one customer whose yearly account is seldom less than forty pounds!

Those flower-girls who have a taste for a judicious arrangement of colours, manage to have their little flat baskets very prettily decorated; but the number of these is very small. During the spring and summer months, numbers of people make a living by selling living flowers; and the class of people who have a taste for window floral garden display can have choice selections of plants at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased at in the country districts. Nearly all London people have a love for flowers, any it is pleasant to see the vase put upon a few feet of ground which can be turned into a miniature garden by its holder. The cultivation of flowers, like that of water-cresses, is a special business with numbers of men within a few miles of London, and nearly all their pretty produce is disposed of in the new flower-market at Covent Garden.

The selling of matches and 'vesuvians' is now a great trade, giving subsistence to thousands of poor people. 'Bryant and May' have called into existence a legion of match-dealers, who ply their business with wonderful industry in both town and country. A large number of boys in London pass the first years of their trading probation on the streets in the match-trade; and how they end their careers, the fates alone can tell! The neighbourhood of the Mansion-house, Cornhill, Lombard Street, and London Bridge swarms daily with a heterogeneous class of people, who deal in a miscellaneous assortment of articles, such as the Americans would call Yankee notions. Many of the things are very neatly got up, and some of an ingenious construction. Few of them, however, range above a penny in price; but how many of them are made for the money must seem a mystery to the most of people. We remember a man who some years ago made an excellent living by selling penny microscopes in the streets of London. These little optical instruments had a very considerable magnifying power, and their construction was both simple and ingenious. Their frames were small pill-boxes, without lids or bottoms; and the lenses

were made of little globules of a certain description of gum. At the present time, a good trade is done with small glass globes, microscopes filled with water. The water in these instruments can only be taken out or put in by the globes being heated over a spirit-lamp. Although these instruments are much larger than the gum ones, they are a long way inferior in their magnifying power.

When Sir Robert Peel relieved the newspapers of the stamp and advertisement duties, a new class of street-dealers was called into existence, who might be looked upon as so many wingless Mercuries: we allude to the army of news-boys which the new fiscal arrangement let loose both in London and all the large towns in the United Kingdom. The London news-boys are now a smart race; they know how to ring the changes, and how to make old editions pass for new ones. But smart as they are, they are much behind the same class in New York; nearly all the boys in that city are Irish either by birth or parentage, and their natural wit and shrewdness are not long of being improved by Yankee 'outness.'

It is pretty generally thought by the outside public that the street-dealers of London are an improvident and an immoral set of people; but this seems to us to be an assumption scarcely warranted by facts. They are diligent in their calling, and fulfil a useful purpose in a monstrously overgrown city. Let us, in thinking of their failings, recollect that they undergo a continual struggle to obtain the common necessities of life. Their endeavour to support themselves and their families gives them a claim upon our kindly sympathy; and it should not be forgotten that the social condition of most of these people has been made for them by circumstances over which they had no control. In concluding, we may mention, that a few weeks of severe winter weather, such as we had at Christmas, cause a dreadful amount of suffering to vast numbers of these people, and cost many of them their lives.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER IX.—A FIRST BID.

If the painter, as we have shewn, is in one point at a disadvantage, as compared with the author, in another he is much more fortunate. 'The Exhibition,' as the annual show at the Royal Academy, notwithstanding its many rivals of the same name, is still called, is an institution that in literature has no parallel, and which is of the greatest possible benefit to the young artist. Of course, true merit will make its way in the end in any calling; but a man may write the best book in the world, and even publish it (though that is not so easy to one unknown and poor), and yet be some considerable time before he can persuade the world to read it; but when a painting has once got admittance within the Academy walls, all has been done for it in the way of introduction to the public that it can possibly need. The art critics may praise it, or let it alone; it may be hung well or ill, and a great grievance is made (by those who have not much confidence in their own work) in the latter case; we have even known a young gentleman, on Varnishing Day, so dissatisfied with the position of his picture, that he cut it out of its frame; but still, so long as it is not hung with its

face to the wall, all that have eyes can see it. He that has painted it, if it be worthy, has got his foot set on the first round of the ladder of Fame. There is nothing, I repeat, to be compared with this, in the way of opportunity, in the sister art of literature. I may have my essay, my story, my poem, in the leading magazine, for instance, but people do not take up the leading magazine in such numbers as crowd the great rooms in Piccadilly, nor does the 'taking it up' always involve the reading of it. Whereas, folks come to the picture-gallery to see the pictures, and especially, in many cases, to have the credit of discovering some embryo genius, who has no influence with the papers, and of whom they may say, at the spring dinner-parties: 'By-the-bye, did you happen to see that exquisite little thing called "Supplication" in the right-hand corner of Room 5?' And if you didn't, you will not escape hearing about it.

So young Walter Litton had really cause to congratulate himself in that the gallery gods had relaxed their brows, and resolved to hang, instead of banishing him, as before. Had such a stroke of good-fortune happened to him in the previous year, it would have rejoiced him exceedingly: he would have felt it to be the very accolade of his knighthood, a most refreshing spray from the fountain of all honour. But now, matters were very different with him; Fame had ceased to be his deity; and the news that his friend had brought him was hailed rather because it was not that other news which he had feared to hear, than upon its own account, as a relief rather than a triumph. Still, he was glad that his friend was glad, and that the event had justified his praise of his handiwork. It was a pleasure to him, if not the great joy he had expected, to make one of that fortunate band on Varnishing Day, and to feel his foot on the ladder—not of Fame, but of the steps that it was necessary for him to use, to give the last touches to 'Supplication,' *à la* 'Philippa.' It was hung a long way up, but yet, he was not dissatisfied. He did not fear its being overlooked—or, rather, underlooked: not from vanity, though he had a good opinion of its merits, but simply because it so riveted his own eyes that he could not understand its escaping those of others. He was almost glad that his friend had sent nothing to 'the Big Shop' that year, so that he could contemplate it quite alone. He had acquaintances, of course, equally fortunate with himself, who passed their friendly comments upon it; but they gave him little pleasure. He cared for no approbation, no notice of it, save from one person, who, in all probability, would never see it. It was to the last degree improbable that Mrs Selwyn should visit the Royal Academy; Reginald, he knew, cared nothing for art, and, besides, had no shillings to throw away on such an expedition. Upon the whole, he hardly knew whether he was better satisfied that the picture had been accepted, than he would have been to have had it back again in his own chamber, to contemplate it at his leisure. For he did not, as many young painters do, haunt the spot where it hung: not from any fear of adverse criticism, or neglect, but because remarks upon it of any sort would, he felt, have been painful to him. The subject was sacred to him, in a sense that does not often affect young gentlemen-painters—nor old ones, for that matter—who 'go in' for sacred subjects.

Whether 'Supplication' was really a good picture or not, this present writer, who is, he confesses, one of those ignorant Philistines who only know what they like, must be excused from positively asserting. 'If you want to know whether a diamond is a good one,' said an eminent R.A. in my hearing, 'you go to a jeweller for his opinion; and if you want to know whether a painting is good or bad, you must go to a painter for the information: to buy one upon your own responsibility, is an act of madness; to pass your opinion upon it, is an impertinence.' I am therefore silent (except that I venture to express a wish that Literature stood upon equally lofty ground with Art) upon the merits of 'Supplication.' The newspapers were silent also, greatly to Mr John Pelter's disgust, with the exception of a few lines of praise that he himself got inserted in the *Art Critic*, and the inspiration of which Walter immediately detected, though he did not say so, for his friend's sake. It annoyed honest Jack immensely that there seemed so little chance of seeing that red star in the corner of Litton's picture which has lit up the despondent gloom of so many a young painter, and made his darkness day. After the first month, most pictures that are fated to sell, are sold; and more than a month had passed since early May. Some weeks after this date, notwithstanding, there came a letter to Walter one evening—when the two friends were together as usual—from the Academy official, to ask what price he had put upon his picture; and this, after a moment's hesitation, he placed in Pelter's hand.

'Well, better late than never, my lad,' cried the latter joyfully. 'This is as it should be. I had begun to think that all the world was blind.'

'They have not seen with your kind eyes, Jack,' said the other gravely; 'that is all.'

'Well, they see now, and that's something,' answered Pelter impatiently. 'But why does this bungling fellow write to you, instead of telling the man or the woman—for I'll take two to one it's a woman. There's true religion in that picture, Walter, I don't mind telling you, now that you have found a purchaser. It's some woman with good eyes in her head, and a good heart, and, I hope, a good balance at her banker's, who wants it. Well, I say, why didn't the fellow tell her your price at once?'

'Because he didn't know it,' said Walter quietly. 'Not know it! Why, didn't you fix it a hundred pounds yourself?'

'No, Jack; that was your price, not mine. I didn't mention any price; indeed, as I told you long ago, I don't think I care to sell it.'

'Not sell it! Then why the deuce did you paint it?'

To paint a picture without the intention of getting rid of it, and as soon as you could, was, in Jack's eyes, the act of a lunatic.

'I painted it for my pleasure.'

'Oh, did you, begad? Then you are nothing better than an amateur.' The epithet had the same force with Mr Pelter as though he had called a benediced clergyman of the Church of England a ranter. 'Of course, you can do as you please, if you are rich enough. You can paint a dozen pictures, and hang them up in your room, so that wherever you turn you can see yourself as it were, in your own looking-glass. One may be as vain as one

pleases, or anything else one pleases, if one is rich. And yet, I thought I heard you the other day complaining about shortness of cash; to be sure, it did not affect yourself, but only stood in the way of what was, after all, perhaps a Quixotic scheme of benevolence, in connection with an old cobbler.'—

'I am not rich, my dear fellow,' interrupted Walter gravely; 'but when a man spends everything upon himself, as I once heard you observe, he can make a little money go a good way.'

'I didn't say it of you,' growled Pelter, touched with the other's resolute good-humour.

'No; I am sure you didn't, though, for that matter, I am just as selfish as other people. You are quite right in suggesting that I cannot afford to keep my pictures in general for my own delectation, nor even, perhaps, this particular one; and yet I do propose for once to indulge myself in the luxury. If you ask me why'—

'Not I!' struck in Jack savagely. 'I am not a woman, that I should wish to pry into any man's secrets.'

'There is no secret,' said Walter hastily; 'it is, perhaps, after all, but a foolish sentiment.'

'Of course it is. I know that much without your telling me,' answered the other contemptuously. 'But you will find such sentiments costly even for a rich man. What will they think of you at the Big Shop, when it is understood you do not wish to sell your pictures? They will say that it is occupying a space that might be better used; that you are taking the bread out of some poor man's mouth; and they will—for once—be right.'

'I wish I had never sent the picture there at all,' sighed Walter. 'I don't mean that your advice, Jack, wasn't wise as well as kind,' added he quickly, laying his hand on the other's arm; 'but I never thought this would have happened—that anybody would have wanted to buy it.'

'Well, I never like talking about what I don't understand, so we'll say no more about it.'

By the last post that night, there came another letter for Walter.

'There's a second appeal to your hard heart,' said Jack, who had by no means recovered his usual equanimity; he was exceedingly annoyed by Litton's determination not to sell his picture, which he ascribed to morbid vanity. 'If it's from the Trustees of the National Gallery, I do hope you will re-consider your objections.'

'It is not from the Academy,' said Walter scrutinising the envelope attentively. 'It seems to me a lady's hand.'

'Then I'll be off,' replied Pelter, not sorry for once to leave the society of his friend. 'I hope it is not from Nellie Neale, to announce to grandma her intention of committing suicide, for love of her venerable relative. I saw her yesterday, as I passed her father's stall, and she looked ill enough and wretched enough for anything.—What with his Red Riding-hoods, and his pictures that are not to sell,' growled Jack, as he descended to his own den. 'I believe the lad is half-cracked.'

At any other moment, this reference to Nellie Neale's altered looks would have aroused Walter's keenest sympathy, but as it was, the words fell almost unheeded upon his ear. The idea had suddenly seized him that the note which he held in his hand was from Lotfy herself, wrung from her, perhaps, by some extremity of poverty or sorrow.

It was to the last degree unlikely that she should write to him, but it was possible; and if she had done so, her need must be great indeed. He had witnessed her signature on the occasion of her marriage, and her handwriting was something like that in which the address of the note was written. Still, all women write alike. Moreover, there was a sort of typical initial upon the envelope—a Bee—which could scarcely have been adopted by her husband; if he had chosen anything characteristic for such a purpose—which was in itself highly improbable—it ought rather to have been a Butterfly, that is, if that insect's name had begun with an S. Upon the whole, this surmise of Walter's almost bore out Mr Pelter's indignant conjecture that his friend was not quite in his right mind, for, absurd as it was, it agitated him excessively. He tore the Bee all to pieces in his trepidation, and not until his eye had run to the signature, which was totally unknown to him, did he recover his usual calmness. The communication had reference to his picture, after all!

DEAR SIR—I wish to know what price you have put upon your picture entitled 'Supplication,' 2940 in the Academy catalogue? I made inquiries of the clerk in charge, who will doubtless have communicated with you; but in order that no mistake may occur in the matter, I have ventured to thus address you personally. I am very anxious to become the purchaser of the work in question.—Yours obediently,

ROBERT BURROUGHS.

The hair was the hair of Esau, but the words were unmistakably Jacob's: the name, that was, was a man's name, but the handwriting, and especially the style, were beyond doubt those of a lady. Even Walter, who was by no means well versed in business matters, was struck with the imprudence of the words, 'I am very anxious to become the purchaser,' addressed as they were to one who had placed no figure upon his goods. It would have been a very strong temptation to most people to ask a fancy price. Moreover, it was probable that a fancy price might really be paid—or, at all events, that Robert Burroughs was in a position to pay it, since his address was Willowbank, Regent's Park, one of those large houses standing in extensive grounds of their own, on the banks of the ornamental water, and which have been the envy of so many Londoners, as combining in them the advantages both of town and country. Burroughs, it is true, was a very common name, but very common people are often uncommonly rich. If, instead of asking a hundred pounds, he were to ask double the money, it was quite possible he would get it. And two hundred pounds, as Walter confessed to himself, would be very useful to him. The fifty pounds he had lent to Selwyn, he never expected to see again, nor even wished to do so—except so far as its repayment would have been proof of his friend's prosperity; but the loan had left the balance at his banker's very low, so low, that he had not re-engaged Red Riding-hood's services for several weeks, though he really had had occasion for them, and, what was more, felt she needed the money. As to what Pelter had said about her falling in love with him, the more he had thought of it, the more ridiculous the notion had appeared to him. Nellie was an excellent sitter, and used to his ways, and he was fully determined to employ her again,

when he should be once more in funds. Yes, two hundred pounds would set him up for the next six months very comfortably: he might ask this Mr Burroughes for even more, perhaps. But Walter's conscience was still young and tender; he did not even reason, as he might fairly have done: 'I put a fancy price upon this picture myself, and therefore it is only just that I should charge another in the same proportion.' He thought that, since two hundred pounds was double its fair market value, as assessed by Pelter, who knew the price of things, and was certainly not likely to *under-value* his friend's production—he ought not to ask a greater sum for it; and yet he did not feel inclined to give up the gratification of possessing the picture for that sum. He might, it is true, put such a price upon it as was prohibitory, and which his correspondent would understand as such; but that course had too strong a flavour of conceit—of 'bumpiousness,' as Jack would call it—to recommend itself to him. Finally, he sat down, and wrote a note, acknowledging, in courteous terms, the compliment Mr Burroughes had paid him, and expressing regret for the trouble to which that gentleman had been put, but explaining that the picture was not for sale.

Then, late as it was, he went out, and posted the letter; not that he was afraid of being argued out of his determination by his friend, for he was tolerably certain that Pelter had said his last word upon the matter, but because he had doubts of his own firmness, if he should suffer his mind to dwell on so tempting an alternative. He felt that it would be for his happiness to keep the picture, yet also for his disadvantage. His reason told him that he had no right to indulge in such extravagance, his common-sense suggested: 'If you must retain this picture, why not take a copy of it, and sell either that or the original to Mr Burroughes;' and he feared that their united force might overcome a certain feeling within him, which not only prompted him to keep the painting, but revolted against either it or a copy of it passing into the hands of any one else.

CHAPTER X.—THE UNKNOWN PATRON.

Of the fashion and appearance of Mr Walter Litton's studio, I have already spoken, though not at length: it was unnecessary to do so, since it was very much like other painting apartments of young gentlemen in his profession who have not as yet found themselves famous. It was dirty and dingy where the light fell upon it, and dirtier and dingier where it did not. The 'slavey' in the Beech Street lodging-house had not much time to spare for cleansing operations, and still less inclination for them; she excused herself for all neglect upon the ground, that 'them artists did not like having their things meddled with;' and she did not run counter to their wishes in that respect. The bedrooms were not much better looked after than the sitting-rooms, with one exception; that of Walter Litton's 'was spick and span' as to order and cleanliness, and withal so prettily furnished, that it had obtained, from Mr John Pelter, the somewhat contemptuous title of 'the Bower.' But the slavey had little to do with the Bower, which was 'looked after' by an occasional retainer of Litton's own—an ancient charwoman, who came in once a week to make 'a thorough turn-out,' as

she expressed it, of that apartment, and to dust its somewhat elaborate furniture.

'Mark my words, Litton,' Jack once observed, while eyeing superciliously the shining wardrobe, the dressing-table with its snowy covering, and the various little knick-knacks which adorned the chamber of his friend—'you will marry early.' He had uttered it in a tone of mournful conviction, as though he had said: 'You will die young.' He thought that all these things were signs of a domestic turn of mind in Walter, and presages of the matrimonial yoke; whereas they were perhaps but the result of a longer home experience (short as it had been) than poor Jack had had, and of a university education. The contents of Mr Pelter's studio ran over, as it were, into his sleeping-apartment, in which were to be found various early efforts of his genius, which not even the picture-dealers would regard with any favour, huddled together, like sheep in a storm, with their faces to the wall. Now, Walter's 'Bower' did not smack of 'the shop' at all: its only pictures were a small portrait of his mother, and two engravings, one of his old college, and one of the Head of that Royal and Religious Foundation, an austere unlikeable man, who had never looked kindly upon the young fellow, nor, indeed, in his own opinion, had had cause to do so, since Litton had 'only not disgraced himself' by taking an ordinary degree; but still, for the sake of old times, there the hard old scholar hung. As Walter lay in bed that morning, thinking, his eye lit upon this portrait, and straightway his thoughts wandered to that time, not far back in point of years, and yet so distant from his present, when the work of life had not begun—to those college days, which, to such as he, not striving for collegiate prizes, are a three years' holiday, a time of youth and friendship, such as can never be again. It had been an unreal time perhaps; a world quite different from the great work-a-day one; his judgment had been less mature than it was now; he felt, for instance, that Jack Pelter had more true grit in him, more bottom under the rough rubble than perhaps any of his then companions; but some of them had been very bright and dear to him, one of them especially; a man not dear to him now; he felt that, in spite of himself, though he was neither envious nor jealous of him. He had never had much respect for Reginald Selwyn, but respect had not been so necessary a component of friendship as it had become now; he had loved him as an elder brother, without the insight into his character that such consanguinity compels. All that was over now; and why? He did not answer that question to himself, although he put it; but his thoughts somehow wandered back to the subject they had started from, and which had even mingled with his dreams—his picture in the Academy. There was a bare space on the walls of his little room, above the fireplace, and he now made up his mind that there it should be hung. He would not sell it, even if the chance of doing so should once more offer itself, which was very unlikely. On the whole, he did not regret that note he had posted overnight to Mr Burroughes of the Regent's Park. He heard his friend splashing in his bath in the room below, and afterwards whistling, as his custom was, over his careless toilet. Jack's good-humour had doubtless returned to him long ere this, but still he would say nothing to him about that

tempting offer. He would keep his own counsel, and let him suppose the letter had been a *blunder*, a dun, a challenge—what he pleased, in fact, so long as his guess was wide of the mark. When, however, he descended as usual to breakfast with his friend, and found him frank and hearty as ever, his conscience smote him for his reticence; he had, it is true, already one secret of his own, into which Jack had not been permitted to look—namely, his tenderness for Lotty—but that was an affair as private, and almost as sacred, as his prayers; whereas this offer for his picture he felt to be almost a common property between them, for, without Jack's advice, he would never have sent it to the Academy at all: they had consulted together over it, both as to its price and its merits, and not a few of the latter had, he confessed to himself, been owing to the other's suggestions. A certain sense of ingratITUDE, and also the knowledge that there was something about which they could not converse, weighed upon Walter's spirits, and he was not himself that morning. It was quite a relief to him to escape from Jack, and find himself in his own room alone. And yet he was not at ease even there; the same almost feminine tenderness of disposition that had caused him to retain his picture for the sake of the associations connected with it, gave him pain, because of his treatment of his friend. He could not set to work as usual. To some, it may seem easy for a painter to do this under any circumstances; an author, it may be thought, whose mind is troubled, is likely enough to be incapacitated from employing his mind in composition; but a painter can have no such excuse. And this is probably true enough of a painter who is also a glazier. But the work of the artist—and Walter Litton, though his talents were immature, and often misdirected, was a true artist—is not mechanical, although he labours with his hands. If he had had a model before him, he could perhaps have compelled his own attention to the canvas, but as it was, it was distracted by other thoughts: he made up his mind that he would call at the cobbler's that very day, and engage Red Riding-hood, if, indeed, she was well enough to resume her sittings. He could not quite recall what Pelter had said about her, though he knew there was something wrong. His whole mind was confused and jaded, and incapable of effort. Perhaps it was that glass of malt liquor, which, contrary to his habit, he had taken after breakfast that morning, for the sake of good-fellowship, and to make up to his beer-drinking friend for other shortcomings. At eleven o'clock the slavey brought him a letter—not on a silver salver, genteel reader, but in her damp red hand—and she grinned as she delivered it: like the last, it was in a lady's hand, but it was not on that account that she grinned, for she did not know one handwriting from another.

'Why, I never heard the postman's knock, Jenny,' said Walter kindly.

'It tain't the postman,' said she, stuffing the end of her apron into her mouth, to stifle a giggle; 'it be an ever-so-big footman, with a white head and an illigant split in it, and a bell-rope at his shoulder.'

'That's called a shoulder-knot, Jenny. Ah, very good!'—he had rapidly cast his eye over the contents of the letter—'tell him to wait, and I will write an answer.'

His tone was careless, but the note had, in fact,

surprised him very much. It came from the same address as before, and was in the same hand.

'DEAR SIR'—it began, 'I am in receipt of your letter, in which you state that your picture is not for sale. At the risk of being deemed impertinent, I write to you once more to express a hope that you may be induced to reconsider this decision. That the work is very meritorious as a painting, I have no doubt; but its artistic merits, if I may say so without offence, are its least attraction in my eyes; I have quite another reason for wishing to possess it. It is difficult, impossible, indeed, to explain this by letter; but if your resolve not to part with it is capable of change, I would earnestly entreat you to give me a few minutes' conversation upon this subject. I am confined to my house by a severe attack of gout, else I would do myself the honour of calling on you; but as that is impossible, might I ask the favour of your looking in on me, at any hour you please to name—this day, if possible? The bearer will await your reply.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BURROUGHS.

The gout from which this gentleman was suffering was certainly not in his hand, for the writing was firm and distinct, though very feminine in its character. Walter felt so curious about the whole affair, that he had almost a mind to summon the ever-so-big footman with the bell-rope, and question him about his master; but such a proceeding would, to say the least of it, have been undignified. Jack had often warned him never to express surprise with respect to any application for a picture, 'however much and naturally you may be yourself astonished at it.' Of course, if he was obstinately resolved not to part with this one, he had simply to pen a few words to that effect, and there was an end to the matter. But he did not wish to act so abruptly; partly, because it seemed rude to do so, but still more because he had a strong desire to have this mystery solved. It was not very flattering to find that his *chef-d'œuvre* was not in demand on account of its own merits, and yet that 'quite another reason' so excited his curiosity that he scarcely felt the wound to his self-love. Nay, he even felt some sympathy with Mr Robert Burroughs, in that he felt his own affection for the picture did not rest upon the ground either of its conception or execution; but upon something else, albeit, that something could not be common between them. At all events, he resolved to see this would-be patron, and to be civil to him, though he by no means made up his mind to let the picture go. There might be something in it, which had struck Mr Burroughs's fancy, that was capable of repetition, and this might procure him an order for another work. Though he had been so self-willed and obdurate in this particular affair, Walter was not blind to his own interests in a general way, nor less desirous of making his way in the world than any other young fellow. So he wrote a polite note to say that he would do himself the pleasure of calling at Willowbank that afternoon, at three o'clock, and despatched it by the white-headed footman.

Then a sudden impulse moved him to run downstairs and place both the letters of Mr Burroughs in the hands of faithful Jack, and he obeyed it.

'My dear Watty,' said the other, looking not at them, but at him, with his kind eyes, 'are you

sure you are right about this? You are not going to make me your confidant, I hope, because you think I am huffy and vexed with you? That is all over and gone, as far as I am concerned.'

'I daresay I seemed foolish and impracticable,' answered Walter, 'but I really had my reasons.'

'And, very likely, sufficient ones, my lad. I don't say that your resolution to keep your picture was no business of mine, for what concerns you must needs concern me, but I feel that I was dictatorial about it.'

'Not a bit, Jack. Please, don't say another word about it.'

'But these letters—there are some things, Watty, you know, that one should not tell even to one's friends, for the sake of others—are you sure I have a right to see them?'

'Certainly you have, since I give them to you. It's the funniest thing that ever happened, you will say.'

'Are they from a woman, Watty?' inquired Jack, still hesitating.

'Not they, though the handwriting looks like it. They're all about that picture, from a Mr Robert Burroughes.'

Jack read them carefully, but without the smile that Walter had expected to see illumine his jolly face.

'There's something wrong here, my lad,' said he gravely. 'These letters are not from a man, in my opinion; they're from a woman; and she doesn't want your picture at all.'

'What the deuce does she want, then? You don't mean to say that she wants me!—that she has fallen in love with your humble servant, as you always said little Red Riding-hood would do! You will make me a coxcomb.' Walter was not a coxcomb, but he did remember how Selwyn had said: 'My aunt has fallen in love with you,' on his first meeting with that lady, and also the attention she subsequently paid to him at Penaddon.

'No, Walter; I don't seriously think Miss Nellie has done that, although I fear there is something amiss with her in that way; and if she were, the misfortune would be almost wholly on her side; but if this—the communication should be what I suspect it is, the misfortune would be on your side.'

'You must have been reading the adventures of Mr Tom Jones, or Mr Gil Blas, of late, Jack.'

'No; but I have been reading human nature—though not the best side of it, perhaps—for more years than you have. I could tell you a story of real life that mates with that of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere of your favourite poet; only with a difference. I could tell you, I say!—and here Jack began to pace the room with rapid strides—'of a young fellow still in his teens, for whom a great lady once entertained a great passion. Perhaps she would have married him, if she could; perhaps she only persuaded him that such was her desire. She wrote to him, sometimes by the post, sometimes by just such a wonderful footman as I saw here in our passage this morning; she invited him to her house. She flattered, fondled, spoiled him. He was a lad like yourself, ingenious, high-spirited, with a future—a great future, as he thought, poor devil—before him. She was older than he, though she did not look it, and she had more than twice his wits. It was an unequal match in more senses than one, and the weaker

one went to the wall. There are some things, as I have just said, that it is well for a man to be silent about, even to his best friend, but I will tell you this much—that woman ruined the lad. He did not cut his throat, you understand, like "young Lawrence"—it would have been better for him, perhaps, if he had—but he lost all he had, his heart, his hopes, his faith: she killed him.'

'He is dead, then?' said Walter gravely.

'Yes; he died years and years ago, God help him! It is not a pleasant story,' continued Pelter, after a pause; 'but I have told you it, because I don't want you to perish in the same pitfall. Of course, I may be all wrong in supposing that there is any risk. Most people will laugh at such a danger, which seems to them imaginary, will call it ridiculous, impossible, and the like; and perhaps it would have been impossible in their case; but most people are fools. Such things, it is true, don't happen often, but they do happen.'

It would have been easy enough for a much duller man than Walter Litton to perceive that Pelter had been speaking of himself: his bitter excited tone, his looks, his very gait, as he walked hastily to and fro, as if impatient of the folly he described, betrayed it.

But for this, Walter himself would have ridiculed the story, and did ridicule it even now, so far as it had application to his own position. That Mr Robert Burroughes should turn out to be a middle-aged lady of high rank, who had fallen in love with him, unknown to himself, tickled his sense of humour; if it was so, it seemed to him that the Bee (and it was a very large one) impressed upon her envelopes was also in her bonnet—that she must be mad.

'But you would not wish me to cancel my appointment at Willowbank?' inquired he, and his eye twinkled with fun in spite of himself, 'for I have made one for three o'clock.'

'Of course not. But remember my story, and forget, please, that it was I who told it.'

'I will,' said Walter, made serious by his friend's unwonted tone, which was at once abrupt and pathetic. It was evident that, in this case, good advice had cost the giver something.

'No,' continued Pelter in his old manner; 'I daresay your visit will turn out to be commonplace enough. Mr Burroughes is, doubtless, only an eccentric old fellow, who takes fancies to pictures, and doesn't care what he gives for them. Your refusal to part with yours has probably whetted his appetite, and may turn out to be the happiest fluke for you.'

'Thank you for the compliment. If he had taken a fancy to one of yours, you would not have set it down to his eccentricity, I'll warrant, Mr Pelter.'

And so they parted, not to meet again till just as Walter was starting on his mysterious errand.

'You see, I have got myself up, Jack, to the best of my ability,' said he, smiling, 'in case Mr Burroughes should turn out to be a countess.'

'Quite right,' returned the other dryly. 'I have been to the Academy, and the man tells me that it was a lady who asked the price of your picture; moreover, I have looked in the blue-book, and no such person as Burroughes lives at Willowbank, Regent's Park.'

'Then, perhaps, after all, it is a hoax,' said Walter, with an air of very considerable disgust.

'No, no; that footman could never have demeaned himself by mixing himself up with anything of that sort. I should as soon believe that the Lord Chancellor played leap-frog on the woolsack. Good-bye, and luck be with you.'

COLONIAL EXPERIENCES.

Ten or eleven years ago, Alexander Bathgate, then a youth just done with his schooling, emigrated with his father and other members of the family, from a Scottish country town, to Dunedin, in the province of Otago, New Zealand. There he has since remained, following a respectable profession, and being of an observant and literary turn, he has prepared a volume of *Colonial Experiences*, which, though imperfect in structure, has the double merit of being somewhat amusing, and, we have no doubt, perfectly truthful. The burden of all books about New Zealand is a glowing account of the colony as a place of settlement for various classes of emigrants. Our young author, after having looked about him for years, and seen different phases of colonial life, is equally eulogistic in his commendations. In particular, he tells us with a sense of humour a number of droll incidents illustrative of the strange behaviour of immigrants, plunged at once from a condition of poverty into affluence. In the old country they were straitened in means, subordinated as members of a fixed social system; now they soar into something grander and higher, with scarcely a notion of restraint.

Having said so much lately about New Zealand as a field for emigration, we shall at present do little else than glance at some of Mr Bathgate's whimsical experiences, for the benefit of those who may not have seen his production. He mentions that sometimes very odd reasons are assigned for having emigrated. Such was the case as regards a young man named Brown, a careless, jolly sort of fellow. In the old country, he was a partner in a large business concern with his father, who, being about sixty years of age, and a widower, proposed retiring. Young Brown being engaged to be married to an exceedingly pretty girl, introduced her to his father's house, where all were charmed with her, and none more so than old Brown, who congratulated his son on the excellent choice he had made, at the same time promising to come down with something handsome. Much delighted, young Brown urged the lady to fix the wedding-day at once. To this, however, she demurred, saying for excuse: 'Not just then.' 'The long and the short of the story is, that poor Brown had to leave home on some urgent business, and, on his return, he found that his father had married and run off with the young lady! Brown, when he was consoled with, had the pluck to say: "I am lucky to be quit of the little hypocrite; she must have been thinking of this little game, even when I found her alone in the drawing-room, the day I left; confound her!" He packed up his traps, and left the house as quickly as he had entered it; and next day he took his passage in a ship just about to sail for Otago. Speaking of the affair, he says he does not blame his father now, though he did at first, she was such a pretty, fascinating viper. I have not seen or heard anything of him for some time.'

The next case mentioned is that of Dick, a groom, who was met with at an up-country hotel.

Talking of horses, Dick gave an account of his career. He had never known his father or mother, but had been brought up by an uncle, who treated him so cruelly, that at sixteen years of age he ran away, and joined a circus troupe as a groom, until he was promoted to be a rider. In this position, he became attached to a girl of eighteen, daughter of one of the company, and skilled in horsemanship. The couple were married, and had the prospect of living together happily. 'As Dick said, his wife was his first friend, for he had not experienced much kindness in his early days, and he loved and valued her all the more. They had been married about four months, when one day they were going through a performance on horseback together, she riding first, leaping through hoops and dancing, he following in pursuit; and they had come to a part in which he was supposed to overtake her, when, just as Dick came up with his wife, some fool threw a piece of orange-peel into the ring, causing her horse to swerve and she to lose her balance—she fell. Dick was too close to check his horse; even before he could think, he passed over her; a wild shriek rose from the spectators as he did so. It was the work of a moment to leap to the ground, and spring to where she lay. Poor fellow, as he told me of it, after the lapse of fully ten years, his voice quivered. He thought she had fainted, she lay so still; but, as he gently raised her in his arms, a little blood oozing from her lips and nostrils told that she was hurt. A sudden horror seized Dick; he put his hand to her breast—there was no beating; placed his cheek to her mouth—there was no breath. "Oh! she can't be dead," poor Dick exclaimed; a half-groan from the crowd seemed to him to be an affirmative answer; and he dropped senseless on the ground. It was too true; his fair young wife was gone; the horse had trodden on her bosom, and crushed her loving heart, Dick's only consolation being, that the poor girl had not suffered. For some time after the accident, he went about like one dazed, and it was not till after the funeral that he realised his loss. Loveless though his childhood, and friendless his boyhood, he never knew till then what loneliness really was. The very sight of a circus tent occasioned a renewed pang of grief, and as for resuming his former occupation, it was not to be thought of. With a view of removing himself as far as possible from his loss, Dick emigrated to New Zealand.'

Though in most respects well off, many immigrants are given to grumbling. Men who at home had lived on porridge or brose and other plain fare, are heard to complain of their rations of excellent food, and unreasonably grumble at everything. 'I remember, when dining in a hotel in a diggings town, the conversation turning on the differences between home and the colonies, a man present, who had been playing billiards all morning, and who, by his own account, had been a baker in a country village in Scotland, said that he thought the old country was best, that money might come in in pennies and half-pennies, but it was steeper and altogether preferable. The landlord laughed at him, saying: "Why, man, you have lost as much at billiards this morning as you would make in two, or three days where you come from." The grumbler was forced to admit the truth of the assertion.' The author adds: 'Some men come to the

colonies with the anticipation of amassing a fortune without exerting themselves, and seem to expect to find the streets paved with gold. Amongst these are many young fellows, often fairly educated, but not brought up with any idea of business or trade of any kind, and the answer that is given by them, that they will do anything, is always interpreted by old colonists that they are fit for nothing, and they not unfrequently sink to menial positions.

The experiences connected with the hiring and employment of female domestic servants are worth commemorating. Although there has latterly been a considerable immigration of this class of servants, who now can get free passages to the colony, with a certainty of employment on arrival at wages ranging from £80 to £50 yearly, the scarcity continues. It does not, therefore, surprise us to know that many of the employees put on extraordinary airs, are difficult to deal with, and dress to a degree of extravagance we are not acquainted with. The ignorance of some of these domestics is astounding. The following instance is given: 'A new servant arrived at her situation on the Saturday evening, and even on the Sunday morning she shewed symptoms which betokened verdancy. When she was engaged, in reply to a question of her future mistress, she had stated that she could do plain cooking, so that there was no hesitation in intrusting her with a leg of mutton and a cauliflower to cook for the early dinner. After church, the family returned home, and found the table laid in a decidedly original and peculiar manner, and the lady of the house confided to her husband that she thought the new domestic had not seen much. If she had any doubts on that score, they were soon set at rest, when there were placed on the table the leg of mutton and the cauliflower on the same dish, both having been roasted together in the oven, the former being burnt to a cinder, while the latter was hardly recognisable in its brown and shrivelled condition. By way of perfecting this display of ignorance, the girl had the effrontery to come and ask if the mutton was roasted to their liking, as she could not understand that clock of theirs. Inquiry elicited, that while the mutton was cooking, she had been addling her very small modicum of brains in the endeavour to ascertain the time of day by dint of consulting the aneroid barometer!'

Following on this comes an amusing case of 'cool impudence.' A housemaid in a family about three miles from town declined to be taken to church on Sunday in a dog-cart, and insisted on getting the pony-carriage; which being refused, she was most indignant, and announced her intention to depart next morning, rather than put up with such treatment. The scarcity of women in comparison to men in the colony accounts for much of this strange conduct. In a newspaper account of a ball at a place called Bannockburn, in April 1873, it is stated that dancing was kept up for three or four hours by some thirty males and two females. The struggles to get the fair demurelles for partners were the source of no little fun. Then, such chances of being speedily and well married! The sudden transformation of a servant-girl into a grandly dressed lady is sometimes quite startling. 'Not very long ago,' says Mr Bathgate, 'I noticed a girl, whom I chanced to

know had come to the colony as an assisted immigrant, sitting in full splendour, with cloak, bouquet, and fan, beside her husband in the front row of the dress circle at the Italian opera!' Unfortunately, it is easier to decorate the person than to cultivate the mind. In the wrong use of phrases, Mrs Malaprop is beaten hollow. A girl who had been developed into a lady, was heard to speak of getting an 'antimonic' dress, meaning a dress of *moire antique*. Another gave it as her opinion 'that the mayor of their town should wear a scarlet robe lined with vermin,' meaning, of course, ermine. Male immigrants who have come suddenly into wealth are apt to make similar mistakes. One night, at a public supper-party, an individual sat opposite to a dish of *pâtés de foie gras*, which rare and costly dish he persisted in calling 'potted photographs.'

The writer offers some strange particulars regarding the gold-diggings—the extraordinary rush on the discovery of the precious metal, and the reckless extravagance of the successful diggers. 'At the first of the rush to Gabriel's Gully, in Otago, the rate of land-carriage of stores for a distance of about sixty miles was as high as a hundred pounds per ton.' As to the cost of articles of food at the diggings, flour was purchased at two shillings a pound, potatoes the same price, and a four-pound loaf cost one pound. Any trifling service which, in the old country, would be well paid by a sixpence, was never less than one pound. Money was thought nothing of, and shamefully wasted. Making a sandwich of a twenty-pound note, and eating it, was common; and so was washing in a bucket of champagne, or setting up bottles of that liquor for skittle-pins, although even, till quite lately, champagne of indifferent quality was one pound a bottle. The landlady of a hotel spoke to Mr Bathgate regretfully of these 'good old times,' adding, 'that she had seen the men, with their pockets full of gold, come into the hotel, and times without number, "shout for all hands" (that is, treat every one in the house to drink), insisting on paying for even the cats and dogs; and this would probably continue till the lucky digger was cleaned out.' Latterly, gold-mining has settled down into a steady permanent industry, and frolics of this wild nature do not now occur.

In the volume before us, there occur some concluding details respecting the advantages of emigration, the agreeable nature of the climate of New Zealand, and the munificent offer of free passages to certain classes of immigrants. 'For one thing,' says Mr Bathgate, 'the passage hither, though long, is a safe and pleasant one; never yet has a vessel from Britain to Otago been lost, and the voyage to New Zealand is the safest in the world.' This eulogium would now, unfortunately, require modification. While we write, the world has been startled with the loss of the *Oceopatrik* by fire in the Southern Atlantic, with four hundred emigrants on board, on the voyage to Auckland; and no satisfactory reason has been given for such a catastrophe. The circumstance, we fear, is calculated to discourage intending emigrants; for no one likes to have the choice of being burned to death or drowned, in trying to better his circumstances. Possibly, after the first shock of this disastrous event passes away, a feeling of reassurance may arise, for the loss of emigrant vessels to New Zealand is, on the whole, exceedingly small. It is enough, however, to cause serious alarm, and

may turn the tide of emigration elsewhere. That emigrant vessels, notwithstanding all the care taken, should be liable to be destroyed by fire, and that escape by boats is impracticable, are circumstances reflecting little credit on human ingenuity.

A TERRIBLE WEDDING-TRIP.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

That month passed rapidly, a portion of it being spent in the absorbing occupation of purchasing a trousseau, and the rest in various preparations at Elstonlee. Herbert, who had left us in London, in order that he might return to Cambridgeshire, and make certain arrangements of his own, had promised to rejoin us on the day before that fixed for the wedding. He did not, however, make his appearance at Woodbine Cottage until very late in the evening—so late, indeed, that mamma, annoyed by his dilatoriness, would scarcely permit him to enter the house, but insisting that 'Minna must have a good night's rest in order to be prepared for the long journey of the coming day,' hurried him off, almost before we had finished our greetings, to the hotel where he was to pass the night. At the same hotel, the only one in the village, my cousin, Hugh Fernley (with the exception of Dr Adair, the sole guest invited to the wedding), was already located; and the two young men were standing together at the door of the church when, upon the following morning, we arrived there. I had not seen my lover distinctly upon the previous evening, for during his momentary visit the lamp had burned low in our little hall. But now, as, in the clear light of a sunny April morning, he advanced to meet us, I was much startled by the alteration which a fortnight's absence had wrought in his appearance. He looked pale and worn; but in addition to this, there was, I thought, a change in his expression—an indefinable peculiarity about his whole aspect, which alarmed me.

'Dear Herbert, you are ill!' I exclaimed, as, the salutations over, we turned to enter the church.

'O no! I am not,' he replied hastily, drawing my hand through his arm, and passing beneath the porch. But stooping down when half-way up the aisle, he added in a whisper: 'Don't be alarmed, dearest, but things are all wrong at my place near Madrid, and I'm anxious to be off. I must go to Spain at once. Come! let us be quick and get married; and then I'll bear my flower, my tender blossom, to the sunny south.'

The forms of endearment employed in the last sentence were not such as Herbert had been accustomed to address to me, and I did not quite like them. Moreover, I felt greatly disappointed, for it had been arranged that our wedding-trip should have for its destination the Italian lakes; and now it appeared we were to travel in Spain. Giving vent to my feelings of vexation, I whispered back, as we reached the altar: 'Then we shall have to give up Italy!'

'Not at all; we shall do nothing of the kind,' he returned with a triumphant smile. 'We shall go to Spain, and Italy, and Kamtschatka too.'

There was no time to ask what he meant, for the clergyman was already in his place, and the service commenced without delay. The hour which followed was one of much confusion, for, upon coming out of the church, we were informed by

Mr Fernley, to whom the travelling arrangements had been confided, that, as he had that morning discovered, he had made a mistake about the time at which the London express from the north would pass a certain junction where we were to join it, and that it would be necessary for us to leave Elstonlee much earlier than we had intended. So our hurried breakfast was soon over, and a hasty leave taken of mamma. Accompanied by Dr Adair and Hugh, who had promised to see us as far as the junction referred to, we were off, almost before we knew it, upon the first stage of our wedding-tour. Upon entering the carriage, my husband had, of course, placed himself by my side, whilst my cousin and the doctor had taken the seats immediately opposite to us; and I had scarcely had time to regain my composure, when the bustle and excitement which had attended our abrupt departure from home, when it was again disturbed by the singular conduct of the latter.

Fixing his eyes upon Mr St Julien's face, the physician appeared to be studying him closely, and put to him question after question, as if to draw him into conversation. I could not attribute this to jealousy, for there was no sign of the existence of that feeling; but I began to feel seriously annoyed with what I considered his rudeness, especially when I saw that Herbert noticed and disliked his obtrusive attention. That he did so was evident, for whilst he replied to all his questions very quietly, he seemed to grow uneasy beneath the fixity of the doctor's gaze, and once or twice I caught him returning it with a resentful glance.

We had to wait a few minutes at the station; and whilst Herbert, apparently glad to escape further impertinent observation, promenade the platform with Hugh, Dr Adair drew me a little aside, and placing his hand upon my arm, he said, in a tone of much solicitude: 'Pray, tell me, do you notice anything peculiar about Mr St Julien's aspect this morning?'

'O doctor! do you think he is ill?' I inquired in return, alarmed by my friend's serious manner, and look of disquietude.

'Well, no; I do not think that,' he replied meditatively; 'but, but—you will excuse me, I hope—but I fancy he seems more *excited* than the occasion warrants; and I—'

'Excuse me,' I interrupted angrily; 'but I cannot listen to such remarks about my husband's appearance, Dr Adair.' And turning away with a feeling of relief at his assurance that Herbert was not unwell, but of extreme annoyance at his last remark, I was about to leave him.

'I will say nothing more to offend you, Mrs St Julien,' said the doctor, following me with an apology. And immediately introducing another subject of conversation, he drew my attention to a cord which ran along at the tops of the carriages, and extended the whole length of a train, near which we were standing. This, he explained to me, was a signal which any person might use who desired to stop the train when in motion between one station and another. And whilst I listened with a cold politeness, which was the effect of my previous displeasure, he carefully pointed out to me the manner in which it was to be worked.

Scarcely had he finished his instructions, when the express rushed into the station; and in another instant Herbert and I had taken our places in a

carriage which we were glad to have been able to secure for ourselves alone.

My good-bye to Dr Adair had not been a very warm one; and just as the train was upon the point of starting, a sudden remorse came over me. Letting down the sash, I looked out of the window with the intention of signing him a more kindly farewell. As I did so, a head was hastily drawn into the next carriage. An absurd fancy seized me that it was his, and in order to dissipate it, I turned to the platform.

Hugh stood alone where we had left him; and though my eyes rapidly scanned every portion of the station, Dr Adair was nowhere to be seen.

Calling my husband to the window, and pointing to the disappearing platform, and the solitary figure of my cousin, I asked what he thought could have become of the physician. And then, at the risk of being laughed at, I told him of the impression I had that the head I had momentarily seen protruded from the adjoining carriage was Dr Adair's.

'No, no; it was not; I know better than that,' was the reply I received, in a tone which startled me by its vehemence; and drawing me back into the carriage, Mr St Julien closed the window with a bang. Then stooping down and bringing his face to a level with my own, he added in a loud whisper: 'I'll tell you what; that man's the devil, and I'm glad he's gone.' I was so thunderstruck by these words, and by Herbert's singular and unloverlike manner, that I sat staring at him in silent surprise, wondering how he could have allowed his resentment at Dr Adair's conduct to have carried him so far. But if I expected any apology, I was doomed to disappointment; none followed, and Herbert himself appeared to be quite unconscious that he had given me occasion for offence. After sitting for a considerable length of time, with his gaze directed through the window, and his brows knit, as though in deep thought, he rose, and without taking any further notice of me, drew out a large travelling-bag, which he had insisted upon having placed beneath the seat at the further end of the carriage. This he unlocked, and, whilst I still gazed at him in indignant astonishment, proceeded to extract from it what appeared to me a heterogeneous mass of rubbish; and selecting from amongst it a brilliant scarlet and white cocketing-cap, he placed it upon his head, with the peak turned towards the back; then, seating himself in front of me, he asked how I liked it. Trembling, as an indefinite terror was creeping over me, I replied, that it was 'very pretty'; and stretching out my hand, with a pretence at a playfulness I did not feel, I attempted to adjust it correctly upon his head.

'Let it alone!' he exclaimed angrily, seizing my hand with a rough grasp. 'Don't you see that it's more like a turban that way? And as we're going to Turkey, we must do in Turkey as the Turks do.'

'Going to Turkey! What do you mean, dear Herbert?' I cried, in serious alarm. 'How can we go to Spain, and Italy, and Turkey, and yet get back to England in a month, as we promised mamma to do? And why do you speak to me so strangely, Herbert? Oh, Herbert, you are ill! I am sure of it.' I continued, bursting into tears. 'You are so dreadfully pale, and you don't act or look in the least like yourself!'

'I don't look in the least like myself, don't I?'

he repeated, bursting into a loud laugh. 'Ha, ha! that's good. Probably, then, I look like a Chinaman?' And lowering his voice again to the mysterious tone in which he had already twice addressed me, he added: 'Do you know, love—don't mention it on any account, pray, but I had a letter this morning from the Emperor of China, in which he tells me that three large estates of mine, at Peking, have been burned to the ground by the natives. The news has rather upset me.'

'O Herbert!' I began; but—

'I say, are you my first wife or my second?' was the irrelevant remark with which my pleadings were interrupted.

I looked at my husband in dismay. Was he drunk? or—what *was* the matter with him? 'Herbert, Herbert!' I cried, shaking in every limb, as a dreadful suspicion suggested itself, 'please, please, don't frighten me so! You know very well that you never had any other wife than myself. Why *will* you persist in saying such odd things?'

'Was it a diddle-diddle darling, then!' exclaimed my companion, his excitement evidently roused to a high pitch by the expression of my alarm. And throwing his arms round me, he continued, in a loud and jaunty tone: 'Don't cry, Ada; we're going to visit our estates, you know, one after another of them. We're off to Spain and Portugal, and the north pole and the south, and the meridian and the new moon. We'll set everything in order, and bring home cart-loads of diamonds and rubies and bank-notes. You shall have a palace of pearls, and I'll crown you like a queen, for I'm as rich as Cæsar. Rich! rich! rich!' The last words rose to a shrill scream, and Mr St Julien's arms moved in wild gesticulations as he uttered them.

My horrible suspicion passed into a still more horrible certainty. In that instant, a great change passed over me. My courage and spirits rose to meet the emergency, and from a timid, helpless girl, I was transformed at once into a woman strong and self-dependent. Collecting my faculties, I endeavoured to grasp the situation in which I was placed. In all innocence and unsuspecting, I had that morning married this man; and now I was alone with him in a compartment of an express train! What was to be done? With an air of as much unconcern as I could assume, I took up a Railway Guide which lay by my side, and whilst turning its pages with apparent carelessness, consulted it with the deepest anxiety in order to learn at what station the train would first stop. To my dismay, I found that at least an hour must elapse before there would be any chance of escape; and I could only resolve to remain perfectly quiet and self-possessed, and to pray that Herbert might not in the meantime become violent. My resolution was soon put to a severe test. I was with difficulty striving to make a soothing reply to a remark which he had just made, when, with a shrill whistle, the train rushed into the darkness of a long tunnel. Another instant, and I was cowering in abject terror in a corner of the carriage, for, above the reverberating thunder of the train, had arisen a sound which made my flesh creep as I listened. A strange unearthly laugh, ending in a wild shriek, was uttered close by my side, followed, almost ere it was ended, by another, and yet another. To my terrified imagination,

hours instead of minutes elapsed before the train glided out again into the blinding daylight. As it did so, I glanced at Herbert, and perceived that he had now grown perfectly calm. There was, however, a new expression in his eyes, which warned me to keep full possession of all my powers of mind.

'I say, Ada,' he remarked presently, bending forwards, and again addressing me by the name which was not mine, 'I've got such a capital idea; it'll amuse you, I'm sure. I've just decided upon paying a visit to the Cyclops, and I know they'd take it as a great compliment if my wife had only one eye, like themselves. Ha, ha! isn't it a good joke? You won't mind it, will you?'

The last question was asked in a conciliatory tone, but, as he spoke, I observed the blade of an open penknife glittering in his hand. With a palpitating heart, but a strong endeavour still to retain my self-possession, I sought about for some method of escape. The train was still going at full speed, whizzing with maddening rapidity past the minor stations, whilst the one at which it was to stop was yet, as I knew, far away. What was to be done? I again asked myself in agonising perplexity. A sudden inspiration occurred to me—there was the signal! Until that morning, I had been ignorant of the existence of such a thing. My heart bounded with gratitude to Dr Adair for having pointed out to me the manner of working it, whilst a vague wonder crossed my mind whether he could have had any suspicion that the knowledge might prove useful.

These thoughts passed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning. One moment only had elapsed since Herbert's horrible proposition had been uttered; and to avert attention from my movements, I began, in quite an indifferent tone, to reason with him, and suggested that the Cyclops, having probably seen quite sufficient of the species with one eye, might be interested and amused by an introduction to a variety with two, and that it would therefore be much better that I should be allowed to visit them in my natural condition.

Whilst thus speaking, I slipped into a seat nearer the window, for I had been occupying one in the centre of the carriage, and as I did so, the thought occurred to me, that the signal-cord ran along only one side of the train, and that it might possibly not be on that towards which I had moved. The idea turned me sick with apprehension, for on this sole chance, as I imagined, rested my fate; my husband having immediately taken the seat I had vacated, and thus placed himself between me and the opposite window, repeating, with much emphasis, his belief that the mutilation which he desired would be a gratifying complement to the Cyclops.

'Oh, very well; I desareay you are right,' I replied, with the nonchalance which was becoming momentarily more difficult to maintain. 'But Herbert, dear, you know we are a long way off the country yet, and if you don't object, I should prefer waiting until we are a little nearer.'

Whilst offering this new suggestion, I carelessly placed my hand upon the sash of the window, and was just about to lower it, when a strong grasp was laid upon my outstretched arm.

'No, no; I'm not going to wait!' he screamed, pulling my hand away, and keeping a firm hold

upon it. 'I shall be busy by-and-by, looking after my estates; it'll be better to get it done at once.'

'But, Herbert,' I cried, making this further objection rather faintly, for my courage had almost vanished at his touch, 'you might possibly make some blunder over it. Let us wait till we get to the hotel in London, and then we will send for a doctor, and have it done properly and scientifically!'

This remark, probably because it inferentially taxed him with want of skill, greatly infuriated him, and as he growled out a savage refusal of my request, the cruel hands tightened upon my arm. I neither fainted nor screamed. My eye had fallen upon my dressing-case, which had been placed upon the parcel-rack running along at the top of the carriage, and stood close by the opposite window. Professing to be reconciled to his design, I observed that I would merely take from my case a clean handkerchief, and I would then be at his disposal. My cheerfulness completely disarming suspicion, he allowed me to rise; and passing over to the further end of the carriage, I suddenly lowered the window, stretched out my hand, and groped for the signal-cord. In vain, in vain! Head followed hand, as I eagerly glanced above and below. There was no cord. I was at the wrong side of the carriage. A cry of despair and horror burst from my lips as I felt my husband seize me by the waist, drag me backwards from the window, and throw me into a seat. He stooped to pick up the knife, which the shock had jerked from his grasp, and—was it fancy? Or, oh! could it indeed be reality!—as he sought upon the ground, some little time unsuccessfully, the train appeared to be slackening speed. Yearningly, I strove to realise the truth. O yes! it was moving more slowly; I was certain of that. We must be nearing the — station; I must have exaggerated the time it would take. Hope revived; but a yell of satisfaction announced the recovery of the lost knife; already it was brandished in my face, when, with the energy of desperation, and with both my hands, I grasped the cruel hand which held it. Another moment, and I felt myself raised up and flung violently down. My head crashed upon the flooring of the carriage; blinding sparks flew before my eyes; horrible distortions seemed to pass over the inflamed features which were bending over me, then a black shadow slid between, and all was darkness.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying upon my own little bed in the cottage at Elstonlee, where for weeks I had been tossing in the delirium of brain-fever. It was but slowly that recollection of the terrible scene through which I had passed returned to me; and only by degrees, as I could bear it, did my mother communicate to me the following particulars. The head which I had seen withdrawn into the adjoining carriage at the junction station was indeed that of Dr Adair; for, suspecting the truth, and filled with the deepest anxiety upon my account, he had, at the last moment, stepped into the train. The unearthly shriek uttered by Herbert in the tunnel had been heard by him, and he had immediately used the signal; but the rapid rate at which the train was travelling, had prevented it from being very quickly responded to. In miserable suspense, he had stood at the door of his compartment

whilst the speed gradually slackened; and the instant he could do so with safety, he had rushed, aided by a guard, to my assistance, and had succeeded in overpowering my assailant in the very nick of time. On reaching the large town a few miles distant, Mr St Julien was carried at once to an asylum, whilst I, in a state of unconsciousness, was brought home by my rescuer. The following morning, a sensational paragraph appeared in the newspaper, describing the affair; and upon the succeeding day, a lady called at Woodbine Cottage. She introduced herself as the sister-in-law of Mr St Julien, and informed mamma and Dr Adair, who was present at the interview, that the poor young man had, some time previously, gone down to his house at Cambridge, in what she considered an unsettled state of mind; that indications of more serious aberration had speedily followed; and that, in the end, he had been obliged to be placed under the care of a keeper. Managing, however, to elude the man's vigilance, he had effected his escape so cleverly that his friends had been unable to trace him, and had only done so eventually by means of the newspaper paragraph.

The further information elicited from this lady may be condensed into a few words. In his youth, my unfortunate husband had been distinguished for great learning and studious habits. He had married, when very young, a beautiful girl, to whom he was ardently attached, and who had almost immediately been accidentally drowned; and following closely upon this disaster had come the failure of a bank in which the bulk of his large property was invested. Insanity was hereditary in the family; and although no symptoms of the malady had previously exhibited themselves in him, poor Herbert's mind had been completely unhinged by his troubles, and for some months he had been violently mad. His recovery, when it took place, appeared to be a most perfect one; but, notwithstanding this, he had always retained peculiarities upon the two subjects which had originated his derangement. Never, since her death, had he been known to allude to his wife even in the most distant manner; though, as has been seen, he once or twice, in his second fit of insanity, addressed me by the name she had borne, probably mistaking our identity. The other and more notable singularity, which evidenced the remains of disease, was the delusion, under which he constantly laboured, that he was the owner of immense wealth and of numerous estates and properties. So entirely sane, however, was he in every other respect, that it was by no means remarkable that two simple women like my mother and myself should have remained in ignorance of his condition. Still, looking back upon that time with the light thrown upon it by subsequent events, I can see clearly that, during the latter weeks of our intercourse in Torquay and London, Mr St Julien's mind had already begun to waver, although it was not finally thrown off the balance until the excitement attendant upon the thought of immediate marriage.

Whilst in Cambridge, he had not, it appeared, mentioned that subject to any person; but upon being placed under restraint, he had exercised much shrewdness in evading his keeper, and had contrived to reach Elstonlee in time. With the cunning characteristic of the insane, he had

managed to control himself whilst in the company of my friends. Little now remains to be told.

During that terrible ride in the express train, every atom of love I had felt for my husband was extinguished as completely as though it had never existed. Horror took the place of every other sentiment; and when, upon his restoration to health, he besought me to live with him, I not only refused to do so, but declined even to see him again. Too delicate to press the matter, my unhappy husband relinquished his claim, and, settling through his lawyer a liberal annuity on me, he started once more for the continent. Two years afterwards, I received the announcement of his death, which had taken place in Rome, and had been occasioned by rheumatic fever; and three years later, I again stood before the altar, and left it the wife of a sober middle-aged gentleman, whose constancy and devotion had won from me a depth of affection never in reality accorded to my poor Herbert, but fully deserved by Dr Adair.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE past and the present year are likely to be conspicuous in the annals of geographical discovery. Great things have been done in the way of marine explorations, and more and more of the mystery that hangs over Africa is dispelled. Two expeditions are now on their way from Cairo to the Upper Nile, whence they are to travel to the capital of Darfur, and the capital of Kordofan, to make surveys, to improve existing wells, to sink new wells in suitable places. One of the parties will then take a south-easterly direction down to the coast, while the other will explore Lake Albert and its neighbourhood to some distance beyond the equator. A third party is to make a geological and mineralogical survey of the countries lying between the Nile and the Red Sea, and Eastern Soudan: and in this way the resources of the vast regions lying to the south of Egypt will be made known, and mostly by Englishmen.

Then, as is already known, Lieutenant Cameron, who set out from the west coast, has reached the region of the great lakes, and Livingstone's river, the Lualaba, which, as is believed, will prove to be the Congo. The Berlin African Society are about to send another expedition under Captain Von Homeyer to explore Central Africa. And the exploration of Palestine is going on with satisfactory results.

In Newfoundland, the carrying out of a geological survey has added largely to our knowledge of the geography of that important island. Regions rich in timber have been explored, of which nothing was previously known, except from the reports of adventurous trappers; and hundreds of square miles of productive land are available for settlement in a part of the country supposed to have been barren and worthless. Through this region, which is on the east side of the island, a navigable river—the Gander—has been surveyed

up to its source in a lake, a distance of thirty miles; and deposits of gypsum and of coal, and indications of petroleum and of salt springs, have been discovered.

But perhaps most remarkable of all is the cruise of H.M.S. *Basilisk* in the Eastern seas, especially in Torres Strait and along the coasts of New Guinea. When the new charts of those regions come to be published, then, on comparison with the old charts, will our gain in geography and hydrography become apparent. In the words of the official Report, the officers and men of the *Basilisk* 'have surveyed about twelve hundred miles of coast-line, have made known at least twelve first-class harbours, several navigable rivers, and more than one hundred islands; and are able to announce the discovery of a shorter route between Australia and China than any hitherto navigated in those latitudes. Among the islands are some as large as the Isle of Wight: they are described as fertile and populous, the inhabitants being partially civilised Malays. On the north-east coast of the mainland, two mountains, eleven thousand feet in height, were seen, and were named after the two distinguished politicians, Gladstone and Disraeli.

Some years ago, we mentioned the expedition which set out from Bhamo, in Burmah, under Major Sladen, and made an exploratory journey to the important provence of Yunnan and back. Another expedition is now organised to travel the same route, but go farther. The commander of the present party is Colonel Horace Browne: he is accompanied by officers qualified to make scientific observations, and to collect and describe natural objects. In carrying out his instructions, he will pass and visit Momein and Talifoo, and at the latter he is to embark on the great river Yangtze, and explore it all the way down to Shanghai. The attempts to enter China from the west have been very few: if this should be successful, geographers as well as traders will soon follow on its track. Add to all this the polar expedition now in active preparation, and it would seem that notwithstanding all that has been done, there is more than ever remaining to be discovered. As regards the polar expedition, we rejoice to see that it is to be commanded by Captain Nares of the *Challenger*, an excellent seaman, in the prime of vigour and capability.

The last published volume of *Transactions of the Institution of Naval Architects* contains papers on the best form of ships, on the safe limit of loading steamers, on steamers of high speed for crossing the Channel, and others which shew the interest taken by practical men in the several subjects. There is also a description of an instrument called by Mr. Hearson, its inventor, a 'strophometer or speed indicator.' This instrument combines a few wheels, a spring, a dial; is fixed in any convenient place in an engine-room, and on being connected by a catgut line with some moving part of the engine, the pointer on the dial indicates the speed of the engine. Even in a rough sea, when the vessel is rolling and pitching, and the speed of the engines necessarily fluctuates, the pointer still shews the true speed within half a revolution, which is sufficiently accurate. We are informed that a strophometer, such as here described, has been at work in H.M.S. *Agincourt* for about nine months, and that the engineer can tell at a glance, and

within a quarter of a revolution, the speed of the engines. Thus, this instrument supplies a want which has long been felt, and by ships of war more than others, because, during naval evolutions, the ships have to keep accurate station one with another, and therefore a knowledge of their speed at any moment is indispensable. The instrument may be fixed on deck, as well as in the engine-room, where it can be referred to by the officer of the watch. With some additional apparatus, it may also be used to indicate the speed of the ship.

Another instrument, described in the same volume, is 'the universal dromoscope,' for correcting the course of a ship. Seafaring men know that the compass does not shew the true direction in which the ship is sailing: allowance must be made for the 'declination'—that is, the divergence of the needle from the true north; and for the 'deviation,' which means the amount of error produced in the direction of the needle by the magnetism of the ship herself. These two occasions of error require to be guarded against by ceaseless watchfulness; and as an effectual means of overcoming them, the dromoscopes have been invented by Dr Pausger, Director of the Imperial Practical School of Trieste. It resembles a ship's clock, with a compass-card division on each side. An index on each card communicates with machinery in the interior. Before the voyage is commenced it is adjusted to the magnetic, and the deviation is calculated by a professional person; the dromoscope is then set, and delivered to the captain. By a little additional calculation, the points may be marked on the compass card for the fresh indications. For example, a vessel bound from Trieste for Bombay: marks might be made for Corfu, Suez, Aden, and Bombay; and the captain, on arriving at those places, would have only to place the zero of the verniers to the corresponding marks, and find at once the correct deviation registered in his dromoscope. Wherever he may be, the captain can always tell the true course of the ship. We may therefore believe that the dromoscope will be accepted by all maritime nations. It has been already adopted in the Imperial German and the Imperial Austrian navy. It may be made of various sizes down to the small size of a watch without impairing its efficiency.

The peculiar metal, vanadium, seems likely to be useful to photographers. This metal, as chemical readers are aware, is found in the ore of copper and lead, and of some other minerals, and belongs to the same series of metals as antimony, arsenic, and bismuth. Its properties have been ably investigated by Professor Roscoe of Owens College, Manchester; and in a recent communication to the Philosophical Society of that town, he states that 'paper, which does not contain any size of animal origin, when coated with a solution of sodium orthovanadate, is darkened on exposure to light. The tint, however, never becomes darker than a slate colour. If the paper thus prepared be immersed in a solution of silver nitrate after exposure to light, the colour in the exposed part instantly changes to a deep brown or a black colour, varying according to the amount of exposure.' We are further informed that 'a tint of the decomposed vanadate, which is of so slight an amount as to be with difficulty distinguished from the whiteness of the paper, will, by immersion in the silver nitrate, be toned so as to exhibit a very perceptible tint.'

Here, then, is a paper which photographers may experiment with after their manner, and discover the effects of which it is capable. It may yield unexpected effects, and reveal something more than we yet know of the action of light.

A collection of 'palæolithic implements,' old stone tools and weapons, has been exhibited at Owens College. They were found in the gravel of river-valleys in England and France, and we notice the fact, not because of its novelty, but in order to mention what was said thereupon by Professor Boyd Dawkins. Similar implements have been found in India, and their occurrence along with the remains of extinct mammalia, 'proves that man was living, both in Europe and in Southern Asia from the Ganges to Ceylon, in the same rude uncivilised state, at the same time in the life-history of the earth.' Professor Dawkins further drew attention to the traces of art and handicraft remaining on the implements, and drew the inference that their former owners 'may be represented at the present day by the Eskimos.'

The question whether the moon has an atmosphere or not, is not yet settled; but the balance of evidence is in the affirmative. Mr David Winstanley, in a communication to the Society above named, points out the observations that favour the affirmative, and suggests as another proof the colours seen around the sun during an eclipse. 'Considering,' he remarks, in concluding his argument, 'that the non-existence of a lunar atmosphere is undemonstrated and undemonstrable, that it is in opposition to analogy, and that even simple refraction has given evidence of such an inconsiderable atmospheric envelope as we might at most expect a body of the moon's small mass to have, it certainly seems to me that the balance of probability lies in favour of the theory that the rainbow hues observed at total eclipses of the sun are really the results of chromatic dispersion effected by a lunar atmosphere.'

To the paragraph on the value of repose in the cure of aneurism in a recent *Month*, may be added the following from a contemporary journal on the use of rest as a cure for pulmonary consumption. Rest being so beneficial in surgical cases, it occurred to Dr Berkart that it would be beneficial in that disease of the lungs popularly known as consumption. Taking it for granted that, under the circumstances, the movements of breathing and the contact of fresh air with the inflamed surface are hurtful, he keeps portions of the lungs in a state of repose by means of straps and bandages. The doctor is hopeful that this mode of treatment will arrest the progress of the disease. When we hear of his success, we shall have much pleasure in making it known.

A curious fact in natural history is mentioned in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Mauritius. Flamingoes used to be numerous in the island, but they gradually disappeared, and during the last hundred years, none has been seen. But a large flock had arrived and settled in marshy places along the shore. They are supposed to have migrated from Madagascar. Another noteworthy fact is that, with a view to check the increasing dryness of the climate, 800,000 trees and 150,000 seed-holes have been planted on barren mountain-slopes and other waste places. The planting still goes on; and young islanders of the present day may live to see tall forests on the now unproductive wilds, and

rejoice in the restoration of the blessed rain to its former fruitful quantity.

The collection of statistics is a slow process, hence it is that the Mineral Statistics for the year 1873 were not published until the end of last year. The quantity of coal raised was 127,016,747 tons; and of iron-ore, 15,577,499 tons. More than 35,000,000 tons of the coal were consumed in making iron, more than 27,000,000 in producing steam-power for manufactories, and more than 20,000,000 tons in dwelling-houses—that is, in keeping *home* comfortable. The 'balance,' as the Americans say, was burnt in other trade operations, in the production of gas, and nearly 13,000,000 tons were sent away to foreign countries. When looked at in detail, the results under one head alone—manufactories, are surprising. There are 2500 cotton factories, with 34,000,000 spindles, and 450,000 power-looms; 500 flax factories, with 1,500,000 spindles, and 32,500 power-looms; 220 hemp, jute, and shoddy factories, with 150,000 spindles, and 700 power-looms; 700 silk factories, with 750,000 spindles, and 10,000 power-looms; 220 woollen factories, with 2,500,000 spindles; 650 worsted factories, with 1,750,000 spindles, and 56,000 power-looms. More than forty million spindles, and more than half a million power-looms! What a prodigious amount of whirling, whizzing, roaring, and dashing to and fro these figures represent! The total value of all the minerals produced in 1873 was £70,722,992.

Improvements in rifles have led to improvements in fowling-pieces in respect of range, velocity, and what sportsmen call 'pattern.' But these advantages have been accompanied by a serious disadvantage, for the quicker and farther the shot travel, the more do the shot scatter, to the joy of the bird, and the sorrow of the shooter. Old stage-coachmen used to have an axiom which they impressed on young beginners in the art of driving: 'Don't let 'em sprawl!' that is, the horses; and sportsmen who hope for success must beware of letting their shot sprawl. Their answer would perhaps be: 'Give us a gun that will keep them close.' Such a gun, it is said, may now be had. Messrs Dougall, gunmakers of London and Glasgow, have an improved breech-loading fowling-piece which, they say, approaches the rifle in swiftness and range, and in accuracy of aim. If the invention be as efficient as is described, sportsmen, henceforth, will not have to complain that their weapons are not sufficiently destructive, though from statistics of game annually killed, one would imagine there is already destruction enough.

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A GREEN YULE.

APPROPOS of the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' we call to mind the venerable aphorism, that 'a green yule makes a fat churchyard.' Recent experiences prove this to be an entire fallacy. The error of imagining that mild weather at Christmas is fruitful in causing mortality, could only have gained belief from vague or random observation. When maxims of this sort became popularised, there was no rigorous system of gathering statistics, such as is now established in every part of Great Britain. Fussy pedantic people set on foot any nonsensical maxim that came into their heads; and it, being received as gospel, was sagely repeated from generation to generation without question. What mischief has first and last been done among the more ignorant classes by cherished but preposterous assumptions—such, for instance, as that 'Heaven never sends the mouth, but it sends the meat with it!' Let any one look into the horrible condition which prevails in the squalid dens of our large cities, and see how this dangerous maxim has worked.

As to the saying about the 'green yule,' it has fallen on evil times. The Registrar-general, with his officers and records, has come down upon it with afflicting vengeance. Winter after winter, these officials have conclusively shewn that frost and snow are the real enemies to be dreaded, not mild weather. It is cold which fills the churchyard. There can be no very merry Christmas in England when the quicksilver in the thermometer is standing at about 12 or 13 degrees; when the atmosphere is raw and dismal, and the ground covered a foot deep in snow. Then comes what the poorer classes very significantly call the 'dead nip.' Outdoor work is at a stand-still; the smallest morsel of fuel is treasured; and warmth can scarcely be maintained in the meagrely provided dwelling. Talk of the dangers of a green yule to persons subject to these calamities! The youthful, the robust, the able-bodied of middle age, may possess sufficient vital force to withstand the rigours of the season; but the infirm in health, the very young, and the old, unless with great care, and in

fortunate circumstances, run the greatest risk of being carried off. So say the Registrar-general and his inexorable figures.

The winter just passing away has, from its exceptional severity, amply demonstrated that a frosty, not a mild yule, is what is to be dreaded. For a number of years back, the deaths in the metropolis in December have on an average weekly been 628; whereas the weekly average in December 1874 was 879; the number of deaths in the Christmas week ending the 2d of January being as many as 1098. A similar tale is told all over the country, especially in the large towns, in most of which the ordinary rate of mortality was more than doubled. In some places, the number of deaths exceeded the births—a very unusual phenomenon.

Seeing that cold is so fatal to the weak and aged, one may reasonably inquire whether, in going out into the open air, it is not possible to be protected by warm clothing. Leaving those who habitually endure and enjoy outdoor exercise to answer this question for themselves, we wish to draw attention to the fact, that injury to health from the effects of cold may readily occur in two ways. The feet may be chilled, or the lungs affected. By taking extreme care on these points, many persons survive to old age. In this respect, ladies are often markedly successful. They do not walk out in bad weather, and in particular they reject all invitations to go out of doors at night. Parties, theatrical inducements, are treated with indifference. For months, they stick to the fireside. We have heard of a lady of good family and fortune in Scotland, Miss R— of A—, who, with advancing years, made a point of retiring to bed at the approach of winter, and there comfortably hybernating until spring, or till the last scrap of snow had disappeared. Some persons imitate the swallows, and set off to a southern climate at the end of October, but this lady placidly composed herself in bed, where, by proper precautions as regards closing chinks in doors and windows, and keeping up good fires, she set cold pretty much at defiance. In this species of hybernation she by no means lived the life of a dormouse. She had

her attendants; she received lady visitors (after they had been aired and warmed down-stairs); she had a niece, who played to her on the piano, and brought her books and newspapers; she managed some business affairs connected with her tenant-farmers and their leases; and took a lively interest in gossip about preachers, sermons, and other local matters. Nor did she neglect the article of diet. With an intuitive knowledge that certain alimentary substances are necessary for withstanding the cold, she consumed a considerable amount of nourishing and oleaginous matter; not that she imitated the Esquimaux, and swallowed train-oil. We say nothing of dinner. Her food for breakfast and supper comprehended six eggs, with half a pound of fresh butter spread on a due quantity of bread, daily. By these several means, this cautious old lady happily spun out existence till she was nearly a hundred years of age—an amusing, if not instructive, instance of what means can be employed to secure long life. It would almost seem that with great care and some self-sacrifice, the British islands are not adverse to longevity. We cannot indeed rejoice in the bland mid-day air of the Riviera in winter; but we possess that in which the Riviera is seemingly deficient—a good coal-fire to render life endurable in almost all the cold evenings of December and January. *There*, in the ordinary hotels, as we have repeatedly said, lies the weak point of all the health-resorts in Southern Europe.

To return to the subject of catching cold, which, as observed, may be done through the agency of the feet or the lungs. An aged but venturesome gentleman of our acquaintance in London once asked his medical adviser if he might with safety to health go out on a winter evening; he would be well wrapped-up, take great care of himself, and so forth. 'My friend,' answered the physician, 'your wrapping-up is all very well, but that is not enough. Even driving in a cab will be of little use. The moment you leave your warm house, and step upon the pavement, the deed is done. Your feet are chilled, and your lungs take in a gulp of cold air; inflammation of the bronchial tubes may ensue. I advise you to resist temptations, and keep the house.' The advice was taken and kept, though at some sacrifice of social acquaintanceship. The gentleman lived to his ninety-second year. He would have had more amusement by going into company, but the loss of this was compensated by twenty years of longer life. Some may think he was wrong. It is a matter of taste. 'A short life and a merry one,' is a principle not without its adherents. A young man at Mentone with a mere shred of lung was counselled not to go out at night, for if he did, he would certainly die. Regardless of all consequences, he went to a dance, and gaily waltzed himself into eternity. In the short space of a single minute, he was figuring in a ball-room and lying a corpse in the lobby. He had, vulgarly speaking, 'worked for a mischief,' and he got it. This, of course, was an extreme case; but we cannot doubt that, if analysed, the Registrar-general's returns would be found to embrace innumerable instances of mortality arising from indiscretions not greatly dissimilar. Thousands who would shrink from going into battle, heedlessly expose themselves to casualties as deadly as those which occur in ordinary warfare.

Few of the most heedless are so bad as the

young gentleman, who, aware of the fatal consequences, went out to a dance, and perished, but we see numberless cases of weak indiscretion. Thoughtlessness more than perverseness is at fault. In our cold and splashy winter nights, Death revels at the doors of concert-rooms and theatres. Delicate females, with thin shoes, and fashionably scanty attire, in going out from these overheated evening resorts, rush suddenly into cold draughts, probably inhaling an atmosphere for which they are wholly unprepared, and with the evil effects of which they are unacquainted by education. We might almost say that in this climate of ours, Death makes its stealthy inroads more through the mouth than any other organ. With the most acute susceptibility, the bronchial tubes and lungs are easily brought into an abnormal condition by inhaling foggy and frosty air. Of course, strengthening the system, by bathing and outdoor exercise, will go far to obviate the chances of injury. We, doubt, however, if, in the case of the more elderly, any precautions of this kind will be of much avail. If life be desirable—and that is a point we leave to private judgment—we urgently counsel the adoption of every available means to guard against damp, chills, and settled cold, as being the true enemies of health and longevity. A green yule, indeed! A virulently mild winter! After the experience of the past season, we should hope to hear no more of that nonsense.

W. C.

THE LOVITTS OF PURCELL'S INCH.

In the year 1755, when, from political and other causes, predatory outrages were common in some parts of Ireland, a bad pre-eminence for lawlessness signalised a formidable band known throughout Kilkenny and the adjacent counties as 'Doran's Gang.' This criminal confederation, however, had nothing of a political or social nature. The gang were simply robbers; but their audacity was so unbounded, and the success with which they over and over again defied pursuit and escaped arrest, was so extraordinary, as to give a certain air of romance to the popular impressions regarding them. It was alleged that they were not only patronised and protected by persons of good birth and station, but that a number of them belonged to a high class of families. One of the blackest deeds with which the traditions of the last generation loaded the memory of these daring freebooters, is connected with a place called Purcell's Inch. For a special reason, we shall first tell the story of the affair, according to popular legend, and then invite attention to some archaeological comments on the subject.

Purcell's Inch was a castle of the Purcells of Ballyfoyle, in the county of Kilkenny, a branch of the better known Tipperary Purcells, barons of Loughmore. In ordinary acceptation, the Ballyfoyle Purcells stood second to none of their name. In every stage of the great struggle of the seventeenth century, they had been active and zealous on the national side. At the date of the incident referred to, Purcell's Inch had passed away from the family, in the general forfeiture which followed the Revolution. It was now in the possession of the Lovitts, a branch of the Lovitts of Liscombe, in Buckinghamshire, and reputed to be in very opulent circumstances. Some changes had also taken place on the property. The castle

had been much altered, and enlarged, to suit the requirements of a luxurious and expensive household. It stood on the banks of the Nore, about a mile below the city of Kilkenny.

The reputed wealth of Mr Lovitt, and the rich collections of plate which he was known to possess, excited the cupidity of Doran's Gang. Of Doran himself, the tradition says nothing in connection with this particular enterprise, in which the chief actors appear to have been two young men, named James and Charles Davis, assisted by Patrick Glendon, Luke Bow, and Patrick Bergin. As regards the family to be attacked, there were at the time only Mr and Mrs Lovitt, and their two daughters, who could be easily overcome. Having taken their measures so skillfully as to surprise the household, the gang at once murdered Mr and Mrs Lovitt and their servants. Seizing the younger of the two daughters, they commanded her to inform them where the money and plate were deposited. On the poor girl hesitating to answer this demand, they deliberately put her on the fire, and forced her by this hideous torture to give them the required information. She having satisfied their wishes, they plundered the house, and then cruelly murdered the young lady, lest she should inform against them.

What of the elder of the two daughters during this terrific tragedy? She was not seen or thought of. The old house of Purcell's Inch, as was not uncommon in those troubled times, had a place of concealment, which could be used as a means of retreat in any sudden danger or emergency. It consisted of an apartment in the thickness of the wall, which, though very small, was sufficient to accommodate a single individual; the access to it being by a sliding panel, so skillfully adjusted as not to be observed without the most minute scrutiny. Into this small sleeping apartment Miss Lovitt had retired for the night, before the unexpected attack of the burglars. She was only aroused by the horrid circumstances which had ensued, to be an unobserved witness of the savage murder of her father and mother, and the torture to which her sister was subjected. She was able to see the proceedings of the gang, by looking through the chinks of the panel; and by remaining quiet, she happily escaped attention. What she saw, remained distinctly impressed on her memory. The law was set in operation; the leaders of the gang were captured, and being brought to trial, the testimony of Miss Lovitt was sought.

The trial of these desperadoes excited immense interest. As a witness of their atrocities, Miss Lovitt gave her evidence with impressive accuracy. The only thing she hesitated about was the identification of one of the brothers Davis. For a time she looked dubiously at him, and then, with a sudden gesture, pointed to him as one of the murderers.

'He, too, is one of them,' she cried, with a shrinking movement of horror. 'Look! the very waistcoat he is wearing is made out of my poor mother's petticoat.'

The waistcoat was immediately taken off the prisoner, and submitted to examination. The young lady persisted in identifying it, and her assertions on the point were irresistible, when she pointed out a darn which she herself had made in the garment. 'In that darn,' she said, 'I cannot be mistaken, for, when completed, it produced

the letters E. L., the initials of my own name; and there these initials still are.'

According to tradition, this dramatic incident decided the fate of the prisoner. Davis and his accomplices were convicted, and executed. 'The strange recognition of the waistcoat at the trial helped materially to create an interest in Purcell's Inch, which continued for many years to be regarded with mingled curiosity and awe. As long as the old house stood, a number of dark stains were pointed out on the floor, as the blood-marks of the cruel murders that had been perpetrated.

Such is the story of the Lovitts of Purcell's Inch, as related within the memory of old inhabitants of Kilkenny still living. The narrative is so singularly precise and circumstantial, that no one would think of calling it in question. And yet, with all its plausibility, the story has in it only a grain of truth. The bulk of it is an invention, a myth, hatched out of a few concurring circumstances—a gang of robbers, a burglary, an old castle, some dark stains on the floor, a waistcoat, a dimity petticoat, and so on. Never, perhaps, was there a more thrilling legend made out of some commonplace facts; and we present it as an instance of what, among a credulous people, may be palmed off as authentic history. It is true there was a burglary at Purcell's Inch in the autumn of 1755; that among the burglars were two young men named James and Charles Davis; and that money, plate, and other property, including a dimity petticoat, were carried away; but nearly all the rest is pure fiction.

It is untrue that Mr and Mrs Lovitt, or any of their servants, were murdered.

It is untrue that the younger Miss Lovitt was tortured over the fire, to force her to disclose where the family plate and money were concealed.

It is untrue that she was murdered.

It is untrue that the elder Miss Lovitt was a witness of these horrid cruelties from a hiding-place through the chinks of the wainscot panel. It does not even appear that there was any such recess in the old house.

It is untrue that, in consequence of what she saw, she was able to recognise the perpetrators of the outrage.

It is quite true that, for a long series of years, there were dark stains on the floor of the chief apartment; but that they were blood-stains must have been purely imaginary. Facts conclusively prove that the story, in its leading features, is a fiction. It has been ascertained that, at the time of the burglary, the family of the Lovitts were absent from Purcell's Inch, being then, and for a considerable time afterwards, resident in Dublin; that the discovery and arrest of the robbers were brought about independently of them; and that the only hand they had in the trial was the identification of articles found in possession of the prisoners.

Let us now explain how the truth came out. It is to the Kilkenny Archaeological Society that the lovers of the picturesque and legendary must give the blame for spoiling the oft-repeated story of Purcell's Inch. A learned member of this body, Mr John G. A. Prim, chanced to light upon a letter written by a Mr William Colles, immediately after the occurrence, and containing an official and detailed account, not only of the arrest of the robbers, but also of all the odds and ends of evidence which

came to light in the first stages of the examination. This letter reduces the romantic affair into a vulgar and unromantic robbery.

It would seem that the first discovery of the robbers came from a pedler, who was far from scrupulous as to his purchases of stolen articles. On his information, two of the gang of burglars, Patrick Glindon and Luke Bow, were arrested on the 7th November 1755. Glindon volunteered a confession, implicating the two Davises and Patrick Bergin, who were all arrested at Kilkenny a few days afterwards. In confirmation of his evidence against the Davises, Glindon stated that they had in their possession the handle of a sword belonging to Mr Lovitt, and a dimity petticoat of Mrs Lovitt's. Search was made, and the dimity petticoat was found in the possession of the tailor who was in the habit of working for the Davises.

Mr Colles, the writer of the letter, which is dated Kilkenny, November 25, 1755, was himself the magistrate before whom the first examinations of the prisoners Davis were taken, being the mayor of Kilkenny for that year; and the person to whom the letter was addressed was Sir William Evans Morris, then member of parliament for Kilkenny, who was at the time in Dublin, attending to his parliamentary duties. It was Mr Colles who, on the failure of the search at Davis's house for the dimity petticoat, suggested the idea of a search at the workshop of the tailor; and it is amusing to observe the accurate way in which he records the tailor's 'unhesitating self-complacency in giving his examination'—his own promptness in taking the 'Dimity petticoat' into his possession, 'signing his name on the most remarkable pieces of it,' in order to be certain whether Mr and Mrs Lovitt, or any of the family, would be able to swear to it. In the same way he had search made for the sword-hilt, which he took into his own custody, and of which he remarks to his correspondent, that 'it has about seven inches of blade to it, and that it is remarkable.' But, in suggesting to his correspondent to obtain from Mr Lovitt 'as particular a description of his sword as he can give,' he warns him to get this description from him before he shall have seen this letter.

Along with the 'Dimity petticoat' there was found in possession of the Davises' tailor 'an old scarlet wastcoat,' which was left him by James Davis. The mayor desires that Mr Lovitt and his servants may be examined touching this also; adding, that he saw nothing as yet but the evidence of Glindon that touches the Davises 'unless Mrs Lovitt do own the petticoat; and if she do's, it only affects James Davis;' an observation which in itself would be sufficient to disprove the romantic story of Miss Lovitt's recognition of the entire party, as having seen them from her hiding-place in the secret-panelled chamber.

Beyond this curious letter, which is still in the possession of the writer's great-grandson, Mr A. Colles of Millmount, there seems no authentic information discoverable as to the further course of the prosecution. What took place on the trial, can only be matter of speculation. It is not unlikely that the dimity petticoat was recognised; and it is hardly conceivable that the curious circumstance of the darn, and of Miss Lovitt's identifying it by the fantastic form which the darn had taken, and which she had remarked at the time as presenting the initials of her own name,

can have been a pure invention. Such a coincidence, if we suppose it to have been brought under the notice of a jury, could not fail to produce a most striking effect.

What is certain, however, is, that the prisoners were found guilty of the burglary, and that, in accordance with the criminal law of the time, they were executed at Kilkenny. But the story of the murder, with all its horrible details, must have been of later growth.

How or when it originated, and how it grew into currency, it is impossible to determine. But reviewing the evidence now, such as it stands, since the discovery of Mr Colles's letter, we are afraid that even the most devoted lover of tales of mystery can have no choice but to regard the murder at Purcell's Inch as a tale *not* founded on fact. In short, the story of the Lovitts of Purcell's Inch affords a fine example of how legendary tales are apt to grow out of a few meagre circumstances, which, by the aid of a taste for the wonderful, assume the character of a truthful narrative.

DROLL SELECTIONS OF NAMES.

THE past volumes of *Chambers's Journal* have contained occasional notices of the names borne by men and women, especially in our own country. It is now known that *surnames* or family names often had an origin that throws light on matters connected with the past history of tribes, septs, clans, guilds, municipalities, counties, towns, districts, occupations, trade relations, physical features of different parts of the country, &c.; while *baptismal* or personal names are traceable to a multitude of producing causes, some religious, some due to personal characteristics, and others in the present day wholly inexplicable. Mr Lower, Miss Yonge, and Professor Innes may be named among those who have treated systematically this curious subject; but outside and independent of all system, a budget of names may be brought together full of a very whimsical character. It has been suggested that many droll and unaccountable surnames originated in the names which an ignorant class of parish-officers gave to foundlings. For example, they would call a child 'Steps,' if it had been found on the steps of a doorway; or 'Place,' if discovered in some Place in the neighbourhood. As, also, large numbers of children are neglected and brought up in ignorance of any parental name, they call themselves anything that occurs to their fancy. It is, at all events, certain, that in London, Glasgow, and other places, children fall under the notice of the police with no name whatever, except it may be some ridiculous nickname given by their associates, which nickname rises to the dignity of a recognised surname.

Mr Bouchier was for many years accustomed to jot down the out-of-the-way surnames which came under his notice, in shop windows, in directories, in parish registers, and elsewhere. He sent a large budget of them to *Notes and Queries*; and we will make room for a portion of the list, by way of sample. In letter A we find Apothecary and Ancient. B supplies us with Brecks, Bytheway, Barefoot, Bodily, Birchenough, and Birdseye. From C we obtain Curds, Cornfield, Candle, Cakebread, and Coffee. D is represented

by Dinner, Drinkall, and Dainty. E and F give us Eatwell, Frizzle, Freshwater, Fish, and Food. In G may be found Goosey, Greyyoose, Gosling, Green-grass, Greedy, Ginger, and Garlic. In H are Honey, Haddock, Haggis, Herbage, and Hogsflesh. J and L supply Jelly, Juniper, Lunch, and Longcake; while the next three letters of the alphabet furnish Mackerel, Mutton, Mustard, Nice, and Oysters. From P we obtain Pigeon, Pepper, Peppercorn, Pickles, and Pheasant; and from R, Ram, Raw-bone, Raspberry. In S are to be found Swine, Sheepshanks, Spice, Shanks, Smallhorn, Snipe, and Sweetapple; while T gives us Tongue, Thirst, and Tart.

Mr Bourchier's budget seems to refer to names taken from articles of food, rather than to those of any other class; but multitudes of others have been collected, which make one marvel how such names ever came to be derived. Moist, Mudd, Boots, Wholobely, Sunshine, Jabberer, Quickfall, Vile, Whistlow, Dust, Tattoo, Whackman, Faddle, Crackle, Reason, Frizzle, Cobbledick, Shirt, Sayvall, Hatfull—what a strange medley is here! Nor are the following less whimsical: Thorough-kettle, Shavetail, Hiredman, Foresight, Smal-behynd, Strangeworm, and Catchlove. A whole cluster of surnames may be found bearing some relation to the period of life when young people form mutual attachments: Gallant, Manhood, and Manlove; Virgin, Treasure, Prettybody, Love, Dearlove, Delight, Bighteen, Lively, Lovelock, Precious, and Sweetlove; Walklate, Kindness, Joy, Jealous, Yes, and Kiss; Younghusband, Husband, Baby, Littlechild, and Littleboy. In a collection of surnames that attracted attention in the United States, were found Malady, Measles, Pippin, Pipkin, Rhino, Rosin, Rump, Spittfather, Saucebox, Spleen, Smock, Sixty, Shaver, Towel, Tags, Tankard, Vixen, Viper, Winegar, Wallower, Winternight, Witherup, and Yell. Bairnsfather would be proper enough for a man; but Mrs Bairnsfather reads oddly. A mulatto lady, born in Barbadoes, had for the second of her three names (a baptismal rather than a surname) the designation Blowbells; she disliked it, and used merely the initial letter. An adequate reason has been assigned for the adoption of many peculiar surnames in America. Settlers arriving from Europe bring with them the names familiar in their respective countries; and these names, undergoing the modifications of sound and spelling so clearly elucidated by Max Müller, gradually assume a new form. Hence are believed to have arisen Bumpus from Bon Pas, Bunker from Bon Cœur, Henderson from Hendricksen, Buckalew from Buccleuch, and Peabody from Piebaudier.

One of our charming essayists (either Charles Lamb or Leigh Hunt, we think) was fond of noting the names and trades written over shop windows, or on street doors; he found in many a suitability, in others a decided incongruity, between the man and his avocation. Among the recorded instances of the former kind, authenticated by such super-scriptions, by trades' directories, and by parish registers, we must not refuse admission to Mr Toe and Mr Heeles, the one a shoemaker, and the other a clogmaker, at York. Mr Pie seemed born to be a pastry-cook; and Mr Rideout certainly is fitted with a good trade as a livery-stable keeper. Mr (or Mrs) Pickles sold pickles in a provincial town. Two hosiers have been named respectively Mr

Faot and Mr Stocking; while Mr Lightfoot would, by his very name, attract pupils to his rooms as a dancing-master. Mr Pickup was recently an omnibus owner. Henry Moist bore a suitable name for a waterman. If, as we are told, Mr Loud and Mr Thunder were both of them organists in the same town at one time, their names certainly accorded well enough with the double-diapason and the swell to which their professional duties accustomed them. Treadaway and Last are both of them well fitted with an occupation as shoemakers; and Trulock as a gunsmith. Rod, as many a boy knows, is associated with schoolmasters, and a trades' directory says the same thing. Halfpenny was not a bad name—or, rather, it was just half of a good one—for a youth who delivered parcels at a penny each. The church militant was perhaps never more significantly typified than in the names of two regimental chaplains belonging to the Federal army in the late American Civil War—the Rev. Mr Camp and the Rev. Mr Drum. Dabb among the painters, and Copper among the copper-plate engravers, are not ill fitted with employments. It has been not inopportunistically pointed out that the late genial Mark Lemon bore a capital name for the editor of *Punch*.

In reference to those cases in which the man and his trade do not present the same degree of harmony, they are less noticed, because less curious, and the stock of them collected is not so large. We do, however, meet with a Taverner who is a butcher, and a Tripe who is a baker; and we can see no sufficient reason why Mr Virgo should be a seedsman, or Mr Venus a butcher. Latimer and Ridley, in consideration of their historical celebrity, had no good right to be boot and shoe makers. Three bagmen, or commercial travellers, who put up at the same inn at Wisbeach, bore the terribly inappropriate names of Death, Blood, and Crucifix. Whether Bons and Death are suitable names for two publicans, the reader can judge for himself. The Oxford undergraduates, some years ago, made merry over the fact that three names over three shop windows, read in the order in which they stood, appeared thus—Wise Parsons Hunt. Sheepwash was the name (rather sarcastic, as it may appear to some folks) of a hair-dresser. No doubt, his closed uppers and clump soles are all that they should be, but why does a Newington bootmaker bear the name of Rabbits? Messrs Flint and Steel, too, have thought right to follow the same trade as Mr Rabbits.

Odd juxtapositions of surnames, without reference to the trades carried on, are abundant. There was a firm that bore the names of Violet, Primrose, and Wallflower. Messrs Blood, Phayre, and Fury were all living at the same time in the same street in Dublin; an allowable pronunciation of the second name would make a formidable combination of the trio. Blood and Wolf were the names of a Liverpool firm. Neighbours once noticed that Mr Blood, Mr Fury, and Mr Death were all seen talking together in the street. Heath and Waterlily are partners. Mr Blood and Mr Thunder lately lived next door to each other. Mr Doubleday and Miss Halfknight lived at the same town in the same house.

Marriages naturally present their due quota of oddly assorted names, seeing that persons owning out-of-the-way names are no more inclined than the rest of the world to pine in single-blessedness.

Hence we must not be very much surprised to learn that in one instance a Mr Fudge married Miss Dodge; nor that Mr Tee united himself with Miss Kettle. Two Cats had the fortune, one to marry a Miss Mew, the other a Miss Leveret—the latter a name not far removed from Pussy.

The selection of Christian or baptismal names is sometimes fanciful almost beyond credence—showing that pastors or registrars do not always think proper to expostulate in the matter. At the last United States census, a record was obtained of the father of a family who had named his five children Imprimis, Finis, Appendix, Addendum, and Erratum—the last an unfortunate name for the youngster to bear; had there been a sixth child, perhaps he would have been Supplement. A family, acquainted with the names mentioned in the Old Testament, selected for three daughters the designations Vashiti, Delilah, and Keziah. A couple in humble life, bearing the surname of Newton, on being told that there was once an illustrious man of the same name, had their son baptised Sir Isaac. Wealthy and Neptune are to be found among the baptismal names in one and the same parish register. During the Crimean War, when the battle of the Alma was among the topics of the day, the name (being in itself pretty and feminine) was much adopted for girls who made their first appearance in this world about that time; there are many Almas in west of England families; while Crimea was in some instances the baptismal name given to boys. Talking of the Crimea, we are reminded of the famous Russian engineer, Todleben. The name might sound well enough in Russia; in Scotland, it was thought to be a little odd; for *todle ven*, in broad Scotch, signifies to *walk in*, as applied to a child's efforts at locomotion.

Not unfrequently, the Christian or baptismal name and the surname are alike bizarre, or else their juxtaposition gives an oddity to them which they would not have in so marked a degree separately. A farmer, living at Huntingdon in the time of Charles I., was named January May; his surname was May, and in all probability he was born in the month of January. A combination of three names has been noticed, every one of which is ordinarily pronounced in a manner very different from that which the spelling would naturally suggest—namely, Beauchamp Uguhart Cololough. A clerk in an iron-work in South Wales, who officiated on Sundays as a local preacher among the Primitive Methodists, bore the two names, baptismal and surname, of River Jordan. A similar reverence and liking for scriptural words and phrases doubtless led to the association of two commonplace surnames with baptismal appellations of a highly religious character—God's Gift Jones, and Rich-in-Peace Smith. Heseekiah Hallow-bread, and Deedman Welladvise, are sufficiently odd combinations of baptismal name and surname; but they are exceeded in this respect by Dangerfull Pitcher, and Grand Riches; while Easterly Rains seems to denote that Mrs Rains had a baby at a time when easterly winds were blowing. Preserved Fish was the name given to a boy who lived to become a well-to-do merchant. There is (or was) a Return Jonathan Meggs, whose almost inexplicable name is said to have originated thus: A young man named Meggs wooed a maiden, who, one doleful day, dismissed him for ever; as he was in sadness

passing out at the garden gate, she thought better of it, and, opening the window, said: 'Return, Jonathan Meggs.' He *did* return; they were married; and their first-born, to perpetuate the recollection of the happy event, received the name of Return Jonathan Meggs.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XI.—BARGAINING.

At a little before three o'clock—for, though an artist, he was punctual, and even methodical, in his habits—Walter Litton presented himself at the lodge-gate of Willowbank. A carriage-drive that wound among a pretty shrubbery just clothed in its first summer tints, so as to suggest the notion of extent to what was—for London—in reality a considerable frontage, led to the entrance-door of the mansion; its principal windows, however, looked upon a smooth, shelving lawn, which sloped down to the water, and was, even at that season, gay with parterres of flowers. To left and right of it were more shrubberies, interspersed with some fine, if not stately trees; nor was there anything to suggest that the place was within miles of the Great Metropolis, except that solemn, far-off roar, which might well be taken for the murmur of the summer sea; so like it was, indeed, that, for a moment, Walter's thoughts flashed to Penadon Hall, where that sound was never unheard; albeit no two places could, in other respects, be more dissimilar than the Hall and the spot in which he now found himself. *There*, the poverty of the tenant had compelled neglect; whereas *here*, the most perfect neatness and completeness that money could insure were evident on all sides. The carriage sweep might have been made of cayenne pepper, so bright and delicate was the gravel of which it was composed; the grass that fringed the laurel beds might have been cut with a razor; and every shrub and flower looked as though it had been the gardener's peculiar care. So rare, too, seemed many of them, that it would not have surprised him if each had had a ticket appended to it, as at Kew, explaining its name and *habitat*. His ring at the front-door was answered by a stately personage of ecclesiastical, nay, episcopal type, who appeared to regard his having come on foot as quite phenomenal. He looked to right and left of his visitor through the glass door, before he opened it, in obvious search after the usual equipage.

'Is Mr Burroughes within?' inquired Walter, not a little amused by this expressive pantomime.

'Mr Burroughes?' repeated the man in a doubtful tone.

'Then it is a hoax,' thought Walter. 'Yes, I received a letter this morning,' said he aloud.

'O yes, sir; it's quite right,' interrupted the other, as if recollecting himself. 'Mr Litton, I believe? My master is expecting you.'

He led the way through a hall of marble, in which stood two colossal vases of great beauty, and

some statues of life-size, which Walter's hurried glance perceived were of no mean merit, into a sitting-room looking on the lawn, and then withdrew. It was a small apartment, but very richly furnished, and, to those with whom newness is not a bar to admiration, in excellent taste. The walls were lined with books, in bright but not gaudy bindings; the floor was of polished oak, and bare, except in the centre, which was covered by a rich carpet, in which the feet sank as in luxuriant moss; the furniture was also of oak, but of the most modern—that is, of the comfortable make. Next the window was a table rather out of character with its surroundings, for, though of polished and well-kept appearance, it was, in fact, a plain office desk of deal, such as a merchant's clerk might work at in the City. It was laden, however, with accessories, whose splendour was greatly in excess of their use; in particular, upon a golden tripod were a watch, a weather-glass, and a thermometer, all made of the same precious metal. The singularity of this ornament attracted Walter's attention, and upon the foot of it he read inscribed along with the date of a few months back, the words, 'To our dear Papa, upon his Birthday.'

'Good heavens,' murmured Walter to himself, 'perhaps there are two countesses!'

At that moment the door opened, and there limped in a short, stout man, by no means so important-looking as the butler, but with an air of proprietorship, nevertheless, about which there could be no mistake. 'Mr Litton, I believe?' said he, without offering to shake hands. 'Be so good as to take a seat;' and he himself, not without difficulty, and much help from his stick, contrived to get into an arm-chair. His face was flabby rather than fat, with very little colour, and shewed signs more of care than thought; his tone was peevish, and his manner somewhat uneasy, not such as is usually worn by a man of great substance in his own house.

'You have come about that picture in the Academy?'

'I have; or, rather, you requested me to come about it, Mr Burroughes,' answered Walter with some dignity.

'Well, well; it is all the same. I am not Mr Burroughes, however; my name is Brown—Christopher Brown.' And the little man drew himself up stiffly, as though the name ought to be an impressive one.

Walter did not remember to have heard of the name, and he resented this behaviour of its proprietor extremely. 'I can only deal with principals,' said he, his indignation leaving him no choice of words, and causing him to use a conventional phrase, which had really but little meaning, and of which he repented immediately. The reply, however, seemed to please his companion well enough.

'That's a very sensible observation, young man, and shews you have some knowledge of business. However, I am the principal in this case; Mr Burroughes is the Co., and of no consequence. It is I who wish to buy your picture. You don't seem to be in a hurry to part with it—that is very sensible too. We are never in a hurry to part with anything in the City—if we can help it. That is what we call "standing out."'

Walter bowed stiffly; he was not quite sure what the stout gentleman meant, but he had a strong

suspicion that he was drawing a parallel between Art and sordid Trade.

'I do not quite comprehend your meaning, Mr Brown.'

'I mean—this question resolves itself, I suppose, like all other questions, into those two pregnant words, How Much?'

'Not quite,' returned Walter coldly. 'If that had been the case, I should have named my price for the picture, and then you might have taken it or left it, as you chose.'

'You must be in independent circumstances, young man,' observed the other sarcastically. 'And yet Beech Street is not a very highly rented locality, I believe.'

'Perhaps not; and yet, if you visited me in Beech Street, I should behave to you like a gentleman, sir,' cried Walter, seizing his hat.

'Eighty tightly! Don't fly into a passion, Mr What's-your-name; I didn't mean to offend you. Sit ye down, sit ye down, and let us discuss this matter in a quiet, sensible manner.'

'I had rather stand,' said Walter; 'thank you.'

'Well, well; as you like. I wish I could stand as well. Come, let us say fifty pounds. You are a young man, a very young man. By George! I wish I was half as young. You have got your way to make in the world. When I was your age, I didn't get fifty pounds for a week's work, nor yet five. My time was not so valuable.'

'Perhaps not, sir,' answered Walter hotly, 'and I hope it is not very valuable now, since you are wasting it. I wish you a very good-morning;' and he moved towards the door.

'Why, how much do you want?' cried the old gentleman, slewing round upon his chair so as to face his companion. 'I'll give you a hundred pounds. You are certainly not famous enough to refuse a hundred pounds.'

'Famous or not,' answered Walter, highly incensed, 'you shall not have it for that money;' and he laid his hand upon the door.

'Stop, sir, stop!' cried the old gentleman. 'I have a wish to possess that picture—for a reason that you cannot understand;' and here his voice sank low. 'It is not a matter of money's worth to me.'

'I thought everything resolved itself into those two pregnant words, How Much!' answered Walter scornfully.

'I am an old man, sir, and you are a young one,' returned the other; 'perhaps I presumed too much upon that; in my time, it made a difference. Don't let us quarrel. Your picture may be perfection, for what I know, and you shall have your price for it—that is in reason. My cheque-book lies in that desk; I will pay you upon the nail—this instant. Come, shall I make it two hundred pounds?'

'No, sir. You say that you wish to buy the picture for a reason that I could not understand. Well, I wish to keep it for a reason that would at least be equally unintelligible to you.'

'I will give you three hundred golden sovereigns for that little picture. It cannot be worth more than three hundred pounds.'

'It is not worth so much, sir,' answered Walter coldly, 'and yet I will not sell it you.'

'You will not sell it to me!' cried the old man angrily. 'Then why did you come here? To insult me, to disappoint me, to— Here he stopped, then added plaintively: 'Young man, you

are very cruel.' He had a haggard and weary look, which moved the other in spite of his wrath.

'I ought not to have come here, sir, I own,' answered he slowly, 'since I did not mean to sell my picture. If you had behaved otherwise, or given me your reason for desiring to possess it—no, forgive me—for across the old man's face here flitted a look of intense pain—that is an impertinence; I mean, if you had convinced me that the possession of it would have been dear to you, from whatever cause, as it is to me, perhaps I would have parted with it. This surprises you; and yet one gives one's horse or one's dog away, where they are cared for and appreciated, and not otherwise. However, as matters stand, I feel I owe you an apology, an explanation. There is an association—to me—in connection with that painting, which forbids me to part with it for its fair price; and to take advantage of your fancy for it, to extort more, seems to me shameful.'

'But if I don't mind it—if money is nothing to me!' exclaimed the old man eagerly. 'I don't say it is nothing; three hundred pounds are three hundred pounds to everybody.'

'I know it, sir. To me, indeed, it is a very large sum,' remarked Walter quietly.

'Well, to be frank, young man, it is to me but a mere drop in the ocean.'

'Very likely. Still, to take it from you—since a rich man's whim is his master—would be to trade upon your necessity.'

'Nonsense! Wheel that desk here, and let me write out the cheque.'

'I would not take it, if it was for three thousand. Good-morning, sir.'

Walter opened the door, but as he did so, he felt it pushed toward him, and there entered—Lotty!

'Mr Litton, I believe?' said she, with a pleasant smile. 'Good-morning.'

CHAPTER XII.—LILY.

Walter could scarcely believe his senses, when he beheld thus standing before him the girl, of whom for the last six months the image had been more or less present to his mental vision, but whom, with his physical eyes, he had never thought to see again. To meet her at such a time and place was most unlooked-for and extraordinary; but still more surprising was it to see her so unchanged in beauty, not bright and radiant, indeed—for that, even on her marriage morning, she had not been; in the very flush of bridehood her heart had not ceased to be agitated by thoughts of home—but still in good health, her eyes undimmed with tears, her face unlined with cares, her voice as musical and cheery as when he had first heard its well-remembered tones. All this was like enchantment; but what beyond all astounded him, and stilled his tongue, and seemed to paralyse his very limbs, was the fact that she had not recognised him; that she had said 'Mr Litton, I believe?' and then, in the most unconcerned, though courteous manner, had added 'Good-morning,' as though he were no more than an utter stranger.

He stood dumb and motionless for a few seconds, staring at her, in her pretty garden costume and summer hat, until the little blush he knew so well crept from her cheek to her white brow.

'He sees the likeness,' muttered the old man plaintively.

'To the picture,' replied Lotty quickly. 'Yes, it is very curious. I hope that you have come to terms, papa, with this gentleman.'

'With this gentleman!' repeated Walter to himself, like one in a dream. It was impossible that she did not recognise him; there must, then, be some reason for her ignoring their acquaintance. Was it possible that that terrible Mrs Sheldon had breathed to her that shameful imputation of his being at heart a rival in the affections of her husband, and that hence she had resolved to know him no more!

She kept her eyes studiously averted from him, and fixed upon her father.

'No,' sighed the old man; 'we have not come to terms. Perhaps I have mismanaged the affair. Mr What's-his-name—'

'Litton,' suggested Lotty softly.

'Mr Litton has refused to part with his picture at any price. "Not," he said, "for three thousand pounds."'

'Excuse me, sir,' said Walter; 'do not let this young lady imagine me to be extortionate—or mad. Such a sum was never seriously mentioned. On the contrary, I said that the three hundred which you offered was far beyond its worth.'

'Then why not take it, sir?' inquired Lotty, looking at him face to face, and speaking in gentle but firm tones. 'I wrote to you—at my father's request—to intimate that it was not for the mere merits of the picture—great as they undoubtedly are—that he was desirous of possessing it.'

'The note, then, was from you?' said Walter, hardly conscious of what he said.

'Yes; I thought I said that my father was incapacitated from addressing you himself; at all events, it was so; I was his amanuensis. I said, if you had not resolutely made up your mind to keep the picture, we hoped that you would call in person. Since you have done so, it seems unreasonable that you will not accept my father's offers.'

'That is right,' said the old man approvingly. 'You put it better than I did. Listen to her, Mr Litton.'

'My father has an especial wish to possess the painting,' continued Lotty decisively, 'and it seems to me that, under such circumstances, it is cruel to withhold it. I put it to your sense of honour.'

'That is quite unnecessary,' answered Walter frigidly.—'Your daughter's arguments have convinced me, sir,' said he, turning to the old man. 'The picture is yours.' He had no longer any desire to retain it, since she, who, if not its original, had been the inspirer of whatever in it had made it dear to him, could treat him with such neglect.

'You are a good fellow!' cried his host triumphantly.—'you are an excellent young fellow!—Wheel up my desk, my dear, and I will give him the three hundred.—And I tell you what, sir, I'll make it guineas.'

'Excuse me, sir; my price is one hundred pounds,' observed Walter coldly. 'I shall not take a penny more.'

'Not a penny more!' cried the old man, holding his pen in the air. 'Why, you must be what you called yourself just now—mad; stark, staring mad.'

'That is the just price—the price at which it

was assessed by a friend of mine, who is a good judge of such things, when it went to the Academy; and I shall take no more. Please to write out one hundred pounds.'

'I am afraid, papa,' said Lotty softly, 'that we have offended this gentleman; and that, therefore, he will not be beholden to us.'

'I did not mean any offence, young man,' said Mr Brown. 'It seems to me that folks are very sensitive nowadays; there is no knowing where to have them. I wished to make a fair bargain with you, Mr Litton; that is my notion of doing business, and it has served me for the last fifty years; but I certainly had no intention of ruffling your feathers. Well, there is your hundred pounds.'

'O papa!' said Lotty.

'My dear, I have only done as the young gentleman has directed me; I conclude he knows his own mind.'

'You are very right, sir,' answered Walter. 'The picture shall be sent to you directly the Exhibition is over.'

'Very good. I won't offer to shake hands with you, young man, because I can't; but I am truly obliged to you' (this he pronounced 'oblegged,' but in a friendly and even grateful tone). 'If the obligation were on your side instead of mine, I should venture to ask a favour of you.'

'Pray, ask it, sir,' said Walter, 'all the same.'

'Well, then, stay and dine with us. We are none of your fashionables, who wear white ties and that; and there are only our two selves.' A sort of pathos mingled with his speech, that touched the young fellow. 'We dine early—that is, what I daresay you will call early, though I call it late; the time I used to sup at. My daughter here will shew you about the place in the meantime.'

This invitation, which, an hour ago, would have been a temptation against which he would have struggled in vain, had now no charms for him. And yet, he had a mind to accept it, if it were only that it would give him the opportunity of reproaching Lotty for her repudiation of him—for what he no longer hesitated to term her ungrateful behaviour towards him. There was some reason for it, of course; but if it was in consequence of anything that Mrs Sheldon had said to her, she ought not to have listened to it; and if it was for any cause connected with her father, she surely might have acknowledged his identity to himself, without betraying the recognition to his host.

'I shall be very glad to shew Mr Litton the garden,' said she, in cold but courteous tones: 'it is not very extensive, but still, for London.'—

'I will stay and dine, with pleasure,' interrupted Walter with decision. This woman's hypocrisy was beyond all bearing, and he longed to tell her what he thought about it; that cool 'still, for London,' of hers, when she was in all probability at that very moment contrasting the place in her own mind with the wild luxuriance of the garden at Penadon, in which he had walked in her company so often, and not six months ago, was too much for his patience.

'Well, come, that's settled,' said the old man, not without some irritation, for it was plain that his invitation had 'hung' in the young painter's mind, and Mr Christopher Brown, of Willowbank, was not accustomed to give invitations that were

accepted only with reluctance. 'There, take him out, Lily, and shew him the ducks.'

Lily! The quiet utterance of that simple name staggered Walter like a thunderbolt, for it was accompanied by a flash of intelligence that altered all things to his mental vision. This, then, was not Lotty, but Lotty's sister; a twin-sister, without doubt (though she had never mentioned that she was a twin), since even to his eyes there had seemed absolutely no difference between them. The same bright trustful face, that had haunted his dreams as though an angel had hovered over him; the same delicate features; the same abundance of rich brown hair; the same sweet, gentle voice, that he had thought was without its peer in woman, belonged to both—only tender gratitude had been lacking, as was natural enough; it was not to be expected that Lotty's sister should feel towards him like Lotty. Still, it was incomprehensible that even Lily should not have recognised his name.

She led the way out of doors, and he followed her, tongue-tied, stunned by this inexplicable fact. Surely, surely she would now tell him, now that they were alone, that she knew him well by her sister's report, though it had not been advisable to say so before her father, on account of the hand he had had in Lotty's elopement.

'This view from the lawn, Mr Litton, we think is very pretty,' were her first words, spoken in pleasant conversational tones, such as befitted a cicerone who was also his hostess. 'Some people object to its looking out upon the Park with its nurserymaids and children, but I am not so exclusive.'

'There can be nothing objectionable in seeing people enjoy themselves, I should think,' said Walter; his voice was cold and rather 'huffy,' but she did not seem to notice that.

'No, indeed,' she replied; 'that is quite my opinion: I like to see them, and I flatter myself that we give as well as take, for our garden looks very pretty from that side of the water, though I can't say as much for the house. If you wanted to paint a picturesque residence, you would not choose Willowbank for your model, I am afraid. It is scarcely one's ideal of a dwelling-place.'

'It has some good points,' said Walter. 'I should take them, and reject others; that is how the "ideal" is represented, I fancy, by most artists.'

'Is that how you painted "Supplication?"' said Lily, stopping suddenly, and looking up at him.

They were now on the winding path that fringed the water, and shut out from the view of the house by trees and shrubs.

'Yes,' said he, after a moment's hesitation; 'I drew it, that is, partly from memory, and partly from imagination.'

'Then there really was an original, was there?'

'I can scarcely say that; the person that sat for it was not the person I had in my mind. I think, to judge from what your father said about it, when you entered yonder room, that he at least recognised the original.'

'He hinted that it was like myself,' said Lily quietly, 'though I think that was an outrageous compliment.'

'I do not say that,' said Walter brusquely; 'but it is certainly not so like you as it is like your sister.'

'Ah, it *was* taken from life, then!' exclaimed she. 'I always thought that a likeness such as that could not have been a mere coincidence. It is not so much in form or feature, as in expression, that it so much reminds me of dear Lotty. You have known her, then?—and here she heaved an involuntary sigh—'since her marriage?'

'No, not since, but before it. She must surely have told you how I chanced to be in the train with Selwyn when he went down to Cornwall, and how it all happened?'

'She told me that he had a friend with him, but did not mention his name.'

'Why, it was I who gave her away!' said Walter bitterly.

His disappointment and humiliation were so excessive that they could not be concealed.

'You must forgive her,' said Lillian gently, 'in consideration of her position. Love is a great monopoliser, and leaves little room in us save for the beloved object. Besides, she had a good reason for not mentioning your name; it would have set us, she knew, against you. You would not have been made welcome, for example, in this house, had my father known that it was you who helped to—— Her voice quivered, the tears began to fall. 'O Mr Litton,' sighed she, 'it was an evil day that took dear Lotty from us!'

'I am grieved, indeed, to hear it,' answered Walter gravely. 'It was no fault of mine, I do assure you. I may seem to you a culprit, but I am wholly innocent in the matter; indeed, what little I did do, was to dissuade Selwyn. If she told you all, she must have told you that.'

'It is done now, Mr Litton, and cannot be undone,' answered Lillian. 'But it is better that you should not speak of this to my father. Your picture has touched his heart, and made it more tender towards her who was once his darling, and I am grateful to you on that account; but do not let him know what you have just told me. He might think, perhaps, that you had been set on to do it by——by Reginald.'

They walked on together slowly, and in silence; then Lily spoke again: 'You have not seen her since her marriage, you say; how did you know, then, that she was so changed?'

This was a question that was not easy for him to answer. He could not tell her that Lotty's supposed misery was constantly presenting itself to him; that his imagination had been coloured with sadness because of her, and had pictured her to him accordingly.

'I have seen her husband,' said he evasively.

'And he told you, did he?' answered she with a pleased air. 'No doubt, he is less indifferent than he seems—not that he is unkind,' added she hastily. 'Do not suppose that I wish to be hard upon your friend; only it seemed to me that he did not notice her changed looks.'

'Is she much changed?' asked Walter softly.

'Yes; greatly changed from what you must remember her before her marriage. She has been—nay, she still is—in sad trouble, banished from her home. Perhaps I ought not to speak of such things,' said Lily plaintively, 'but my tongue has kept involuntary silence so long, and it is so hard to brood and brood over a sorrow, and have none to whom to tell it.'

'It is very hard, as I know myself,' answered Walter gravely; 'if it is any comfort to you, pray

speak to me as to one who has your sister's happiness at heart. I may say so much, I hope, without impertinence; since, though I was acquainted with her for so short a time, and there has been so great an interval since, it was under such circumstances as make acquaintance friendship. It was I who telegraphed to you at the drawing-school from the Reading Station.'

'Then you cost me the severest pang, Mr Litton, that my heart has known,' said Lillian, with a shudder. 'The sudden shock of it, the terror of the thought that I had to tell papa of it, and the dreadful, dreadful hour in which I *did* tell him!' and she hid her face, as though to shut out the recollection of another's—Walter pictured to himself Mr Christopher Brown's, the possessor of an income that could perhaps be counted by tens of thousands, when he first heard that his daughter had run away with a penniless soldier, and pitied her from the bottom of his soul. 'You see, Lotty was his favourite,' continued she, doubtless in unconscious apology for some outbreak of paternal wrath; 'and her leaving us stabbed him to the heart. It seemed to him ingratitude as well as rebellion. Dear Lotty herself understands that, as she told me before I was forbidden to see her. Papa's life was wrapped up in us two—in her especially—and when he found she had left him for a stranger—— O indeed, he has suffered too!'

'I have no doubt of that. But is there no chance of a reconciliation between them?'

'Two days ago, Mr Litton, I should have said: None whatever. He was very resolute against her; very angry that I had been to see her; and forbade me ever to write to her, or to mention her name within his hearing. But yesterday morning, at the Academy, he saw your picture, and I could see he recognised it, though her face was not as he had known it. I had told him how weary and worn she looked, but had not moved him; but when he saw her on your canvas——'

'Take time, take time,' said Walter kindly, for the girl was sobbing bitterly; 'I would not pain you to recount all this, but that it may be better for your sister's sake that I should hear it; that I should know how to answer your father, when he comes to question me, as perhaps he will.'

'No, no; he will never speak of it to you or anybody,' answered she despondingly: 'but when he comes to possess the picture, when he looks upon it daily, as I shall take care he does, I shall have hopes. That he should have mentioned the likeness in your presence, was an unlooked-for tenderness. He loves her still, I know, but he is ashamed to own it. It will be very, very long, I fear, if ever, before he forgives her.—O sir, do tell me truly'—she looked up at him with clasped hands and streaming eyes—'is Captain Selwyn a good man?'

'A good man? Well, men are not good, Miss Lillian, as young ladies are'—he should not have called her by her Christian name, but she looked so pitiful and childlike in her sorrow, that he was moved to do so—'but he is a brave soldier and a gentleman, and such are always kind to women, even when they are not their wives, and how much more when they have given up home and friends and fortune to become their brides! I was at school and college with him, where he was most popular with all of us, and I was his dearest friend.'

'Why do you say "was," Mr Litton? A friend is a friend for ever, is he not?'

'But Selwyn is proud ; and being poor, as I am afraid he is, he has withdrawn himself from me of late, though I myself am poor enough, Heaven knows. If he were rich, this marriage would have taken place as a matter of course ; he would have been a welcome son-in-law ; and you, the sister of his wife, would never have had these doubts about him.'

'That is true, Mr Litton, and you give me much comfort,' answered Lillian gratefully. 'I have not felt so hopeful since—since Lotty left us. How dreadful it is that money—or the want of it—should work such ruin !'

'Money is much, Miss Lillian,' answered Walter ; 'and if not a blessing to those who have it, a sad lack to those who have it not.'

'Yet you do not care for money, Mr Litton, or you would not have returned my father's cheque.'

'O yes, I do,' replied he, smiling ; 'only, other things are as dear to me, or dearer. Besides, though I have but little, I do not need it, as poor Selwyn does.'

'Yes, indeed,' sighed she ; 'they are very poor. She told me, that if it had not been for some small sum advanced them by a friend of Captain Selwyn's—I think it was but fifty pounds—they would have been in absolute want. Oh, is it not terrible to think of that, while I am living here in comfort—splendour ! Don't think harshly of me for it ; I have done what I could.'—

'I am sure of that,' interrupted Walter earnestly ; 'indeed, Selwyn told me so himself.'

'Did he ?' answered she eagerly. 'I am glad of that. I mean to say, I was afraid he thought I had not done my best ; that I might have parted with—things my father gave me. He does not understand pain, or that such a course would have injured Lotty in the end. As it is, there is some hope—thanks to you for the first gleam of it—that nature is asserting herself within him. He is jealous of my suspecting such a change, but it is at work. This desire to have your picture is evidence of it ; and especially the pains he took to conceal his own part in the matter. It was at his request that I wrote to you in the name of Mr Barroughes—his solicitor—so that you should not discover, in case you were really acquainted with Lotty—that the application came from her father.'

'I see,' said Walter thoughtfully, 'and I agree with you that it angurs well. Should all come right by the help of my poor picture, I shall be glad indeed.'

'I am sure you will ; and you may be proud, as well as glad, for never can Art have achieved a nobler end than to restore a daughter to her father.'

'If it had but been designed,' sighed Walter.

'Nay, but no less the skill,' answered Lillian promptly. 'It was not only that you remembered Lotty's face, and drew it, but that you portrayed the story of her sorrow, and touched my father's heart with its relation. We are your debtors for that, at all events, and I, for one, shall not easily forget it.'

Where was it, and on what occasion, that Walter had once before—and only once—experienced the sensations he felt now—that bliss of grateful acknowledgment ; the thrill of a tone more exquisite than any music ; the sunshine of a smile more beautiful than Murillo ever painted ? At Penaddon, when Lotty had thanked him for his

escort and assistance. But with his happiness had mingled then a pain, and now there was no pain, but only happiness. Lotty stood once more before him, or so it seemed, but there was no Reginald to come between them.

HORSE-RACING IN FRANCE.

WE are almost afraid to mention horse-racing : that species of outdoor amusement in England—professedly maintained for the improvement of the breed of horses—having latterly degenerated into little better than a despicable system of gambling. A great national sport has sunk so low, and is now so fruitful in demoralisation, as to be almost universally spoken of as disreputable. It is also beginning to be doubted whether the cultivation of horses for the sake of excessive speed in running short distances on a race-course is of any general advantage. Mere fleetness to this extent is not a greatly desirable attribute in the horse. Strength, power of endurance, activity, and shapeliness are the primary qualities required ; and draught-horses, riding-horses, carriage and omnibus horses, ponies of various sorts, have all been vastly improved of late years. But race-courses have, unfortunately, become the scene of outrageous betting and excitement.

While horse-racing has thus begun, with us, to be looked down upon—drifting into the category of disowned abominations, such as boxing and cock-fighting—it is curious to observe that it has been taken up as a reputable and fashionable amusement in France. So much so, that, through the effects of culture, various French race-horses have latterly defeated the fleetest horses that the English could bring into the field. The regular organisation of races in France dates no farther back than 1833, when a Society most generally known as the French Jockey Club was set on foot. Old traditions and prejudices were abandoned, and the English methods of selection were to be rigorously carried out through the importation, from England, of thoroughbreds. The Society encountered a fierce opposition from an old institution, the *Administration des Haras*, or administration of studs, which had been founded by Colbert in the time of Louis XIV. This administration, which had hitherto held undisputed sway in all matters connected with the breeding of French horses, considered its existence threatened by the new Society, against which it commenced a sullen and implacable war, interrupted by short periods of truce, but renewed from time to time, as opportunity offered, with unprecedented violence, and with some appearance of success. But when the Duke of Orleans took the new Society under his patronage, open hostility was scarcely possible ; and so the Administration, pretending to swim with a stream which it could not stem, instituted races of its own. Only, as it was absolutely necessary to have some flag to fight under, a dispute was begun about the races themselves ; it was said that, in the form which they assumed under the auspices of the Society, they were spoilt by the Anglomania apparent in them, and could exercise no favourable influence upon the general improvement of the breeds of horses : and so the Administration itself would undertake to

found proper races, under conditions which would have a real and positive effect upon breeding. In point of fact, the Administration was determined to draw up programmes with conditions directly opposed to those of the Society. The aim was, above all, to flatter that mania which distinguishes the ignorant public, who are always inclined to believe that a horse, just because he can accomplish a moderate distance at tremendous speed, is incapable of keeping up for a long while a more moderate pace.

The Administration, accordingly, became the patrons of races over distances of four thousand metres (about two and a half miles), and, particularly, of races in heats, that untrustworthy test, which, however, could not but exercise an irresistible fascination over a certain portion of the public. The Society had adopted a code of rules to regulate the organisation of the new creation. That was the first document of importance in the institution of racing. The Administration, of course, concocted one for itself, with different conditions. For it the point was, above all things, to establish its existence, its utility, and the impossibility of doing without its intervention, notwithstanding the foundation of a Society which was coming forward and taking, at its very side, the title of Society for improving the Breed of Horses—that is to say, wresting from it its hitherto undisputed sceptre. At the outset, the resources of the Society were not considerable. Moreover, in its desire to do good, it accepted the Administration's hostile and dangerous co-operation. And it did well in so doing; for it was not long before the imperfections and impotence of the Administration's ideas, in reference to the races, became revealed by experience. The course of the races went on for some few years amidst all these feuds, which increased in animosity in proportion as the importance of the Society increased, the soundness of its principle asserted itself, and its resources received greater development. At last, after the retirement of M. Gayot, the particular member of the Administration, during this period, whose name may be taken as the personification of this intestine war, the races came under the sole direction of the Society, and, owing to its intelligent action, and to a growing taste on the part of the public, were not long in entering upon a course of rapid development.

Up to this time, the races had taken place at the Champ de Mars and at Chantilly. The former was a place by no means worthy of their new splendour. The Champ de Mars, moreover, was not a race-course; owners, trainers, and all persons with special knowledge of the subject, were incessantly complaining of this course, hard and yet sandy in dry weather, and a marsh at rainy seasons. A private society, of short duration, had already established a cosmopolitan race-course on the meadows of Longchamps, situated between the western border of the Bois de Boulogne and the Seine. The attention of the Society was aroused by this attempt; and negotiations were opened with the Administration of the city of Paris. Ultimately, in 1856, the city ceded to the Society the ownership of the present race-course of Longchamps, the Society being bound to build permanent 'stands' upon it. Thanks to this contract, opportunity was given for creating the magnificent 'hippodrome' which now exists there. The ground contains about sixty-six hectares (about

166 acres). This vast extent has rendered it possible to mark off several courses of different lengths, and so to avoid frequent and sharp turns. The hippodrome is entirely covered with turf. The course has, for several years, under the direction of Mr Mackenzie-Grievés, received constant attention; the nature of the soil has been completely modified, and now leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. The transformation is such that the ground was enabled to successfully withstand the strange uses to which it was put during the siege—strange, that is, if its original destination be considered, and was discovered to be in excellent order at the renewal of the races in 1871. The inauguration, as the French call it, of the hippodrome took place on the 27th of April 1867; and both the course of Longchamps and the development of racing in France were destined to receive on one and the same day 'a glorious consecration,' to use the words of our authority, 'by the inauguration of the Grand Prix de Paris, which took place on the 31st of May 1867.'

It is just forty years, then, since horse-racing became an organised institution in France; and the way in which it arrived at its present flourishing condition has been sketched. Of the French horses which have made themselves more or less celebrated, during that interval, by victories won either on English ground or over English horses, may be mentioned: Jouvence, the first French-bred winner of the Goodwood Cup, in 1853; Monarque, winner of the Goodwood Cup, in 1857; Fille de l'Air, winner of the Epsom Oaks, in 1864; Vernout, the vanquisher of Blair Athol for the Grand Prix, in 1864; Gladiateur, winner of everything he could possibly win (for he was impossibly weighted for the Cambridgeshire), in 1865; Sornette, winner of the Grand Prix, in 1870; Mortemer, winner of the Ascot Cup, in 1871; Flageolet, winner of the Goodwood Cup, in 1873; and Boiard, winner of the Grand Prix, in 1873, and of the Ascot Cup, in 1874. Nor should Trocadero, a formidable antagonist on the English race-course, and one of the very best of Monarque's progeny, be omitted from the list. After this, it can hardly be necessary to state that, during the forty years which France has taken to reach its present state as regards horse-flesh, some, if not most of our very best horses found their way by purchase into French hands; but it is so curious as to be worthy of observation, that some of the very best races did not turn out to be the best sires—for instance, the celebrated Flying Dutchman and the very brilliant West Australian could not be compared, for the value of their produce, with many horses for which the French paid less money, and of which they expected less things. The French language has not yet adapted itself, apparently, to the position won by the nation in horse-racing, so as to have a native vocabulary for all things and persons connected with the turf; our authority uses such terms as '*le betting*,' '*le betting-room*,' '*le betting-man*,' '*le backer*,' '*le book-maker*,' '*le jockey*,' '*le tipster*,' '*le tout*,' and so on, down to '*le welsher*,' but it is to be feared that the absence of a native word to express the worst of the things and persons cannot be taken to imply an absence of native specimens thereof. Paris is now so easily reached from London, that it has not escaped from that wholesale and methodised betting on horses which has latterly

disgraced English racing, and, in its worst features, called for legislative interference. Viewing the matter in its social aspect, our neighbours, unfortunately, cannot be congratulated on their successful imitation of what was once an esteemed English sport.

THE LIFE-BOAT AND ITS WORK.

It almost invariably happens that the honour of having been the first inventor of anything great and useful is disputed; and so it is, according to Mr Richard Lewis, Secretary of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, in the case of the life-boat. There may still be seen in the churchyard of Hythe, in Kent, a tombstone bearing an inscription which testifies that a certain 'LIONEL LUKIN was the first who built a Life-boat, and was the original Inventor of that quality of safety, by which many lives and much property have been preserved from Shipwreck, and he obtained for it the King's patent in the year 1785.' But there may be differences of opinion even amongst inscriptions engraved upon tombstones; for it appears that, in the parish church of St Hilda, South Shields, there is a stone 'Sacred to the Memory of WILLIAM WOULDHAVE, who died September 28, 1821, aged 70 years, Clerk of this Church, and Inventor of that invaluable blessing to mankind, the Life-boat.' So that we have already two different 'inventors' of the same 'invaluable blessing.' But it happens, again, that 'Mr HENRY GREATHEAD, a shrewd boat-builder at South Shields, has very generally been credited with designing and building the first life-boat about the year 1789.' The fact seems to be that Mr LIONEL LUKIN, a coach-builder in Long Acre, London, had designed and fitted a boat for saving life in cases of shipwreck, which he called an "Uninmergible Boat," some four or five years before GREATHEAD brought forward his plan for a life-boat; and that, in 1789, from certain plans offered to a certain committee, which had proposed 'premiums for the best models of a life-boat,' there were two selected—one sent in 'by Mr WILLIAM WOULDHAVE, and the other by Mr HENRY GREATHEAD,' the preference having, apparently, been given to the latter.

We may as well just refer to the disastrous event which resulted in the plans of WOULDHAVE and GREATHEAD. In the year 1789, 'the *Adventure*, of Newcastle, was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne;' and, while the 'vessel lay stranded on the Herd Sand at the entrance of the river, in the midst of tremendous breakers, her crew "dropped off one by one from her rigging," only three hundred yards from the shore, and in the presence of thousands of spectators, not one of whom could be induced to venture to her assistance in any boat or coble of the ordinary construction.' No wonder that 'strong feelings' were excited; no wonder that premiums were offered for the invention of a life-boat; and no wonder that, when the good that could be effected by the life-boat had been clearly established between 1791 and 1803, 'Mr GREATHEAD received many orders to build life-boats,' so that 'before the end of 1803 he had built no fewer than *thirty-one—five* for Scotland, *eight* for foreign countries, and *eighteen* for England.' At the commencement of the year 1802, 'two hundred lives had been saved at the entrance of the Tyne alone,' and 'GREATHEAD applied to parliament for a national

reward;' whereupon, 'a committee of the House of Commons' having 'taken evidence, and reported on the value of the invention, the sum of £1200 was voted to him. The Trinity House added £105; Lloyd's, the same sum; the Society of Arts, its gold medal and fifty guineas; and the Emperor of Russia, a diamond ring.' But, for all this, the cause of the life-boat did not gain ground, nor did the number of life-boats increase to the extent one would naturally suppose; and the true reason may lie somewhere between the Englishman's innate suspicion of anything 'new-fangled,' and his by no means groundless mistrust of an invention which, in some instances, turned out so disastrously as to create a doubt whether the remedy was not worse than the disease. In fact, the subject of the preservation of life from shipwreck on our coast gradually languished until improvements were effected on the principle of buoyancy of a boat in a stormy sea by Mr R. Peake of Her Majesty's Dockyard at Woolwich. His efforts were very successful, and the Royal National Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck (which was established in 1824) adopted his model as the standard for the boats they should thereafter establish on the coasts.

So improved, the life-boat is thirty feet in length by eight in breadth, flat in the bottom, and provided at the ends and sides with air-tight chambers. Between the outer bottom and what may be called the floor or deck of the boat, there is a space stuffed with cork and light hard-wood. Were a rent, therefore, made in the outer covering, the vessel would still float. A heavy iron keel keeps the boat straight; and by a proper adjustment of parts, it is scarcely possible in the stormiest sea to turn a life-boat upside down. One of the most beautiful arrangements for insuring the safety of the boat consists of tubes with valves for clearing out the water which may be thrown in by the waves. Thus, rightly constructed, the vessel can neither sink nor be capsized. It floats like a cork on the wildest sea, and the loss of life in guiding it is a very rare occurrence.

Stories of the most extraordinary daring appear from time to time in the newspapers regarding the gallant operations of the crews of life-boats. We can give a specimen, by narrating what occurred on a late occasion.

'On the north side of the Amnat Bank, at the entrance to the harbour of Montrose, was wrecked the schooner *Active*, just before the break of day on the 25th October 1874. The vessel had been discerned from Montrose making for the bar, and was known by pilots and boatmen to have missed it, and immediately the life-boat *Mining Lone* was launched to the rescue: a heavy gale from the south, driving rain, a cross sea, and no more light than that of the faint struggling dawn of a stormy autumn morning, made the life-boatmen's work severe and perilous. The wreck, moreover, was perpetually shifting her position, and driving and thumping helplessly over the shoal in the midst of a wide turmoil of broken waters. Into this chaos plunged the life-boat, the energies of her crew being exerted to the utmost, and their endeavours stimulated by the recollection that their most determined efforts had failed of success when the *Hermes* was wrecked on the same spot five years previously. The difficulty of remaining close to the wreck long enough for only one man even to

jump from her to the life-boat was extreme, for the tide and the gale, setting each across the path of the other, rolling broadside seas, threatened to overturn the life-boat each time she approached, while great curling "enders" swept her either into dangerous proximity, or whirled her far out of reach just as some one of the wrecked men was about to make his spring. Men who are half benumbed with cold, and know that their chance of life depends on a few inches more or less in that one final spring they are about to make, do not always avail themselves of the first chance. Twenty times did the life-boat renew her gallant attempts—sometimes getting one man from the wreck, sometimes two, oftener none. At last, after half an hour of extreme peril, she got the whole crew safely on board, and fought her way out of the broken water, back through the more regular but heavy seas, and finally into the harbour of Montrose, where the *Mincing Lane* and her precious freight received a joyful welcome.

The life-boat, as we have described it, is entitled to be considered the triumph of naval architecture—not so magnificent a thing, certainly, as an iron-clad like the *Devastation*, which will destroy an enemy's vessel at the distance of several miles, but which, constructed on strictly scientific principles, with a view to rescue human beings from an appalling death, is something for the present century to be proud of. It is thoroughly British in its origin; and though introduced into France and other maritime countries, nowhere has it been so eminently serviceable as in these islands. At all the principal, and a number of minor ports, a life-boat is kept ready for use, and a body of men are prepared to act on emergencies. Through the agency of the Institution above referred to, vast have been the services to humanity. We refrain from going into statistics. It is enough to say, that from 1849 the number of lives saved annually has increased from 269 to nearly 700, and that from the above year until the end of 1873, the total of lives saved amounts to 22,173. In the same period, the annual receipts have grown from L.354 to L.31,740. Thus it has come to pass that, through the liberality of the British public, the Institution has done immense service in the cause of humanity. For such service in saving lives from wrecks, the Institution has granted nine hundred and forty gold and silver medals, besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of over L.42,000.

It may not be generally known that 'the boats of the National Life-boat Institution are kept in charge of paid coxswains, under the general superintendence of Local Honorary Committees of residents in the several localities.' Moreover, 'each boat has its appointed coxswain at a salary of eight pounds, and an assistant at two pounds, a year. The crew consists, in addition, of a bowman, and as many boatmen as the boat pulls oars. The members of the volunteer crews are enrolled, and, wherever practicable, at least double the number of men required should be so. Such men are mostly resident boatmen, fishermen, or coast-guardsmen.' Anything like unseemly rivalry on the part of the crews of life-boats has, of course, to be repressed; but it happens occasionally that the usual skilful men are not to be procured at the moment when the boat's services are required, some perhaps being ill, others at sea, or engaged in avocations at a distance—in such cases, the first

well-known oarsman who arrives at the scene of action and secures a life-belt, has at once his claim acknowledged to a seat in the boat. It is certainly remarkable to observe how unflinching and ceaseless has been the emulation of the men on these occasions, notwithstanding that it is manifest they will sometimes have to encounter frightful peril and exposure. It is worth while to mention that on every occasion of going afloat to save life, the coxswain and each man of the crew receive alike from the funds of the Institution (whether successful or not) ten shillings, if by day, and one pound if by night; and four shillings each for every time of going afloat for exercise. The rewards for saving life are increased on special occasions, when unusual risk or exposure has been incurred. Besides pecuniary rewards, the Society also grants its Gold and Silver Medals, and Thanks inscribed on Vellum for gallant deeds by life-boats and other means in saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Considering the benefits conferred, we cannot too earnestly attempt to enlist the good feelings of the benevolent in support of an Institution so meritorious.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.

CONSIDERABLE apprehensions have lately been entertained among the farming classes in the United Kingdom, concerning the ravages likely to be made in potato-crops by an insect called the Colorado Beetle. Looking about for an account of this unwelcome pest, we find a paper on the subject in *The Farmer's Magazine* for last October, extracted from an American newspaper, *The Union Herald*. We copy the principal part of it, for the benefit of our amateur gardeners and country readers.

'Concerning the history of the Colorado bug, Walsh, the state entomologist of Illinois, has written: "The Colorado potato beetle has been known to exist for nearly fifty years in cañons of the Rocky Mountains, feeding upon a wild species of potato peculiar to that region. When civilisation marched up to the Rocky Mountains, and potatoes began to be grown in that region, it gradually acquired the habit of feeding upon the cultivated potato. In 1859, spreading eastward from potato-patch to potato-patch, it reached a point one hundred miles west of Omaha. In 1861, it invaded Iowa, gradually in the next three or four years spreading eastward over that state. In 1864 and 1865, it crossed the Mississippi. In 1866, it reached Danville, Indiana: thus passing eastwardly at the rate of about sixty miles a year. In 1869, it reached Ohio. In 1871, it made its appearance at Marietta." Since this date, the insect has moved gradually eastward, and this summer finds it in our midst. In this section it comes late, and can probably do little damage this season; but if measures are not promptly taken, next spring will find the vines covered and the crop ruined.

'Concerning the speed with which the insect produces its kind, Walsh says: "There are three broods of larvae every year, each of which goes underground to pass into the pupa state; the first two broods coming out of the ground in the beetle state, about ten or twelve days afterwards; while the last one stays underground all winter, and only emerges in the beetle state in the following spring, just in time to lay its eggs upon the young

potato leaves." Mr Walsh was the first person in the United States to breed the Colorado bug from the egg to the beetle, and found that it required less than a month to pass through its changes. The lateness of the appearance of the bug in this vicinity would lead to the inference that it will devote the time to a brood which will be ready for business early next spring. Next spring we may expect to see what an Illinois gentleman describes as follows: "They were found all over the county by the 10th of May 1872, so numerous as to attract the attention of persons to whom the beetle was unknown. Its yellow eggs, in patches from twenty to forty, were soon found on the underside of potato leaves. By the 26th of May, the larvae were coming forth, and at this date the potato-fields were covered with the filthy, slimy-looking vermin." It is the larvae that are the most greedy eaters, and from them comes the greatest injury to the vines. Although there is a probability that this year's crop will not be materially affected, a moment should not be lost in crushing out everything that promises next spring's growth. Fowls and birds will not touch the grubs; but it has foes, and of these Walsh says: "Over twenty might be named. In the egg state, the Colorado potato bug is preyed upon by no less than four distinct species of lady bug. The eggs of lady bugs greatly resemble those of Colorado potato bugs, and scarcely resemble those of Colorado potato bugs, and scarcely distinguishable except by a smaller number being usually collected together in a single group. As these eggs are often laid in the same situation as those of the potato-feeding insect, care must be taken by persons who undertake to destroy the latter not to confound those of their best friends with those of their bitterest enemies." But the greatest reliance must be placed upon the war which the potato-grower is able to wage upon the insect with pressure and poison. The Western farmers have given much attention to this matter. One of them sends to the *German town Telegraph* his "remedies," as follows:

1. Have rich soil, well prepared.
 2. Plant early varieties only, in March, and thus have to fight but one generation.
 3. Pick off and destroy beetles and eggs every day.
 4. Use Paris green, one teaspoonful to a common wooden bucketful of water, sprinkled on the tops as soon as the larvae begin to hatch.
- "Another Western potato-grower furnishes the same journal with his method: "I use plaster or gypsum, and mix about one part Paris green to twenty parts plaster, and sprinkle or dust it over the vines just as soon as the bugs appear. If there is no dew or rain, I sprinkle the vines with a watering-pot, and then dust on the mixture. I claim that in this way the old beetles may be killed, and the depositing of the eggs prevented. This is on the principle that prevention is better than a cure. As they travel constantly, and are continually putting in their appearance, so must the poison be on the vines constantly as long as any of the enemy are to be found. The plaster is an excellent fertiliser for the potato, and the poison is no injury to the plant or tubers. Good, clean ventilation is indispensable; for these vermin will deposit their eggs on weeds, grass, or anything they happen to fasten to. I have picked them six or seven years, and know all about the trouble it is; and my experience is practical, sharp, and sure,

and the least trouble and expense of anything I have heard of. Don't wait to see the bunches of orange-coloured eggs, but don't let any be laid; and don't plant any more potatoes than you can keep free from these very unpleasant visitors."

"We cannot urge too strongly upon potato-growers the necessity for close observation of their vines, and immediate war upon the bugs, if any be found. In this way next spring's danger may be lessened, and every bug killed this summer will be a marked decrease of next season's supply."

WASTE MATERIALS.

In a number of the *Journal*, last June, we gave some account of what was done by chemical and mechanical science to make use of various kinds of waste materials, hitherto thrown away and lost. Reference was made to the successful process of skimming the Seine at Paris, in order to recover the soap-suds; and a doubt was thrown out, that England could not rival this amazing stretch of ingenuity. Letters from various quarters would seem to shew we were mistaken—not that the practice of skimming rivers has got into use in England, but that great strides have been made by chemical processes to recover from certain liquids in course of manufacture what can be again rendered available, instead of being sent wastefully down water-channels, thereby polluting rivers, much to the injury of the public health.

Writing from Bradford, a correspondent says: "In this town, which, as you are aware, is the headquarters of the worsted trade, the first process, after the "sorting" of the wool, is to wash it with soft soap, made mostly of olive-oils of the better sorts; and cotton-seed or other low-priced oils for the cheaper kinds, called "crown soaps." This process of course removes from the wool all impurities, including the natural grease adhering to the staple. The refuse "soap suds" were, some years ago, run down the sewers, to the great defilement of our streams and rivers; but a gentleman of Wakefield (I think), Mr Teall, hit upon a plan for utilising these suds. They are now run from the washing-bowls—large tanks holding two or more tuns of the lather—into vats, and are there treated with sulphuric acid, which of course neutralises the acid, and the fats rise to the surface in a mass of grease a foot or more in thickness. This *magma*, as it is called, is carefully collected, and treated in a variety of ways, mostly by distillation. The products are grease, used for lubricating the cogs of driving-wheels in the mills; 2d, Oleic acid, commonly called cloth oil, worth about L.32 per tun, and used in the woollen districts, such as Dewsbury, Rochdale, &c. as a substitute for olive-oil, to which it is, for some branches of the manufacture, preferred; and 3d, Stearine, which, I am informed, is worth as much as L.80 per tun, and is largely used in the manufacture of wax vesta matches. Of course, it would not pay each individual millowner to put up the necessary plant and buildings to carry on the manufacture of these products from his suds; that is done by a few firms who make an exclusive trade of it, and who either collect the *magma*, or pump the suds to their own works, often to long distances. I am told that some large millowners are now paid as much as from L.500 to

L.1000 per annum for these suds, which a few years ago were allowed to run to waste. As before mentioned, the oleic acid or cloth oil is used in the woollen manufactures; it is put in the wool or shoddy, as the case may be, in a preliminary process; in a later process, it is washed out, and is again treated with acid, and a lower sort of oil is produced, value from L.15 to L.25 per tun, which is again used, and converted over and over again.

Another correspondent, writing from Leicester, gives us similar information regarding the recovery of the oils employed in connection with the manufacture of woollen hosiery; and no doubt the same thing occurs in many other places. It is also well known that the liquors which were at one time habitually wasted in the manufacture of bleaching-powder are now made to yield chemical substances in great quantities. Some surprising things are told as regards the recovery of valuable materials in paper-making; particularly in the preparation of the fibrous grass called esparto, which now largely supplements the use of rags. After being boiled in a strong solution of caustic soda, the solution is run off, and, by a particular process, the soda is recovered, instead of being sent away as waste. Again, after the boiled stuff is squeezed by rollers, and washed by pure water, the washings are passed through machines called 'save-alls,' which retain all the fibres carried away in the process. The stuff is next bleached with chloride of lime, which is afterwards recovered by filters, and becomes available for manure or building purposes. Whether in making paper from esparto or from rags, much has been done lately in securing the small fibrous matter from being floated off and wasted, as was at one time the practice; by which means a considerable saving has been effected, while at the same time something is done to prevent the fouling of rivers. In the whole round of the arts, there is not a more beautiful or interesting sight than the manufacture of paper from seemingly the most worthless materials. Mechanical and chemical science are here seen in triumphant combination.

A writer skilled in collecting facts in practical science informs us that hundreds of tons of iron pyrites, imported from Spain and Portugal, are used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Instead of throwing away the roasted pyrites, as was once the case, the President of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society tells us, that when the sulphuric acid maker has extracted the most of the sulphur, he hands over the burnt ore to the copper extractor, who not only separates the copper it contains, but, at the same time, so perfectly removes the sulphur, that the residue, consisting chiefly of peroxide of iron, is suitable for, and is now largely used in various iron-making processes. Besides this, the pyrites in its original condition contains from half an ounce to one ounce of silver per ton; and chemical processes have been devised by which this small quantity can be separated at a profit; and at one of the works on the Tyne, more than 16,000 ounces of silver were extracted within the last twelvemonth. These are admirable instances of economy, which cannot fail to interest even non-professional readers.

After all, it would seem that there is hardly anything, however contemned as worthless, which cannot be turned to account. Sawdust, which we have been in the habit of treating as an article not

worth thinking about, and only to be got rid of as a nuisance, has risen into notice in the useful arts. Collected by women and children, and mixed with some sort of resinous substance, it is compressed into small square pieces, which, hardened and dried, make excellent 'fire-lighters.' One of these pieces will light a fire; eight of them put up in a parcel being sold for a penny. They are designated the 'Caloric Fire-lighters.' There is now quite a manufactory of them carried on in Edinburgh. How they can be produced and packed up in a neat way for the money, is not easily understood. The sawdust, we presume, costs nothing. The success of this modest manufacture is suggestive, as in one way or another, there must be an enormous waste of sawdust, which might be advantageously utilised. Mixed with clay just sufficient to impart consistency, and with some resinous ingredient, there could be produced a tolerable and cheap fuel; for what is coal, but submerged forest trees, blended with earthy substances, under a lengthened and excessively high degree of pressure? In these days of speculative energy, we might almost hint that there is a fortune in sawdust!

W. C.

THE STRENGTH OF HOME.

The settler leaves his native home,
And strikes across the foaming wave:
His cradle may not be his grave;
To other skies coerced to roam.

He roots a footing in the land;
The Lord of Work rewards his toil;
And finding round him corn and oil,
His heart enlarges with his hand:

But vacant lies a corner yet;
He misses dear familiar things—
That over-grew him, like the rings
Of trees—he never can forget.

A thousand daily sights and sounds:
The tufted primrose of the lane,
The violet, and the daisy rain,
Of Spring, within her wizard bounds.

Ah me, ah me! the English hills;
The copse of us big-hearted boys;
The magic scene of early joys,
With brooks that bubbled from the rills.

The staggering-kneed old sheds so dear;
The clinking latch, the wicket-gate;
The starlit orchard, haunted late,
The croft, of summer sunrise clear.

The gracious hawthorn in the hedge;
The skylark gushing in the sky;
The robin-redbreast hopping by;
The swallow darting from the ledge.

He pines for these; and o'er him steals
A sickness for the things of home;
He sends for them across the foam;
And half the ancient witchery feels.

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ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a considerable sensation was created in Europe by certain explorations in Assyria, or the stretch of country in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris, two rivers flowing into the Persian Gulf. Here were the ancient Babylonia and Mesopotamia, the plain of Shinar, Nineveh, and scenes of the exploits of Salmazer, Sennacherib, and Sardanapalus. Here, in fact, was that grand Asiatic land supposed to be the cradle of the human race, and around which crowd a thousand historical and poetical associations. It is saddening to think that a portion of the earth's surface, so calculated to arouse tender and elevating emotions, should for centuries have been in the hands of the Turks, a people who, with whatever plating of civilised usages at Constantinople, are, in the remote solitudes of Assyria, a set of fierce barbarians, who exercise the most grinding tyranny over all who come within their power.

It required, therefore, no small degree of courage for men of science and letters to attempt to explore Assyria, with a view to discover the actual condition of lands so memorable in Biblical history. Armed with such authority as they could procure, several, as is well known, went forth from France, England, and Germany. Among these, a first place may be assigned to M. Botta, French consul at Mosul, in 1842. English explorers were represented by Layard and Sir H. Rawlinson. Germany produced Grotefend, and more lately, Schrader and Brandis. Botta was most successful in his excavations, and many were the relics of antiquity he sent home to Paris, where they now enrich the *salons* of the Louvre. Of what was done by Layard, we are all acquainted from his profoundly interesting works. The researches of Rawlinson had special reference to what are called the cuneiform inscriptions of Babylonia. The magnificently sculptured bulls with wings and human heads, which seem to have been placed as objects to inspire awe at the entrance to palaces—the equally fine sculptured figures of

hunters, dogs, and men in armour—processions of warriors with shields—the slabs of stone ornamenting apartments and galleries—all of which had lain buried for thousands of years, and had been now brought to light, were found to be less or more enriched with inscriptions mostly of the cuneiform character. Accordingly, to have anything like a proper idea of what these and other sculptured objects meant, it was essential to have a key to the cuneiform alphabet. The characters were not Hebrew, nor Arabic, nor Greek. As will be seen by a specimen of a name spelled in the Assyrian alphabet which we here present, the component parts of the letters have a shape which has been variously compared to a wedge, a nail, or an arrow-head—the term cuneiform being from the Latin *cuneus*, a wedge.

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Grotefend, who was an early inquirer, has the merit of being the first to decipher the cuneiform inscriptions, and his discoveries were latterly supplemented by Rawlinson and others. A serious obstacle was overcome, when it was found that the cuneiform characters were employed in three different languages, Persian, Scythic, and Assyrian. The discoveries proved to be of immense importance, by throwing light on the history, law, and the social condition of the most ancient nations in the world. Multitudes of these excavated relics are open to inspection in the British Museum, and we can appreciate the labour that has been taken to open up this interesting field of inquiry.

Unfortunately, the relics bearing these inscriptions are incomplete. From them are obtained only such detached morsels of Chaldean and other legends as provoke a desire to get more. In looking at them, ordinary visitors, of course, stare about, wonder, and pass on. The winged bulls with human heads, and cuneiform inscriptions, are thought to be strange monsters of unknown antiquity, and that is usually all that can be made of them. The more thoughtful investigator feels how desirable it would be to gather together the fragments

of information contained on these wondrous tablets, along with what are still to be discovered, so as to get at their full meaning. In the Oriental Department of the British Museum, is an official, Mr George Smith, who longed to master the subject, and whose studies of the relics, as well as of numerous paper casts, were promoted by Sir Henry Rawlinson. This brings us to the substance of our narrative. A lecture delivered by Mr Smith before the Biblical Archaeological Society in 1872, in which he shewed what discoveries might still be made at Nineveh, having drawn the attention of the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, they munificently offered him a thousand guineas to conduct an expedition for the recovery of fresh inscriptions; he, in return, supplying, from time to time, accounts of his journeys and discoveries. With the sanction of the trustees of the Museum, the offer was accepted; so that to the enterprise of a London newspaper, as will be immediately seen, we are indebted for some remarkably interesting additions to Biblical history, more especially as concerns a Deluge, which may be identified with that of Noah. Anything more archeologically curious can hardly be imagined.

Mr Smith set out on his travels in January 1873, going by way of Paris, to examine the antiquities discovered by Botta. Reaching Marseilles, he proceeded by sea to Alexandretta, a port in Asiatic Turkey, whence he proceeded on a land journey to Mosul, on the Tigris. Lodging at rude khans, and encountering some adventures, he passed over a country consisting of rich plains, crossed and broken here and there by barren and stony mountains. At Aleppo, he made the acquaintance of Mr Skene, the English consul, to whom he was indebted for various good offices while in the country. He speaks of 'noble work' being done at certain places by American missionaries. 'It is an astonishing fact,' he observes, 'that a Christian country like England upholds the Porte, and yet does not insist on justice being done to the Christians in Turkey. No end of promises are given, but any one conversant with Turkey knows the distance between promise and performance.' We join in this astonishment. For some vague political reasons, Turkey, at an enormous cost of blood and treasure, has been supported thanklessly by England, instead of being left to its fate, and allowed to drift into the obscurity which it deserves.

With the aid of guides, horses, and mules, the traveller worked his way through a wild country, and on the 2d of March arrived at the ruins of Nineveh and Nimroud, which appeared as a series of unshapely and gigantic mounds on the left bank of the Tigris, opposite Mosul. Reaching this field of action, great difficulties were encountered. An expected firman from the Porte, authorising excavations, had not arrived, and nothing was allowed to be done. Not to waste time in waiting for the firman, Mr Smith made a southerly expedition down the Tigris in a boat to Baghdad, in the neighbourhood of which he saw various interesting traces of the ancient Babylon; and following in the footsteps of Rawlinson, identified the wreck

of the Tower of Babel, which appears to be quite a quarry of bricks for building houses in the modern town of Hillah.

With reluctance, Mr Smith left this prolific source of interest; for the aim of his inquiries was elsewhere, and he returned northwards by means of horses to Mosul. The affair of the firman was somehow arranged, and on the 9th of April, excavations on the mounds of Nimroud were commenced, as it was from these that had come some of the finest Assyrian sculptures in the British Museum.

The mounds of Nimroud are said to represent the Assyrian city of Calah, founded by Nimrod, but afterwards destroyed, and then rebuilt about 885 B.C.—that is, 2750 years ago. Palaces and temples had been about this time constructed on a magnificent scale. The Assyrians were in all their glory, and no expense was spared on sculptured colossal figures, with inscriptions in that cuneiform character for which our traveller was in search. After making some excavations and effecting a few discoveries at Nimroud, Mr Smith proceeded to the more fertile field of antiquarian interest at Nineveh, or what had been that city, lying in a bend of the Tigris, on its eastern side, with the tributary river Khosr running across it. The most conspicuous ruins of this far-famed city are the remains of a magnificent wall, about eight miles in circuit. The mounds embracing the wall are in some places fifty feet high. In the space that had been occupied by the city, interest is very much centred in the two palace mounds, called Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunas. Here, in the palace of Sennacherib, the excavations revealed some tablets, which, on examination, proved very acceptable. We give the account of the discovery in Mr Smith's own words:

'I sat down to examine the store of fragments of cuneiform inscriptions from the day's digging, taking out and brushing off the earth from the fragments, to read their contents. On cleaning one of them, I found, to my surprise and gratification, that it contained the greater portion of seventeen lines of inscription belonging to the first column of the Chaldean account of the Deluge, and fitting into the place where there was a serious blank in the story. When I first published the account of this tablet, I had conjectured that there were about fifteen lines wanting in this part of the story, and now, with this portion, I was enabled to make it nearly complete.' The palace of Sennacherib produced other objects of interest, including a small tablet of Earhaddon, king of Assyria; some new fragments of one of the historical cylinders of Assurbanipal; and a curious fragment of the history of Sargon, king of Assyria, relating to his expedition against Ashdod, which is mentioned in the twentieth chapter of the Book of Isaiah. The discovery of the missing part of the Deluge tablet here referred to may be considered to be Mr Smith's principal 'find.' In excavations amidst 'large blocks of stone with carvings and inscriptions, fragments of ornamental pavement, painted bricks, and decorations,' were found from time to time; pieces of terra-cotta tablets were discovered. A trench, executed with some difficulty, yielded a tablet bearing a succinct account of the conquest of Babylonia by the Elamites, 2280 B.C.—four thousand one hundred and fifty-five years ago.

We have not space to describe the various excavations or the trouble which was encountered. Operations were closed at the beginning of June, and Mr Smith started for England with his treasures. Arriving at Alexandretta in July, he found, to his dismay, that the officers at the custom-house would not allow his packages of antiquities to pass, and finally seized them, in spite of representations that they were the property of the British government. He was, therefore, obliged to depart without them. The antiquities were afterwards released, at the request of the British ambassador at Constantinople, and, at length, were safely deposited in the British Museum.

So much interest was excited by the newly arrived collection of Assyrian antiquities, that the trustees of the Museum resolved on employing Mr Smith to undertake a fresh expedition to secure additional inscriptions at Kouyunjik; and the sum of £1,000 was set aside for the work. No time was to be lost, for the permission given by the firm was to expire on the 9th or 10th of March 1874. Under this new commission, Mr Smith departed from England in December 1873, and encountering the troubles incidental to the journey from Alexandretta, arrived at Mosul early in the morning of the 1st of January 1874.

Having made all preparations, by collecting tools and hiring labourers, to resume his excavations on what may be deemed the chief repository of antiquities at Nineveh, Mr Smith was subjected to very annoying obstructions by the Turkish officials. However, he went to work notwithstanding these annoyances. As his time was brief, he employed some hundreds of workers. Inscribed bricks, broken fragments of sculpture, a relief of a man-headed and winged bull, a terracotta inscription of Sennacherib, and a variety of utensils, rewarded his research. Among the utensils was a bronze table-fork of elegant construction, which, being at least three thousand years old, must be viewed as a curiosity. He also found a bone spoon. These and other discoveries suggest an idea that, contrary to the opinion of Greek historians, western civilisation is due quite as much, if not more, to Assyria than to Egypt. One thing, as appears from the explorations, is particularly remarkable. The Chaldean legends disclosed by inscriptions and objects of antiquity, come nearest to the Scriptural record in Genesis of anything yet brought to light. As we already know, the Chaldean sages were skilled in astronomy; they mapped out the heavens, and knew the length of the year to a considerable degree of accuracy. Undoubtedly, their legends were mixed with superstitions, and, somewhat like the poems of Ossian, they spoke figuratively of natural phenomena.

Much of Mr Smith's interesting work, *Assyrian Discoveries*, just issued,* consists of a translation of the cuneiform inscriptions from Nineveh, discovered by himself and others. Unfortunately, he does not distinguish his own from what had been previously known. The various fragments are pieced together, as far as possible, to make up a whole. Although still imperfect, from want of certain pieces, the Chaldean tradition of the Deluge, inscribed in these memorials, which are

as ancient as the early Babylonian monarchy, will be of vast interest to Biblical critics—and many besides, who have a pleasure in archaeological inquiry. In the 'Izdubar legends,' as they are specially named, Izdubar was a mighty hunter, giant, and king, identified with Nimrod, and it is revealed to him by the gods 'Anu, Bel, Ninip,' to cause a large ship to be constructed, in order to save a family with living creatures from a destroying deluge which was to overspread the earth. Then come fragmentary inscriptions about the flood. 'It destroyed all life from the face of the earth . . . the strong deluge over the people reached to heaven. . . . I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went and turned, and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went, and turned.' Next, a raven was sent out, and it did not return. As the deluge subsides, we have an account of the ship settling on a mountain, the sending forth of the animals, and the building of an altar on the peak of the mountain. Scholars will compare the highly poetical narrative with the history of the flood in Genesis, and also with the account given of the universal inundation by Berossus, an educated priest of Babylon, who had a knowledge of the Greek language, and probably lived about 280 B.C.

In bringing away the objects of antiquity which he had been authorized to collect, there was a renewal of obstructions, and no end of demands in the form of backsheesh; and only by the intervention of the British ambassador at Constantinople was the matter settled. Mr Smith left Mosul on the 4th of April. We learn that the mountains were partly under snow, and that the rivers were flooded. There were difficulties as to guides, and means of transit by horses across the desert. Two of his escort were Circassians, against whom there was a feud, as being notorious thieves. At a house where he found a night's lodging, he says: 'My Circassians admitted they were professional robbers, and listened with indifference to the complaints of my host; but when another native taunted one of the Circassians with having been driven from the house where they refused to admit me, the man roused, and said to the native: "Be ware; I roam these deserts like a wolf, and if I catch you outside the village, I will murder you." And with these words of blood on his lips, my Circassian turned to our host, and asked the direction of Mecca; then, spreading his cloak on the ground, he looked towards the holy city, and engaged in prayer as peacefully as if he did no violence. Such are the people I was forced to employ; and I was yet to hear more of their misdeeds.' Again, on this return journey, Mr Smith's packages of antiquities were seized by ignorant and officious pachas; and only by the friendly intervention of Mr Skene, British consul at Aleppo, and of Mr Franck at Alexandretta, was his collection allowed to be exported. By one of the P&O. and Oriental Company's vessels, he got off, and arrived in London on the 9th of June.

In a slight sketch like this, we cannot go into a formal analysis of Mr Smith's discoveries. All we can say is, that, considering the limited means, as well as the short time, at his disposal, he added materially to our knowledge of Assyrian antiquities. Of the annoyances he experienced from Turkish officials, he speaks with a degree of

* Sampson Low, Marston, Low, and Searle, London: 1875.

moderation, which, looking to future efforts at discovery, can be fully appreciated. As the account of a learned and modest inquirer into a singularly interesting department of oriental archaeology, we trust his work will find a place in every public library.

W. C.

TRIP ON AN INCLINE.

THE tramway at the Brendon Mine is quite worth making a trip to see. During a visit to West Somerset last autumn, we made a journey thither. Having driven to the pretty little village of Nettlecombe, we found that upwards of an hour would elapse before any train started for the foot of the tramway, and as the distance to it was under three miles, we—that is, myself and two friends—decided upon walking.

Following the railway track, we walked through a lovely wooded undulating country, and in close proximity to a rapid stream, that leaped and rushed over and amongst boulders and stones, indicating, by its equable distance below the railway, that we were walking up a steep incline. From some considerable experience in these matters, I am inclined to think the slope of the railway was about one in forty. In less than an hour, we reached a station at the foot of the tramway, and we then saw what was before us. There, straight as an arrow, was a double line of rails, pointing upwards at what my friends asserted was nearly forty-five degrees, and extending above half a mile. So steep did this slope appear, that even to walk up it would have been a work of great labour, and yet we were bound to ascend and descend in a railway carriage, or rather truck. On the summit of this incline, we could see some tiny objects moving round a large square block of something that seemed to be in dangerous proximity to the edge of this precipice, for such it looked. Our binoculars revealed that the square block was a railway truck, and the other objects were men who were hovering round it. A railway porter at the station at the foot of the incline informed us that the length of this incline was fifty-two chains, and that the rise was one in four. Now, as the chain is twenty-two yards, the length of this tramway was eleven hundred and forty-four yards; and the rise in that distance being one in four, we found that we should rise eight hundred and fifty-eight feet during our journey, or rather more than twice the height of St Paul's, in less than three-quarters of a mile, and this, too, at railway speed. Having realised these facts, we began to speculate on the amount of risk we ran in this journey, and we examined the porter as regards accidents.

'Well, sir,' said the man, 'we can't well have an accident, because we turn the points so that if the rope broke, and the trucks broke loose, down they'd come, and be shunted off on the siding; and so they couldn't run down the line, and come in collision with anything. Once the rope did break, sir, and it was all settled here, close to the station.'

'How settled?'

'Why, the trucks just broke up, and spread the ore over the rail.'

'But how about the passengers?'

'There were none, sir, luckily; and so there was no harm done.'

We immediately proceeded to an examination of the rope by which the trucks were dragged up the incline. It was a wire-rope, and it looked fearfully small; but then we reflected upon the manner in which the traffic on this quaint railway was carried on, and we became more confident. The method was, that a wire-rope, rolling round a drum, was made fast to the trucks at the bottom and at the top of the tramway. Those at the top were filled with iron ore, and, by their extra weight, ran down the incline, and dragged up the empty carriages. Those which descended the incline full were soon emptied, and those at the top exchanged for full ones; so that the loaded trucks always descended, while the empty ones ascended. Thus there was not a very great strain upon the rope, and we felt quite prepared for the ascent.

In order to ascend the incline comfortably, a plank and some sacks were placed in the truck, and on these we seated ourselves, and before starting, noted the time, and that we were in a sort of basin surrounded by high hills. There is a sudden jerk as the rope that holds our truck becomes taut, and is stretching upwards; we hold on to the sides of the truck, for our seat seems insecure, and as though a very little would upset us. On moves the truck, very steadily now, but with increasing velocity. We look upwards, and there we see two or three loaded trucks rushing down towards us. We look back and downwards, but this is rather giddy work, and we don't like it; but when we look at the hill-tops behind us, a most curious effect is visible. So sudden is our rise, that the hill-tops that seemed to hang over us as we started are now depressed, whilst above them rise the Welsh hills, the Bristol Channel, and the intermediate country of North Somerset. So quickly does the scene change, and hill ascend above hill, that we can scarcely picture one scene before it is quickly superseded by another.

But suppose the rope broke? If it did so when we were ascending, we have our remedy. The truck, being no longer dragged up this steep incline, would suddenly stop, then descend, and with increasing velocity, until it came to that safe place below, which the porter had intimated would prevent an accident, by dashing the truck to pieces. There was an instant when, by presence of mind, we could escape without any danger; it was at the instant when the truck came to rest. At that second of time we could jump down, and calmly contemplate the headlong rush and destruction of the truck in its descent. But how about our going down? If the rope then broke, this expedient could not be put into practice, for there would be a sudden increase of speed, and no instant of time when we could jump down with safety. These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, for we had only gone half-way up the incline, when the down-trucks rushed past us with a groan and a whiz, that added to our giddiness. And lo! upon one of these trucks sat a little girl about seven years old, who seemed as much at home in rushing down that incline, as she would be on her mother's knee. I glanced round at my two companions, who had, during the last few

seconds, become very quiet. Our eyes met, and one of my friends remarked what a lovely view it was. As I regarded him, I knew he was playing a false card; his lips were tightly set, and the clutch of his hands on the track was such that I could see the muscles standing out on their backs, and I knew that, however much my companions might command their feelings, yet they were unmistakably dismayed. But at length our truck suddenly came to a stop: we had ascended eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in vertical height, during what appeared to us a very long time; but, on referring to our watches, we found it was only three minutes and fifty-six seconds from the time of leaving the lower to reaching the upper station; and we were assured that, if we had walked it, we could not have accomplished the distance under eighteen minutes.

The view from the summit of this tramway is well worth the rush up and down. The locality on which we stood must have been upwards of twelve hundred feet above the sea-level, and the extent of country visible was immense. South Wales, the Bristol Channel, Exmoor, Dartmoor, Wiltshire, South Dorset, were all visible; and had the day been clearer, we should have had a more distinct view of the farthest ranges in Devon and Cornwall. But our time was short, for if we did not return by the next down-train, we should be detained for more than two hours; so, having seated ourselves on some sacks placed on the one which the truck was loaded, we turned our backs to the descent, and resigned ourselves to our fate.

I can quite understand that if a man went up and down this incline every day, he would soon be able to read his *Times*, whilst thus raised and lowered, with as much ease and comfort as people now do when travelling express on an average railway; but we were not accustomed to it. I do not hesitate to confess that a curious feeling—a sort of mixture of giddiness, sea-sickness, and uncertainty—took possession of me, as we felt ourselves rushing down this steep incline, now on a level with a tree-top, an instant after, far below its roots. Then, as we looked down far beneath us in the distance, we could see that very careful porter standing at the foot of the incline, having no doubt turned the points so as to cause the trucks to dash themselves to pieces close to his home, and thus, as he termed it, to prevent an accident. But I would rather have travelled a little farther, in the hope that we might find some reduction of the speed, enough to enable us to jump off from our Mazeppa-like position.

We, however, reached the foot of the incline in safety, and by the aid of a ladder, descended to the ground, whence we stepped into a comfortable first-class carriage, and once more travelled in a manner to which we had been accustomed, and which was less trying to our nerves than that rush up and down eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in less than four minutes.

'It was well worth the journey to go up and down that incline,' remarked our host, when we were seated that evening quietly after a good dinner.

'Oh, certainly,' replied one of our companions; 'but, to tell you the truth, it was rather nervous work.'

'And to think, after all,' I remarked, 'that the inclination of the slope was only fourteen degrees!'

'Fourteen degrees? Nonsense!' was the reply; 'it must have been nearer forty-five.'

A demonstration, however, convinced our companions that they had committed the common error of over-estimating a slope; for the fact is, that a rise of eight hundred and fifty-eight feet in about eleven hundred and fifty yards gives an angle of about fourteen degrees. It was enough!

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE COMMISSION.

At the little dinner-party at Willowbank that afternoon, there was not much talk, yet Walter thought that he had never enjoyed so pleasant a meal; Mr Brown did his best, though it evidently cost him an effort to play the host, and if his civilities had something of patronage about them, the young painter was in no humour to resent it. The rich man's swelling sense of importance, and decisive manner of laying down the law, as though wealth could confer the power of judging rightly on all subjects, did not even amuse him; for this old man, the father of Lotty and of Lilian, had awakened a strange interest within him. Lilian, accustomed to be silent in her father's presence, spoke but little, yet all she did say had sense and kindness in it; when they spoke of art, she exhibited no captiousness, such as most women use when they wish to be thought enthusiastic; nor, on the other hand, did she advance her opinions under cover of that sorry shield of pretended ignorance: 'I know nothing about it, you know; please, tell me if I am wrong, &c.' which so often conceals a stubborn conceit. When her father became taciturn, as he often did, she knew how to rouse him from his moody thoughts, by starting some subject pertaining to his own pursuits, and whenever a hitch occurred—some point of difference between host and guest, such as, from the total dissimilarity of their characters, could not at times but arise—she smoothed it away with some graceful jest. It was not without some secret sense of disloyalty that Walter found himself comparing the two sisters with one another, to the disadvantage of the absent one. Lotty had certainly never exhibited such tact and graciousness, but in her case there had been no such opportunity for their display; she had had no judgments to pass, no opinions to offer, no feelings even to express, except with respect to one person and one object. Perhaps, when Lilian came to be in love, her thoughts would also be inclosed in the same narrow circle. Since they were so broad and comprehensive, it was probable that she was not in love, and that was, somehow, a very pleasant reflection to Walter. We have all experienced, I suppose—we men—in our time, a satisfaction at feeling confident that the charming young person by whom we are seated for an hour or so, even if we are never to see her again, is, for the present, fancy free; that she can feel an interest in what we say, if not in ourselves; that she has thoughts, which she can interchange with us, of her very own; that she is not as yet absorbed, as young ladies sooner or later become, in the individuality of some one of the opposite sex, not at all likely (taking the average of male creatures) to be in any way superior to ourselves. In Walter's case, the

consciousness that there was a secret between Lilian and himself gave intensity to this pleasure, yet no one will surely venture to assert that he had fallen in love with his young hostess. The recollection of the circumstances that had admitted him to her presence, must alone have been sufficient to preserve him from such folly; he was poorer even than his friend the captain; his future was even still less promising; and, after the experience of his host's conduct towards her whom Lilian had herself described as his favourite daughter, what hope could there be of Mr Brown's looking with favour—nay, with patience—at the pretensions of such a suitor as Mr Walter Litton! At all events, Mr Christopher Brown, who was said to be worth a plum, the fruit, too, of his own planting, and who had a great character for good judgment in the City, was evidently of the opinion that no such maggot could have entered into his young guest's brain, as will be seen from a certain proposition he made to him after dinner.

That period 'across the walnuts and the wine' had been looked forward to by Walter with some dismay: he would have liked to have gone at once into the drawing-room, and listened to Lilian's playing on the piano, a little nearer than at the distance it now came to him through the wall; or, if that might not have been, even to have left Willowbank at once, and finished the evening with his friend Jack over the fragrant pipe. He felt that wealth was not the only thing that he had not in common with this friendly Crossus, and that an 'unpleasant quarter of an hour,' and perhaps, a good deal more—for his host had ordered spirits-and-water for himself—was lying before him. If he would only talk of Lotty, then, indeed, he would try his very best to do her some service; but that he should choose such a topic to converse on with an utter stranger, seemed to the last degree improbable. It was to his great relief, therefore, that so soon as the young lady had withdrawn, his host observed: 'You smoke, of course?' for tobacco, amongst its other priceless benefits, confers the advantage of silence without embarrassment. 'There are some cigars, young gentleman, such as you have seldom tasted,' added the old man, as the box was handed round; 'they cost me three guineas a pound, though I imported them myself.'

'They are excellent, no doubt, sir; but I hope you will not feel aggrieved if I take a pipe instead: I am accustomed to pipes, and do not wish to acquire extravagant habits.'

Walter said this in joke, since, as a matter of fact, he greatly preferred a pipe to a cigar, but his companion took him *au pied de la lettre*.

'That shews you are a very sensible young fellow,' said he approvingly. 'I did not take to smoking myself till I was long past your age, because I couldn't afford it; and I would have smoked pipes if they had agreed with me. As it was I smoked cheroots. Can you guess why?'

'Well, no, sir; these things are so much a matter of fancy.'

'I never do anything from fancy, Mr Litton, and I never did. I smoked cheroots, partly because they were cheaper, partly because I hated the extravagance of biting off the end of a cigar and throwing it away. The wasting of that end was a positive wickedness in my eyes—a mere wanton sacrifice to the caprices of fashion.'

'I see,' said Walter, amused at his host's devotion to principle in such a matter; 'and I suppose you put the small end of the cheroot in your mouth instead of the big end?'

'Most certainly I did,' returned his companion seriously: 'a man who does otherwise is, in my opinion, a mere wasteful puppy!'

'But they say it draws better.'

'That's rubbish,' interrupted the other; 'a transparent device of the manufacturer, to cause a greater consumption of the material he supplies. Why, you ought to know that, since you know so much about "drawing," eh?' and the old gentleman stirred his toddy, and expressed that species of satisfaction peculiar to persons who do not often make jokes, but when they do, flatter themselves that they are successful.

Walter laughed, as in duty bound, and said it was very polite in Mr Brown to give him credit for knowledge in his calling.

'Not at all, sir; I never pay compliments,' said his host. 'I know something about your "art," as you painters are so fond of calling it, though I have paid for it pretty dearly. There is more than a thousand pounds "locked up," as I call it, in this house—the interest of money that I have spent in pictures. It is not a bad investment in these days, to those who can stand the immediate loss. O yes, you can draw and paint too, Mr Litton. Now, with respect to this picture "Supplication"—here his voice became suddenly grave and earnest—'did it take you long?'

'Well, yes, sir; many months. But it need not have done so, had I not lingered over it: one does, you know, over work that pleases one.'

'Just so; I have done it myself,' answered the other thoughtfully, 'many and many a day, when all the other clerks had left, have I sat at my desk conning over every figure; but your figures are very different, eh?'

The old gentleman's tone was still jocose, yet it was evident from his manner that he was upon a topic that had a serious interest for him.

'Did you paint this picture from—from the life?'

'I did, sir; that is, a model sat to me for it.'

'A model? Do you mean a young lady?' asked Mr Brown in a voice that in its eager curiosity was almost anxious.

'Yes; a young woman sat for the picture; it was originally intended to be a portion of an historical work: I painted her as Queen Philippa beseeching her husband to spare the citizens of Calais: only, there is no King Edward, and no citizens.'

'Ah, indeed?' Then, after a pause: 'You recognised the likeness to my daughter Lilian, I perceived?'

'Well, yes, sir.'

'And yet you never saw her before, I suppose?'

'Never, to my knowledge.'

'Well, I should like another portrait of her, this time taken from the life, but treated in the same style, so as to make, as it were, a companion picture. Is there not some one in history—some girl—who had no necessity to plead for pardon, either for herself or others; one whose character was faithful, dutiful, unselfish?'

'There is Joan of Arc, sir,' reflected Walter; 'a hackneyed subject, it is true; but so, for that matter, is Philippa. I could paint your daughter in

that character: faithful, dutiful, helpful for others, cheerful, in spite of adverse fate; but it would put the young lady to some inconvenience; these historical subjects take more time than ordinary portraits.

'I see. But can you not, as in the other case, get some one else to sit, in the proper costume and so forth—the same, perhaps, as sat before—and then, for the features and expression, paint from my daughter herself?'

'That is possible, sir; but I cannot promise to produce so good a likeness as in the first instance, where I had no original before me. These chance successes are difficult to repeat. There is an old story of a painter who could not paint a cloud to his liking, and, in his irritation, threw the brush at the canvas, which made by accident the very effect he wished to produce; but if he had thrown the brush a second time, it would probably not have made a second cloud. I will do my best, however.'

'No man can do more, sir. We will consider that as settled, and I will give you the three hundred pounds for the Joan which you refused for the Philippa. Yes, yes; I must have my own way this time; and Lillian will sit to you when you wish.'

'Under the circumstances, I shall not need to trouble her for some time; the preliminary work will take.'

'Well, well, begin it at once, that's all,' interrupted his host impatiently. 'You gentlemen of the brush are rather slow in your movements; it is the same with the painters and glaziers, whom one can never get out of the house. Now, I suppose I shall not be able to get this Philippa picture till the autumn, shall I?'

'Not till after the Academy is closed. No, sir; I fear not.'

'Well, that's a great injustice. When a picture is bought and paid for, one ought to do what one likes with it; that's my notion of property.'

'But consider, sir, if everybody acted upon that idea, what blank spaces there would be on the walls before the Exhibition was over!'

'Pooh, pooh; let them paint the walls.'

It was clear the old gentleman was getting irritable. Up to this point, Walter felt that he had made a favourable impression, and, much as he wished to see Lillian again, he feared this impression might be marred by his delaying longer at Willowbank that evening. The gout was evidently beginning to trouble his host, and there were indications in his manner which shewed he was growing impatient of the presence of his young guest.

'Well, if you will allow me, Mr. Brown, I will set about this affair of your daughter's picture—since you seem to be in a hurry for it—at once; it is still early, so that I may, perhaps, this very evening, secure the services of my model for to-morrow.'

'An excellent thought, Mr. Litton,' returned the old gentleman with an eagerness that shewed how accurately his guest had read his wishes. 'Yes, yes; I like to see a young man prompt in business. My daughter is also my nurse, and just now I require her services; so perhaps you will excuse her entertaining you in the drawing-room. I will make your compliments to her for you; and drop me a line when you are ready to paint her. Good-bye, sir, good-bye.' And in five minutes, Walter

found himself on the other side of the lodge-gate, and in the world of London.

The events of the last few hours seemed to him like a dream, and yet the result of them had been very material. He had a cheque for a hundred pounds in his pocket, and had obtained a commission which would bring him in three hundred more. But this was the least part of what had happened to him. He was conscious of a complete revolution in his own feelings. He adored Lotty still with the same honest devotion as of old; his interest in her was just as great, and his desire to help her had even become active instead of passive; but there was not the same sense of hopelessness within him as he had experienced heretofore. He had not transferred his allegiance to her sister; he was loyal as ever to her cause; but he felt, for the first time, that his allegiance might be due elsewhere than to Lotty. His position was somewhat analogous to that of a wavering Jacobite, who could own a king *de facto*, as well as a king *de jure*. What astonished him most was, that he felt no regret that he had sold his picture; he endeavoured to account for this by the reflection, that it was passing into the hands, not of strangers, but of those who had a greater right to it than himself; but what undoubtedly more compensated him for its loss, was the fact, that he was about to paint its companion-portrait from the life; that he must needs spend days, perhaps weeks, at Willowbank, with Lotty's sister, and so, in a manner, would have the original beside him to console him for the absence of the copy.

The first step to be taken was to seek out little Red Riding-hood, and to covenant with her for certain sittings which were to be commenced forthwith; and to this end he bent his way towards her humble dwelling. It was a mere business affair to him—just as buying stock would have been to Mr. Christopher Brown—and the only consideration that he had in his mind was, what increase should he make in Miss Nellie Neale's rate of pay for her services—which should in some measure reflect his own good-fortune, and yet not spoil the market! But the romance of that eventful afternoon was by no means over for him yet.

CHAPTER XIV.—NELLIE'S LOVER.

The private residence of Mr. Neale, as distinguished from his professional abode at the corner of Beech Street (which was, in fact, a cellar, though it was called a stall), was quite a palatial dwelling, if he had occupied the whole of the premises himself; but of the five rooms of which the house was composed, he let out two to lodgers, and therefore, the parlour on his ground-floor was not dedicated solely to the reception of visitors; it was the dining-room, and also the kitchen, whereby, let us hope, that great desideratum, heat, was always insured for his mutton-chops, and the plates that they were served upon. But Mr. Neale, it is to be feared, did not often rejoice in mutton-chops; it was a dish that very, very rarely was tasted, or even smelt, by the inhabitants of Little Grime Street in which he lived. The day on which there was bacon enough for himself and his four children, including Nellie, who was the only one grown up, was a feast-day with the family, and one which he would have marked with a white stone, if he had known how to do it.

There was some sort of cookery, however, in progress when Mr Walter Litton looked in, sufficient, at all events, to call forth the apologies of the cobbler, who was himself superintending it; while his three little girls were arranging the supper-table, quite in the Russian fashion, with a lettuce of the size of a parasol, and some remarkably fine onions.

'It is not for you to apologise, but for me, Mr Neale, for having intruded on your supper-hour,' said Walter, patting the curly head of the smallest girl.—'Why, your board looks like Covent Garden, little missis.'

'Well, yes, sir,' answered the cobbler, stirring the vessel on the fire with a large iron spoon; 'when meat is scarce, we makes it up with vegetables; they are always wholesome, and they're very filling. Won't you take a chair, Mr Litton?'

The cobbler was a great favourite of Walter's, and the regard was reciprocal. The worthy man had long lost his wife, and had had a hard time of it in endeavouring to bring up his four girls in comfort and respectability; he was obliged to be much away from home, nor had he been able to afford to hire any one to look after them in his absence; but they were good girls, he said, 'though he said it who shouldn't'; and the elder ones had 'seem to' their juniors, and when nine years old, were better housekeepers than many young ladies are found to be who marry at nineteen. He had a hearty cheerful face, not at all handsome, but with an honest pride in it; and though his locks were grizzled, he looked as though there was happiness for him yet, such as a man generally contrives to find who works for others, and does his duty by them.

'Where's Nellie?' inquired Walter, 'that you are doing the cooking, Mr Neale?'

'Well, it's only tripe, sir,' answered the cobbler; 'and she knows I'm equal to that. She'll be home in a minute or two; indeed, I thought it was her when you came in.'

'It's rather late for her to be out, is it not?' said Walter.

'Well, no, sir; not this beautiful summer weather: the cool air does her good, and I ain't afraid of her getting harm in other ways, thank God! Nelly's a good girl, if ever there was one. But she ain't well, sir. Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the last few days she has seemed to me more white and spiritless-like, and she's been ailing off and on ever since the spring.'

'I have not seen any change in her of late at all,' said Walter gravely.

'I daresay not, sir; but then, you see, you're not her father. Not but that you have behaved as kind and honest to her as though you were, Mr Litton. I have reason to be thankful to you on many accounts, Heaven knows! Your having her to sit for you so constant, is a great help to us, though I wish it would be in the mornings, as it used to be, and not so late in the day. By the time you have done with her, and she has made her little purchases for the house, it's getting on for bedtime, and I scarcely see anything of her now.'

'I wish her to come in the mornings,' said Walter quietly; 'that will suit me better, as it happens, for the future. Will you ask her to come in to-morrow at the old time, instead of the afternoon? She will understand, if you just say that.'

'I will tell her, sir, and with great pleasure.'

'Yes; but don't tell her that I called, Mr Neale; say I sent round a message, will you? I have a reason for it.'

'A reason for it?' said the cobbler. 'Deary me! She has not offended you, I hope?'

'Not at all. The fact is, I have some news for her; and I wish to tell it her myself. I have just sold the picture for which she sat for a good sum, and I think I can afford her a little better pay.'

'Indeed, sir, you are very good. Why, it is only the other day—not a month ago—since you increased it. She has been even able to save some money to give herself a few days at the seaside next month, which we are in hopes will do her good.'

'Indeed,' said Walter dryly. 'Well, just give her my card, with these few words on it, and don't say a word—nor let her sisters say one—of my having called here.'

The old cobbler promised readily; and the little girls, delighted at the surprise that was awaiting their sister on the morrow, and the nature of which they thoroughly appreciated, promised also. Indeed, as Walter quitted that humble roof, he left the whole family radiant. But the smile faded off his own lips so soon as he had shut the door behind him. Had poor little Red Riding-hood gone to the bad? was his first thought; and the conviction that it was so gave him the sincerest sorrow. He was frank and simple in character, but it was not through ignorance of the ways of the world, and especially of the London world. Directly the old cobbler had said: 'Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the last few days Nellie has looked white and spiritless,' he had at once grasped the fact, that she was deceiving her father, and making a pretended engagement in his studio an excuse for her absence from home. He had not himself set eyes on the girl for seven weeks. Most persons in his place would at once have blurted out the truth, but he had not had the heart—that is the hardness of heart—to do so. Any time would be time enough to tell the poor old man of his daughter's shame, if she had stooped to shame; and it might be possible to spare him even yet. If Nellie knew that he had called in person, she would conclude that he had discovered her deceit, and would perhaps have refused to come to Beech Street. His commonsense told him that in such a case there was extreme danger of precipitating a catastrophe: many a girl on the road to ruin has been hurried on to that fatal goal by the reproaches of those who have taken it for granted that it has been already reached. That it had been reached by poor Nellie, Walter had only too much cause to fear. That she had taken money from some one, pretending that it was her earnings in Beech Street, was a bad sign indeed; while that talk of a few days at the sea seemed to point only too surely to her intention of leaving home at no distant date with her betrayer. But until he was certain of this, he resolved to shield Red Riding-hood not only from evil to come, if that might be possible, but also from reproach for what had passed; and to conceal what he had learned even from his friend Pelter, though Jack himself had shewn a kind interest in Nellie. It was not so much far-sighted prudence—the reflection that a girl's good name once spoken against is not

to be lightly cleared, even from groundless scandal—as sheer tenderness of heart, which actuated Walter in this matter, and which was at once his strength and his weakness. If it had caused him to ‘philander’ with a married woman, it also kept his lips sealed as with the seal of confession with respect to the frailties of a single one. He had plenty to tell Jack (though he by no means told him all) with reference to his visit to Willowbank, without touching on any other subject, and they sat up together half the night discoursing upon it. Jack thought Mr Christopher Brown ought to have come down more handsomely in the case of Philippa (for Walter had not told him how he had been tempted by ‘advances,’ and refused them, and given way in the end to sentiment): ‘A hundred pounds is far too little to have taken from so big a fish as Mr Brown; but, on the other hand, he will be punished for his parsimony by giving three hundred for your next picture, which won’t be half so good. No, sir. Mark my words: Joan will be comparatively a failure. The inspiration will now be wanting, unless, indeed, you happen to take a fancy to this young lady in duplicate.’ Walter smiled when he flattered himself was a smile of sadness. ‘Well, my lad, that is as it may be. I have known a heart dead and buried, as it were, in barren ground, dug up, and going again very wholesomely, before now. At all events, your material prospects have now become very flourishing indeed, and I congratulate you upon them most heartily. There will be lots of work to do at that house. You will have to paint the old gentleman himself!’

‘In lambs-black,’ suggested Walter.

‘No, no, I mean Mr Brown. You must make him very solid and irrefragable; his cheque-book lying before him upon that plain desk, which you may depend upon it, was the one he used when he had but fifty pounds a year and the reversion of his employer’s boots. It has the same interest for him, I don’t doubt, as Sir Isaac Newton’s first arithmetic book, or Nelson’s earliest toy-ship, would have for the public. He is one of the great professors of the art of getting money, and understands it thoroughly; but he knows nothing about how to spend it, and you must teach it him. Point out the desirability of his having frescoes upon the staircase walls, and when you have convinced him, give him my card. “Orders executed for frescoes with punctuality and despatch,” shall be printed upon it, expressly to “fetch” him. I shall rise with you, Watty—I feel it—up that staircase. Let us embrace. Let us drink the health of “Christie Brown”—it sounds quite poetical. There is Christie Johnson, gone, poor thing; and Christie somebody else, I don’t know who, but she haunts me. Oh, it’s the auctioneer. Well, he’s always “going,” and that’s sad too. Bless you, Watty; you are enriched, and yet you are able!’

From the style of which discourse, it may be gathered that Mr John Pelter had been wishing luck to his friend for a considerable time, and was rather overcome by his feelings, and what he had mixed with them.

‘You’ll set to work at once, Watty, of course,’ were his farewell words. ‘I won’t keep you up. Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to get—screwed, yes, very screwed, by Jove! But you will set to work at once, for my sake?’

‘Yes, yes. Nellie Neale is coming to-morrow

morning to sit for Philippa. Good-night, Jack; good-night.’ And Jack took himself off with difficulty, stopping more than once upon the stairs to wink at the moon, which was shining very brightly, and to remark that, though so rich, she was affable.

For once, Walter did not bewail the weakness to which his friend had given way, for, whenever he so committed himself, he was certain to be late on the ensuing morning, and he did not wish him to see Nellie.

He had little hope that Red Riding-hood would sit as his model any more, and if that should happen, it was better that she should come and go without the observation of a third person. It had seemed easy for him, when in Little Grime Street, in presence of her father and sisters, to administer reproof to Red Riding-hood, and to warn her against a course of conduct which must needs bring shame upon them all; but in his own bachelor apartments, as the hour drew near for him to play the part of Mentor, he became conscious of his personal unfitness for that role, and almost regretted that he had not left her misconduct to be dealt with by her natural guardian and protector. However, it was too late now for retreat, and he had to screw his courage up as best he might; only, he could not help wishing that he was the clergyman of the parish, or, at all events, the father of a family. Nellie was always punctual, and, at the appointed hour, he heard her ring at the door, her well-known step upon the stairs: if he had not heard them, he would hardly have recognised her when she entered. She was as pretty as ever, indeed, perhaps prettier, for loss of colour does not detract from your dark beauties; but she looked very pale, and worn and thin; the brightness that had once lit up her face on bidding him good-morning, was exchanged for a spasmodic smile, which passed away with her salutation, and even before it—‘went out,’ as it were, leaving the fair face blank and desolate. She was no more Little Red Riding-hood, but had grown up to find that there were wolves in the world under a more attractive guise than even one’s grandmother. Her dress was always neat, but he noticed that it was made of better material than heretofore.

‘My father told me, Mr Litton, that you had sent last night.’

‘I called myself,’ interrupted Walter quietly, ‘and saw your father. Take a chair, Nellie.’

She was very glad to do so, as he saw, for she trembled from head to foot.

‘I—I—didn’t understand that you had been there yourself, sir.’

‘Yes; I wished to see you about sitting for another picture.’

‘Thank you, sir; but I don’t think I can do that at present,’ answered Nellie quickly.

‘And why not?’ inquired Walter, looking as much like the clergyman of the parish, or, at all events, the curate, as he could, and adopting a tone such as he considered suitable to ecclesiastical cross-examination.

‘Well, Mr Litton, I have my hands full of other business. There’s father and the girls’—

‘Nay; your hands are not full of them, Nellie.’

Her attempt at duplicity gave him confidence, for he had a natural hatred of and indignation against lies. ‘It is no use your pretending that to me, though you may deceive them by a story of your

being engaged in my studio every afternoon. Suppose I had said to your father: "She has not been there for these seven weeks," as perhaps I ought to have said?"

Nellie answered not a word, but sat with her eyes, with tears creeping slowly out of them, fast fixed on the ground.

"It is not my place, Nellie, but your father's place, to be talking to you about the manner in which you spend your time. But I do so to spare him, and, if it be possible, to save yourself."

Her pale face flushed in a moment, and she sprang to her feet. "What do you mean by that, Mr Litton?" cried she, confronting him. "You have no right to say such words."

"As your friend and your father's friend, Nellie, I have a right; nor do I use them without good cause, or, at least, what seems so. When a young girl in your position—I don't speak of it disdainfully, Heaven knows!—for she had uttered an ejaculation of what he took to be wounded pride: 'the case would be most serious for any young lady who should act thus; but in your case it is most dangerous—I say, when a girl absents herself for hours daily from her father's roof, and is so ashamed of her occupation during that period as to conceal it from him, nay, to trump up a false story, in order to account for her absence, there is good ground to suppose that she requires to be saved—from herself, at least. If you have a lover, why should you be ashamed to confess it at home, if he is an honest man?'"

"He is a gentleman," said Nellie proudly.

"I am sorry to hear it," was Walter's dry reply; "for in that case, under the circumstances, it is still more likely that he is not honest."

"You do not flatter him, nor me, sir," answered Nellie bitterly.

"I don't wish to flatter you; I wish to tell you the truth. If this man pretends that he loves you, but bids you keep his love a secret from your friends, he is lying! Do you suppose that it is you alone who can deceive people by specious stories? I daresay he has the best of reasons—private ones, but such as you will understand, he says—for not marrying you just at present. In the meantime, he gives you money."

"You are very, very cruel!" interrupted Nelly, crying bitterly. "You misjudge him altogether."

"Still, he does what I have said," answered Walter fiercely.

"And if he does, he has a reason for it. His family is a very high one. But there! it is no use saying anything to you, and you have no right to say anything to me!"

And with that, she turned as if to go. There was a look of excited resolve in her face which did not escape Walter's eyes; he stepped between her and the door, and locked it. "You shall not go to that man to-day," said he; "I will send round to your father at his stall; and he shall take you home."

"O no, no, no!" pleaded the girl, falling on her knees. "Oh, do not tell my father!"

"I will, so help me Heaven! Nellie, unless you tell me who this man is. If he is not a scoundrel, there can be no harm in my satisfying myself upon that point. If he is—"

"O Mr Litton, he is no scoundrel; he is a gentleman like yourself; only, he does not wish folks to know about it. In a few days, I shall be

his; he has promised it; but in the meantime, I was to tell nobody, and you, least of all."

"Me! What! Do I know the man?"

"O yes; he is a friend of yours; I met him—that is, he saw me here for the first time. It is Captain Selwyn. But he will be so very, very angry if he knew I told you his secret: on my knees, I beg of you not to reveal!"

"Kneel to God, and not to me, Nellie!" said Walter, in hoarse but solemn tones, "and thank Him that you have told me in time to save you from ruin. Captain Selwyn is a married man; I saw him married, with my own eyes, not a year ago, in Cornwall."

"Married!" echoed Nellie, and fell forward on the floor, as though she had been a lay-figure, and no model. She had fainted away.

THE FROG.

THE late Sir Robert Peel, on a memorable occasion, posed his audience by the apparently simple question: "What is a pound?" And Mr St George Mivart, in a little book recently published by him,* puts a similar poser to his readers by ingeniously asking: "What is a frog?" It may be safely affirmed that nine out of ten readers will be totally unable to give a satisfactory answer. That it hops, that it croaks, that it affects moist places, that it is—at any rate, partially—eaten in France and in Franco-maniacal America and elsewhere, and that it has been known, if a fable might be believed, to swell itself out until it burst, is all that the majority of readers are likely to be quite certain about as regards that extraordinary little creature. Perhaps, however, they may also have some dim idea of the frequency with which it is used for anatomical experiments; a frequency so great, that the animal has fully earned its title of 'The Martyr of Science.' The 'physiological experimenter' is continually exercised by a desire to learn 'what frogs can do without their heads; what their legs can do without their bodies; what their arms can do without either head or trunk; what is the effect of the removal of their brains; how they can manage without their ears; what effects arise from all kinds of local irritations, from chokings, from poisonings, from mutilations the most varied.' But still the question remains: "What is a frog?" Some very superior person may reply confidently: "A small saltatory reptile;" and will, no doubt, be very much surprised at being met by the rejoinder: "But is it a reptile?" At any rate, it begins life in its tadpole stage as a *fish*.

To be a little more explanatory may perhaps be advisable. The frog, then, originally springing from an egg, assumes the form of a young tadpole. As the tadpole grows, however, changes take place, and result in a complete metamorphosis or transformation. Little by little, the limbs bud forth; and the hind ones are the first visible, because the fore-limbs are for a time concealed by what is called 'the opercular membrane;' and, when it is

* *The Common Frog*. By St George Mivart, F.R.S. Macmillan & Co. 1874.

said that the four limbs are 'typically differentiated,' the meaning is, that they are 'divided into those very typical segments which exist in man—namely, shoulder-bones, arm-bones, wrist-bones, and hand-bones; and into haunch-bones, leg-bones, ankle-bones, and foot-bones respectively.' Moreover, as the legs grow, the tail becomes absorbed, not falling off, as some suppose, and the gills also disappear, and cease to serve the purposes of respiration, whilst lungs at the same time become developed in an inverse ratio; so that the tadpole is gradually transformed into the tailless and lung-breathing frog. Why science adds to its description of the frog, that the animal is 'provided with teeth along the margin of the upper jaw,' is, that in the case of the frog's cousin, the toad, 'the margin of the upper jaw, as well as the lower, is entirely destitute of teeth.'

We may observe that vertebrates are divided into five great classes; that the fourth class, called *Batrachia*, is that to which the frog (as well as the toad, the eft, &c.) belongs; that the class of *Batrachia* consists of four orders, in the first of which, named *Anoura* (tailless), is to be found the frog; and that a learned person classifying the frog would say that it 'belongs to the Batrachian order *Anoura*, to the family *Ranidae*, and to the genus *Rana*,' the last word being Latin for a frog. When to what has been already said it is added, that though many persons are accustomed to make much of the distinctive peculiarities of the human frame, yet 'man's bodily structure is far less exceptional in the animal series, is far less peculiar and isolated than that which is common to frogs and toads,' it will be easy to see why the humble frog should have been elevated to the painful dignity of 'the Martyr of Science.' About the frog 'are gathered biological questions which bear upon the origin of species, and upon the course and mode of organic development, as well as other speculative problems to which answers are as yet far to seek;' and, 'if it is a fact that all the various species of animals have arisen through ordinary generation one from another by a process of development, the life-history of the frog may with reason be expected to have some bearing upon such a process, since every frog begins its free existence with the organisation of a fish, and, after undergoing a remarkable "metamorphosis," attains the condition of an air-breathing quadruped, capable of easy and rapid terrestrial locomotion.'

It appears that there are about forty species of the frog's own genus (*Rana*). Amongst the largest may be mentioned the bull-frog of North America, a specimen of which is to be seen at the Zoological Gardens, where it is fed on small birds—a sparrow being easily ingulfed within its capacious jaws. The eatable frog, we are admonished, is 'easily to be discriminated from the common species by the absence of that dark, subtriangular patch which extends backwards from the eye; and the male of the eatable frog 'is further to be distinguished from the male of the common frog by the fact of its having the floor of the mouth, on each side, distensible as a pouch—the pouches, when distended, standing out on each side of the head.' It is said that these pouches

increase the volume of the croak, and render it so powerful that the possessors have, from the country in which they are particularly plentiful, received the nickname of 'Cambridgeshire Nightingales.' There is, it seems, 'a large South American frog, which devours other smaller frogs as well as small birds and beasts,' and is 'noteworthy on account of the singular bony plates which are inclosed in the skin of its back: a character which it shares with a small South American toad.' Mention is also made of 'a frog newly discovered (of a new genus, but allied to *Rana*), called *Chonotenus*,' but its habitat has not, apparently, been hitherto ascertained. There may be more reason to expect that there should, than that there should not, be a 'flying frog; but the nearest approach to such a creature seems to be, as yet, a certain 'tree-frog,' described by the celebrated naturalist, Mr Alfred Wallace, who, in his *Malay Archipelago*, has related that there was brought to him, in Borneo, 'by one of the Chinese workmen, a large tree-frog, which the "Heathen Chinese" declared he had seen "come down, in a slanting direction, from a high tree as if it flew"'. An examination of the creature led Mr Wallace to observe: 'It is difficult to imagine that this immense membrane of the toes can be for the purpose of swimming only, and the account of the Chinaman that it flew down from the tree becomes more credible.' If, however, the frog can not fly, the failure of its attempts in that direction only renders still more striking 'the curious and grotesque resemblance' between a frog and a man, which, so far as outward appearance goes, 'has been a common subject of remark.' 'The frog was man's swimming-master, appointed by Nature, can hardly be doubted by anybody who watches the motions of both, and knows what imitation means. It is not everybody who is aware that the frog is, in a manner, responsible for galvanism; yet, in the year 1789, 'Galvani accidentally discovered in the separated legs of certain frogs, prepared for broth, those motions produced by irritation of the exposed great nerve of the thigh, now so familiar to most. This action was long called galvanism, after this observer.' Galvani, however, appears to have been only a re-discoverer; 'Swammerdam, as long ago as 1658, having observed such motions.'

The frog may read a lesson to those who speak contemptuously of the human skin, saying, on certain occasions, that it is 'only the skin.' Only the skin! Why, 'the skin is really one of our most important organs, and is able to supplement, and to a very slight extent even to replace, the respective actions of the kidneys, the liver, and the lungs;' and the frog will shew to how high a degree this cautious activity may, in some living creatures, be developed. As is well known, the favourite residence of the frog is in marshes and dingy situations out of the direct rays of the sun. In all respects, it is adapted to lead this unobtrusive existence, and to fulfil its part in creation by doing so, finding its food in water and land by clearing away inferior creatures that might be troublesome. Its instinct in finding out ponds and marshes in which it may revel, has often been observed. It is, indeed, almost certain that if you make a pond, you will soon find it peopled by frogs, more, however, at season than another. Both as respects the perspiratory and the respiratory action, the frog must necessarily keep itself

damp. If tied up, in a place where it cannot escape the rays of a summer's sun, it will speedily die; nay, more, it will soon be perfectly dried up. As for proof of cutaneous respiration, it 'has been experimentally demonstrated by the detection of the carbonic acid given out in water by a frog over the head of which a bladder had been so tightly tied as to prevent the possibility of the escape of any exhalation from the lungs.' And a perhaps more satisfactory, but more cruel test has been applied by 'confining frogs in cages under water for more than two months and a half, and by the cutting out of the lungs, the creature continuing to live without them for forty days. Indeed, it is now certain that the skin is so important an agent in the frog's breathing, that the lungs do not suffice for the maintenance of life without its aid.' That the poor frog would not be so favourite a 'subject,' if it were less harmless, and were as poisonous as both itself and its relative the toad are supposed by some ignorant people (groundlessly in both cases) to be, it were rash to positively assert, for no danger seems to appal the votary of science; but, whether or not, enough has been said, it may be hoped, to win more respect and sympathy than are generally vouchsafed to our natural swimming-master, and our 'Martyr of Science.'

A NIGHT IN THE BACKWOODS.

A cold Canadian winter. Snow and slush; dripping eaves and gables of our rude log-house; a bitter February day near its close; the cold intense; all around outside, the picture of desolation; tall trees, gaunt and leafless, uprearing skeleton arms to the murky sky. A thaw has set in, and at every step you take out of doors you sink ankle-deep in the soft snow. Indoors, is dreary; the cold air is forced through many a chink.

Upon that night, my fingers were benumbed, toes ached painfully, and a feeling of depression seized me such as I had never felt before. Save for my baby, I was alone. My little child, indeed, gave me employment for hands and mind; it had been ailing, and its pretty face looked pinched and wan, with a hectic flush on it, and its little hands were hot and feverish. I had been frightened about it all day, as it lay moaning in my arms; but now, as sleep closed its eyes—a troubled sleep at first, but gradually deepening and growing tranquil—my mind, relieved about it, began to revert to my own loneliness. With a heavy heart, I looked round the scantily furnished room, where all the articles were of the commonest kind; at the partition of rough boards which divided the hut into compartments; at the fire, which had burned down, and was a heap of white ashes. Replenishing this last, and fanning it into a flame, gave me fresh occupation. It was not easy to make the damp, green logs catch fire. And at last, weary with the effort, cold and nervous, I burst into a fit of impatient tears.

I was indeed desolate; divided by at least a

mile from any human beings, in the heart of a forest, the small portion of cleared land round our cottage shewing forth more plainly, as it were, the density of the surrounding woods. My husband, the day before, had gone to a town some miles distant, to obtain a sum of money due to him for the sale of cattle. He had left me alone with my one female servant, sorely against his will; but it was impossible to avoid going, and equally impossible to take me and my sick baby with him. I had never been without him for a night since our arrival in the bush, and I felt miserably weak and nervous as night came, and morning dawned, and day again faded into night, and still kept him. One comfort was my child. My servant had been summoned that morning to go to her father, who lay dangerously ill some distance off; and though I missed her much, there was nothing for it but resignation. And now that my husband had not returned, I began to fear I should have to spend the night alone with my baby. Before the fire, now beginning to burn dully, I sat on the ground. The shade of evening fell fast, and a thick haze was dimming the small panes of the one window. Ah me! crouching thus on the cheerless hearth, listening to the soft breathing from the cradle where nestled my treasure, my thoughts went wandering, travelling backward; my heart was too oppressed to look forward. As far as human companionship went, I was, but for my baby, alone; but I had one faithful friend with me—a dog, a rough-haired Irish terrier. We had had him some time, and the faithful creature seemed to us to have more than canine sagacity. Now, as I sat brooding, he placed one paw on my lap; then his cold nose rested on my folded hands. 'Poor Ter,' I said aloud—and the sound of my own voice, breaking the stillness, made me start—'poor fellow;' then stroking his rough coat, I relapsed into thought. Far away from the dark Canadian forest—far away, indeed, my memory carried me. I saw rise before me a rose-embowered cottage, its windows opening on a sloping lawn, at the foot of which ran a rippling river; a pretty lawn studded with trees, an orchard close by, bright with blossom, giving promise of golden and russet fruit, the sweet scent filling the air; underneath a spreading elm, a rustic seat, and a girl resting thereon. From an open French window issues forth a gentleman, old and gray-haired, but erect and stately still—the village doctor, my father. In that house I was born; by that river-side passed my youth; underneath that spreading elm dreamed I my foolish romantic dreams—built my castles in the air. Under that dear father's loving care, I was simply, calmly happy; no sorrow came near me. Alas! he died—died in the discharge of his duty, and I was left alone to commence the struggle of life. The speculation in which my father's whole savings were embarked proved a failure, and all was lost. Determined to be up and doing, I became companion to a lady, but daily found the life grow more distasteful. But just when hope seemed dead within me, my

Life was suddenly brightened by the possession of the love of my brave and faithful Jack.

We got married. Things did not go on quite well in worldly matters, and we had trials; but we were so much to each other, and Jack was so strong and brave, that they were not very difficult to bear. At last came a day when he determined to emigrate, and we came to Canada. He had a good knowledge of farming, and thought he would get on. So with the little money he had, he purchased this place, and was now trying to get a living out of it. He had hard work enough. We were poor, and could not get proper help to clear the land, and Jack had to depend a great deal on his own strong arms and clear head. But, thank God, neither failed him. He never gave up hope; when things looked their worst, he was ever calmly brave; his strong heart never gave way. He used sometimes to say words of self-reproach for having married, and brought me to face such a hard struggle. My dear Jack, he need not have so spoken or thought. I cared for nothing in the life he had rescued me from. I regretted sometimes I was not stronger—a more useful helpmate for him. But I was only too glad to *rough it* with him, and strong in the will to do all I could to set his mind at ease on my account.

And to-night all this came before me—my dear dead father, my absent husband; and I sat dreaming on, until the darkness had quite fallen, and I awoke with a start to the realities of the present. The fire had begun to crackle loudly, shedding a bright light around, dancing and flashing on the timbers, and filling the room with a crimson glow. I went to the window, and drew the screen. I did not close the shutter, thinking that if he did come home to-night, he would like to see the cheery light, in token of welcome. I went to the next room, used as a kitchen, softly followed by the dog, and bringing forth some candles, lit one. I had to be sparing of them, for my stock was but small; but, to-night, I could not bear the shadows cast in corners by the flickering of the fire. I scarcely expected Jack. Still hope would whisper—*‘He may come!’* But the hours grew into night, and still the longed-for arrival did not take place.

My baby was sleeping soundly in its cot, and ‘Terry,’ the dog, lay snugly before the now cheerful fire; I tried to while away the lonesome time by reading and thinking; but my book proved tedious and my thoughts became sad. My fears were for Jack. I cried with sheer nervous fright. ‘What, what can delay him so?’ I cried. ‘Oh! what trouble is in store for me?’ Then my better sense came to my aid. What use in idle repining! I made some tea, and drank it, but with little relish.

As I watched my sleeping infant, the stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a wild unearthly yell! The wolves in the swamp some distance off. I cowered, and shrank. What if Jack, determined on coming home, had faced the night, and those terrible foes!

Nerving myself by a great effort, I stole to the window, and fastened the shutter tremblingly. Terry barked violently at this moment, and awoke my baby, which diverted my thoughts for a while, until I had petted and nursed it into another soft slumber. I heaped on fresh wood. The night was far advanced, but I could not go to bed. Indeed, I felt thoroughly sleepless; and

drawing my low rocking-chair to the fire, sat down. I must have slept some time, when a long low whistle from the dog aroused me. He was standing facing the window, his ears erect, his hair bristling, listening attentively.

‘Terry, poor boy, good dog,’ I whispered, trembling, ‘what is it?’

How long the silence lasted, I cannot say; but all at once it seemed to me as if some one or thing was creeping round the shanty—round, slowly feeling its way. There was a crunching sound in the snow, at first faint, now quite distinct. And now, too, the dog’s behaviour changed. With a fierce bark, he dashed forward to the door. At this moment, on the glass of the window, came a violent rapping—a rapping, it seemed, of human fingers! I smothered a shriek, and sank on my knees. Then, again, Jack came before me, and I approached the casement. But the loud barking of the dog, and the crying of the awakened child, stifled all other sound. I opened the shutter, and raising the screen, looked into the darkness. I recoiled with a shriek! A white face was pressed against the glass on the outside—a face so wild and ghastly that it looked nothing of this world. Involuntarily, I glanced at the window again.

It was there still. The rapping on the pane, hands strove to open the sash. With a yell, Terry sprang forward; but I caught him ere he could break through the window, and the face disappeared. But now at the door the knocking was repeated. Holding back the dog, I bent my ear to the chink, and listened.

‘Let me in, for God’s sake,’ moaned a hoarse voice. ‘I am a dying man; let me die in the light. Woman, woman, I beg of you, let me in!’

‘Who are you?’ I asked. ‘Do I know you?’

‘Let me in. I am dying!’ He is hunting me!’ he screamed; and then, as it seemed, fell, for I felt the door shake, as if he had clutched at it.

‘The wolves are after him,’ I thought, and hesitating not an instant, undid the fastening, and opened the door. He had fallen, and lay across the threshold as if dead. Kneeling down, I lifted his head; he was not insensible. At first, I thought it was drink that ailed him, but his face disproved that. It was pinched and white, and like the face of a dying man, as he had called himself. I helped him to a sitting posture, then to his feet. He staggered in, and sank down again when he reached the hearth. His hands were numb, his teeth chattered with cold, and his clothes were wet and torn. Altogether, he looked the picture of wretchedness and misery. His wild eyes were riveted on the door.

‘Shut it,’ he whispered. ‘Keep him out, for—’

I quickly closed the door, and fastened it. Then, giving him a little cordial, it revived him greatly.

‘My poor fellow, are you better?’ He nodded.

The fire’s heat seemed to make him drowsy; so, getting a blanket and some skins, I made him a kind of bed. He lay down obediently, and gradually I saw his eyes close. I looked at him curiously. I was not frightened now. The man before me could not have injured a child, were he so inclined. Worn to a mere skeleton, the wreck of a once powerful man lay there. As the light fell on his face, I saw that he must once have possessed no ordinary portion of good looks. His beard was grizzled, though he was not past the

prime of life; but toil and hardship, and, to judge from the sunken eyes and furrowed brow, care and sorrow too, had done their work. I pitied him, and was glad that no cowardly fear had caused a refusal to his entreaty for admission. Poor fellow! those sinewy hands, feeble as my baby's now, spoke of hard work, a life spent in outdoor toil. I anxiously looked for morning, as well as for the return of my husband. While enduring this sad vigil, the stranger whom I had sheltered suddenly burst into exclamations, like the ravings of a madman.

'Keep him out—keep him out! Don't you hear him?' The man was sitting up, pointing with extended finger. 'Keep off!' he cried; 'keep off! Your time is not come yet. Stand there between me and him. Save me!'

I sprang towards him. 'There is no one here,' said I hastily; 'no one, indeed. I am quite alone, except the little child and the dog. You are mistaken.' I was terrified, but strove to speak calmly.

'I am not mistaken. Have I been mistaken those ten years? For ten years on this very night, this twentieth of February, I have heard his voice and seen his face. Stand there between me and the door. Hark! hear to him!' He covered down, shuddering. 'Let me die,' he murmured. 'He said he'd be with me at my dying hour; and he is.' He stopped speaking. His last words were uttered in a hoarse whisper. In the silence, I could hear the beating of my own heart. He stretched out his hand feebly. 'Touch me!' he said; 'twill give me courage.'

I did so, taking his hand in mine.

'You are an angel,' he said, his fingers convulsively tightening on mine. 'Look at the dog!' he cried. His voice was low and hoarse through excessive weakness.

'Maybe you think it's the horrors of the drink that's on me. I haven't tasted liquor till you gave it me, these six months. It only drove me worse when I took it.—And I am not mad,' reading some such thought in my face. 'Though, if I was, you'd be in no danger: even madness couldn't put the strength to harm into this bag of bones,' glancing at his hands lying before him. 'No, ma'am, I am not mad.'

I knelt down, the cowering dog at my side. I prayed earnestly, and when my voice ceased, he spoke.

'I'll tell ye true,' he said.—'I'll tell ye true. Besides, an I can through your means help another, I know you won't refuse me. I have done harm, maybe—a deal of harm, to one who never injured me. An' now, I can never repair it, if you don't help me.'

His eyes were on mine, and the pupils seemed covered with a film. The effort seemed evident, when he spoke even in the lowest tones; yet in voice and gaze there were signs of strong anxiety.

'I promise you,' I replied; 'I shall try to have your wishes complied with. All my husband and I can do we will.'

'Moisten my lips; they're parching. Bless you.' He was silent for a brief space; then, speaking in a stronger, yet constrained tone, as if he had nerved himself to the task, he said: 'Let me say my say. I haven't much time left now. 'Tis ten years ago since I spoke in confidence to any human creature; 'tis ten years since I spoke the truth by word or deed! I was a happy,

contented man. I was a husband and a father, an' my wife was as purty a girl, an' as good an' true as ever lived. We rented a little farm in the county Limerick, an' we were happy an' honest. I was considered a smart fellow, an' likely to do well; an' Mary had the good word of all the neighbours. Ah! a bitter drop it is—I'll never meet her again. *She's in heaven!* So things went on fair enough with me for some time; when on a day comin' in from the field, I found my wife cryin', an' lookin' vexed an' flustered somehow, wid the flush on her face. She would not tell me the cause. So I went out to my work again, angry a bit at her being secret like with me. I met Mr Donevan, the agent, by the way, an' he gave me a civil good mornin', an' talked for a bit about the cattle an' the crops, an' was mighty kind entirely. He went his way, an' I went mine, I thinkin' what a nice gentleman he was.'

The speaker had kept his eyes fixed on me, and never once glanced round. I strove to rise, to get him more stimulant, for his voice had grown alarmingly weak.

'No, no,' he said; 'I am dyin'; I know it. But if I had twenty years' life in me, and knew the gallows was before me, I'd spake now. Well, one evenin', a month after, I found it out. Comin' through a lonely windin' borheen, I came suddenly on a woman struggling with a man. "Help!" she cried. My heart leaped. I knew that voice. I rushed forward, and with a blow knocked down the villain who held her, and caught my wife in my arms. I'll never forget the scowl he gave at me, as, picking himself up, he limped off, I kept, by Mary clinging round me, from following him. "O Jim, don't go after him," she said. Then at length she told me how Mr Donevan had followed her about for a long time, both before and afther her marriage, and how the day I found her cryin', he had made proposals to her, insultin' to an honest woman, and how he had threatened her, if she ever told me a word about it, he'd be the ruin of me.

'Well, to cut it short, for I feel the life's going fast from me, we were turned out of our home by the agent; all my little stock and furniture seized. My wife was afther her confinement only two days, and the bed was taken from under her. A naybour took her in, but the shock and removal killed her. I lost her an' her baby together.

'In one short week I was a widower and childless, without house or home, or one penny in the world. I did not much care for the poverty, now, though. I met Mr Donevan the day I buried Mary, an' his wicked face wore a sneering smile, an' he gev me one look, which said to me plainly: "Haven't I kept my word?" But I was determined to be revenged on him who caused my bitter sorrow. It came to my hand, my revenge did, unexpected. One night, I was comin' alongst a lonely country road. There was a moon, but the clouds were scudding across it sometimes, an' thin all would be dark; an' thin she'd suddenly appear, lightnin' up everythin' quite clear. It was in another county I was, away from my own place, having gone there for work. I had to live somehow, an' was bound to work. All alone I walked, an' all alone in the wide world I thought I was too; when, all of a sudden, a horse's throt sounded on the road, comin' towards me. I moved aside, to

let him pass, when he pulled up, an' asked me if this road was not a short-cut to K—. The moon shone out then clear an' bright, an' I seen his face, an' heard his voice, an' *knew it was him*. In an instant he was on the ground at my feet. One blow from the stout stick I carried had felled him from the saddle. He never stirred after! The frightened horse rushed away, an' I dragged the body inside a low ditch. I took his watch, purse, an' some papers that were on him, an' left him, as if he had been murdered for robbery's sake. I was unknown in them parts. None would ever suspect me, in my own place. If they searched for me, I never knew it. I got away from Queens-town by a ship which was short of hands, an' as I had at one time lived by the sea, an' been used to boats, they were glad to get me. Over the vessel's side I flung, as we left Cork Harbour behind us, the watch and purse, but the papers I kept. They were in one small packet. I put them up; I don't know why, but I did not like to destroy them. They are now in my pocket. I went to San Francisco, an' I went all round the world, but never back to Ireland. I changed my name, an' none who once knew me would have recognised me, I became so changed in looks. But, as it happened, I never met one from my own place. My revenge brought me no comfort.

Here his voice quivered, and he uttered some wild exclamations. He was evidently labouring under a terrible sense of remorse, and his mind was wandering. I could see he was dying. He lay quite still, but for the deep heaving of the chest. I softly wiped away the death-dews. The eyes seemed to see nothing; the face was still and fixed. The rattling became fainter; he breathed at longer intervals. Suddenly he put out one of his hands feebly, and touched mine; a smile stole over the mouth, that had not smiled for years. 'I shall see Mary,' he said, and died. Just then, when all was over with this miserable being, there was a loud knocking at the door, and with rapture I heard the voice of my husband: 'Hollo! Nell! Let me in, child. Where are you?'

I flew to the door, and, in the agitated state of my feelings, I fainted away in his arms. When I came to myself, I was in the kitchen, and Jack beside me; his dear face looked pale with anxiety, and he held me close to his heart, as I told him what had occurred, as soon as I could find voice at all, and I did not forget to mention the packet.

Jack had been unable to leave D— until late in the preceding day, and had been overtaken by the darkness. The fog increasing, he had consented to accept a friend's hospitality for the night; but being miserably uneasy about me, he had started long before dawn, and, arriving home, beheld the strange scene related.

I was ill, and it was a good while before I got well. In the interval, my baby was attended to by an English settler's wife, who lived next to us. Having lost her own child, she nursed mine with care and love until it could be restored to my care. During this dismal period, I escaped any concern as to the removal and burial of the stranger who had died in the distracting circumstances I have recorded.

On returning to everyday life, and sitting one day with little Willie in my arms, Jack proposed to tell me a story. 'If you are able to bear it,' he

said, 'I will tell you a story full of interest, but also a little painful. I think you should hear it.' I requested him to proceed. He then went on as follows: 'Ten years ago, in a certain county in Ireland, lived a gentleman who had two sons. He had been married twice, and the brothers had different mothers. The first wife's son was a great deal older than his half-brother, and was married, with a son reaching manhood, when the younger came home to his father from the English college where he had been educated. The mother of the younger brother had died in giving him birth. The elder brother's wife was an intriguing woman. The younger son had a will of his own, and was too proud and too honest to flatter. Things did not go on well between him and his brother's family, who disliked him, and were jealous of the father's affection for his younger son. The fortune of the father was in his own power, with the exception of a small entailed property. Gradually an estrangement crept between the old man and his favourite son, which was not wholly the son's fault. And there was no lack of malice to widen the breach on the part of others. At last, a serious quarrel occurred between the young man and his father on the subject of the former's marriage with a lady of large fortune. The father and son parted in anger. The father sent for his lawyer, and made his will, leaving his whole fortune to his *elder* son, entitling the younger with *one shilling*. The father and son did not meet again until just before the old man's death. The son, hearing one day of his father's wish to see him, hastened to him. The meeting gave happiness to both, and they parted reconciled. The old man had not been very well for some time, but after his son's departure, rallied wonderfully, and seemed likely to live for years. One day he started on a journey, telling no one his mission. The same evening he returned, apparently in good health. The next morning, he was found dead in his bed! *Heart disease* was the verdict of the physicians. The night before, or the morning of his death, a terrible murder had been committed near a town not twenty miles distant from the old man's home; the victim being a solicitor and land-agent from a neighbouring county. This gentleman had come to K— on business, and had accepted the invitation of a friend to dinner. On returning to his hotel from his friend's house, he was attacked on the public road. His body was not discovered for several hours after the deed was perpetrated; and as all the valuables on his person were gone, it was believed it was for the purpose of robbery the crime was committed. It was generally believed there were more than one engaged in the matter, as, though lame, the deceased was a powerful man, and well able to cope with a single antagonist. The murderer was never discovered. There were some hard dealings with tenants, which had brought the dead man into disrepute with the peasantry; and there was *one* man in particular on whom suspicion fell. But the fact of the robbery took people off the scent, and gave the crime another character than agrarian.

A search was made, however, for the man in question, but he was never found, and was believed to have left the country; and no trace of the murderer, whoever he might be, was discovered. The elder of the two brothers stepped into his father's fortune, and the younger got his

shilling! They never met after they parted at their father's grave. But the younger went his way with a lighter heart to think that his father's last words to him had been those of peace and love; believing also, that if he had but lived a little time longer, another will would have been made, and justice would have been done him.

'Justice had been done him; another will had been made. For some reason (probably suspicion of his elder son) he had wished to keep the matter a secret; and had employed the murdered man to draw the will, instead of the family lawyer. He had known the dead man a long time, and had confidence in him. He had gone to K—— to meet him the day of that sudden journey—the last day of both their lives—and had executed the will. Whether the elder brother ever had any suspicion on the subject, it is impossible to say. The witnesses to the will are both living in K——. No papers of any kind being found on the dead man, of course all was clear for the elder of these sons; and he was at liberty to disregard any idle gossip he might have heard as to his father's executing a deed the day before his death. The will, which was the old man's last wish and act, *is found*, and has, through a mysterious interposition of Providence, been sent to him to whom it chiefly applies.'

'That is fortunate, dear Jack, for the younger brother will get his due.'

'And that younger brother is about to claim it, and is going to carry off his wife and child to share it with him,' said my husband, jocosely. 'Ay, Nell, I am that younger brother, whose earlier history has, till now, been such a mystery to his sweet little darling wife.'

'Then,' said I, tears of joy brimming my eyes—my hand fondly clasped in his; 'then that is the story of the "packet"?'

'That is the story of the packet; so carefully guarded for years by the poor outcast who is dead and gone. And now I think, my Nell will not have cause altogether to repent having sheltered the castaway on that Night in the Backwoods!'

CORPORATION OF LONDON AND THE PEERAGE.

THE following interesting particulars concerning the connection between the corporation of London and the peerage, appeared lately in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

'Turning over the pages of Sir Bernard Burke's illustrious annual, we find that the Duke of Leeds is descended from Sir Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor in 1582, once the apprentice whose romantic rescue of his master Sir William Hewett's daughter Anna from the Thames, and his subsequent marriage to her, have been so often recorded. The Duke of Hamilton is the heir and representative of Alderman Beckford, of Billingsgate Ward, who became Lord Mayor for the second time in 1770, and father of the author of *Vathek*, whose daughter and heiress was Duchess of Hamilton, grandmother of the present peer. The Earl of Coventry is descended from John Coventry, who was Lord Mayor in 1425, and one of the executors of no less a personage than Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London." The Earl of Craven is descended from Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor in 1611. The Earl of Essex from Sir

William Capel, Lord Mayor in 1503; and the Earl of Dartmouth from Thomas Legge, who was Lord Mayor in 1346 and 1353. The ancestor of the Earl of Ducie was Sir Robert Ducie, Lord Mayor in 1631, and of the Earl of Roden was Sir Ralph Joselyn, who was Lord Mayor in 1464. The Earl of Feversham is the collateral descendant of Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor in 1708; and the Earl of Onslow is heir to Sir Thomas Foot, Lord Mayor in 1649, upon whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1660, with special remainder to the husband of his daughter, who upon his death became Sir Arthur Onslow, the first baronet of the name. Lord Carvagh and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe are the collateral descendants of Thomas Cannings, Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Henry VI., and his brother, William Cannings, five times Mayor of Bristol in the reign of Edward IV.; and the Earl of Tankerville is the heir-male of Sir Thomas Bennet, Lord Mayor in 1603, while he is represented in the female line by the Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Aveland is the great-great-grandson of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor in the reign of Queen Anne; and Lord Hatherley is the son of Sir Matthew Wood, twice Lord Mayor in the reign of George IV.—thus reversing in his family, though not in his person, the scheme of promotion suggested to Lord Brougham. Moreover, even Aldermen of London who were not so fortunate as to pass the chair, are amply and honourably represented in the peerage. The ancestor of Earl Fitzwilliam was Sir William Fitzwilliam, Sheriff of London in 1506, and Alderman of Bread-street Ward; Earl Cowper is the descendant of John Cowper, Sheriff of London in 1551, and Alderman of Bridge Ward; Earl Bathurst is descended from Lancelot Bathurst, Alderman of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the Earl of Romney is descended from Thomas Marsham, Alderman of London in the reign of James I.; Lord Hill is a collateral of Sir Rowland Hill, whom Sir Bernard Burke calls the "celebrated" Lord Mayor of London; and the Earl of Bective, if he survives his father, the Marquis of Headfort, as heir to his grandfather, Alderman Thompson, will add another representative of the Lord Mayors of London to the roll of peers. We are by no means certain that we have exhausted the list; but the examples we have hit upon are perhaps sufficient for the purpose of establishing an intimate and distinguished connection between the corporation and the peerage. Two dukes, one marquis for certain, and two marquises if the ordinary course of nature prevails, seven earls, and two barons, are descended directly from Lord Mayors of London; while their collateral descendants include one earl, a viscount, and two barons; and Aldermen of London who did not pass the chair are the lineal ancestors of four earls. Slightly changing Shakspeare's line, each of the great majority of these may say—

I draw my life and being from men of civic siege;
while the citizens of London may not inappropriately borrow Lord Chatham's indignant exclamation: "Sugar! Mr Speaker, sugar! who laughs at sugar now?"

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THE DANGEROUS CLASSES.

WHEN visiting New York, now some twenty years ago, we were a little startled to find that the mean and crowded quarters of that great city exhibited a spectacle of poverty, vice, and misery, closely resembling what one hears of, or is accustomed to observe, in the more squalid and dissolute parts of London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Edinburgh. For this the European stranger is not prepared by the accounts he has received of the condition of affairs in the United States. Servants, labourers, are in demand to clear and cultivate the ground. Land to be had for the merest trifle—in some places, indeed, offered for nothing to those who are disposed to settle on it. No old institutions, such as we hear so many maundering complaints about in this country, 'Liberty and equality' to any imaginable amount. Protection to native manufactures and commerce on a scale nowhere exceeded. Paper-money sufficient to satisfy the wildest currency crotchets. Yet, with all these coveted boons to make people happy, there, in what as regards wealth and population is entitled to be called the capital of the country, you see concentrated masses of vice and wretchedness apparently differing in no way from what may be seen any day at home—in fact, a 'dangerous class,' the cryptogamia of society, flourishing in dark recesses, just as it does in the Old World. An excellent cure for a variety of political crotcheteers would be a visit to New York!

No doubt, the Old World must bear part of the blame for the accumulated mass of human wreck visible in New York, for great numbers of the impoverished and desperate are of European birth, and were less or more demoralised before they crossed the Atlantic. Admitting so much, it is obvious that there is here, as elsewhere, the well-known tendency in large communities to throw off swarms of unfortunates—the morally and physically weak—intemperates devoted to poverty and the bottle—and against whom society has constantly to protect itself by prisons, the police, and other agencies; though, as is perceived, all will not sometimes do.

As the subject is momentous, we are glad that it was made a matter of special inquiry by Mr Charles Loring Brace, of New York, a person known for his philanthropic endeavours to teach the ignorant, to raise up the depressed, to cheer the despairing, and who felt convinced that 'the cheapest and most efficacious way of dealing with the dangerous classes of large cities, is not to punish them, but to prevent their growth.' We may not agree with all Mr Brace's theories, nor do we think he sufficiently pointed out a certain preventive, but he evidently meant well, and is worth listening to.

In his work, the title of which we subjoin, Mr Brace begins by noticing that there is one essential difference between the dangerous classes of New York and London, or Glasgow. With us, poverty and crime are in many instances inherited from generation to generation. Paupers are the children of paupers, criminals have had criminal fathers. The profuse generosity doled out by the poor-law administration, asylums, and hospitals—with the very best intention—has led to a hereditary abjectness of feeling. In some parts of England, there have been known to be, at least, four generations of parish paupers in direct succession—a class of poor, cultivated on system. America has little of this folly. It is too young a country, and with too many outlets for change of residence, to have fixed and hereditary paupers to an extent worth mentioning. That is an important distinction. But the want of fixity of tenure is compensated by the intensity of the American temperament. As we could see by evening walks through New York, there was a loose recklessness of character, and disposition to use knives in petty quarrels, which was new to us. Mr Brace points out this peculiarity in the vicious American classes. 'Their crimes,' he says, 'have the unrestrained and sanguinary character of a race accustomed to overcome all obstacles. They rifle a bank, where English thieves pick a pocket; they murder, where European *prolétaires* cudgel [kick] or fight with fists; in a riot, they begin what seems the sacking of a city, where English rioters would merely

batter policemen, or smash lamps. The dangerous classes of New York are mainly American born, but the children of Irish and German immigrants. They are far more brutal than the peasantry from whom they descend, and they are much banded together in associations, such as "Dead Rabbit," "Plug-ugly," and various target companies. . . . New York has never experienced the full effect of the nurture of these youthful ruffians, as she will one day. They shewed their hand only slightly in the riots during the war.* From what is added, they seem to make themselves serviceable to political parties, by personating voters, and intimidating people from coming to the poll. Nothing of that kind could be safely attempted in England.

As in Paris and London, it is astonishing how quickly the dangerous classes of New York come out of their doors at any period of public excitement, when any mischief is on foot. During the mad freaks of the Commune in Paris, women went about with petroleum setting fire to dwellings and public buildings. In the same way, women of a degraded class join in riotous proceedings in New York, and help in sacking houses or committing outrages on unoffending negroes. The difference is only in degree, according to local circumstances. A silly magisterial weakness has everywhere had a similar result—the destruction of the railings in Hyde Park, the burning of the Tuileries and Hôtel de Ville; and within memory, only by the prompt intervention of a body of armed pensioners, was Glasgow saved from general sack and destruction. Even with these examples, society has hardly awakened to the fact that, in every large city, there lurks a species of volcano of crime, aggravated according to circumstances. The dingy lanes and courts crowded to suffocation with living and dangerous debris, are so many citadels hostile not less to public health than to social security. Only by dint of police is external order preserved. Sad to say, that is the upshot of our civilisation—be it of Europe, or be it of America—when the nineteenth century is within five-and-twenty years of its close. Political whims, of which there are never wanting persons to make capital, are evidently undeserving of consideration. The dangerous classes are a source of anxiety under every form of government.

According to Mr Brace, the separate members of the riotous and ruffianly masses in New York, are simply grown-up neglected and street-wandering children. He is inclined to estimate the number 'as fluctuating each year' between twenty and thirty thousand. But to these, as they mature, must be added, in the composition of the dangerous classes, all those who are professionally criminal, and who have homes and lodging-places. And, again, to these, portions of that vast and ignorant multitude, who, in prosperous times, just keep their heads above water, who are pressed down by

poverty or misfortune, and who look with envy and greed at the signs of wealth and luxury all around them, while they themselves have nothing but hardship, penury, and unceasing drudgery.' Looking at the state of New York as the beau-ideal of republicanism, and as provided with the machinery of a free and excellent system of education, it is painful to record that not more than 'about thirty-one per cent. of the adult criminals can read or write, while of the adult population about six per cent. are illiterate. . . . In the city prisons for 1870, out of 49,423 criminals, 18,442 could not write, and could barely read, or more than thirty-three per cent.'

Juvenile crime in the happy-go-lucky state of affairs in New York is imputed to idleness, or want of a trade; unions which prevent a recourse to chance labour; an increasing aversion among American children, whether poor or rich, to learn anything thoroughly; a preference to make fortunes by lucky and sudden turns, rather than by patient industry; ill-treatment by step-mothers and step-fathers; the desertion of wives and families; overcrowding of dwellings; and, of course, the 'magic cup,' intemperance. The glance given to the homes of the recklessly intemperate is appalling. In these wretched dwellings, 'the hearts of young women are truly broken, and they seek their consolation in the same magic cup; here, children are beaten, or maimed, or half-starved, until they run away to join the great throng of homeless street rovers, and grow up to infest society. . . . In the New York city prisons, during 1870, there were, out of 49,423 criminals, 30,507 of confessedly intemperate habits.' The picture presented of vice-stricken narrow streets and lanes, the resort of outcasts and thieves—the infamous German Rag-picker's Den in Pitt and Willet Streets; the murderous blocks in Cherry and Walter Streets; the thieves' lodging-houses in the lower wards, where street-boys are trained to pocket-picking and burglary; the notorious Rogues' Den in Rotten Row, where it is said no drove of animals could pass by and keep its numbers intact; the fever nests; the crowded dens of organ-boys; and so on, are too horrible to be dwelt upon.

A large part of Mr Brace's volume consists in an account of the voluntary efforts undertaken to mitigate this distressing state of affairs, by means of workshops, improved lodging-houses, day and night schools, Sunday meetings, and various religious influences. To the credit of the wealthier classes, large sums were contributed to carry on the work of reclamation, and, doubtless, much good was done. This benevolently disposed writer, however, as appears to us, trusts too implicitly to these philanthropic measures. He fails to recognise the power of 'draw.' Any one who studies the history of our English and Scotch benevolent institutions, learns that, while assuaging misery, they also create it, by encouraging a dependence on the charitable contributions of the humane. Every one of our cities is a draw, and the more that is given, the attraction becomes the stronger. To cure the wretchedness of large towns, and root out the dangerous classes, by eleemosynary contributions, is proved, by lengthened experience, to be simply impossible.

Whatever benefits may be allowably ascribed to the organisation of charity, industrial schools, and other agencies in large towns, it seems plain to

* *The Dangerous Classes of New York, and Twenty Years' Work among them.*

ns, that overcrowding into dark and unwholesome dens is the serious evil which needs to be attacked, and unless it be overcome, all the efforts of philanthropy will be comparatively abortive. Scottish municipal authorities were among the earliest to recognise this fact. Glasgow took the lead about twelve years ago. An act of parliament was procured to open up the more crowded and insalubrious parts of the city—haunts of vice and misery—and to erect spacious and airy streets instead. Edinburgh immediately followed in 1865. A City Improvement Act was passed, to clear away some of the worst parts of the town, and, in their stead, to introduce new and salubrious thoroughfares. In both cases, compulsory powers were taken to buy up old and semi-ruinous tenements, all the costs incurred being to be discharged by local rates, extending over a series of years. In each instance, a marked degree of success has attended the effort; and the only thing to be regretted is, that the respective statutes did not authorise a still more clean sweep of the dens of misery and infamy. We can say, from a knowledge of the facts, that but for the clamour of visionaries, the eradication of resorts of the dependent and dangerous classes would have been greatly more effective.

What, in cases of this kind, is peremptorily required, is the extirpation of narrow lanes bounded on each side by houses, and closely packed courts, which, for the most part, are dingy and repulsive even at mid-day. In such quarters are the haunts of the confirmed intemperate, the impoverished, and all who are comprehended in the term 'dangerous classes.' Issuing from these dismal and unwholesome resorts, which are almost beyond the pale of civilisation, and where deadly epidemics are seldom absent, men, women, and children in squalid attire come forth at times to loiter and mispend existence in doing nothing, in the public streets. There they are standing idly, with hands in their pockets, or in some way embarrassing the thoroughfares—the children probably scrambling in the gutters. By some extraordinary effort, reading-rooms, museums of science and art, have been established to amuse, instruct, and if possible elevate these abject beings. The attempt is, generally speaking, hopeless. Idle vacuity and the public-house are veritable, in truth, as to bettering their circumstances and improving their minds, they are wholly indifferent. Public gardens, parks, libraries, and museums laid open gratuitously, are wholly thrown away on the uninstructed and degraded classes we speak of. The remedy for what is so deplorable must be something much more incisive. 'Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away,' is an old and not inappropriate adage. The harbourages of the reckless and dissolute must be removed, and some provision made for maintaining the decencies of life and the public security. It may be sentimentally deplored that hordes of an impoverished and wretched class should have to be sent adrift; but, practically, the honest, industrious, and thrifty among them will, on being put to their shifts, find little difficulty in getting suitable dwellings at rents within their means. As for the idle, brutal, and dishonest, the sooner they disappear the better.

As appears from the newspapers, Liverpool is at present painfully labouring with the difficulty of unbroken-up hands of the dangerous class, spoken

of as 'corner-men,' from their practice of loitering in idle groups at the corners of streets, but ready for any outrage on unoffending passengers—kicking to death, as is observed, being with them a favourite pastime. A correspondent of *The Times* (January 11), speaking from local knowledge, distinctly mentions that the nuisance of corner-men is due to certain narrow streets and courts. He specifies 'a spot near the Exchange not exceeding 23,500 square yards, as containing about 5000 persons; being nearly equal to a thousand to an acre.' Why such plague-spots are suffered to remain in a city noted for its wealth and commercial enterprise, is not easily understood. Possibly in Liverpool, as well as elsewhere, legal difficulties are apprehended. The legislature, indeed, should be able to smooth away obstructions; but it does not always do so. A bill for city improvement, and on the face of it beneficial to the community, may be factiously opposed, and cost many thousands of pounds before it becomes law; it may even be thrown out on some petty error of a word, or the want of a small mark on a plan. It is not strange, therefore, that often municipal authorities are deterred from taking the proper steps for remedying the immoral and insalubrious overcrowding of cities. The subject is eminently worthy of government handling. What is specially wanted is a general act for the improvement of towns, that could be cheaply set in operation with the concurrence of the Secretary of State, under such safeguards as might be thought desirable. Only, as we think, by such promptly effective measures, can cities hope to rid themselves of the Dangerous Classes.

W. C.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER IV.—COMING ROUND.

WALTER LITTON was wrought at the conduct of Reginald Selwyn; and he said consolingly: 'You have had a narrow escape, Red Riding-hood, and it should be a warning to you as long as you live. The next time a man professes love for you, and—'

Nellie shook her pretty head, and sobbed out: 'Never, never! that is all over now. And please, don't call me Red Riding-hood any more; I don't deserve it.'

'Well, well; I only say, if such a thing *should* happen, don't keep it from your father. No good ever came from hiding yet. As to this man Selwyn, you have only to tell him from me.'

'I shall tell him nothing from you, sir; I have done mischief enough between you already,' answered she firmly.

'But you will not let him persuade you that he is not married?'

'O no, no, sir!' and she gave a little shudder of loathing, which Walter rightly considered to be more assuring than any protestations.

'And now, not this morning, but to-morrow, you will come and sit to me as usual; and we will be grandpapa and little Red Riding-hood together, just as we used to be.'

'I will come and sit to you, sir,' said Nellie humbly, and with a significant ignoring of his last sentence, which was very pitiful.

And the next morning, Nellie came as usual, pale enough, but not with those fever-bright eyes and haggard looks that she had worn on the previous day.

'Tell me truly, is it all over between you and that man?' asked Walter; but he scarcely needed her earnest assurance that it was so, to convince him that she was not only out of danger, but cured. Anything short of the actual cautery use of these scathing words: 'I saw him married with my own eyes,' which Litton had fortunately been able to pronounce, would probably have failed to eradicate the honeyed poison of the treacherous captain; but as it was, she was saved. The shock of the operation had, however, been severe, and the poor girl suffered sadly on her road to convalescence. It was well for her that, besides her duties at home, she had once more her own employment to occupy her thoughts; and it was also well to be in the company of the friendly artist, whose presence could not but remind her of the peril which, thanks to him, she had escaped.

Walter worked hard at his new picture, but it was a relief to him that for the present he could do so at home. If he had had at once to present himself at his patron's house while his wrath was at white-heat against the captain, it would have been difficult for him to discourse of his former ally to Lillian without her seeing that his regard for him had evaporated. For the present, he had not only no forgiveness for him, but not common patience—which means common charity. It was only after many days, and by accusing himself (not without justice) of being so furious against his friend, not because he was a married man, but because he had married Lotty, that he was able to look upon his offence with calmer eyes. There was this to be said, however (and though it made little difference in the moral aspect of the question, it had a very mitigating effect on Walter), no harm had been done after all; and when the time arrived for him to revisit Willowbank, he felt that he could plead for the exiled pair, if his pleading might be of any service, almost as honestly as though the captain had not been one of them. He found Mr Brown in much better case than on his first visit: the gout had left him, and with it much of his peevishness and irritability; while Lillian was looking more beautiful than ever.

He had chosen an upper room for his studio, where his host bustled cheerily in and out, but kept no dragon's watch over him. Upon the first opportunity of their being alone together, Walter congratulated his sitter upon her more cheerful looks, which he attributed to the improvement in her father's health.

'You are more like Joan in her halcyon days, than when I saw you last,' said he.

'You mean to say that I don't look so much as though I had been condemned for a witch,' Mr Litton, answered she, smiling. 'Well, you will be glad to hear there is a good reason for that.'

'I see one reason in your father's recovery.'

'Yes; and there is another, which has also, as I believe, been the cause of his convalescence. There is now a well-grounded hope that he will be reconciled with my sister and her husband.'

'I am delighted to hear it,' said Walter. 'May I hear how that has come about?'

'Well, partly, if not chiefly (as I shall take care to tell them both) through that picture of yours in

the Academy. I don't think a day has passed without my father's having paid a visit there, on his way home from the City. He excuses himself upon the ground, that the Philippa is his property, and that, therefore, he feels an interest in it. But I know that he has a better reason than that. Since, for the present, he cannot see Lotty, he solaces himself with that "counterfeit presentment" of her.'

'But he can see her if he chooses, I suppose?'

'Yes; but there are certain outworks of pride to be broken down before he can permit himself to be persuaded out of what was once a very obstinate resolution. That they are gradually giving way, however, I am certain. A letter came to him lately from Mrs Sheldon—Captain Selwyn's aunt, you know.'

'Yes, yes; I know her very well. But I am surprised at her arguments having such an effect, since she was the means—that is, since it was from her house that your sister was married.'

'Very true; but her husband has lately died, and she has written in great sorrow, wishing to be at peace, she says, with all her fellow-creatures, and lamenting the involuntary part she took in separating father and child.—You look incredulous, Mr Litton.'

'Do I? I did not mean to do so; though certainly I should not have credited Mrs Sheldon with such sentiments. But, again, I should have thought your father to be one of the last men in the world to be moved by them—that is, of course, from any source which might cause him to suspect their authenticity.'

'That is true enough,' answered Lillian; 'but Mrs Sheldon's communication, it seems (for I have not seen it with my own eyes), also informed him that there was some improvement in Captain Selwyn's prospects. A distant cousin of his has died—'

'If it is the Irish cousin, then Selwyn is Sir Reginald,' exclaimed Walter.

'I have heard nothing of that. He gains little advantage, however, I am told, in income; but such as it is, it makes the marriage less unequal in point of fortune; or, rather, dear papa is willing to persuade himself so, which is the main point. If he can only be persuaded to forgive Lotty, she and her husband could both come and live at Willowbank, you know, and we should be so happy together. Then you would always find your friend here, Mr Litton, even if papa should be out, to talk over old times.—You look as if there were some doubt of that.'

'I must have a very incredulous countenance,' observed Walter, smiling.

'You have a very decipherable one, and I think I read it aright. Pray, forgive me for cross-examining you so particularly, Mr Litton; but this matter is to me of the most vital importance. You know Captain Selwyn's character much better than I do. Do you think it impossible, from your knowledge of him, that he would be persuaded to live here?'

'Indeed, I do not. On the contrary, if he has received no accession of income, I do not see how he is well to live anywhere else.'

'But I am so afraid that papa and he may not get on well together; they are so different, you know, in their habits; at least I should suppose so, from all I have heard of my brother-in-law.'

'I think that would be of little consequence,' answered Walter; 'there would on that very account be less cause for antagonism between them. But, in such a case, Selwyn sells out, of course, and becomes an idle man, and at his age that is seldom desirable.'

If Walter Litton's face had been as decipherable as Lilian had described it, and if she had had the key of the cipher, it might have told sad tales. He did not think that plan of Selwyn's living idle at Willowbank would be at all conducive to his wife's happiness; but he could not say so, nor even hint at it.

'Oh, but papa could give him something to do; he has often talked, for example, of getting some one he could trust to superintend his affairs for him; and don't you think'—

But here Mr Brown himself happened to look in, which preserved Walter from the necessity of having to say what he thought of making an ex-captain of Her Majesty's dragoons, who had not at present been remarkable for his business habits, into an estate and property agent. And the subject was not afterwards resumed by Lilian. She was never tired, however, of talking about Lotty, whose return to her home was evidently her one absorbing thought. Not a taint of jealousy, of fear lest she should once more become her father's favourite, and oust herself from the place which in her absence she had occupied, tinged her sisterly love. She had plenty of conversation upon all topics, for she had read and thought much more than most girls of her age, and, indeed, much more than Walter himself; but this homespun talk of hers pleased him most—not only because it concerned Lotty. Her every word seemed to give assurance of the simplicity and unselfishness that dictated it. In some superficial respects, she was inferior to her sister. She had not so much of what her sex term 'style.' She lacked that air of conscious superiority, born of wealth and beauty, which he had noticed in Lotty when he first met her; but she had the same gentle graciousness of look and manner, and twice the wits. It was shocking, as he admitted to himself, to be making so odious a comparison. If he had been interrogated a month ago about Lotty's intelligence, he would have pronounced it perfect; the fact being, that her external charms had been so all-sufficient for him, that he had not looked beyond them; but now he confessed that Lilian was greatly her superior: she had more sense, more feeling, more principle. This was really very hard upon Lotty; but then everything was allowable, or, at all events, excusable, because of this last advantage that Lilian certainly did possess—her thoughts were not entirely monopolised by a beloved object (male). He did not mind their dwelling upon Lotty—far from it—but I think Mr Walter Litton would have privately resented it, had they dwelt upon another Reginald Selwyn. As for having fallen in love with her himself, however, I have already stated what a sensible young man he was, and how ridiculous, impossible, and futile any such notion must have appeared to him; indeed, he was continually repeating to himself a hundred arguments against his committing such a piece of folly, from which we may conclude how safe and sound he was. If this had not been the case, he would have been placed in quite a dangerous position at Willowbank, for Mr Christopher

Brown, as I have said, left him a good deal alone with Lilian in the painting-room; and the depicting a very beautiful young lady as Joan of Arc affords rather exceptional opportunities for falling in love with her, which a less prudent young gentleman would have found it hard to put away from him. This conduct of his host was caused by his complete confidence in Lilian's character and dutifulness, and not at all from the reflection that she would surely take warning from her sister's fate. He considered Lotty's fiasco in the light of an unparalleled misadventure, which could not possibly happen twice in a respectable family; and perhaps even drew some comfort from its occurrence on that very ground, just as some folks flatter themselves that travelling by rail is all the safer because an accident has taken place on the same line the previous day. At all events, Mr Brown was not only civil to the young painter, but even, so far as his nature permitted him to be, cordial and friendly. He was confidential to him also after dinner; as Walter thought, extremely confidential, but then he did not know that upon one particular topic (and one only) Mr Christopher Brown was prone to be confidential to everybody: this was upon his own personal history and rise in the world, which he was wont to relate in a didactic manner, for the edification of any one he could get to listen to him. How he had begun his financial career by earning pennies for skidding the wheels of omnibuses on Holborn Hill, which was in reality a flight of imagination, though he had told it so often that he had actually begun to think that such was the case. He had been employed, when quite a lad, by the omnibus company, on account of his trustworthiness as a time-keeper, and had occasionally put his shoulder, or, at all events, his hand, to a wheel. But it was Mr Brown's weakness to disparage beginnings, as it is that of others to magnify theirs, in order, by contrast, to make the present, which he had finally achieved, the more magnificent. 'I used to earn pennies, sir—that is, when I was fortunate enough to get a penny for my trouble, instead of a half-penny—by skidding wheels in Holborn Hill. But while they descended, I ascended; while I put the drag on in their case, I accelerated my own motion towards independence. The pennies became shillings, and, begad! I looked at a shilling more than the proverbial number of times in those days, let me tell you, before I parted with it; and then the shillings became pounds. I never got a hundred pounds in a lump, young man, and far less three hundred' (this was in delicate allusion to the price agreed upon for Joan of Arc), 'when I was your age; but what I did get, I saved, and put out to the best advantage. I had only two friends in all the world, sir, at that time, Diligence and Economy; but they stuck to me, and by their help I won the fight.'

Mr Brown might have added, that his too devoted allegiance to them 'at that time,' had prevented his making friends of a human sort till it was too late to make them. If it had not been for his marriage, which, to his honour, was one of affection, he would have had nobody upon whose unselfish attachment he could have counted for the smallest service, from those early days on Holborn Hill up to the present date. His wife had died; and one of his daughters, as we have seen, had undutifully deserted him, so that he had but faithful Lilian left. She was a great treasure, it is true, yet only too

likely to pass into other hands. It was no wonder that he reckoned that wealth at a high value, which was his only consolation for the absence of friendly faces, loving hands, and for the sake of which he had foregone them. Walter pitied, and strove not to despise him, while he quoted his shallow laws about getting and saving, as though they were Holy Writ, and boasted of his growing fortunes. The old man thought him entranced with wonder, and indeed he was so—with wonder how, from such a crabbed stock, two such dainty blossoms as Lillian and her sister could have sprung. And yet Christopher Brown had his good points about him, to which his young guest was by no means blind. He was really a man of strict integrity, notwithstanding that he plumed himself so on its possession; nor was he mean, though he was cautious in spending the wealth which he had so drudgingly acquired. 'I can do as "smart" a thing' (by which he meant as liberal a one) 'as any man, when I think fit,' he would sometimes say; and therein (though he did not often think fit) he spoke no more than the truth. On that first day, Mr Brown confined his private conversation with his guest almost entirely to the topic of his own success in the world; nor did he say one syllable which would have led him to imagine, had he not been aware of the fact, that he had another daughter beside Lillian. And yet there was one circumstance which, in Walter's eyes—sharp enough in drawing a deduction—had a significant reference to Lotty's marriage. After dinner, they had adjourned, for smoking, to an apartment which was evidently the business sanctum of the master of the house: a room in which there was no furniture of the ornamental kind, and not a single book, except one bulky one which happened to be lying on the table. This was the *Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom*. Walter was far too much a man of the world to be surprised at seeing such a volume in such a place; he knew that your 'self-made man' is by no means disinclined to worship at the shrine of those who, unlike himself, are indebted for their making to their ancestors; and he took it up carelessly enough. He was not a little struck, however, by its opening at a particular page, the leaf of which was turned down, so as to point with its edge to the name of Selwyn. 'Selwyn, Sir Richard,' he read, 'fifth baronet; Donaghadee, Ireland, and Long's Hotel, Bond Street. Unmarried. *Heir Presumptive, Reginald Selwyn, Captain 14th Dragoons.*'

And these last words were underlined in pencil.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE DEBT IS PAID.

Twenty-four hours only had elapsed when Walter paid his second professional visit to Willowbank; yet in that short interval, as he could perceive by the manner of his host and hostess, some important incident had taken place. Mr Brown was fussy and nervous; Lillian was nervous too, though her bright eyes and cheerful tone betokened an unusual elevation of spirits. Nothing was said explanatory of this until the three were in the painting-room, and Walter had settled to his work.

Then, 'Your picture is coming home to-day, Mr Litton,' observed the old merchant sententially.

'My picture! What! from the Academy, sir? Nay; that is impossible.'

'Well, if not your picture, the living likeness of it. You did not know, perhaps, that I had another daughter—Lillian's twin-sister?'

'Yes, sir, I knew it.'

'Well, perhaps you know, then, that she has been separated from us by an unfortunate disagreement; in fact, I objected to her marriage, though she married well, as the world calls it—that is, in point of position. Her husband is Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom.'

The air with which the self-made man delivered himself of this remarkable piece of information was something stupendous. If it had not been for Lillian's presence, and for one other reason, Walter would have burst out laughing. The other reason was, the somewhat serious difficulty of his own position; as to how much he should own to being cognisant of; how much he ought to pretend that he was hearing for the first time. Upon the whole, he thought it best to hold his tongue, and bow.

'Yes, sir, my daughter is Lady Selwyn.'

The old gentleman hesitated, as though he were in doubt whether to add, 'also of the United Kingdom,' or not. 'She has been a stranger to her home for many months; but she is coming hither with her husband to dine to-day. I hope you will join us?'

'Certainly, if you wish it, Mr Brown. But perhaps on such an occasion.'

'A stranger might be in the way, you think,' interrupted the old gentleman. 'On the contrary, we should prefer it. It will tend to make matters go more smoothly. You have yourself, too, had a hand in the matter—unwittingly, it is true—but still we feel, both Lillian and myself, indebted to you for Philippa. It cannot, indeed, be considered a portrait, for Lotty is all smiles and brightness; but there is a something in it which has reminded me of her very much. At all events, we associate you, if you will permit us to do so, with this auspicious meeting.'

Never before had Mr Christopher Brown delivered himself of such sentiments, or given evidence of possessing such a graceful eloquence. That the speech had been prepared, neither of his hearers could for a moment doubt, but whence could he have culled this flowery style? Could it have been *caught*, thought Walter, from his connection—indirect as it was—with the *Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom*, already?

'Under these circumstances,' continued the old gentleman, 'we hope you will not refuse to meet Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn at our table to-day?'

'I shall be most pleased,' said Walter; then feeling that something more than pleasure was expected of him from such an invitation, he added, 'and honoured.'

'I am sure papa is very glad that you are going to dine with us,' said Lillian, when the old gentleman left the room. 'He feels not a little embarrassed, after what has passed, in meeting Captain Selwyn, and he has never seen him, you know.'

'And I have seen him so often. Don't you think that will be a little embarrassing for me?' inquired Litton comically.

'No; because he thoroughly understands your position. I have written to dear Lotty to explain it all from beginning to end. It was for her husband's

sake, and hers, not your own, that you were silent about your previous acquaintance with him.

'That is true. But I feel not a little compunction in concealing so much from your father. He is so kind and hospitable to me; and I feel as though I had gained his good-will by false pretences.'

'I quite understand your feelings, Mr Litton; but I really do not see how matters could have been managed otherwise. I am sure, if he had known that you had been acquainted with my sister, and especially your share in her elopement (for such he considers it), he would not have been so moved by your picture; indeed, he might very possibly have believed it to be a concerted plan between you and her husband; and you know it is not as if she had really sat to you. The likeness, if not absolutely accidental, was not designed; you had never even seen her as you have represented her.'

'That may be all very true, but I am far from satisfied with my own conduct. Don't you think, Miss Lillian, that now, when all has turned out so well, it would be better to make a clean breast of it, and tell your father?'

'Oh, pray, don't, Mr Litton,' she pleaded. 'You don't know how large a share you have had—even papa admitted it just now—in this happy reconciliation. Without you—that is, without your help, unintentional, but yet to which I am sure Lotty has been so welcome—all this would never have been brought about. Mrs Sheldon's letter of itself would have done nothing, had not papa been already, as it were, prepared for it; and remember, it has all been done for my dear father's good, for his happiness. He is not like the same man since his heart has been softened towards Lotty. Oh, please, don't let us run any risk.'

'It shall be as you wish,' sighed Walter, 'and still, as they say in the melodramas, "I will dissemble." After all, it is only my own character for straightforwardness, not yours, I am glad to think, that is in danger; only, when the truth does come out, and your father turns me out of his house as an impostor, I hope you will say a good word for me, Miss Lillian.'

'Indeed, indeed, I will, Mr Litton. But as for turning you out of the house, that is nonsense. In fact, what necessity is there for the truth, as you call it—that is, for the facts of a case which you have never been asked to speak about—coming out at all? It is very much more to Captain Selwyn's interest than to yours, that you should be considered a stranger to him. Oh, Mr Litton,' she continued, suddenly bursting into tears, 'I am afraid you are thinking hardly of me. I do not love deceit; I hate it: I hate myself for counselling you to hide the truth; it is only that of the two evils—the deceiving my father for his own good; and the telling him all, with the dreadful risk of his forgiveness to Lotty being cancelled—I honestly believe that I am choosing the less.'

'I quite understand you, dear Miss Lillian,' answered Walter earnestly, and his voice was low and soft as her own as he spoke the words. 'I quite understand; nor have I for a moment imagined to you any other motive save that which has actuated you, and which—whether it be wise or not—seems to me to do you nothing but honour. My only desire is to serve you and yours, and

all that you wish shall be done in your own way.'

Here he held out his hand, and she put hers in his, and pressed it thankfully. It was only, as it were, in ratification of their little compact; but at the touch of that small palm, Walter's pulses began to throb in a fashion which—if we did not know how very sensible a young man he was, and with what admirable arguments he had steered himself against the indulgence of futile hopes—was almost like the spring-time of Love itself.

She did well to be grateful to him, for he was doing for her and one other what he would have done for no one else. Concealment of any kind, and far more deception, was abhorrent to Walter. He had reproached himself all along for the part he had been playing at Willowbank in relation to his host, notwithstanding all these arguments which Lillian had urged in its favour, and which he had already applied to the case in his own mind; but he had resolved, when the reconciliation between Lotty and her father should have been accomplished, that he would tell all to him, and relieve himself, at any cost, from this irksome burden. And now he had been persuaded to carry it still longer, in spite of a certain penalty that would be very grievous to him, more grievous, indeed, than he dared to own, but which he now foresaw would sooner or later be the consequence of his so doing. In one respect, he thought he judged the old merchant's character more accurately than his own daughter; and he did verily believe that the day on which Christopher Brown discovered himself to have been deceived would be the last he (Litton) would ever pass at Willowbank. Such a sentence of exile would be very bitter, and when more bitter as I have said, than he would have liked to confess even to himself, and yet he had promised to risk its infliction; and there was one thing certain—he would keep his word. Walter Litton was, upon the whole, an impulsive man; his impulses were good, which was fortunate, since he acted on them rather than on fixed convictions. Of the possession of the thing called 'principle,' in connection with any well-defined system of religion or philosophy, he could not boast: he did what was right—such as an act of generosity, for instance—because it seemed to him right at the moment. He never went home and looked at the matter this way and that, and, upon the whole, decided that it was 'contrary to principle'; and therefore didn't do it. I have no doubt that would have been the right way for him to go to work; but yet it is certain that most such proceedings in our mental parliament do end in the 'Noss' having it; and I have always noticed that stingy persons are possessed of very high principles indeed. But though he was so deficient in this respect, there was one thing to which Walter held with the tenacity of a martyr to his faith—and that was, his word. He might be wrong in doing so—he sometimes was, just as the martyr is wrong—but he stuck to it all the same. He was wrong, as I venture to think, in this particular case; but he had given his word to Lillian, and therefore she did well to be grateful, for it was irrefragable. Have you noticed, reader, what kind of person it is—you may not have done so, for the genus is very rare—whose word is thus, to be depended upon? It is generally a woman, or, if not a woman, a man of feminine type; one whose physique, whose voice,

whose manner, do not impress one very forcibly, or give one much assurance of power—delicate-handed, soft-voiced creatures, in whom such resolution is quite an unexpected trait, and which we resent the more in them from that very circumstance. 'Obstinate as a mule,' we call such a man, who opposes himself to our wishes, just because he has promised to do this or that; or, if it be not a man, 'A self-willed little slut.'

Walter did not stay on at Willowbank till dinner-time on this occasion. His host dropped no word, as before, of there being no necessity for evening dress; the coming of Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom (which he was not, by-the-by, but his father-in-law had picked the phrase up, and found it pleasant, like a sweet morsel rolled under the tongue), and of Her Ladyship, his wife, was a circumstance that seemed to Mr Christopher Brown imperative of evening dress; so Walter went home to attire himself. He found a letter awaiting his arrival, inclosing a cheque for fifty pounds, and a few lines from the captain:

MY DEAR LITTON—I inclose the pair of ponies, for which accept my best thanks. You are, of course, aware that the old gentleman has come round, that it is a case of 'Bless you, my children,' and 'Welcome home.' This all comes, as I told you it would, of my having become a Baronet. Only an Irish one, it is true; but then, you know, with some people, even 'Lord Ballyraggum is better than no lord at all.' My wife desires her kind regards.—Yours faithfully, REGINALD SELWYN.

P.S.—Think of your having struck up an acquaintance upon your own account with my new papa! How small the world is, after all!

Walter read this missive more than once, and with much more attention than its contents would have seemed to deserve. It was not a gracious letter, nor, though its style was so familiar, did it smack much of ancient friendship. If the captain knew that his friend was intimate at Willowbank, he must surely also know how that intimacy had come about; and therefore must be aware that the reconciliation was by no means solely due to his fire-new title. Walter was not a man to look for 'a return' for any good service, even in the shape of an expression of gratitude, but this total ignoring of what he had done in the matter was not quite pleasant. The phrase, 'struck up an acquaintance,' and especially the words which followed it, 'on your own account,' seemed indeed almost offensive. He studied the epistle thus carefully, in order to learn from it, if possible, whether little Red Ridinghood had told Selwyn from whose lips she had received the information that had disappointed his designs. Upon the whole, Walter thought that she had told him, or if not, that he had guessed the truth. There was a 'stand-at-guard' air about the letter, which was not in his friend's usual style, though it was not absolutely hostile. He was less indifferent to this than he would have been at the time he bade Nellie use his name; not only because time had mitigated his wrath against the captain, but because he did not wish to have an enemy at Willowbank. He deemed it probable, as I have said, that, sooner or later, he should be banished thence, but he wished to put off that banishment as long as possible. What seemed very strange even to himself, was, that this was the first con-

sideration that occurred to him; and not the reflection, that within an hour or so, he was about to meet Lotty for the first time since her marriage, and in her father's house.

ABOUT THE DINNER-TABLE.

WHAT to eat and drink, is a problem for the solution whereof atmospheric influences must be taken into consideration, if it be admitted that 'in proportion as his climate is colder, man requires for his comfort and support a larger supply of heat-producing aliment.' It is stated that 'Sir John Franklin, to his surprise and alarm, saw an Esquimau youth consume fourteen pounds of tallow-candles at a single sitting; and the young gentleman was desirous of continuing the feast, when Sir John, who had offered to give him as many candles as he could eat, bought him off with the present of a large lump of fat pork.' It is curious, therefore, from the atmospheric point of view, to find the luxurious Romans of the Empire charged with a 'grossness of taste, which made these epicures of a hot climate prefer pork to more delicate meats.' As for their favourite sauce, or seasoning, or flavouring, it is said to have been 'garum' or 'liquamen,' and to have predominated in nearly all dishes to the same extent to which garlic predominates in the cookery of certain moderns. An excellent result is sometimes, though rarely, arrived at by questionable means; and certainly the process whereby the garum or liquamen—for one is said to be the same thing as the other—was obtained does not seem to promise any exquisitely delicate whetter of appetite. The confection, according to authority, 'was obtained from the intestines, gills, and blood of fishes, great and small, stirred together with salt, and exposed in an open vat in the sun until the compound was putrid. . . . When putrefaction had done its work, wine and spice-herbs were added to the liguenscent garbage. Finally, the liquor of this loathsome compound was strained, and sent . . . from Greece to the Roman market.' However, there are champions of this repulsive mixture; they maintain that 'there lurks a mystery in the details handed down to us of its mode of preparation,' and that, 'if we knew the whole process, there would be an end to the illiberal prejudice against the appetising fluid.' This fluid was used in the 'haggis, as the Scotch term it,' which 'was a favourite preparation with Romans; but, instead of mincing the flesh used for this dish, they as often as not brayed it in a mortar, with liquamen and seasonings, till it became a soft pulp. The usual farinaceous ingredient of the Roman haggis was frumentum; but often no grain was employed. The 'Apician' pork-haggis—esteemed above all other compositions of the same kind—was a boiled pig's stomach filled with fry and brain, raw eggs, and pine-apples, beaten into a pulp, and treated with the never absent sauces and seasonings.' However, if it be true that our own 'feudal forefathers' were wont to 'put sugar on their oysters,' there is no telling what atrocious tendencies may lurk in our blood, and it is advisable to remember the proverb which recommends those who live in glass houses not to throw stones.

At one time, on the occasion of grand dinners, the duty of carving was a matter of grave arrangement, and governed by certain strict rules. Subsequently, in the seventeenth century, 'English gentleness

were instructed by schoolmistresses and professors of etiquette as to the ways in which it behoved them to carve joints. That she might be able to grasp a roast chicken without greasing her left hand, the gentle housewife was careful to trim its foot and the lower part of its legs with cut-paper. . . . The paper-frill which may still be seen round the bony point and small end of a leg of mutton, is a memorial of the fashion in which joints were dressed for the dainty hands of lady-carvers, in time prior to the introduction of the carving-fork, an implement that was not in universal use so late as the Commonwealth. In the work called *Lady Rich's Closet* (1653), 'the ingenious gentlewoman of the period' is thus exhorted: 'Distribute the best pieces first; and it will appear very comely and decent to use a fork; so touch no meat without it.' It is a pity that so much 'misfortune has attended several attempts to establish seminaries for the sufficient instruction of womankind in the affairs of the table. The change of fashion,' it is asserted, 'which degraded carving from the rank of the elegant accomplishments, gave the *coup de grâce* to the Beak Street Academy, where, so late as thirty years since, a young lady on the eve of her marriage might acquire the art of cutting meat, in a course of twelve lessons, at a guinea a lesson, exclusive of the viands on which she operated. A similar fate befell the Berners Street School of Cookery, which gave its grandest dinner on the day that saw' the present Princess of Wales 'pass through London on her triumphal way to Windsor. . . . The South Kensington School of Cookery opened under fairer auspices, but hitherto Professor Buckmaster's zeal and ability have barely preserved it from the failure which usually follows ridicule.'

Of summoning the members of a household to the dinner-table, there are three principal methods, according as the horn, the bell, or the gong may be preferred. In olden time, it seems, the horn or cornet was the favourite instrument. And to that fact a curious, not to say a bold, piece of etymology is referred. 'At the period,' says Alexandre Dumas, 'when noon was the dinner-hour, the horn or cornet (*le cor*) was used in great houses to announce dinner. Hence came an expression which has been lost; they used to say, "cornet (or trumpet) the dinner" (*cornet le dîner*). So that, as we are informed, "cornet the dinner" was the feudal equivalent of the modern and more familiar phrase, "ring for dinner." And in days when inferior people ate little meat in the winter months save salted beef, the more usual form of the order was "*cornet le bœuf*," or "corn the beef." Hence the name of the well-known viand, "corned beef." Richardson errs egregiously when he insists that *corned beef* derived its distinguishing epithet from the grains or corns of salt with which it was pickled. Corned beef is trumpeted beef, or, as we should nowadays say, dinner-bell beef. Here, thrown down from the dinner-table, is a bone of contention for etymologists.

How long one should sit at the dinner-table, is sometimes a matter of controversy. Grimod de la Reynière, 'the famous editor of the *Almanach des Gourmands*,' says that 'five hours at table are a reasonable latitude to allow in the case of a large party and recondite cheer.' Legend tells of a certain Archbishop of York 'who sat three entire years at dinner.' But the mistake arose out of a

'merry jest.' The archbishop had just sat down to dinner one day about noon, when he was called upon by an Italian priest, who, hearing he was at dinner, 'whiled away an hour in looking at the Minster,' and called again, but was again 'repelled by the porter.' Twice more, at two P.M. and at three P.M., the Italian repeated his visit, and was either told or led to infer that His Grace was still engaged in the same occupation, for, at the fourth visit, 'the porter, in a haste, answered never a word, and churchlike did shut the gates upon him.' Hereupon the Italian, whose time was short, departed 'for London, and returned to Rome without seeing the spiritual chief of the northern province. Three years later, encountering in Rome an Englishman who declared himself right well known to His Grace of York, the Italian, clothing his face with a merry smile, inquired drolly: "I pray you, good sir, hath that archbishop dined yet?" Whence arose the malicious story of a three years' sitting at dinner.

As to the 'best number of guests for an agreeable dinner,' it is probable that the world will never agree. Grimod de la Reynière preferred three to any other number, and would not, on any account, suffer six to be exceeded. The 'finest gourmands of modern France and modern England' have declared twelve to be 'permissible.' But the most humorous view ever taken of the subject is attributed to a certain 'President of the Tribunal at Avignon,' who remarked to a friend one day: 'By my faith, we have just had a superb turkey. It was excellent, stuffed to the beak with truffles, tender as a chicken, fat as an ortolan, aromatic as a thrush. By my faith, we left nothing but its bones!' 'And how many were there of you?' inquired the friend. 'Only two,' answered the other with a gentle smile. 'Only two?' exclaimed the astounded hearer. 'Precisely so,' replied the lawyer: 'there was myself, and there was—the turkey.' As to dining alone, there are many reasons for and against it; but one of the objections was forcibly put by Theodore Hook, who said: 'When one dines alone, the bottle *does* come round so fast.'

Closely connected with the dinner-table are the caterers for it. And amongst them a very honourable position must be assigned to Samuel Birch, the famous confectioner of Cornhill, where he supplied such turtle-soup and oyster-patties and other delicacies that he 'drew to his shop epicures from every quarter of the town.' So much may be already generally known about him; but very many readers will, no doubt, be surprised to learn that as 'a man of wit and letters, he produced plays that held the stage, and books that are still readable, though seldom read. One of his musical dramas, *The Adopted Child*, was popular long after the author had killed his last turtle and breathed his last breath. His temper was so amiable, and his humour so lively, that he heartily enjoyed the joke when, on his appointment to be colonel of the City Militia, it was proposed to style him Marshal *Tureen*. "By all means," the confectioner cried gaily to the originator of this witticism, a brother officer in the militia, who, as a great flour and corn merchant, regarded confectioners disdainfully; "and you shall be Marshal *Socks*." Throwing himself into local politics, he figured as common-councillor, alderman, and Lord Mayor, the year of his mayoralty being the famous 1815. When

Chantrey's statue of George III. was placed in the Council Chamber of Guildhall, during the Waterloo year, Birch's pen produced the inscription for it. His daughter married Lamartine the poet.

It is not very long since a not very successful attempt, by means of letters, pamphlets, lectures, and experimental dinners at the Langham Hotel, and at private houses, was made, by enthusiastic and unprejudiced gentlemen, to set horse-flesh, as an ordinary dish, upon the dinner-table, at any rate of the poorer classes. It may be news, however, to the world in general, that donkey has been served up, as the writer of this article can testify, at a gentleman's table in London. The writer's experience, however, differs vastly from that recorded in the following anecdote: 'The company had enjoyed the soups, fish, and entrées, and some of them were screwing up their courage to take a slice of donkey on the appearance of the "joints," when a guest observed to the host: "So far your dinner has been excellent, though rather commonplace; but when will Neddy be served?" "My dear fellow," the entertainer answered, "with the exception of the salmon, the chief materials of every dish handed to you were taken from a tender two-year-old donkey, killed six days since by my butcher. The soups, the patties which you mistook for veal patties, the cutlets that you imagined to be lamb, the fillet with truffles, were all of donkey.'" The writer of this article met with different treatment: there was no disguise at all; the table was decorated with thistles and (Jerusalem) artichokes; there was a bill of fare, printed, in which the soup was significantly termed *moke-turtle*, the cutlets significantly termed *cotelettes à la Balaam*, and so on, down to *Moh-a* coffee and *Ass-am* tea. Moreover, each dish in which there was an asinine ingredient was accompanied by another dish based upon some more conventional animal, so that there was a chance for weak brethren to keep their consciences inviolate. The general opinion of those who had sufficient strength of mind to 'go the whole-donkey,' was that, for soups, patties, and the like, ass-flesh would do as well as anything else; and that, so far as the plain joint went, ass-flesh would be excellent, when you couldn't get anything else. Tradition reports that the person who took the matter most to heart was the hospitable entertainer's cook, and that she, with all that intelligence which distinguishes her British sisterhood, when she learned that she had been made instrumental in cooking donkey, burst into tears, and gave immediate warning.

The tortures to which 'the Strasbourg goose' is subjected by those who cater for the table, have frequently been held up to execration; but a most amusing story is told relating to a French peer, who, having for the first time seen an account of them, 'burst into tears, declaring that he would never again eat the liver of a tortured goose,' adding, however, after a moment's reflection, in language worthy of a born Irishman: 'And why should I, since the livers of two Toulouse ducks, treated in the same way, are equal in size and flavour to the largest liver of the Strasbourg goose?' Of another Frenchman, the Chevalier d'Allignac, who had escaped from Paris to London 'in the evil days of the great French Revolution,' a different sort of anecdote is told. The chevalier, it is said, had great difficulty in making a bare subsist-

ence, until one day he was asked by 'a young English nobleman' to 'mix a salad in the French fashion;' which he did with such success, that he, under the title of the 'gentleman salad-maker,' became 'the hero of the hour,' received an honorarium of five pounds a time for his services, 'started his carriage, in order that he might pass quickly from house to house during the dining hours of the aristocracy;' and ultimately returned to his native land with a fortune, acquired partly by salad-making in person, and partly by a 'lucrative trade in sauces, spices, and other culinary dainties,' which he sold to those 'who lived beyond the boundary of his quarter for personal attendance, or who could not afford to pay his fee for a visit.'

And now to conclude with a very interesting anecdote, which is not likely to be so familiar as to be stale. Some forty years ago, it is said, a lady called upon Mr Longman, head of the publishing firm in Paternoster Row, and pleaded: 'Give me the subject of a book for which the world has a need, and I will write it for you.'

Mr Longman asked: 'Are you an author?'

'I am a poet,' was the reply; 'but—the world does not want poems.'

The publisher remarked, a little dubiously: 'Well, we want a good cookery-book.'

'Then,' said the lady, 'you advise me to write a cookery-book?'

Cautiously the publisher rejoined: 'I should advise you to do so, if I were confident of your ability to write a good one.'

Well, years went by; and, during those years, cooks and epicures and housewives in all parts of England were besieged for receipts to be forwarded to the address of a certain lady. The lady's own flattering letters or persuasive speech either elicited from the cooks themselves the information required, or enlisted the cooks' masters and mistresses on her side; and 'the result of her exertions, carried on for many years with equal resoluteness and good temper, was the *Modern Cookery in all its Branches*, published in 1845, which continues to hold its place in the esteem of housewives.' Its author was Miss Acton, who 'derived from her one great work an adequate provision for the remainder of her life.'

VENERABLE ERRORS.

A SCRUPULOUS regard for precedent is one of the remarkable peculiarities of English constitutional usage. When a matter has to be considered out of the common run of events, there is an immediate search of records to find out a precedent, perhaps a hundred and fifty years back. There is, no doubt, a virtue in this regard for precedent. It saves us from running into mischievous novelties. But it has its drawback. Sometimes the most beneficial measures are retarded, positively obstructed, because there is no precedent for them. Horrid cruelties, such as the burning of old women for witchcraft, and the hanging of poor wretches for stealing to the value of a few shillings in a dwelling-house, have been remorselessly perpetrated, because all was according to rule and precedent. This marvellous respect for precedent, a good thing in the main, is seen in our own times to have been carried the most absurd lengths; and,

in fact, most of the improvements now enjoyed have been effected in the face of intense opposition. A curious illustration of the reluctance to adopt any changes may be found in a speech delivered by Lord Litchfield in his capacity of Postmaster-general, when, in reference to Rowland Hill's penny-postage scheme, he declared, with all red-tape solemnity: 'Of all the wild and visionary schemes I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant.'

There is a work of great authority, containing cases in Crown law reserved for the solemn decision of the judges, extending from the year 1731 to 1789, which contains many illustrations proving that sage expositors of the law, fettered by their love of precedent, could indulge in puerilities, strained constructions, and subtleties, not surpassed by Duns Scotus, who never could satisfactorily resolve the question, whether, when a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about his neck, and held at the other end by a man, the animal is brought to market by the rope or the man. The facts of the following trial are familiar to many readers, but are briefly noticed, in order to shew, how a great crime and admitted guilt went unpunished, because morals and justice were made subordinate to technicalities. At the Old Bailey session of 1794, a poor innocent fellow, Joshua Kidden, was tried before Mr Justice Foster, for robbing Mary Jones on the highway. She swore positively as to his identity, and as to the circumstances of the robbery, in which she was corroborated by a villain of the name of Berry. Kidden, although innocent, was convicted and executed; and on the first of March following, the customary reward then payable was divided among the prosecutrix, John Berry, Stephen Macdamil, and Thomas Cooper. These conspirators, who had associated themselves together to accuse innocent persons, or to incite to the commission of robberies upon themselves, in order to obtain the reward of a successful prosecution, were found out at last by means of the arrest of one Blee; and in 1756, Macdamil, Berry, and Mary Jones were indicted for the wilful murder of Joshua Kidden, by maliciously causing him to be unjustly apprehended, falsely accused, tried, convicted, and executed, knowing him to be innocent of the fact laid to his charge, the intent being to share the blood-money among them. They were convicted upon the clearest and most satisfactory evidence, and scenes of depravity were disclosed as horrid as unexampled. Murder, under the name of law, is the worst of crimes—the name of an angel assumed to facilitate the act of a fiend; but the judgment was respite upon a doubt whether an indictment for murder would lie; and the miscreants were eventually discharged, without the Attorney-general of the day, Sir Robert Henley, even arguing the point. After such a gross failure of justice, no wonder a certain Charles Lee was directed to be acquitted because the property he stole was described as impressed with a lion 'ram-

pant,' whereas, upon inspection, he was found to be 'passant.' How the heraldic sensibilities of the accused could have been wounded by a misdescription of terms he never knew, or how the distinction could have made the least difference in the character of the offence, or his means of defending himself, it would be difficult for even the most acute casuist to demonstrate.

There are many urban, fustian-coated mechanics, Neros and Domitians in humble life, who beat and starve their wives and children, and reserve all their regard and attention for bull-dogs, and brutes of congenial tempers with their own; and a member of this section of the community was in the year 1763 introduced at the Old Bailey to Chief Baron Parker, in order to explain to him and to twelve gentlemen, why, with a certain razor, he cut the neck of his wife Agnes, with intent to maim and disfigure. The facts proved were, that he returned home one night after his wife and children were in bed, and asleep, and cut her throat with an old razor which he had concealed in his stocking, making a wound about three inches in length, and quite across; but, providentially, it was not mortal. The criminal had been in bed some time previously, meditating upon his act, and the means by which effectually to carry it out; but it was held that the offence was not a 'lying in wait,' within the words of the act of parliament, and William Lee was left at liberty to indulge again in his innocent amusement. Mrs Caudle, in the perpetration of her celebrated Caudle lectures, might have pleaded with equal justice, that she was not lying in wait for her victim husband, when he tucked in the bed-clothes, and hoped to enjoy sound repose, instead of being assailed with domestic lectures, from which escape was as impossible as from the mosquito, that the traveller in the East finds to his misery within the gauze curtains he has so carefully closed.

One barbarous usage the *wisdom* of our ancestors sanctioned, and at which our common humanity shudders. Some accused persons obstinately refused to plead to an indictment upon which they were to be subsequently tried, and the course adopted in such instances was to heap ponderous weight after weight upon the chest and body of the unhappy wretch, until he expired, if persisting in remaining mute. For this has been substituted the more obvious course of entering a formal plea of 'Not guilty,' and then proceeding with the evidence for the prosecution. It may be asked, what could have been the motive which led men to remain obstinately silent, when the consequences were so terrible? The motive was usually a noble and unselfish one—to preserve their property from being forfeited to the crown by a conviction, and innocent children deprived of their patrimony; and it remained for the humanity of recent legislators, in spite of the venerable errors included in the three fallacies, 'wisdom of our ancestors,' 'precedent,' and 'irrevocable laws,' to abolish the law of forfeiture, which plundered the infant in his cradle for the errors or the crimes of his parent. That abuses will always exist which require reformation, none can doubt, and one may be pointed out which flourishes in all its injustice.

It was in criminal trials that formerly the accused were hunted down without the least regard to fair-play—witnesses for the prisoner, in

cases of treason and felony, were not, until the reign of Queen Anne, allowed to be examined upon oath; and therefore their testimony was not regarded with the reverence or weight incident to an appeal to the Almighty. Witnesses were previously not even allowed to give evidence as to the good character of the accused, except in a case involving life. Counsel were not allowed to address the jury on the part of their clients; and what a position in which to place even the most innocent of men, suffering under the prejudices incident to the being accused, and with the dark shadows of the dock, giving their ominous colouring to every action and expression, however innocent! But how was the wrong intensified, when the prisoner was humble and illiterate! Fighting with skilled legal athletes—his tongue fettered, and perhaps unequal even, under the circumstances, to string together ten sentences in logical sequence. Bishop Atterbury, on the bill of pains and penalties exhibited against him for alleged treasonable correspondence with the Pretender, produced few witnesses, but among them was Pope. He was called to prove that, while he was an inmate of the palace at Bromley, the bishop's time was completely occupied by literary and domestic matters, and that no leisure was left for plotting. But Pope, who was unaccustomed to speak in public, lost his head, and, as he afterwards owned, though he had only ten words to say, made two or three blunders. And it is well known that the poet Cowper, who, through his family interest, obtained a nomination to the honourable and lucrative post of clerk to the House of Lords, when the time arrived to make a brief declaration before that assembly, was thrown into such a state of confusion and alarm, that he preferred the alternative of resigning the appointment. And according to Olivet, in his *History of the French Academy*, the celebrated Duke de Larochehoucault, whose courage and genius were alike distinguished, never could summon resolution at his election to address the members. Even the poor privilege of having his attorney sitting at his side, and giving him suggestions, was denied to the accused. On the trial of John Ashton, at the Old Bailey, for high treason, 1691, he thus addressed Chief-justice Holt, regarded, and deservedly so, as one of the most estimable of men: 'My lord, I humbly desire you would give my solicitor leave to be as near me as he possibly can; only to refresh my memory, if I should forget anything.'

What was the response of the Chief-justice? 'That is a thing you cannot of right demand. Pen and ink, and paper, you may.'

In piteous and appealing accents, the prisoner observed: 'My lord, I shall acknowledge it as a great favour.'

But this cannot be; humanity and justice ask in vain, and precedent replies to the modest and reasonable request: 'That is an innovation that ought not to be; the court cannot allow it.'

A singular event occurred in 1818, which startled society in general, but ruffled not the calm of the judicial mind as to the gross absurdity of a law which had long rested in the archives of feudalism, but was then brought out, and made use of with effect. A young girl, Mary Ashford, was found murdered under circumstances which fixed the strongest suspicion upon one Abraham Thornton, who had accompanied her home from a ball, and had been with her, as he

himself admitted, a short time before the discovery of her body, not far from the pond of water in which it lay. Notwithstanding the cogency of the proofs against him, the accused was acquitted; but the brother of the poor victim of outrage being dissatisfied with the result, proceeded to resort to the antiquated remedy known as an appeal of murder—namely, summoning Thornton into the Court of King's Bench, in order to obtain satisfaction for the crime, and to have the proper punishment inflicted, irrespective of the previous verdict; and examples have not been wanting where a man has been found guilty on the same evidence that led to an acquittal by the first. Upon this appeal of murder, as it was technically designated, having been brought, the accused availed himself of a right, the existence of which had been almost forgotten: he summoned the brother to a 'wager of battle,' that is to say, a trial by combat, instead of submitting to the finding of a jury; and the validity of this right being incontrovertible, the counsel for young Ashford received a severe reproof from the judges, because he designated the demand as unreasonable and barbarous. The brother, a weak youth, twenty years of age, could not venture to engage in a conflict of clubs with the athletic Abraham Thornton: he was obliged to recall his accusation; the suspected was once more acquitted; and in the following year, a 'venerable error' was condemned, and an act of parliament had to be passed abolishing trial by combat.

In the ordinary transactions of life, a man will not pay for an article which has no existence in fact, and which he has never seen; but, unfortunately for that precious jewel, human life, many innocent have been found guilty of murder, when, after the scaffold has done its work, the assumed deceased was discovered to be alive. Some well-known instances have been recorded, but two which are not familiar may here be mentioned. A rare tract in the *Harleian Miscellany* gives an elaborate and detailed account of the examination, confession, trial, condemnation, and execution of Joan Perry, and her sons, John and Richard, for the murder of William Harrison. The latter was a land-steward to a lady of rank, and John Perry was his servant; and both having gone on a journey, the master was missing, and suspicion fell upon his attendant. Being accused of the homicide, he became confused, made various inconsistent statements, and finally gave a very circumstantial account of the murder having been committed by himself, his mother, and brother; hoping to be admitted by the crown as an accomplice merely. The three were found guilty, and executed; but after an interval of three years, Harrison reappeared, and it then transpired that he had been seized on the coast, conveyed into Turkey, where for two years he remained as a slave. The second instance we notice occurred in America. There were two brothers of the name of Boon, who in 1819 were convicted in the supreme court of Vermont for the murder of Baptist Colvin, on the 10th of May 1812. Colvin was their brother-in-law, rather of weak mind, and considered by the members of the family, who were bound to support him, as a burden. On the day of his disappearance, being in a distant field where the Boons were at work, a violent quarrel arose between them, and one of the brothers struck him a severe blow on the head

with a club, which felled him to the ground. Some suspicion of his being murdered arose by the finding of his hat in the same field, a few months afterwards, but suspicion gradually subsided, until, in 1819, when one of the neighbours, having repeatedly dreamed of the homicide with great minuteness of circumstances, both as respected his death and the concealment of his remains, the brothers were again accused, and generally believed guilty. Upon strict search, a fragment of his clothes was found in an old open cellar in the same field; and in the hollow stump of a tree, not many rods distant, two nails and a number of bones, believed to be those of a man. Upon those facts, followed by a *deliberate* confession of the commission of the murder by the accused, the Boons were convicted; but, fortunately, before their execution, Colvin was discovered living in New Jersey, having fled there, apprehensive of further violence from what occurred in the field. The solution of the confession thus made by two innocent men was simply this, that an injudicious adviser suggested that, by such an admission of their guilt, their sentence would be commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

To illustrate the value of confessions for imaginary offences, and at the same time to exemplify the boasted 'wisdom' of our ancestors of not very remote date. In July 1716, an era glorious in the realms of literature and of thought, and made refulgent by the genius of a Pope, a Swift, an Arbuthnot, and others of nearly equal fame, a substantial farmer in the name of Hickee accused his wife and child (the latter a girl only nine years of age), on their own admission, of witchcraft. They were tried before Judge Wilnot, at Huntingdon, and on the prosecution of the husband and the father, the wife and child were hanged. What a deplorable consistency is there to be always found in the rules which would perpetuate injustice and error, and sacrifice truth upon the altar of prejudice, thus inverting the natural principles of justice. By the manual of the Inquisition, published in 1761, it was solemnly laid down, that if a witness has perjured himself, he can correct his first evidence, and then the judges will hold by the second, provided that it *implicates* the accused; for if it be favourable to him, they will adhere to the first statement. And continental jurists established the doctrine, that persons of notoriously bad character, although not to be believed upon their oaths, on the ordinary occasions of disputes that might arise between man and man, were to be believed if they swore that any one had bewitched them. A showman once exhibited an unhappy animal, which he described as being unable to live on land, and died in the water; and in the old times in Spain, those who were believed to be secretly Jews were placed in something of as unenviable a position, for the presumptive proof of Judaism was held to be confirmed if a man gave Hebrew names to his children; while a professed member of that persuasion, by a law of Henry II., was prohibited, under the severest penalties, from giving them Christian names.

And, as respects all sanitary details—as to the bringing home of justice to every man's door by the agency of local tribunals—the redress of real grievances through the medium of the press and of public opinion—the encouragement of true genius in every department, that overlaps all barriers of class distinction—the reign of Victoria may well

contrast with that of any previous one. Unlike the magician in Aladdin, we prefer new lamps to old, and can find no magical illumination in the light of the latter.

SCENES ON THE SPANISH ROADS.

SPAIN is a grand country for an artist, as the scenes on the Spanish roads are so utterly different from what one sees elsewhere. It was not until we had left Seville some miles behind us, that we began to see the real wildness of the country portion of Spain. Our route lay in a north-west direction, and for many miles the country was flat and uninteresting. As we looked back, the tall spire of the Giralda was visible, glistening in the sunlight, and towering above the town of Seville. The climate of Seville is such that scarcely any fires are required except for culinary purposes, and it is said that an expert Spanish cook can find in a newspaper enough fuel to cook a dinner. Thus, there is scarcely any smoke to be seen even over such a large town as Seville, and the views, consequently, in this clear climate are superb.

From looking back at the glistening Giralda, we turn our attention to the road before, and there are a string of mules approaching us. Each of these mules is loaded with what appears an enormous burden. High up on the creature's back, and extending far on either side, there is a pile of dark-looking material, which gives the poor animal the appearance of being enormously overweighted. As this procession approaches us, we distinguish that the load carried by the mules consists of large planks of cork. These pieces of cork are about three or four feet in length, nearly two feet broad, and about three inches thick. On the leading mule a Spaniard is seated, and is perched among the cork; the colour of his dress and his brown complexion giving him the appearance of a piece of cork. He is what we should call an ill-looking rascal, if we saw him in England. His garments are patched or torn, leather being largely used, both in portions of his jacket, and as a sort of protection to his trousers. His waist is girded by a broad cotton or woollen sash of scarlet or blue, and in this sash is his knife, which no Spaniard thinks of travelling without, especially along the country roads. It is usual to find a rider on the first and last mule of a team, the total number of mules sometimes amounting to ten or a dozen. When one meets these strings of mules, and hears the jingle of their necklace of bells, one feels that he is in Spain, the whole scene being so thoroughly national. Of course, the muleteers themselves are enjoying their cigarette, for every man in Spain smokes. How some of them manage to cover the outlay, it is difficult to say, for nearly every Spaniard consumes about twenty-five or thirty cigarettes per day, the cost of which is about threepence-halfpenny. Now, if threepence-halfpenny were deducted from the wages of an English labourer for something which, however much it may be deemed a necessity, is, after all, only a luxury, we believe such a sum would be severely felt; yet the hewers of wood and the drawers of water in Spain consume this amount of tobacco every day.

Those who are fond of old stones have a rich treat on the road from Seville towards Guadalcanal. About six miles from Seville, and on the

left of the road, there are the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre. These ruins are very perfect. There are the dens in which the wild beasts were kept, and from which they were let loose into the arena. The seats remain; and, in fact, but little time, trouble, and expense would be required to put this place into working order. These ruins are called *Italia*. The name, however, formerly applied to a city, of which these ruins are the only remains. Scipio Africanus founded this city, and it was used as a resting-place for the soldiers employed in the siege of Carthage. It is remarkable as the birthplace of the Roman emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. Several statues of no great merit have been dug up in these ruins, and are preserved in Seville; whilst coins are discovered, and are offered for sale by some wretched-looking old hags, who seem to start into sight immediately a visitor is seen to enter the gallery leading to the podium.

Whilst we were examining the ruins of *Italia*, our attention was directed to three birds which were flying towards us, and at no great elevation. We knew at once that they were remarkable birds, as their size and flight indicated this. Their course conducted them exactly over our heads; and as they passed, we saw that they were three bustards. They were very strong on the wing, but not quite so large as those of the same species that we have seen in Africa. The bustard is not uncommon in the south of Spain, and we believe good sport might be had with these birds in many places. They are wild and very wary, but still a sportsman would be able to obtain many shots at them.

When one leaves the more civilised portions of Spain, and comes into the wilder country, a number of crosses will be seen on the side of the road. In the Sierra Morena, these crosses are very common, and they do not indicate any highly religious feeling on the part of the inhabitants, but are generally intended to mark the locality of a murder. On our journey, near Guadalcanal, one of our men pointed out to us a very rough cross near a small gully, and told us that this was the spot where a murder had been committed a few years before. The description he gave of the affair, shewed one of the peculiarities of the Spanish character. Two men, who might fairly be termed brigands, lay in ambush for another man, who, they knew, was in possession of a few dollars. This man they murdered and robbed. A dispute then arose between the two as regarded the division of the spoil, which soon ended by one stabbing the other, and thus securing the whole.

It is a custom amongst the inhabitants in some parts to pick up a stone, and place it just under the cross. Why this is done, we could not ascertain; but it is the practice to do so in other countries besides Spain. No people we have ever met seem to more thoroughly enjoy doing nothing than do the Spaniards. In Seville, they pass the greater part of the day in what may be called lounging and smoking; whilst the men in the villages seem to do little or nothing. When, however, we know that nearly all the food that a Spaniard requires is a few chestnuts and some baked olives, we see a reason why, with so inactive a nature, he avails work.

In one of the villages between Seville and Guadalcanal, we had an opportunity of seeing the rustic Spaniard enjoying himself; and certainly

his proceeding was not one likely to elevate him in our eyes. The peasants had been regaling themselves, and having a large drink of their abominable 'fire-water,' and we had heard them shouting and quarrelling during the greater part of the night, for the spirit-shop was directly opposite the *venta* at which we were staying. We arose shortly before daybreak, and strolled outside our inn, to study the Spaniard at home; and we then saw eight or ten men, holding each other's arms, and marching backwards and forwards up and down the street, and shouting discordantly. They would stop occasionally, and all clap their hands, and thus stand for nearly half an hour merely clapping hands; then they would combine clapping hands, marching to and fro, and singing. It may appear somewhat absurd to attempt to define in what manner a half-drunken man should enjoy himself, so as not to look like an idiot; and when we have witnessed some of the numerous scenes which occur in England after certain jovial dinners, we should hesitate before we condemn as idiotic the proceedings of tipsy Spanish peasants. Yet we do not remember ever to have seen anything which appeared so utterly to indicate feeble-minded men, as the senseless acts of these peasants, who found enjoyment during a whole night in merely walking backwards and forwards clapping their hands. To produce such a condition, it requires that a man must have fed for years on nothing better than roasted chestnuts and baked olives.

Nothing can be more solitary than the lives led by some of the Spanish peasants. At one place we found a farm-house, the inhabitants of which were an old man, his wife, and their daughter; there was no other house within ten miles of these people, and they were disinclined to travel. They informed us that, during the last three years, they had not gone a league from their house; and it was rare indeed for any travellers to visit them. On our first arrival, we found two donkeys, three cats, and four or five hens in possession of the only room in the house. The entrance to the stable was through the sitting-room. The husband was away when we arrived; but when he saw smoke coming out of the chimney, he knew something was going on, so he left his work in the fields, and came to share in any excitement that might be had at home.

Previously to the arrival of the man, we had aired our Spanish as much as possible; the few words we knew were such as could be made use of to express our wish for hot water, our opinion that it was fine weather, &c. In spite of the fact that the old lady had travelled so very little, yet she knew we were English; and upon the entrance of her husband, she replied to his inquiry as to who was there, by telling him two Englishmen. Having wished the man good-day, and uttered one sentence with regard to the weather, we had exhausted our Spanish; but the effect was surprising, for the man, having taken a good look at us, informed his wife that she was an old fool not to see that we were Castilians, and not Englishmen.

It is the general opinion among those who have not travelled much in Spain, that the Spaniard will use his knife as soon as his tongue. We were under this impression when we first entered Spain; but after we had travelled in the wild and little known district of the Sierra

Morena, we learned the fact, that two Spaniards will abuse one another five times as much as two Englishmen without coming to blows.

On one occasion, we were ascending a long hill about twenty miles from Seville; the road was narrow, so that it was difficult for one vehicle to pass another. Just as we came to a steep part of the hill, we found in the road, and partly across it, a large cart laden with poles. The load of this cart was too heavy for the mules, and it had stuck in the road. We were thus prevented from passing, and had to pull up and wait.

Immediately our driver found that this vehicle blocked the way; he abused the men belonging to it with a torrent of words. The other side replied with equal energy, and two more of our men joined in the abuse, and were answered by those on the other side. Such an uproar and such excitement we had never before witnessed, and we were in momentary expectation that knives would be drawn, and a free fight commenced. We felt if our revolver were handy, so as to come to the rescue in time of need, and then waited to see what would happen. After about a quarter of an hour of this battle of words, exhaustion set in, and the men began to consider how we were to get the vehicle clear of the road. They asked us to lend them our horses to pull them up the hill, and then to come back for our wagonette; but this we declined, and suggested that they should take half the load off their wagon, ascend the hill, unload their wagon, and return for the other half-load. This, after another tremendous argument, they agreed to do. We, however, had merely to wait until the wagon was dragged out of our way, when we passed the obstacle, and should soon have left it behind, had not our attention been called to a magnificent spring of water, which formed a pool beside the road. We all went to this pool, and all drank; and then our own men sat down on the bank with the men of the other vehicle, lighted their cigarettes, and chatted away in the most friendly manner imaginable.

On our return journey to Seville, we had the opportunity of noting one or two facts. On the banks of a stream we crossed, the oleander grew to a great size, almost to a tree; we saw several at least twelve feet high, and three inches thick in the stem. At one or two places suitable for animals to drink, we saw the footprints of a buck, as large as the red deer. We also saw footprints of a pig, and our men informed us that wild boars were common here. There was no evidence that the river rose to any great amount at any time, four or five feet rise being apparently the extent. On the bank of this stream, and on nearly all those we saw in the south of Spain, woodcocks are abundant.

We heard an immense deal about brigands, mostly from Spaniards. Upon our announcing to one of the officials at Seville that we proposed travelling up the country, and visiting the out-of-the-way villages, we were told that it was very risky, and that we should only be acting with prudence if we took an escort with us. This escort, we learned, was to consist of two of the civil guard, and that we should be expected to pay for the protection thus afforded. Our estimation of the civil guard, however, was not very favourable, and we could not but feel that, if the brigands were at all up to their work, the civil guard would be easily disposed of. It is true that perhaps these

men might produce a moral influence on robbers, just as policemen do in England, and, under such a condition, they would be a protection; but we declined the honour of these gentlemen's escort, and determined to incur the risk by ourselves. Now, as we had with us a driver and an assistant, an interpreter, and a guide, we mustered rather a strong party; and it may be that the rapidity of our movements, combined with our numbers, and the knowledge that we were armed, caused us to be unmolested on our journey, for, in more than one place, we found groups of men, whose rascally looks and apparent want of occupation seemed to indicate that it was not honest labour by which they obtained their daily bread. At one of the ventas at which we stopped, we noticed two tremendous-looking ruffians, who scowled at us in anything but a friendly way. More than once, whilst we were in the cupboard sort of place that served as our bedroom, we noticed these men pass the open doorway—for door there was none—and peep in at us. Such a proceeding might be mere curiosity, but as they had no business to be in our outer room at all, we looked upon their proceeding as suspicious. In order to warn them off, we called our interpreter, and told him to explain to the people who were wandering about near our doorway, that we hoped no accident would occur, but that, having lived formerly in a wild country, where dangerous animals prowled about sometimes of a night near our camp, we had a habit of suddenly waking up, and, before we quite knew what we were about, of firing when we heard a noise; thus, if we once went to sleep, and were awake, as we certainly should be by any one walking near us, we should probably forget where we were, and might then fire a shot in haste, and perhaps with fatal results.

After our speech to him, our interpreter cautioned all those who were round the fire, and added the information that we had put a bullet through his hat, when he had thrown it in the air to test our skill with a revolver. During the remainder of the night we were not disturbed by inquisitive wanderers near our bedroom, for even the Spanish brigand has a wholesome dread of six barrels and a steady hand.

About a fortnight after we were in this district, two Spanish gentlemen who were travelling there were captured by brigands, and held to ransom, and did not escape without the payment of a large sum of money; so that we learned that there were such things as brigands in this country, a fact even more lately proved by the stoppage and robbery of a railway train.

We were told by a Spaniard, but we know not whether it is true, that the reason why robbery and other crimes were so common in these mountains was, that there was so large a party in favour of crime, that no one dared either to denounce the robbers, or appear as evidence against them. Even the authorities in certain places feared to condemn a man; and thus, with but little chance of punishment, robbery and crime became profitable amusements. A check, it was told us, had been put on these proceedings by another somewhat novel expedient. Men found red-handed, or known to have committed crime, were taken by somewhat roundabout and solitary routes to the authority who ought to have sentenced them. The conductors well knowing that their prisoner, no matter

how plain his guilt, would be released for want of evidence, watched their opportunity, and then shot the murderer, and pursued their journey alone, reporting at the end of it that they were attacked by their prisoner, and had to shoot him in self-defence. By this ingenious plan, several bad characters were got rid of without the trouble of a trial, and without allowing the prisoners to escape through any legal quibble.

Certainly, the country north of Seville is well suited for brigands. It is the least densely populated of any country we ever saw. It is covered, in most places, with a low scrubby bush, which would afford concealment to a score of men. There is plenty of water, and, for a Spaniard, plenty of food, as rabbits swarm. Other game is abundant, and the great stand-by, olives, can be obtained anywhere. The only rarity seems to be travellers, at least travellers worth robbing, for the game of taking gentlemen prisoners and making them pay ransom, has been played more than once in the Sierra Morena; consequently, even those Spaniards who own property, and have shooting in that district, do not like to venture to trespass on their own land. Foreigners, of course, are rare, because they usually have a beaten track pointed out by their guide-book, from which they do not care to deviate.

A story we heard from a Spanish gentleman spoke well for the boldness and skill of some courageous Englishmen. A train was stopped by Spanish brigands. Whilst the robbers were busy in the carriages robbing the passengers, three Englishmen got out of one carriage, and coming quickly to that in which were the brigands, collared them, and disarmed them in an instant, and left them in charge of some other passengers; then taking the brigands' own weapons, they approached the engine, where there were two brigands threatening the engine-driver and stoker. These men were in a like manner threatened, and ordered to lay down their arms, and were then made prisoners, and conveyed into Madrid; thus making their attack not a very successful one.

However much some persons may laugh at the idea of there being danger in travelling in Spain, still every Spaniard is invariably armed. And we were informed by an intelligent Spaniard who knew well the country in which we had travelled, that he would not have ventured there without an escort of five hundred soldiers.

During our journey by wagonette, we frequently preceded the vehicle, when there was a long hill before us; and as these hills were sometimes two miles long, and steep, we not unfrequently were many hundred yards in front. On one occasion, when thus alone, we saw two men on the hill-side with guns; they were in the bush, and about three hundred yards from us. Immediately we turned a corner, and came in sight of them, they both crouched down, and concealed themselves in the cover. This proceeding was suspicious; and not wishing to give them any very great chance, in case they were brigands, we moved on, and turned a corner of the road, and thus moved out of their sight; we then sought shelter in the bush, and stalked the enemy. Having obtained a good position, whence we could see the hill where the men were concealed, we waited to watch their movements. In a very few seconds, first one, then the other head appeared; and then both men ran rapidly among the bushes

parallel to the road, and disappeared; they were evidently not running away from us, and we anticipated that a bend in the road in front would probably lead it near some cover, for which these men were making. A solitary, and apparently unarmed traveller might easily have been 'potted,' and concealed before the wagon arrived; so we waited to watch further proceedings. Now, it happened that, in consequence of the length and steepness of this hill, our vehicle made several long stoppages; thus we were nearly half an hour in front of it. After we had remained about ten minutes in our cover, we saw the two men creep over the hill, and look along the road; they appeared certainly interested in our whereabouts; and having most likely been puzzled to account for not having seen us on the road in front, had come to look at us on the road behind. Those who have had anything to do with bush-warfare, are aware of the immense advantage that the man stationary in cover possesses over the man who is moving. The former can always tell where the latter is, and can, of course, select his own time for a shot; thus, we knew as long as we were motionless, and did not shew, we should possess an immense advantage over these two suspicious-looking gentlemen; and if they really meant mischief, and approached our position, we could have put two or three bits of lead into them before they could have time to pull a trigger. What their intentions were, we did not learn, for, in a short time, the vehicle approached; and when it was between us and the men in the bush, so as to conceal our movements, we broke cover, and kept the body of the vehicle between us and the enemy. When we had passed the suspicious locality, we called our interpreter, and told him what we had seen. After a brief conversation with his companions, he informed us that the men were most likely poachers, and that this occupation was usually carried on with robbery and a few other amusements; that these men would shoot us as soon as look at us, if they had a chance of robbing us too; and they earnestly requested that we would not again venture so far in front of the vehicle, as they felt themselves responsible in a great measure for our safe-conduct.

Future travellers in the Sierra Morena may possibly have greater opportunities for seeing the brigand or robber in greater proximity than we did, and to be taken by brigands would much increase the interest of one's narrative.

SONNET—A FROSTY NIGHT.

Out in the keenness of the pinching air!
Out in the silence of the frosty night!
O what a smart sensation of delight
Steals through our tingling veins! the heaven is bare,
With its deep blueness and its stars; and there
Hangs like an icicle the crystal moon—
One edge of frozen brilliancy, and one
Dissolving into nothing—oh, so fair!
Briskly we march along each icy lane,
Crunching the brittle ruts and crisped soil
Beneath our bounding feet, the lumb'ring wain
Follows the sturdy horses' panting toil:
Yea, all things are in such a bracing mood,
They breed a glorious frenzy in the blood!

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THE MACDERMOTTS OF BALLYBANE:

AN IRISH STORY OF REAL LIFE.

The best 'holding' of land on the Ballybane property was that of old Darby MacDermott. His crops were always first sowed, and first home; his haggard, the neatest and best thatched; his fences in the best condition, and his house the snugest in the village. Darby was never a day behind-hand with his rent. The 1st of May and the 1st of November found him, wet or dry, good season or bad season, at the office with his old worsted stocking, in the very corner of which his half-year's rent lay safely counted. He was a decent old man, who always minded his business, and attended to his duties, and had few troubles in the course of his threescore and ten years. He had two sons: Martin, the eldest, a dark handsome man, with a square heavy face, and a pair of dark, restless, glittering eyes—a man whom every one respected, but very few liked; and Owen, a fair, curly-haired, delicate boy, who had been his mother's darling. Old Darby was fond of both his sons, but the sturdy, healthy Martin was decidedly his favourite; and when he died, it was found that the greater part of his savings went to his first-born.

Owen was not either of a jealous or envious disposition; still, he sometimes thought it rather hard that his brother should have all the luck. Martin was strong and healthy and handsome, had been his father's favourite, and was master of the farm after his death. All the stock and crops, and everything, was the property of Martin; and Owen was the possessor of but fifty pounds. Forty years ago, two hundred pounds in ready money was considered a fortune, and even fifty pounds was not by any means to be despised; and when old Darby MacDermott left his boys so well off, there were few men in Ballybane who did not envy them—Martin especially, who was looked up to by his neighbours as little short of a gentleman, certainly as a man who might keep his jaunting-car if he chose. But the possession of money made no change in the new tenant of the Upland Farm,

as the MacDermotts' holding was called. He just worked as hard as ever, getting up at six o'clock in the morning, and going to bed late. Owen lived with him, and worked too, just as usual, only that during his father's time he might spend his evenings reading old newspapers, or writing letters to his acquaintances who had gone to America. But Martin thought such occupations mere waste of time, and when the day's work was ended, and the supper over, he ordered the fire and the lights to be put out.

The next farm to that of Martin MacDermott's on one side was held by Michael O'Byrne, a farmer who had been well to do once, but misfortunes of late years had come thickly on him, and he had hard work to keep the farm together. On the other side, a small holding of about fifteen acres was held by a good-for-nothing old fellow, named Patrick Heveran, who was little better than a nuisance to the entire neighbourhood. However, one morning he was found dead in his bed; and Owen MacDermott, without taking counsel of any one, went to the agent, and asked if he might have the vacant farm, as he wished to settle down on his own account. The agent promised, and, full of hope and joy, Owen went about his work. The next day was the 17th of March, St Patrick's Day, and a general holiday; and, early in the morning, Owen dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and went out. A little way down the road, he met a young girl, also dressed in her best—a crimson stuff dress, a gay shawl, and a cross of ribbon of all the colours in the rainbow on her shoulder. Her fair hair was twisted carelessly round her head, and her soft blue eyes had a startled look in them.

'Oh, Ownie, avourneen, I was afraid you weren't comin'; and sure, sorr a bit of shamrock you have in your cap this blessed mornin'. Why is that, dear?'

'I was in a hurry to see you, my darlin', he answered, looking tenderly into the sweet shy face. 'Julia, I have some good news for you this mornin'; let us walk down this lane, and I'll tell you, and look for my shamrock at the same time.'

Together they turned down a lane, or rather

footpath, bordered on one side by a thick black-thorn hedge, and a broad meadow on the other.

'Julia,' said Owen, 'you know I'm fond of you, since you were a wee shy delicate little creature. I never had any sweetheart but yourself, and now I want you to fix the day; I'm goin' to take you all to myself. You know Pat Heveran's holdin'; I went to the office yesterday, and axed for it, and the agent as good as promised me it. Now, Judy!'

'I am so glad, Ownie,' was all the girl answered, very softly, but there were tears of genuine delight in her eyes as she looked up at him. Well it was that neither of them saw the dark face which watched them from the other side of the hedge, or heard the muttered threats that were hurled after them, or they might not have enjoyed the remainder of that day as they did.

St Patrick's Day in Ireland, forty years ago, used to be very different from what it is now; and when Julia O'Byrne and Owen MacDermott entered the market-town of Gort, after a long ramble through the fields in search of a shamrock, it presented a gay appearance. The principal street was lined with stalls filled with oranges, apples, and gingerbread, gay crosses, and sugar-sticks. There were tents full of 'boys' and girls eating, drinking, and laughing; large pots of boiling bacon and potatoes, barrels of porter and kegs of potheen, and Irish pipers playing with all their might. From stall to stall, and from tent to tent, Owen and Julia wandered, enjoying everything, till late in the evening, when they met Martin MacDermott and Julia's father, both evidently in high spirits, and chatting confidentially. They went into a tent together, and after an hour's chat, came out more good-tempered and confidential than ever, and sought Julia and Owen.

'Come here, my colleen!' O'Byrne said in rather a thick voice. 'I have made a match for you with Martin! Go over and sit by the side of him.'

'With Martin, father!' the girl said, looking with dismay at the stern dark man she almost hated, and certainly feared. 'With Ownie, you mean.'

'Sorra a bit of it, Julia; but Martin—Martin, the master. Poor Ownie has nothing.'

'He's promised Heveran's farm, father.'

'No, my dear; it's me that has Heveran's holdin'; Martin said with a sinister smile; 'and it's me you're goin' to marry.'

Owen walked up to his brother, and, looking him straight in the face, said in a clear, calm voice: 'What do you mean, Martin MacDermott?'

'What I said just now—that I got Heveran's holdin', and took my oath to marry Julia O'Byrne. I told it to her father, half an hour ago.'

'You mean to say you are goin' between me and the colleen I love—the colleen I have loved since she was up to my knee! You mean to say you are goin' between me and these few dirty acres of Heveran's that I axed first, and bespoken; between your only brother and all the hopes of peace he has in this world—you, that has full and plenty, Martin MacDermott!'

'I'm goin' to marry Julia,' Martin replied with sullen determination.

'Julia, what do you say?' Owen asked, turning to the girl, who stood silently weeping.

'I must answer for her,' O'Byrne said. 'I promised her to Martin, and I'm not goin' back of my word, I can tell you. What have you to shew? How do you mean to keep her?'

'What do you say, Julia?'

'I wish to stick to you, Ownie, and never marry any one else—never, never, as I hope for luck!'

'God bless you for them words, darlin'! Only be true and faithful, and I'll soon have a cabin for you somewhere.'

'Julia!' said her father, raising his hands to heaven, 'if you ever marry that boy, ever spake to him, ever think of him, I'll curse you on my bare knees! You don't know what a father's curse is!—Don't bring it on my child, if you love her. Never come across her again, Ownie MacDermott!'

'You hear that, Julia. What am I to do?' Owen asks.

'Go away, and never come near me again, or he'll curse me, Ownie. Go away!'

Owen MacDermott stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and then, raising his eyes to heaven, and with the impetuosity of a young Irishman, called down a bitter curse on his only brother. 'May you never be happier than I am now, sleeping or waking! May everything you put your hand to turn to dust and ashes! May your children live to hate and dishonour you, Martin MacDermott! And with one long look at the trembling Julia, Owen rapidly passed out into the cold darkness of the March evening, and was seen no more in Castlebar. Ten pounds of the money left him by his father he took, the remainder lay in the bank. But which side he went, or what became of him, no one knew.

A year passed away, and then Michael O'Byrne died; and Julia, from sheer inability to resist any longer, became the wife of Martin MacDermott, though she feared the very sound of his voice, and trembled at his touch. He was a tyrant, but she scarcely heeded that, for she had no will, and no wish to do anything but what he bade her. She had children, but one after another they sickened and died, and things in general began to go wrong with Martin; his shabby churlishness making him generally disliked. When they were ten years married, Julia died in giving birth to twins, a fine healthy boy and a girl. Both lived, and all the affection their father had for anything he centred on the boy he called Darby after his own father. The little girl, Julia, he cared nothing about, allowing her to grow up just as best she could. The farm Martin took so treacherously from his brother, he gave up long before, as nothing ever sown there prospered, and indeed, acre by acre, the Upland Farm had been going for years. Darby MacDermott grew up to be a fine handsome man, first and foremost in every mischief the village could afford; and at twenty years of age, got transported for seven years for treason-felony, as he had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1848. Julia was an idle, careless girl, who spent her time in gossiping in the neighbour's house, instead of taking care of her father, a weak, helpless old man, who toiled early and late trying to keep a roof over his head. All his wretched schemes had turned out badly. They had not in them the ring of a straightforward and honest man. Above all, the trouble and disgrace of his son Darby completely broke him down, and he took to his bed, only wishing and wanting to die. 'It's the curse, it's Ownie's curse,' he would moan for hours, as he lay alone without a soul to hand him even a drink of water. 'Sure, I might have known it would come.'

At length the climax of Martin MacDermott's

sufferings was reached, the measure of his punishment filled up. For three years he had not paid a sixpence of rent, and he was dispossessed, turned out of the house in which he had been born, and his father and grandfather before him, to die by the way—left homeless and friendless by the roadside, on a dreary November morning.

Remembering his unkindness to his only brother, his harshness to his poor, timid wife, his blind indulgence of his son in the face of patent facts, his total neglect of his only daughter, and his mean scheming character, there were few to pity Martin MacDermott in his trouble; and so he was taken to the workhouse, his house knocked down, and not a trace left of what had been once a happy homestead.

And Owen, when he left the tent that ever-memorable St Patrick's night, it was with the resolve of going away for ever—anywhere, so that he was far from the place which had suddenly become hateful to him. He walked all night, and at the break of day found himself just outside the town of Ballinasloe. There he had some breakfast, and, at the inn, he entered into conversation with some men who were going to England with cattle, and were in want of a drover. Owen offered his services, and, as he appeared a quiet, respectable young man, they were accepted at once. They reached Dublin in three days, and then started for Liverpool, where Owen said good-bye to the cattle-jobbers, and took a passage to America in the *Golden Cross*. On board, he made himself so useful and agreeable to the captain, that he gave him a recommendation to a merchant in New York, who took him into his office. For five years, Owen worked patiently and steadily, and then his master promoted him to be a clerk; and so on from step to step, his patient, honest industry raised him, till he became partner in one of the first firms in the great city. Then, when he paused to consider that he was rich and independent, and a gentleman, came home-longings. The Upland Farm, the lane where he last walked with Julia, the quiet little market-town—all used to come before him as he sat in his grand lonely house; and at last he resolved to pay his native place a visit.

He arrived at Gort late on the afternoon of the 16th of March, and determined to remain quiet till the next day, when he felt pretty sure of meeting his brother Martin. It was just thirty years since Owen left his native place, and there were fewer changes in the dull little country town than he anticipated—far fewer changes than there were in himself. But when St Patrick's Day dawned clear and frosty, he could not rest, and started early in the well-remembered direction of the Upland Farm. How his heart beat as he drew near the old cabin, weather-stained and desolate, which had been the home of Julia; and how it stood still as he reached the level field of oats which was just coming over ground, where his father's house stood! Faint and sick, he entered the first cabin he came to, and asked a drink of water. A wretched old woman, seeing how white he looked, asked him to take a stool, which he did, and after a few minutes' silence, he began to ask some questions about the place. A young girl, with a face that would have been pretty but for its sulky expression, and a quantity of fair hair negligently hanging over her shoulders, looked up from a heap

of flax she was carding, and examined the stranger attentively, as he asked the old woman what had become of the MacDermotts.

'Come here, Judy, and tell his honour what become of Martin MacDermott and his blessed family—This is his daughter, sir.'

'And Martin, what has become of him? Is he dead?' Owen asked breathlessly.

'No; it would be a good job if he was,' the girl said sullenly: 'he's in the poorhouse.'

Owen buried his face in his hands, and wept aloud. Surely his curse had fallen hot and heavy; far, far hotter and heavier than he meant it should. 'Girl! did you ever hear of your uncle Owen? I am he! Take me to your father. And this is Julia's daughter! I might have known; you are so like her.'

It was hard to make poor old Martin MacDermott understand that his brother had come back, and was rich, and willing to help him; but when it did dawn on his feeble mind, his sorrow and his gratitude were touching to behold. 'Take me away, Owen—take me away from Ballybane. I can never hold up my head among the neighbours again. Sure I'm a poor broken-down old creature; but I have a small taste of the spirit of the MacDermotts left yet, in spite of all my troubles. Take me an' Julia away, Ownie.'

There was now demonstrated a beautiful instance of magnanimity. Owen took his brother and his niece to New York; but Martin did not long live to enjoy the splendid home of Owen. Six months after they landed, he died, without any visible or local cause—simply of a broken heart. Julia took her place as mistress of her uncle's establishment; and before very long, married the son of his partner, and had a fine house of her own; and when Darby's term of transportation expired, his uncle took him to live with him. The young man had learned a severe lesson, but he profited by it; and is now one of the most prosperous and esteemed merchants in New York. His children climb on the knees of a white-haired, gentle, old man they call Uncle Owen; and he sometimes says to Darby, as he strokes his eldest boy's golden curls: 'Your Owen is like me, nephew; I can see that. I'm a happy old man. I could not have been so, had I committed any horrid act of vengeance. In doing good for evil, I feel that I am truly blest.'

HISTORY OF ADVERTISING.

A GENTLEMAN has been at extraordinary pains to write a *History of Advertising, from the Earliest Times**, and he has made a very substantial volume, which might have been made more substantial still, if he had not exercised sound judgment and resisted temptation; for of advertisements, if of anything, it may be said that enough is as good as a feast; and a history of advertising, from the nature of the case, must consist, to a great extent, of illustrative specimens.

The first point to which attention is drawn is the erroneous assumption, that advertisements are of comparatively modern origin. It does not appear that Nimrod is known to have advertised his *meats*; but it is confidently asserted, on the

* *A History of Advertising, from the Earliest Times.* By Henry Sampson. Chatto and Windus.

authority of Smith and others, that advertisements, which, most likely, took the form of what is now generally known as 'billing,' were not unknown in ancient Greece and Rome. But, at any rate, advertisement is of ancient date in this country, though the extraordinary development it has exhibited within the last few years has drawn especial attention to it, and thus made people regard it as something quite recent. Nowadays, it is scarcely possible to purchase a single article which does not carry upon it some sort of advertisement; or to cast the eyes in any direction, out of doors, without finding them alight upon some species of advertisement. But, after all, the newspapers are, if not the chief, the most interesting vehicles of advertisement; and from them, chiefly, an historian of advertising would most naturally and most properly cull his samples.

It is notorious that most newspapers and periodicals derive the bulk of their income from their advertisements; and it is stated, as might have been supposed, that, in London, the *Times* and *Telegraph* absorb the lion's share of the advertisers' money. In the case of the *Times*, the receipts in the advertisement department are said to be about one thousand pounds a day. As for the *Telegraph*, we are told that a number of that paper, in December 1873, contained one thousand four hundred and forty-four advertisements, and that these may fairly be calculated to produce five hundred pounds or thereabouts; but that 'the *Telegraph* proprietors do not, however, get all the profit out of the advertisements, for, in its early and struggling days, they were glad, naturally, to close with advertisement agents, who agreed to take so many columns a day at the then trade price, and who now have a vast deal the best of the bargain.' Of other London papers, it is said that 'the *Standard* has, within the past few years, developed its resources wonderfully, and may be now considered a good fair third in the race for wealth, and not by any means a distant third, so far as the *Telegraph* is concerned.' Of the *Daily News*, we learn that it 'has, since the Franco-Prussian war, been picking up wonderfully, and . . . many experienced advertisers have a great regard for the *News*, which they look upon as offering a good return for investments. The *Morning Advertiser*, as the organ of the licensed victuallers, is, of course, an invaluable medium of intercommunication among members of "the trade;" and in it are to be found advertisements of everything to be obtained in connection with the distillery, the brewery, and the tavern.' As for the *Morning Post*, it resembles the *Advertiser* in one respect—namely, that it has its own exclusive *clients*. Manchester and Liverpool, our authority says, 'possess magnificent journals, full of advertisements, and of large circulation; and so do all other large towns in the country; but we doubt much if, out of London, Glasgow is to be beaten on the score of its papers or the energy of its advertisers.' What, however, proves advantageous to the owners of a paper crammed with advertisements, is apt not to be relished by those who read for the sake of news. In some newspapers that fall under our attention, the news part has been crunched down to two pages, while the advertising part has been gradually swelled out to six. 'What is fun to you is death to us,' say general readers; 'we do not wish to pay money for what is mainly

a sheet of advertisements.' The thing, as we see, may be carried too far.

The ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum afford, as might have been expected, examples of the ancient mode of advertising: 'the walls in the most frequented parts are covered with notices . . . painted in black and red.' Announcements of plays and gladiators are common, of course; and so are those of salt-water and fresh-water baths. Moreover, just as provincials in our day recommend their articles or processes by informing the public that the things have come from London or from Paris, or are done as in London or as in Paris, so did they of Pompeii and Herculaneum—though they must have been worthy of a more dignified name than provincials—not unfrequently proclaim that they followed the customs of Rome at their several establishments. In still earlier times, especially amongst the Greeks, a common medium of advertisement was the public crier; and another, in cases of things stolen or strayed, or of injuries inflicted upon the advertisers, was an inscription affixed to the statues of the infernal deities, invoking curses upon the offender.

In mediæval times, it appears that the advertising shopkeeper's chief organ was the public crier; and it was also customary for most traders to have tonters at their doors, just as the cheap photographers now have in London. That part was acted subsequently, and is still, in some localities, by the shopkeepers and shop-servers themselves, vociferating, after the manner of the apprentices in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, 'What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?' It is assumed that 'one of the very first posters ever printed in England was that by which Caxton announced, circa 1480, the sale of the "Pyres of Salisbury" use, at the Red Pole, in the Almonry, Westminster.' Any Simple Simon is warned against supposing that Caxton's announcement had anything to do with the wars of a pie-man, and is informed that the expression, suggestive of edibles, had reference to 'a collection of rules, as practised in the diocese of Salisbury, to shew the priests how to deal, under every possible variation in Easter, with the concurrence of more than one office on the same day.'

It is mentioned by our authority that 'in England the first *bona-fide* attempt at newspaper-work was attempted in 1642, when the outbreak of the great Civil War caused an unusual demand to be made for news, and suggested to a bookseller and pamphleteer the idea of printing a weekly newspaper from the Venetian *gazettes*, which used to circulate in manuscript. After one or two preliminary attempts, he acquired sufficient confidence in his publication to issue "a long advertisement;" but, like most innovations, his 'attempt met with an indifferent reception, and was greeted in the literary world with a shower of invective. . . . What is generally supposed to be, but is not, the first authenticated advertisement in England, appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* for January 1655, and runs thus: "IREXODIA GRATULATORIA, an Heroick Poem: being a congratulatory panegyric for my Lord Generals late return, summing up his successes in an exquisite manner. To be sold by John Holden, in the New Exchange, London. Printed by Tho. Newcourt, 1652."

In 1657, 'appeared a weekly paper which assumed the title of the *Public Advertiser*, the first number being dated 19th to 28th of May. It was printed for

Newcombe, in Thames Street, and consisted almost wholly of advertisements, including the arrivals and departures of ships, and books to be printed. Soon other papers commenced to insert more and more advertisements. . . . Most of the notices at this period related to runaway apprentices and black boys, fairs and cock-fights, burglaries and highway robberies, stolen horses, lost dogs, swords, and scent-bottles, and the departure of coaches on long journeys into the provinces, and sometimes even as far as Edinburgh.' At this time, it should be remembered, England swarmed with negro or mulatto boys, who were frequently offered for sale, by means of advertisements. In 1682, 'one John Houghton, F.R.S., who combined the business of apothecary with that of dealer in tea, coffee, and chocolate, in Bartholomew Lane, commenced a paper,' which at first failed, but was revived again on March 30, 1692. He by untiring perseverance, and no small amount of thought and study, may be said to have trained his contemporaries in the art of advertising, and to have left an example which might be followed with advantage at the present day; for he, when a number of quack advertisements had found their way into the paper, put a mark above them, with the following broad hint: 'Pray, mind the preface to this half-sheet. Like lawyers, I take all causes. I may fairly; who likes not, may stop here.' By this time, newspaper advertisements were getting well developed, chiefly through the medium of the *London Gazette*, the only paper that still exists of all those started about the middle of the seventeenth century.

When we reach the eighteenth century it is 'apparent that advertising has become recognised as a means of communication not only for the convenience of trade, but for political, love-making, fortune-hunting, swindling, and the thousand-and-one other purposes which are always ready to assert themselves in a large community;' and when we arrive at the end of the eighteenth and the commencement of the present century, we observe that matters were very nearly as we find them now. But, before quitting the eighteenth century, a brief account should be given of the birth and growth of a gigantic power. In 1785 was established the *Daily Universal Register*, which, on the 1st of January 1788, appeared as '*The Times*, or *Daily Universal Register*, printed Logographically.' The price was threepence, and for many years the *Times* gave no promise of future greatness; but it was always fearless, and very early was fined, while its editor narrowly escaped imprisonment. In 1790, Mr Walter was actually incarcerated in Newgate, where he remained sixteen months, besides being fined two hundred pounds, for a libel on the Dukes of York and Clarence. He was released eventually at the intercession of the Prince of Wales. . . . It was under John Walter the second, born in 1784, that the *Times* rose to the place of the first newspaper in the world. . . . Whilst yet a youth, in 1803, he became joint proprietor and sole manager of the *Times*. . . . The *Times* denounced the malpractices of Lord Melville, and the government revenged itself by withdrawing from the Walters the office of printers to the Customs. . . . During the war between Napoleon and Austria, in 1805, the desire for news was intense. To thwart the *Times*, the packets for

Walter were stopped at the outports, while those for the ministerial journals were hurried to London. Complaint was made; and the reply was, that the editor might receive his foreign papers as a favour; meaning thereby, that if the government was gracious to the *Times*, the *Times* should be gracious to the government; but Walter would accept no favour on such terms. Thrown on his own resources, he contrived, by means of superior activity and stratagem, to surpass the ministry in early intelligence of events. The capitulation of Flushing, in August 1809, was announced by the *Times* two days before the news had arrived through any other channel. . . . He spared neither pains nor expense. . . . What a visionary could scarcely dare ask, the *Times* gave. To other journals, imitation alone was left. They might be more consistent politicians, but, in the staple of a newspaper, to be nearly as good as the *Times* was their highest praise.' And now, as has already been remarked, the receipts in the advertisement department are said to be about a thousand pounds a day—more than the revenue of many a principality.

Of curious and eccentric advertisements, so much has been written at different times in different papers, that the appetite of the public is likely to be a little cloyed. Still, a few specimens may be tolerated. One smiles to see a reward offered for restoration of a keyless lady's gold watch, or a green lady's umbrella; but, after all, the sense is so plain, that it requires a wilful misconception to create the smallest modicum of fun. It requires less effort to laugh at a husband with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies. When a spinster, particularly fond of children, informs the public that she wishes for two or three, having none of her own, one cannot help smiling at the spinster's own guileless simplicity, which prevented her from noticing that her language was likely to be wilfully perverted by the malicious. An advertiser who 'wants a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion,' simply places the cart before the horse. It is not improbable that the chemist, when he requested that the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis, would please call and get it, together with the result, was himself a wag, and knew perfectly well what he was about. There is something very droll about the confusion exhibited by the advertiser who, 'having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale, on very low terms, about six dozen of prime port wine, late the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body, and of a high bouquet.' Nor is it easy to preserve our gravity entirely, when we read: 'To be sold cheap, a splendid gray horse, calculated for a charger, or would carry a lady with a switch tail.' That lady ought certainly to make the acquaintance of the owner of a mail Phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable head, as good as new. It is doubtful what was meant by the governess who advertised that, amongst other accomplishments, she was perfect mistress of her own tongue; there is an interpretation which should have secured her an offer of something better than a situation as governess. If we laugh, we must deeply sympathise with the wealthy widow who advertised for an agent, but, by a printer's error, was represented as requiring 'a gent,' and was, consequently, inundated with applications

by letter, and pestered by personal attentions. There is a good humorous advertisement inserted in a paper as long ago as 1816, evidently by a householder who has improved his dwelling for the benefit of a grasping proprietor; thus it runs: 'WANTED IMMEDIATELY, to enable me to leave the house which I have for these last five years inhabited, in the same plight and condition in which I found it, five hundred LIVE RATS, for which I will gladly pay the sum of five pounds sterling; and, as I cannot leave the farm attached thereto in the same order in which I got it, without at least five millions of docks and dockens (weeds), I do hereby promise a further sum of five pounds for said number of dockens.—N.B. The rats must be full grown, and no cripples.'

For dry humour, American advertisements seem to bear away the palm; and with the humour is mingled, sometimes, no little ingenuity. A story is told of a grocer in Pennsylvania, whose name was Jones, or who, at anyrate, was an agent for one Jones, and whose favourite place for advertising was the fence of a graveyard, upon which fence he inscribed in large white letters: 'Use Jones's bottled ale if you would keep out of here.' To conclude our specimens, we will give a characteristic advertisement sent out by a well-known boarding-house keeper in Princetown, Indiana: 'WANTED.—Two or three boarders of a decent stripe, such as go to bed at nine o'clock without a pipe or cigar in their mouth. I wish them to rise in time to wash their faces and comb their heads before breakfast. When they put on their boots, to draw down their pants over them, and not have them rumpled about their knees, which is a sure sign of a rowdy. When they sit down to rest or warm by the fire, not to put their feet on the mantelpiece or bureau, nor spit in the bread-tray. And to pay their board weekly, monthly, or quarterly—as may be agreed upon—with a smile upon their faces, and they will find me as pleasant as an opposum (*sic*) up a persimmon tree.' The boarding-house keeper here satirises his countrymen in a fashion which would have been resented by them in the case of a Trollope or a Dickens.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XVII.—SIR REGINALD PROGRESSES.

THERE is many a dinner-party that is not a party of pleasure, although our inviter may have designed it to be so, in all good faith. It is not pleasant, for example, to be asked to meet a creditor, who is rarely at the same time one's friend; nor a man to whom, from any cause, it is necessary to make one's self civil, if one is not inclined to be so; nor some very great personage indeed, the satisfaction of meeting whom consists solely, if there be any, in the being able to boast of it afterwards; nor one's old love as a newly married woman; nor one's old friend, with whom there is a feeling of estrangement. Perhaps these last two are the most unpleasant to meet of all, and they were both awaiting Walter Litton that evening. He was to meet them also in the presence of a host who was unconscious of his acquaintance with them, and from whom he had designedly concealed that circumstance. He would have to act a part, and one that he felt he was ill adapted to fill, throughout that evening, and perhaps for many

evenings to come. It seemed to him that this was infringing the laws of hospitality, and soiling by ignoble use that name of gentleman of which he had hitherto thought himself worthy.

Without having any exaggerated opinion of himself, he had, up to this time, found himself perfectly at ease in any society to which he had been admitted, and had imagined, and with reason, that so it would have been in all cases; he was not dazzled by rank and show, though it was intuition rather than experience which had convinced him of their emptiness; his very simplicity made him natural in his manners; and natural manners—when the nature is good—are the best in the world. But on this occasion, while he attired himself for that little party at Willowbank, he felt like a girl who is going to her first ball—flurried, and nervous, and excited, and rehearsing to himself those little speeches, which are so certain not to be remembered when the time comes for their due delivery. His difficulty, like hers, was, that he could not foresee what others would say to him; he did not know what attitude the captain might adopt towards him, nor how far either he or Lotty would assist him in feigning a mutual ignorance of one another. So embarrassing was his dilemma, that he actually found himself considering whether it would be better for him to arrive late or early at Willowbank; in the end, he determined on going early, since he could then have no surprise sprung on him by the gallant captain—of whom he had suddenly grown unaccountably suspicious—in the way of judgment being passed against him by default. It would be clearly a disadvantage to him to enter the drawing-room without knowing what had passed at the first meeting of Sir Reginald with his 'papa.' This plan turned out even better than he had anticipated, for his cab drew up at the front door at the same moment as the very respectable brougham which conveyed the baronet and his bride, and the three met in the hall. Their mutual greeting was sufficiently guarded not to excite suspicion in the servants, yet warm enough to establish an understanding between themselves; and they entered the drawing-room together, like guests who have already made one another's acquaintance, and who need no further introduction. That was the ordeal, indeed, from which Walter had shrunk from most of all—the moment when his host should say: 'Mr Litton—my daughter,' or 'Mr Litton—Sir Reginald,' because it would necessitate an overt act of hypocrisy, as it were, on his part, whereas up till then he had only deceived by silence. This unpleasantness was now altogether avoided, partly by the circumstance I have mentioned, and partly because the position was too grave and peculiar to admit of mere conventional observances. The old merchant was standing stiffly by the fireplace when the three guests were announced; but the sight of his daughter was too much for the dignity he strove to maintain, and he stepped quickly forward and embraced her tenderly; then he offered his hand to her husband with a frank 'I am glad to see you, Sir Reginald,' and almost immediately afterwards to Walter himself. The ceremony of reconciliation was, in fact, made as short as possible; but for all that, it was plain that it was not without its effect upon the host, who, disinclined, or perhaps unable, to speak more, gazed with tears in his eyes at his two daughters as they rushed into each

other's arms. It was only natural, therefore, and in accordance with good taste, that Selwyn and Litton should affect to ignore his emotion, and enter into conversation together.

'If he asks you, Litton, whether you have ever met "Sir Reginald" before, you can say no, with truth,' whispered the captain hastily; 'and the same holds good with regard to her ladyship yonder.' This specious method of evading the difficulty had certainly not occurred to Walter, and did not recommend itself to him now, but, nevertheless, he replied: 'All right, old fellow; I'll do my best.' And then they fell to talking aloud upon indifferent topics. While they did so, Walter could scarcely keep his eyes off Lotty. Cloaked and hooded as she had been on her arrival, he had had no time to observe her fully; but now, in the brilliantly lit drawing-room, he noticed with pain how cruelly care had dealt with her brightness and beauty; so cruelly, indeed, that knowing what he did, he could not but suspect that not only care, but neglect and unkindness, must have had their share in effecting such a change. Her face had lost its rounded lines, its delicate tints, and had become sharp and wan; her eyes were red, which could scarcely have been accounted for by the tears that she was weeping then; her trembling lips smiled, indeed, but as though smiles were strangers to them; nay, the burden of sorrow seemed to have weighed upon her very frame, for her carriage had lost all the grace of girlhood.

He had feared for her some fate of this sort, and, under the apprehension of it, had portrayed her, as we know, from imagination; but so far had the actual change outstripped his fears, that, forgetting for the moment that the old man, like himself, had made a picture of her in his mind more consonant with the portrait than with the original, he almost marvelled how his picture could have recalled her to her father's remembrance. It was evident that the old merchant perceived this change himself, for he regarded Lotty with an expression of wistful tenderness that he took no pains to conceal; but, in all probability, he set it down solely to her long exile from home, and loved her, we may be sure, no less, that absence from his arms and roof had wrought such woe with her. He did not even apologise to Walter, when, upon dinner being announced, he offered his own arm to Lotty, and Selwyn of course taking Lilian, the young painter was left to bring up the rear of the little party alone. Except, however, in these tacit evidences of his affection and forgiveness, the host seemed resolved in no way to allude to the cause that had led to the dismemberment of his family; and his guests were only too glad to maintain a similar silence upon that topic.

The conversation at first was somewhat scanty and constrained, but never so much so as to become embarrassing; and as the good wine circulated which had been so long a stranger to the captain's palate, it moved his always fluent tongue to animated talk. His native sagacity taught him to avoid jesting under what he afterwards described as those 'rather ticklish' circumstances, and even to sink that tone of careless frivolity which was habitual to him; but he narrated incidents of his military career in a cheerful and entertaining style. Instinct told him that the army was not a profes-

sion that was popular with his new-found father-in-law, and therefore he confined himself to such anecdotes as would be most likely to interest an outsider. Had he been but a mere captain in the Heavies, he might not have succeeded so easily in gaining Mr Brown's attention; but that gentleman's ear, like those of many others of his class, was particularly formed to receive the narrations of persons of quality; and though he made some considerable resistance to the voice of the charmer, in the way of interruptions and objections—as if in protest against injured fathers-in-law being placed at once on too familiar a footing—he, in the end, accorded him a sufficiently gracious hearing. The story that pleased him most, and the one which the cunning captain had kept in reserve with that very object for after dinner, was the one known in military circles as 'the tale of the Golden Lions,' a sort of typical narrative which shifts its date to suit the times, and which, since the captain's day, has been permanently attached to the taking of the Chinese emperor's Summer Palace: but it does, in fact, pertain to an earlier epoch of British warfare, namely, that of the first Chinese war, in which the captain's colonel was engaged, and who (unless we are so bold as to disbelieve a baronet) told it to him with his own lips.

'It was about that opium business, as you doubtless remember, sir,' said the captain, addressing himself to his host, 'that the war was begun which ended in the opening of the ports.'

'I remember it well, Sir Reginald,' observed Mr Brown. 'I was stopped on my way to business, for the first time in my life, from mere curiosity to see the wagons that brought home the Chinese indemnity pass along the street. There were twenty-one millions of silver dollars—twenty-one millions,' repeated the old gentleman, smacking his lips, for the mention of a large sum of money was always music to him.

'That was the precise sum,' said the captain deferentially; 'though I should not have ventured to state it from my own recollection.'

'Ay, but I don't forget such things,' said the other, much pleased to find his own memory so complimented. 'It was the only war in which this country has been engaged through which we ever reap a pecuniary advantage; that is one of the reasons why I am a peace-at-any-price man, and am not ashamed to own it, Sir Reginald.'

It was probable that the captain's opinion of peace-at-any-price men was not a very high one, but you would never have supposed so, had you seen his polite and almost assenting bow.

'Well, I was about to observe, sir, that large as that indemnity was, my present colonel—Markham—then a lieutenant in a foot regiment, had it once within his power (had he but known it) to have returned home with even a larger sum to his own cheek—I mean, at his private account at his bankers', added the captain hurriedly. His speech was apt to be garnished by slang terms; and though, as he had proved, he could put a restraint upon himself in all important matters, these little verbal eccentricities would occasionally escape him. 'It was just before the preliminaries of peace were signed, and while the troops were before Canton'—

'It was Nankin, if it was anywhere,' observed Mr Brown severely, for that notion of 'one's own cheek,' as being synonymous with one's bankers'

account, had savoured to him of something like profanity.

'I daresay you are right, sir; but, at all events, Markham himself, with a company or so of his regiment, found themselves separated from the main body of the army; they were on a foraging expedition, or more likely a marauding one, for Markham's captain had always an eye for "loot," and had ventured much farther into the interior of the country than he had any authority for doing. They knew that the war was at its close, you see, and that if anything valuable was to be got, it was to be picked up at once.'

'Upon my life, Sir Reginald,' said the old merchant, 'your tale, so far as it is gone, is not very complimentary to your cloth.'

'Well, you see, there are soldiers and soldiers: with some, all is fair in love and war—that is, in war.'

The slip was terrible. Most men in the speaker's position would have thought it irreparable, and given up their anecdote altogether; but the captain was made of cooler stuff.

'Of course it's wrong,' he continued; 'but there will be soldiers of fortune as long as the world lasts, like Major Dalgetty.'

'Is he in your regiment also?' inquired Mr Brown, with severity.

'O no, sir; I merely instanced him as the sort of man I am talking about. They are often good soldiers, and serve the state as well as themselves, we must remember. Look at Clive, for example, and—and—oh, a lot of fellows.'

It was now Mr Brown's turn to bow, which he did in very qualified adhesion to these sentiments.

'Well, Bob Markham and the rest marched a good way up the country—the people fleeing before them—till they reached a certain imperial residence of which they were in search. It was very splendidly furnished, and of course they sacked it. The walls of one room were lined with silver plates of half an inch thick—with the proceeds of some of which, by-the-by, Bob afterwards purchased his company. There had been hopes of jewels, I believe; but these had been removed, in anticipation of their visit; but altogether it was a great haul, and very glad they were to get back to camp with it—those, that is, that managed to do so, for they were cut off by the imperial troops, and had to fight their way through them. But the curious thing was that the Chinese themselves could never be persuaded that our men had reached the palace. They shewed their silver plates; but those carried no conviction. "Such splendours," they said, "were to be found in the house of many a rich mandarin. Had you really been to Bong-gata-boo (or whatever its name was), you would certainly have brought back its golden lions."

'What golden lions?' asked Markham, rather irritably, for he did not relish not being believed about such a matter, for the expedition had been a very smart thing.

'Why, the lions that guard the gates; you must have passed between them, if you ever got inside.' Then he remembered that upon each pillar was a lion, in brass, as they had all supposed, about eight feet high, which some of the soldiers had picked with their bayonets.

'Well, what about them?' he asked. 'I saw the lions, of course.'

'Only, that they are of solid gold, and the richest prizes in all China,' was the reply.

'Perhaps he could never have got back alive with them; he always protests that he could not; but he and his men had beasts of burden with them, and other means of carriage; and he has often told me in confidence that it could have been done, had it ever entered into his mind that the images were of the precious metal. Then he tears his hair (what little is left of it), and proclaims himself the unluckiest dog alive, since he is only a colonel of Heavies; when he might, but for the merest chance, have been a millionaire, Mr Brown, like yourself.'

This last shot was a bold one, for it inspired no little risk to the shooter, but, fortunately for the captain, it went home. The story, with its flavour of gold about it, had greatly recommended itself to the old merchant; and this concluding hint at his own wealth, so far from making him suspicious of the captain's motives, was received with uncommon favour.

'Well, well; I don't know about being a millionaire, Sir Reginald,' answered he complacently; 'but I have reaped the usual reward of much frugality and toil.—If you won't take any more wine, young gentlemen, we will join the ladies.'

CHAPTER XVIII.—WAR IS DECLARED.

Dinner-time, and after dinner-time, at Willowbank, on this momentous occasion, had thus, we may say, been very successfully got over for all concerned. Thanks to the old merchant's forbearance, or respect for the baronetcy, and to the captain's intrepid behaviour, all disagreeable topics, as well as those embarrassing silences which are almost as bad, had been avoided. It was true that the talk had been confined to these two gentlemen; but Lotty and Lillian (who had also contrived to maintain with one another a conversation in an undertone full of interest for themselves) were thankful to have been excused from taking part in it; and Walter was by no means displeased to find himself second-fiddle—or, rather, playing no instrument at all—in the newly united family band. If he could only have escaped observation, and above all, interrogation, for the rest of the evening, he would have thought himself fortunate indeed; it would have been enough for him to watch the others in silence; to speculate, though with pain and sorrow, upon the causes that had produced the alteration in poor Lotty's looks; how it had come to pass that her pretty ways had vanished, and whether they had been stamped out for ever by poverty and neglect, or if, under the sun of her new-found prosperity, they might grow and bloom again. Upon the whole, he was not hopeful of her; she seemed to him like some bright and shapely vessel which had struck against a hard and jagged rock, and had only not gone down, and that its happy crew—'Youth at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow'—were dead and drowned. Nor did he hesitate to identify that rock with her husband. He was certainly indebted to Selwyn for having caused matters so far to go off so swimmingly that evening, without hitch or kink; but he was not grateful to him for it; he resented (though he felt that the captain was but acting a part) that he should seem so animated and careless, while his wife looked so wan and woful even in her new-found home. That she should sit with her sister's hand fast

clasped in hers, so silent, and, as it seemed to him, always on the brink of tears, filled him with pity, but also with anger against the man who had brought her to such a pass; and even that she could not give himself one smile of welcome or recognition—though that was made impossible by the necessity of the case—irritated him against the captain. Lillian indeed smiled upon him brightly, nay, gratefully, whenever he looked her way; but she too was pale and thoughtful, and had scarcely addressed a word to him throughout the evening. It was of course but natural that she should be occupied with her sister, and that her face should somewhat mirror that of Lotty; but he felt it hard that the reconciliation in which he himself had had so large a share should bear such bitter fruit for him. Perhaps, too, though he would not have confessed so much, he was somewhat jealous of the strides that the captain was making in the favour of his father-in-law; not that he wished him not to gain his good opinion, and all the benefits that might flow from it, but that, somehow, he felt that whatever influence Sir Reginald might acquire with Mr. Brown, would be used to his own disadvantage. He had more than one secret of Selwyn's in his keeping—especially that one connected with Nellie Neale—the revelation of which might have done him serious harm; and though he would have perished rather than reveal any one of them, Selwyn might not give him credit for such chivalry, and in that case would have cause to fear, and therefore to intrigue against him. A man that would ill-treat his own wife—for he had ill-treated her—and especially such a winsome and delicate creature as Lotty, could not be expected to entertain honourable ideas, or, indeed, to stick at anything. Walter had thought hard things of his former friend more than once, and had repented of them; but now he entertained such thoughts without repentance.

He was standing by the drawing-room table with his coffee-cup in his hand, pretending to look at some engravings, but in reality occupied in these bitter reflections, when he heard Mr. Brown address his son-in-law as follows: 'Have you been to the exhibition this year, Sir Reginald?'

Then Walter knew that it was coming; that the subject which had been so happily avoided up to that moment was about to be touched upon; and that he would be called upon to play some deceitful part in the discussion. How he wished that he had pleaded indisposition, or work to do at home—an excuse which his conscientious host would readily have admitted—and taken himself off immediately after dinner! But it was too late now.

'Well, the fact is, Mr. Brown,' returned the captain, in a low voice, 'that, until the day before yesterday, when your generosity placed us upon quite another footing, dear Lotty and myself had not much money to spare for exhibitions, nor, indeed, for anything else.'

It was plain that the old merchant was pleased by this confession, or perhaps by the deferential and almost humble tone in which it was couched, for his manner altered at once from studied carelessness to a certain confidential assurance, as he rejoined: 'Well, well, all that is over now; let bygones be bygones. Of course, I cannot forget what has happened. I should be very culpable not to make a difference—and a great difference

—between the daughter who has disobeyed me, who has been undutiful, and her with whom I have had no cause to be displeased. But still I shall take care that Lady Selwyn shall possess an income for the future sufficient, with economy, to maintain her rank.'

'You are most kind, sir; much kinder than she—that is, than I have deserved of you,' returned the other. His words were those of gratitude, and, to his father-in-law, they doubtless seemed to express it; but, to Walter's more sensitive ears, who also knew the captain well, the tone in which they were spoken had both dislike and disappointment in it. He knew it must have been galling to such a man as Selwyn to have to humble himself to one like Mr. Brown, and it also struck him that that mention of a difference—and a great difference!—to be made between the daughters, had annoyed him excessively. He would have avoided playing the eaves-dropper, had it been possible, but their conversation had taken him utterly by surprise, and was now already concluded. The next words were addressed by Mr. Brown to Walter himself.

'Our friend, Sir Reginald, has been telling me, Mr. Litton, that he has not been to the exhibition this year, so that he does not know what a treat is in store for him in your Philippa. "Supplication," by-the-by, you call it, I believe; but that is no matter, for Sir Reginald will have a name of his own for it.'

'Indeed!' said the captain, with the most innocent air that his bold eyes and fierce moustaches would permit. 'How should that be?'

'Well, you must go and judge for yourself; but it seems to me, and to Lillian also, the most wonderful likeness—considering that it was quite undesigned—of Lotty herself.'

'Dear me! how curious!' said the captain, raising his eyebrows. 'What does Mr. Litton call it?—"Supplication?" I will make a note of that;' and he took out a dainty case of ivory tablets, and entered the memorandum accordingly.

Walter felt hot and uncomfortable; he did not envy Selwyn his *sang-froid*, and yet he would have given anything to possess it. He was wroth with him, too, that he had not taken some course more likely to cut the conversation short; as it was, it was evident that the offensive topic was only just begun.

'Yes; it is in the third room of the Academy, in the left-hand corner as you enter,' continued the old man eagerly. 'You should go to-morrow, and see it. What is so surprising is, that Mr. Litton never set eyes on Lotty before to-night.'

A dreadful silence seemed to fill the room as Mr. Brown said this. The two girls sat with their cheeks burning, and their eyes fixed upon the floor. Perhaps they felt like Walter—as though the floor had suddenly opened, and that one false step would precipitate him, and Lotty with him, to utter destruction. Shame covered his face, and palsied his tongue.

'Well, I can answer for it, at all events, that my wife didn't sit for the portrait,' observed the captain, with a light laugh. 'We have been rather hard up; but Lady Selwyn never went out as a model, to my knowledge.'

'I should hope not,' observed the matter-of-fact merchant astutely. 'I don't wish to say anything against any calling by which poor folks get an

honest living, but I am afraid the models of painters are not generally models of propriety.

'Hollo! do you hear that, Mr Litton?' said the captain gaily. 'Come, draw and defend yourself. Was not your Philippa, Edward's queen, then, all that it seems you have represented her on canvas?—tender-hearted, pitiful, regal, modest, and all the rest of it?'

Walter had felt grateful to his quondam friend for the moment, for picking him out from that hole in the floor, but this impudent allusion to Nellie Neale was altogether too much for his patience.

'The model that sat for Philippa is as honest and good a girl as any I know,' said he, in a stern voice; 'though it is quite true that persons in her position are thrown much in the way of temptation, and—of scoundrels.'

Such an angry blush leapt to the captain's cheek, as told not only of guilt, but also of consciousness that the other knew him to be guilty; yet his answer was careless enough, as he replied: 'That is a pretty confession as respects your gentlemen-artists, Mr Litton; for my part, I thought it had become generally understood that there were no gay Lotharios now, except in the army.'

The presence of mind and quickness that the captain exhibited had been certainly far beyond what Walter (though he had always known him to be a clever fellow in his way) had believed him to possess; and he now began to credit him with other qualities, the existence of which he had never suspected in him, and which, perhaps, he had no reason to suspect. It seemed to him that there was a design in all Selwyn said; that even in that general remark, for example, respecting the gallantry of the military profession, he was either making light of his own behaviour to Nellie Neale, or, what was more likely, was paying the way for excuses with the old merchant, in case the matter should ever be brought up against him. If this was so, Mr Brown, of course, was quite unconscious of it.

'Well, well,' said he, 'let Mr Litton's original be who she may, he has made a most charming picture of her, of which I am glad to say I am the possessor. Indeed, it is so good, and also, as I have said, so like dear Lotty, that I have commissioned him to paint me a companion portrait of her sister. It is only just begun—that is, so far as Lillian is concerned—but I already recognise the likeness.'

This was said as though he was conferring the highest praise upon Litton's picture which such a work of art could receive; whereas, as all of us who are duly subject to authority in such matters are aware, likeness in such a case is a very secondary affair, if only 'tone,' and 'pose,' and 'meaning,' and a number of other æsthetic excellences, have been attained. A father, however, and especially a patron, may be excused for these little errors; and Walter bowed his acknowledgments, as gracefully as though Mr Brown had said: 'Your ideal has been realised.'

'Then Miss Lillian is Mr Litton's model for the present, is she?' inquired the captain, smiling.

'Well, of course, she does not go to his studio, Sir Reginald; our friend here is so good as to come here, and work.'

'Oh, indeed!' returned Selwyn, raising his eyebrows; 'that must be a very pleasant arrangement for him.'

There was such a marked significance in his tone, that even the old merchant understood the innuendo it was intended to convey, and answered with some stiffness: 'I hope so; we do all that we can to make it pleasant, though I am aware that we are putting Mr Litton to considerable inconvenience.'

But notwithstanding the friendship these words implied towards the young painter, the eyes of the speaker wandered to Lillian with an expression of anxiety, if not of alarm; and from that moment Walter felt convinced that Selwyn had declared war against him, nay, more, that he had come that evening with the express determination to declare it. There were immense odds in the captain's favour; not only from his position in the family, which might now be said to be established, but because, as he had himself observed, 'all was fair in war,' in his view of the matter; whereas, as he well knew, Litton was scrupulous even to chivalry. It was a contest between arms of precision and bows and arrows, which could have but one result.

Walter did not, however, deign to take notice of the other's hostility, even by a look (and, indeed, the captain had studiously kept his face averted from him during the last five minutes), but turned to Lotty with some commonplace observation, to which she confusedly replied. No person, however unobservant, could have failed to see that something had gone wrong, and yet it seemed to Walter that her embarrassment, as she answered him, was due to other causes than that knowledge. She had shot a nervous, frightened glance towards her husband, and her words had been very cold. Could it be possible that he had schooled her to refuse him her countenance, bidden her not only to ignore, but to forget that he had been and still was her friend? Or was she so conscious of her own wretchedness as to feel she had no cause to thank him for the hand he had had in giving her a husband—who was also a tyrant?

'I have some work to do at home, Miss Lillian, which your father's hospitality has caused me to neglect,' said Walter abruptly, and with a touch of bitterness that he could not wholly stifle. 'I must go now;' and he held out his hand to her.

'But you will come to-morrow at the usual time?' said she, in her clear sweet tones, made more distinct, as he fancied, even than usual, so that all in the room could hear her. 'My sister is very desirous to see you paint—are you not, Lotty?—and she is coming on purpose.'

'I don't know,' said Lotty hesitating; 'I should like it;' and again her eyes wandered towards her lord and master.

'O yes, you must come early,' put in Mr Brown authoritatively, 'and spend the day; and Sir Reginald can join us when he likes.—Well, if you must go, Mr Litton, you must; this is Liberty Hall, you know.' And Walter took his leave, exchanging only a nod with Selwyn.

As he walked home with his cigar in his mouth, his anger was still hot against the captain; but he could reflect upon what had happened with more patience than when he had been standing 'under fire,' as it were, in the drawing-room; and as usual with him, however angry, when time for thought was given him, he began to beat about in his own mind for excuses for the offender. If Selwyn really believed him to be capable of

telling what he knew about Nellie, it was perhaps natural, though certainly not right, that he should look upon him as his enemy. But *could* Reginald, after so many years of friendship, believe his friend so base? Might there not be some other reason that made him hostile to him. Might he not, for example, resent his having drawn that likeness of Lotty, notwithstanding that the result had been so favourable to his fortunes. Selwyn must surely know him too well to suspect him of entertaining any improper ideas with respect to his friend's wife; and, moreover, the captain was by no means a jealous man; he was too self-confident (and with reason) to be subject to any such passion. But the Somebody—and there was a possible Somebody in the person of Mrs Sheldon—might have put the notion into his head. By itself, he would doubtless have laughed at it; but coupled with the picture, was it not just within the range of possibility that it had made Selwyn jealous?

Nothing could be more unreasonable or more unjust than for him to be so; but if he was, his conduct became to a certain degree excusable. But, on the other hand, was such an explanation of his behaviour consistent with that significant remark of his, that the 'arrangement' of painting Lillian's picture at Willowbank must be 'very pleasant for Mr Litton?' It was so pleasant, that Walter confessed to himself that if it should be broken off, the greatest happiness of his life would thereby be taken away from him; and he had a sorrowful prescience that it would be taken away, and that at no distant date.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD.

OLIVER CROMWELL, Lord Protector of England, died at Whitehall Palace on the 3d September 1658. He had for some time been suffering from tertian ague, which might have been alleviated, if not removed, by the use of Peruvian bark, but with this remedy the medical practitioners of the period were unacquainted. During Oliver's protracted illness, his beard was suffered to grow, so that at his death his features were somewhat different from what they are usually represented in his portraits. We say nothing of the Protector's character, further than this, that his religious enthusiasm and regard for the principles of civil liberty, led him to take a stand against the arbitrary measures of Charles I. at whose trial and condemnation, he, and his son-in-law Ireton, and Bradshaw assisted. Though rising to power on the ruins of the monarchy, and in effect becoming an autocrat, Oliver was by no means a selfish or vulgar tyrant. He was a stern lover of justice, and under his firm rule, the nation enjoyed peace and prosperity. At his decease, he was only sixty years of age. Mourned both by his family and the public, his body was carefully embalmed, and lay in state at Somerset House, previous to burial with regal honours in Westminster Abbey. There, seemingly, was an end of the Protector, who was never more to be seen in this world; but this proved to be a mistake.

As a rule, the English are generous and forgiving. They do not take the mean advantage of striking a man when he is down; nor is it customary for them to revenge themselves on bodies torn from the grave. On this occasion, however, the nation was in a political paroxysm, as intemperate in its way as was that demonstrated by the French

revolutionists, when, in 1793, they rifled the tombs at St-Denis, and scattered their contents to the winds. In January 1661, when Ireton had been dead upwards of nine years; Cromwell, more than two years; and Bradshaw—deemed the principal regicide, from his having presided at the trial and condemnation of Charles I.—a year and two months, measures were taken to inflict vengeance on the three helpless bodies. It is not a pleasant subject to refer to, but in history we must take the bad with the good. In the present instance, there is not a little to be regretted. The three wretched corpses were officially dug from their graves, and ignominiously dragged in sledges to Tyburn. There they were hanged and beheaded, and their mutilated bodies buried beneath the gallows. One is almost ashamed to record proceedings so much at variance with the character of a generous and high-minded people. The horror that the circumstance inspires is significant of the advance in feeling since the seventeenth century.

What now became of the three heads? They had a distinct history, of which we propose to say something, and are much aided in doing so by the statements of an intelligent correspondent in the *Times* (December 31, 1874) which have not been invalidated. The heads, as we learn, were stuck on the top of Westminster Hall, on the ground below which at that time sentinels walked. 'Ireton's head was in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on each side respectively. Cromwell's head, being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then, one stormy night, it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his cloak, took it home, and secreted it in the chimney corner; and, as inquiries were constantly being made about it by the government, it was only on his deathbed that he revealed where he had hidden it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells; and, in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who, being a needy and careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox, who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell; for, poor as he was, nothing would at first tempt him to part with the relic; but after a time, Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum, he sold the head of Cromwell for two hundred and thirty pounds to three men, who bought it about the time of the French Revolution to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond Street, at half-a-crown a head. Curiously enough, it happened that each of these three gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into the possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house, asked Mr Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him. For the next fifteen or twenty years, Mr Wilkinson was in the habit of showing it to all the distinguished men of that day, and the head, much treasured, yet remains in his family.

The circumstantial evidence is very curious. It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterwards beheaded. On the back of the neck, above the vertebra, is

the mark of the cut of an axe where the executioner, having, perhaps, no proper block, had struck too high, and, laying the head in its soft, embalmed state on the block, flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, and the beard, stained to exactly the same colour by the embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin, with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck up on Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather.

'The iron spear-head, where it protrudes above the skull, is rusted away by the action of the atmosphere. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to a time when surgery was in its infancy; while the embalming is so beautifully done, that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen. Several teeth are yet in the mouth; the membrane of the eyelid remains, the pia-mater and the dura-mater, thin membranes, which I believe lie over the brain, may be seen clinging to the inner and upper part of the skull. The brain was, of course, removed, but the compartments are very distinct. When the great sculptor, Flaxman, went to see it, he said at once: "You will not mind my expressing any disappointment I may feel on seeing the head?" "O no!" said Mr Wilkinson; "but will you tell me what are the characteristics by which the head might be recognised?" "Well," replied Flaxman, "I know a great deal about the configuration of the head of Oliver Cromwell. He had a low, broad forehead, large orbits to the eyes, a high septum to the nose, and high cheek-bones; but there is one feature which will be with me a crucial test, and that is, that, instead of having the lower jaw-bone somewhat curved, it was particularly short and straight, but set out at an angle, which gave him a jowlish appearance." The head exactly answered to the description, and Flaxman went away expressing himself as convinced and delighted.

'The head has also a length from the forehead to the back of the head which is quite extraordinary; and one day, before Mr Wilkinson retired from practice, his assistant called him into the surgery to point out to him how exactly the shaven head of a lad who was there as a patient resembled the embalmed head of Cromwell up-stairs, and more particularly in the extreme length between the forehead and the occiput.

'Mr Wilkinson mentioned the circumstance to the gentleman who brought the lad to him. "No wonder," said the gentleman, "for this lad is a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell, whose name, like this boy's, was Williams, before they changed it to Cromwell." It was curious that this type should re-appear or remain after so many years.

'When the head was in the possession of Samuel Russell, he was frequently intoxicated when he shewed it to his friends, and they cut off pieces of the hair, until the head was closely cropped.

'A correspondent in the *Globe*, of the 28th of September or thereabouts, believed that the body of Cromwell, after removal from the Abbey, was buried in Red Lion Square, and another body substituted, and sent on to Tyburn with Ireton and Bradshaw. But it is not probable they could have

obtained an embalmed body for the purpose. The embalmed head is now in the possession of Mr Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent. There is a small hole where the wart was on his forehead, and the eyebrows met in the middle. The head has the appearance of hard, dry leather. There are other details, and there is other circumstantial evidence, and there are records printed and published at the time; but I feel I must not trespass on your valuable space any further, although it is a subject in which many of your readers may take as great an interest as does SENEX.'

A subsequent correspondent of the *Times* has a doubt as to the head being that of Cromwell, hinting the possibility of its being that of Ireton or Bradshaw. But all circumstances, and more particularly the fact of the head having been embalmed, point pretty conclusively to the correctness of the belief, that the head above described is really that of the Lord Protector.

A FRIENDLY GIFT.

I AM so fond of animals of all sorts, that I think Nature designed me to be the keeper of a menagerie, and to go about the country with caravans full of wild beasts. One, however, is apt to mistake his profession. Circumstances led me to be a wholesale grocer in the City, whose business is to judge critically of teas, sugars, and so on. In duty bound, and with a wife and family, I have endeavoured to make the best of my position; but always have had a clinging to animals. As matters stand, I am obliged to content myself with being a Fellow of the Zoological Society; with frequent visits to the Gardens of that honourable body; and in a small way keeping some animals on my own account. On one occasion, I went the length of keeping a young Bengal tiger—a most interesting creature—but receiving sundry hints from my neighbours that I was to be indicted for maintaining a dangerous nuisance, I quietly disposed of my acquisition to a well-known animal merchant.

The coast being so far cleared, the reader can imagine the pleasure with which I perused a note to the following purport, on arriving one morning at my office. It came from an acquaintance, a merchant with foreign dealings: 'An old correspondent, thinking to pay me a great compliment, writes that he has sent a young bear by the ship *Polar Star*, expected shortly to arrive. Knowing your fondness for animals, I shall be glad if you will accept it. Do not be profuse with thanks, for I do not know what to do with the beast.'

I had already several animals, but no bear; a young one could be easily managed; so I gladly accepted the gift.

On my return home in the evening, I, of course, informed my wife of my present; but with what a result! 'A gazelle, dear little thing; yes. But a bear? No! What would I do with him? Where would or could I keep him? Just remember your tiger.' All Benedicts know, however, that anything from a sealskin mantle to a handsome bracelet will

remove a mountain of difficulties. 'Room might perhaps be made in that old outhouse in the corner of the meadow, and with strong bars, there could be no danger or inconvenience.' The point thus satisfactorily settled, the cage was prepared, and made ready for bruin.

In due time the *Polar Star*, with her passenger, arrived; and I went on board to see my acquisition. I found bruin quietly walking about the deck, with a chain hanging from his neck. The sailors informed me he was a great favourite, very tame, quiet, and playful; and when I went up to him and patted him, I was delighted; he quite bore out the good character he had received. Bruin was to be well cared for during the night, and I promised to send for him next morning. I reached home quite elated, praising the good qualities of my bear; and my wife was delighted beyond measure. An envelope lying on the table contained a bill for a bracelet which had just arrived. I was so much taken up with my bear, that I had not noticed my wife's delight was caused by admiring her bracelet; it was a handsome one indeed, and so was the price.

I had sounded my man John, keeper of my zoological collection, about my bear. He cared nothing for a bear, especially a young one, after his experience with my tiger; but he made no demur; so I arranged he should be at the docks at ten o'clock next morning, and bring bruin in a cab to my office in the Lane. I expected him about eleven. Noon, 1 P.M. came; but no John—no bear; so I went to my lunch, leaving strict orders I was to be at once sent for on their arrival. Returning to my office, no sign of either; two, three, even four o'clock came; and as the hours passed, my anxiety kept rising as rapidly as a thermometer placed in a pot of cold water on a large fire would. Shortly after four, when my mental thermometer was at boiling-point, I heard shouts and yells, and instinctively looked through the window of my office: I then saw John pulling and tugging the bear along by his chain, and naturally surrounded by all the tag-rag and bobtail of the streets. The door of my sample-room was opened, and John and the bear admitted.

His followers, being excluded, amused themselves by trying to look through the keyhole, until, finding they could see nothing, their patience became exhausted, and they gradually withdrew to their accustomed haunts. John was thoroughly done up; but after a little stimulant, was able to account for his late appearance, much to my own astonishment, and that of some of my neighbours, who had called in to see my new friend. John told me he had got the bear quietly into a cab, but shortly bruin began to give unmistakable evidence that he much preferred being a passenger on board ship, to riding in a 'Growler' over the stones. He became very fractious, and at last, making a sudden spring, burst open the cab-door, and hauled poor John, who had hold of his chain, into the road. Once there, bruin became quieter; but cabby would have nothing more to do with him, and insisted, as was natural, on being paid not only for the distance he had come, but for the damage done to his cab. This, after a little time, John settled by handing the man a sovereign; and, as bruin was again on his good-behaviour, resolved

to lead him. Bruin went very quietly, until a Newfoundland dog good-temperedly wished to make his acquaintance. The best friends fall out occasionally; but bruin was determined not to make a friend of one so casually met, and immediately attacked the poor dog, and so severely pawed him, that he was glad to beat as hasty a retreat as his wounds would permit. John was beginning to get faint-hearted, but his courage had not quite deserted him; he obtained some buns, and with these, and not a little coaxing, at last managed to get him safely to my office. Whilst these adventures were being related, bruin had been very quiet; but when finished, he evidently thought that it was his duty to prove, as far as he could, John's truthfulness. I happened to have at that time a large lot of molasses for sale, and the different samples were standing on one of the tables. Whether he thought he should have had some more buns, or had a vague idea he had been brought from his native home to be trained as a grocer, I know not, but he suddenly sprang upon the table to inspect and taste my samples. My friends made a rush; I never knew until then, in how short a time about a dozen men—my neighbours, of course—can vanish through a doorway. I at once caught the chain, and got the 'taster' off the table; but no sooner on the floor, than he turned on me, and my shirt-front and waistcoat were torn to ribbons, my watch-chain broken; and there was no saying what might have been the result, had not John fortunately come to my assistance with the poker, and with two or three blows, happily succeeded in stunning my newly acquired treasure! Whilst he was in this state, we managed to secure him with the chain. But what to do now was the question. It was folly, under the circumstances, to think of taking him home; he had evidently not been licked into proper shape by his mother. What could I do with him? As a member of the Zoo, I would send him there. After some difficulty, when the package was known, John got a cart, and started with bruin, carefully secured, to the Regent's Park, taking a letter for my friend, Mr ——. I felt relieved when I saw them off, and making the best of my rags, returned home, rejoicing the heart of my wife by informing her I had changed my mind, and did not intend keeping a bear. I was well out of the scrape; but it does not do to shout until you are out of the wood. A few hours later, John reached home with a letter from Mr ——. He thanked me exceedingly for sending the bear, but as at the Zoological Gardens they were then full of bears, he much regretted he could not keep him. He would, however, take charge of him for three days, to give me a little time; &c.

A little time! It was a little time, and then I should have bruin thrown on my hands, perhaps on my shirt-front again. However, I was determined I would rather sell him, or give him to my hairdresser, than have him home. Fortune favours the brave. On the second day, I heard, by mere chance, that the Zoological Society at Amsterdam would be glad to receive him. I lost no time. I found out when the next steamer sailed; and, carefully secured in a strong cage, bruin made his second voyage.

Ursus arrived safely, is at present in good health, and seems very comfortable in his quarters; and I am comfortable too, in having got him off my

hands, and he so well taken care of. In this as in some other cases, a gift of an animal—though not a white elephant—may become a subject of considerable perplexity both to mind and pocket!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE all know that 'blacks' are plentiful in the air above our great towns; and Dr Angus Smith of Manchester has discovered various kinds of dust in the rain-water of that neighbourhood. But Professor Nordenskjöld of Stockholm, having caught falling snow, found in it minute particles of metal which he supposed to be iron, as they were attracted by the magnet. Examination of hailstones that fell at Stockholm, and of snow from icebergs in latitude eighty degrees, brought similar particles to light; and it now appears that this metallic dust is composed of iron, nickel, cobalt, carbon, and phosphoric acid. This remarkable discovery has prompted the suggestion, that the flashes and streams of light seen during displays of the aurora may be due to this dust having become incandescent by friction in our atmosphere. The peculiar striped appearance assumed by the light on some occasions might then be regarded as an effect of terrestrial magnetism. The question is a curious one, and will, no doubt, be further investigated. Are there countries where iron dust is more plentiful than in others; and are the inhabitants of those countries more vigorous than the people whose atmosphere has no iron? The Polar Expedition might investigate the question during the weary hours when they are frozen in.

As regards the Polar Expedition, the preparations are going on actively. The two ships, *Alert* and *Bloodhound*, are being strengthened to the utmost, so that they may resist the pressure of ice. The victualling department is engaged in cooking and compressing food of the best kind into the smallest possible space; and the navy tailors are busy over thick clothing, and fur coats and jackets, which may enable the crews to set the cold at defiance. As usual, when scientific advice is wanted, the Royal Society have been appealed to by the Admiralty, and they have recommended for appointment two naturalists who are to do what is needful for the botany, geology, and zoology of the countries and seas which we may hope will be discovered and explored. And in order that all on board may know what is needful, the Council of the Society have undertaken to prepare a Manual of advice and instruction in Physical Science, Natural History, Geology, and Ethnology; and the Geographical Society are to do the same for Physical Geography. So far, therefore, as knowledge and power can serve, the expedition will possess two essential elements of success.

An expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun on the 6th of April next is also preparing. This eclipse will be visible in the east, and

observers are to be sent to some suitable place in India, to the islands of the Bay of Bengal, and to Siam. There is yet so much to be studied and learned as regards the constitution of the sun, that it is quite worth while to incur all the trouble and cost of a long voyage to observe an eclipse, especially as there are some particulars which can be made out during an eclipse, but at no other time. The king of Siam has promised to receive as his guests the observers who may be sent to Bangkok, and to aid their work according to their requirements. The period of totality in the forthcoming eclipse will be from four to five minutes, in which time, with favourable weather, a series of important observations may be made. Before these lines appear in print, the observers will be on the way to their several stations.

Mr J. G. Rowe, manager of the Aylesbury and Buckingham Railway, has invented what he calls the 'Relume Signal-lamp,' which, as the name indicates, will relight itself, should the flame by any chance have been extinguished. The oil-chamber of the lamp, which has two or three wicks, rotates and is regulated by a spring. A stud connected with a bar formed of two metals, brass and steel, locks the chamber, and holds it in place while it (the bar) is heated by the flame. But should the flame go out, the bar cools, shrinks, releases the stud, unlocks the oil-chamber, which immediately flies round, impelled by its spring, while certain matches suitably placed take fire, and kindle one of the spare wicks, and thus the lamp is relighted automatically. It is obvious that a lamp which can be depended on to maintain its light, would be especially useful as a signal-lamp on a railway, or indeed anywhere.

In this case, the result is obtained by the compound bar, and the difference of expansion between the two metals. By a modification of the contrivance, a safety-lamp is produced, to which the inventor gives his own name, and calls it the 'Rowe.' After it has been lighted a quarter of an hour, the heat locks it so fast that it can only be opened by blowing out the light and leaving the lamp to cool. While waiting a quarter of an hour in the dark, a miner would have time to 'consider his ways.'

Should every man in the realm be required to become a soldier, as in Germany? is a question which has been much discussed of late. Without attempting a solution, it may be answered that every man should at least know how to defend himself. Military history abounds in instances of successful defences made by digging intrenchments and felling trees; and to this end Captain Stewart Harrison suggests an implement which, combining pick, spade, axe, and mantlet, he calls the 'Burgoyne'—a name dear to engineer officers. The spade is to be of steel with sharp edges, so that it could be used as an axe; the handle is a steel tube into which a saw-bayonet or an auger may be fitted. With these appliances and a stout rope, a few men might very soon intrench themselves. Periodical drill at this sort of work might be made a recreation, as rowing, cricket, or football, and with greater contingent advantages. Captain Harrison reminds us that the most expensive articles used in war are soldiers; and that 'no mental, moral, or physical qualities will render men bullet-proof, while a few inches of earth or timber will easily do so.'

By availing himself of well-known contrivances, namely, bright spots on a dark ground, or points of light, the captain has produced his 'Stellar Abacus' for day and night signals. With six rows of points, one million signals can be made; they can be kept under observation for any length of time, and in seasons of danger the code may be changed every day or night, and they are available in any language. Any one desiring further information on these inventions may apply to Captain Harrison, Sutton Place, Hackney.

The use of the steam-whistle as a signal for mariners is spreading. A whistle has been erected on the extremity of Cape d'Or in the Bay of Fundy, which, during thick weather, fog, or snow-storms, blows a blast of six seconds' duration twice in each minute. The sound will be heard to a distance of twenty miles in calm weather, and from five to eight miles during storms; and will thus give timely warning to vessels approaching the coast.

If the land is dangerous to ships, landmen are at times more dangerous, seeing that, for greed of gain, they send ships to sea in an unseaworthy condition. It is argued that the ships are surveyed before they are sent to sea; but the answer is—How are they surveyed? It has been suggested that the effectual way to prevent the lamentable loss of life to which seamen are now liable, would be that, on proof of the unseaworthiness of a ship, the policy of insurance should be forfeited both by the owner and the underwriter. Government is expected to do something vigorous in the matter, at least, as regards overloading.

Steel wire is made for the strings of pianofortes. Sir William Thomson recommends that a wire of this kind should be used instead of a rope for deep-sea sounding. For this purpose it has many advantages: its weight and friction are exceedingly small in comparison with the weight and friction of a rope. A sounding in a depth of two thousand seven hundred fathoms has been taken with a steel wire in the Bay of Biscay with complete success. The sinker weighed thirty pounds, and brought up in the tube attached to it a specimen of the bottom. To facilitate the hauling up, Sir W. Thomson makes use of a supplemental pulley, which bears the weight of the sinker while the wire is wound without strain on the principal roller. To preserve the wire from rust, when out of use, it is kept always immersed in a solution of caustic soda. The small space in which three thousand fathoms of steel wire can be packed, is a further advantage, that will no doubt be considered in the fitting-out of ships in which economy of stowage is essential.

Steel wire is now used in the manufacture of ships' cables and tow ropes. The ropes and cables thus produced are remarkable for their strength and flexibility, and for the small space they occupy in comparison with hemp-ropes and chain-cables. A rope two inches in diameter will bear a strain of one hundred tons without breaking; the strength is uniform throughout; whereas, on testing chain-cables, defective links are always discovered. The cost, too, is moderate. A ship of three thousand tons must have three hundred and sixty fathoms of two-and-a-half-inch chain-cable, which weighs forty-five tons, costs about twelve hundred pounds, and is tested up to ninety-one tons of breaking-strain. A steel cable five and a half inches in circumference, equal, as above stated, to more than one hundred tons of strain, costs four hundred pounds only, and

weighs not more than five tons in the same length, namely, three hundred and sixty fathoms. After reading this, we cannot help asking, are the merits of steel cables as widely known as they ought to be?

It has been known for many years that iron can be deposited by means of electricity: as a scientific fact, it was interesting to metallurgists; but the iron so deposited was too brittle to be useful. Of late years, the process has been modified and improved, and Mr Klein of St Petersburg can now produce electro-deposited iron which is 'perfectly malleable, eminently flexible and elastic, and, like sheet-steel, may be welded. In a word, it possesses all the characteristics of an excellent forged iron.' Considering the numerous applications of which iron is capable, this process is likely to become of great value.

The Devon Great Consols mine discharges a prodigious quantity of water into the river Tamar, and, considering that this waste-water is impregnated with arsenic, the Commissioners for inquiring into the pollution of rivers are of opinion that some special precautions should be taken against harmful results. The manufacture of arsenic in this country amounts to more than five thousand tons a year, and one-third of this enormous quantity is produced in the mine above named. The Commissioners, we are told, 'saw stored in the warehouses of the mine, ready packed for sale, a quantity of white arsenic probably sufficient to destroy every living animal upon the face of the earth.' Where the manufacture is on such a scale, it is easy to see that a river may be poisoned by the influx of waste-water from the arsenic works, to say nothing of the noxious fumes that escape into the air. Such being the elements of mischief, it seems impossible not to agree in the conclusion, that 'it is only reasonable (as is now the case with the retail sale of arsenic) that the manufacture of a poison so virulent should be subject to special state supervision; and that an officer should be empowered to require that the best practicable means be taken not only to prevent the poisoning of the air by the volatilisation of the mineral, but also to hinder the access of the poison to running water.' The public health should surely be the supreme consideration.

From a paper read at a recent meeting of the Geological Society, we learn that the microscope has become of importance in determining the structure of rocks, and that, in consequence, certain rocks about which doubts prevailed can now be classified with certainty. For example, there are groups of volcanic rocks, and the microscope has enabled the observer to determine which are the oldest rocks in the several series. This has been an exceedingly difficult question, for the reason that volcanic rocks and even ashes have been strangely 'metamorphosed' by the action of heat subsequently to their first ejection. It is now possible to distinguish between a 'normal lava' and the reconsolidated ashes; and in discussing the paper, Mr David Forbes explained the difference between volcanic ash and tuff or tufa. The ashes, as he states, are purely sub-aërial formations thrown out of the volcanic orifice, and falling down on land or water according to local conditions. Tuffs, on the contrary, are molten lava poured out into or under water, whereby they become at once cooled and disintegrated into fragments or powder,

in proportion as the action of the water proved more or less overpowering. Professor Ramsay followed with the remark, that in the volcanic region of Wales the ashes had been thrown out of old Silurian volcanoes, first beneath the surface of the sea, and afterwards above water, as the vents increased in height. The green slates, he said, were fine ashes thrown out upon land.

An engineer at Dublin, who is building breakwaters and harbour-works, constructs concrete blocks that weigh three hundred and fifty tons each, and then, by a clever contrivance, sinks them to their place at the bottom of the sea, and thus, in a comparatively short time, brings the work above the low-water mark, when the upper portions can be built in the usual way. This saves all the trouble and cost of coffer-dams and pumps, and must be regarded as a triumph of engineering.

It is known to some of our readers that the Royal Society have compiled and published a Catalogue of Scientific Papers in six volumes 4to. These volumes contain the titles of papers published in the Transactions of Societies, and in scientific periodicals in all parts of the civilised world between 1800 and 1863, and their value as a work of reference is everywhere recognised. At the annual meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a suggestion was made that a Catalogue of Engineering Information similarly compiled might be undertaken with advantage. As the Report of the meeting states, 'it would be invaluable to an engineer in practice, as it would give him the means of ascertaining, if not exactly what had been done in certain cases, at least the amount and kind of information on record in regard to particular subjects.'

The Europeans in Japan have formed an Asiatic Society, and have published two volumes of *Transactions*, which is a gratifying sign of activity apart from commercial enterprise. The scope of the Society may be judged of by a few titles of papers from the volume which has just appeared: 'A Journey from Yedo to Kinsutsu'; 'Constructive Art in Japan'; 'The Games and Sports of Japanese Children'; 'Winds and Currents in the Vicinity of the Japanese Islands'; 'Has Japanese an affinity with Aryan Languages?'; and 'Concerning Deep-sea Sounding.'

Our notice, in a previous Month, of Herr Bachmaier's dictionaries, in which numerals take the place of words, has brought upon us what the French call 'reclamations' from different quarters. In some instances, it is implied that somehow or other certain persons are aggrieved by our notice; some of them had 'thought' of a similar publication, while others held a copyright. Our answer is, that Bachmaier's dictionaries were first published seven years ago, and have ever since been advertised, reviewed, and consulted. And further, that the learned German is not the first inventor of that kind of book. In 1856, the Board of Trade published *The Commercial Code of Signals for the Use of all Nations*, in which numerals represent words, and embodying a most ample vocabulary, comprising about six thousand words and sentences, and about three thousand names of countries, islands, ports, and capes. This book has been translated into seven, at least, of the languages of Europe. It was originated by a distinguished naval officer, whose name is held in high honour north of the Tweed, who availed him-

self of scraps and suggestions already existing, and did not claim to be an inventor. We are always willing to answer legitimate inquiries, but we protest against being held responsible for imaginary grievances.

WAITING.

'Tis time you drew the curtain, child, and latched the open door;

Put out the useless candle—there is daylight on the moor;

And if he comes back in the day, be it early, be it late,

He'll find the track across the heath that leads him to our gate.

I'll lay me down upon the bed, but I shall wake to hear

The faintest footfall on the grass, or ever it draw near;

'Tis many a year; yet I should know his step as well to-day,

As when I checked my sobs to hear its echo die away.

'Tis many a year; I sometimes wish, the while I watch at night,

And feel my heart grow colder with the coming of the light—

I wish my hope could die away as dies the lamp at morn;

I wish I could sit down and weep, and know myself forlorn.

I wish that I could shut my heart as you bar out the sun,

And sit in darkness, yet in peace, until my life were done;

I'm weary listening all the night for what I never hear;

I'm weary counting how the days make up another year.

And if he comes, it is so long, so long I've waited now,

Oh, will he know me with these lines deep traced upon my brow?

He'll look to see a knot of curls, like one that he has kept,

And worn, I know, upon his heart, the while he waked or slept.

He'll look to clasp a little hand that once was firm and white:

(Feel how it shakes, child, just to think if he should come to-night);

From scanty hair, and lined face, and figure shrunk and bent,

How could he guess the beating heart, whose love is all unspent!

It would be worst of all to see him try to hide the pain,

To hear the old fond words, and see the old dear looks again;

To hold his warm brown hand, close pressed, and know at heart the while

That when he turned his face aside, the lips forgot their smile.

I'm fain to give up hope, and rest from weary day and night

In soft gray gloaming, that may end, who knows, in sudden light:

There are some joys most near, they say, when every hope seems past,

And if I cease to watch and wait, my love may come at last.

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STORY OF SUSANNAH, COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

ON a towering height overlooking the valley of the Seine, at no great distance from Havre, stood the chateau or castle of Montgomerie, from which its proprietors, an old family of distinction in Normandy, took their surname. At the invasion of England by William the Conqueror, 1066, he was accompanied by his relative, Roger de Montgomerie, who, for his services at the battle of Hastings, was rewarded by grants of lands, and created Earl of Shrewsbury. A descendant of this personage, Robert de Montgomerie, settled in the west of Scotland about the middle of the twelfth century, and there the Scotch branch of the Montgomeries received gifts of lands, and in time rose to dignity and importance. Before 1450, the representative of the family was created Lord Montgomerie; and in 1506, the Lord Montgomerie of his day was raised to the dignity of Earl of Eglington. The want of male heirs caused a temporary change in the family surname. By the decease of Hugh, fifth Earl of Eglington, in 1612, the inheritance devolved on Sir Alexander Seton, a son of Lady Margaret Montgomerie, eldest daughter of Hugh, the third earl, who had married Robert Seton, first Earl of Wintoun. Sir Alexander, who thus became sixth Earl of Eglington, and assumed the surname of Montgomerie, was one of the notable men in his day, who brought into the family the energy and proud bearing of the Setons. Not ceasing for a moment to lose his loyal attachments, he was, like some other distinguished nobles of his time, constrained by a sense of duty to uphold the principles of civil and religious liberty. As a zealous Covenantanter, he adhered to the parliament, took part in the celebrated Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and fought under Leven and Fairfax at the battle of Marston Moor. Renowned for his valour, he received the popular designation of Greyteill, by which he is still known in family tradition. Cromwell, as an autocratic outcome of

the national convulsion, was not relished by Greyteill, who did all in his power to promote the restoration of Charles II.

At this point in our narrative, attention has to be called to a work of considerable interest, the *Memorials of the Montgomeries*, by William Fraser, in two quarto volumes, printed for private circulation. Mr Fraser is deeply versed in genealogical and peerage lore. By his researches in the charter-rooms of grand old mansions, he has done much to clear up doubtful points in family history. In the course of his explorations among old writs in the castle of Eglington, he alighted upon a letter addressed by John, sixth Earl of Cassillis, to Alexander, sixth Earl of Eglington (Greyteill), which at once puts to flight a popular romance, founded on ballad literature. What a downcome it would have been to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, who wrote an elaborate account of the affair, to have known on incontestable authority that the verified story of 'Johnnie Faa, the Gypsy Laddie'—a thing imbedded in our youthful memory, and the air to which it was sung to us by an old aunt, still, after a lapse of seventy years, tingling fresh in remembrance—is altogether a falsehood, the invention of some clever but evil-minded *jongleur*. For the sake of honest literature, the matter cannot be passed over.

Let us first deal with the circumstances embalmed in the popular tradition. The Earl of Cassillis, quite as stern a Covenantanter as the Earl of Eglington, married Lady Jane Hamilton, daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington—Tam o' the Cowgate, as James VI. called him. The lady was unhappy. She had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, Sir John Faa of Dunbar. When several years had come and gone, and Lady Cassillis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Faa, seizing the opportunity when the earl was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came disguised as a gypsy, with a band of followers, and, by glamour or magical illusion, induced the countess to elope. In the language of the ballad—

The gypsies cam to the Earl o' Cassillis' yett,
And oh, but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
That down cam our fair lady.

And she cam tripping down the stair,
Wi' all her maids before her;
As sunne as they saw her weel-faired face,
They cuist their glamour o'er her.

Before the countess and this crew of real or assumed gypsies had been long gone, the earl returned, pursued them on horseback, overtook and captured them at a ford over the river Doon, called the Gypsies' Steps. Johnnie Faa and his accomplices were hanged on the 'Dule-tree' opposite the castle-gate of Cassillis, and the countess was thereafter imprisoned during the remainder of her life in an old family mansion at Maybole; her occupation, during her life-long imprisonment, being the working of tapestry. On a fine projecting staircase in the tower, heads were carved representing those of the gypsy abductor and his band—the earl in the meantime marrying another wife. The effigies of the gypsies, still shewn on the mansion, are said to be very minute. Such is the story of the ballad of Johnnie Faa, and so circumstantial is it, that one is inclined to wonder how it should have been so ingeniously invented. Possibly, the existence of an old baronial mansion of the Cassillis family in Maybole, decorated with some carved heads—a ford in the Doon, which, at an unknown period, was called the Gypsies' Steps—a splendid umbrageous plane-tree in front of the castle-gate, which, likely enough, had been used as a gallows, in the days when heritable jurisdictions gave the power of life and death—the circumstance of Faa being the name of a gypsy clan—may have assisted in the fabrication of the romance. At anyrate, it is untrue that the Countess of Cassillis eloped with Johnnie Faa, or any one else. It is untrue that the Earl of Cassillis, with a band of retainers, went after them. It is untrue that he captured and hanged Faa and his associates. It is untrue that he repudiated the countess, and immured her for life in the family mansion at Maybole. And there is no evidence that the unfortunate lady worked tapestry during her lengthened captivity. In short, the whole thing is a downright falsehood; and in this, as in many similar cases of ballad legends, the truth of history has been strangely, if not malignantly perverted. Relying on documentary evidence, Mr Fraser shows that the Earl of Cassillis was married to Lady Jane Hamilton in December 1621; that they lived together happily for twenty-one years, that is, till her decease in 1642. This is proved by the lately discovered letter of the Earl of Cassillis, intimating the death of his dear spouse, to which Lord Eglington answers in terms of condolence. It further appears, that a letter was addressed by the Earl of Cassillis, shortly after the death of his wife, to the Rev. Robert Douglas, in which he expresses great respect

and tenderness for the memory of Lady Jane; which is quite inconsistent with the fanciful story of her elopement and imprisonment. Moreover, the earl was so devoted to the memory of Lady Jane, that he did not marry his second wife, Margaret Hay, until 1644. It was quite impossible that the countess could have eloped with Johnnie Faa while her husband was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster in 1643, for the best of all reasons, that she was in her grave a year before the earl attended that notable Assembly. We feel satisfaction in quoting Mr Fraser's remark. 'This,' he says, 'is a good proof of the value of preserving papers such as those contained in the present work. The fair fame of a lady had been tarnished by a romantic story, founded on the misapplication of a popular ballad. Her character is now cleared by the unerring testimony of contemporary writers.'

So, down the wind to the limbo of malicious fabrications, must now float the versified legend of Johnnie Faa, with all its picturesque particulars. How the worshippers of old ballads and mythic legends will hate the ransacking of charter-rooms!

Coming to Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglington, who succeeded his grandfather in 1701, we approach the dignified heroine of our story. His lordship was thrice married. His first wife was Lady Margaret Cochrane, a grand-daughter of the first Lord Dundonald. By this marriage, he had three sons and six daughters, a goodly family to begin with. Unfortunately, the sons died young. Next, his lordship married Lady Anne Gordon, eldest daughter of George, first Earl of Aberdeen, of which union there was only one surviving child, a daughter, Lady Mary, who grew up a celebrated beauty. It was gratifying to his lordship to have so fine a family of daughters, but he was anxious for a son and heir, whom the Countess Anne, from her failing health, did not seem likely to confer upon him. At this juncture, the blooming Susannah Kennedy, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Culzean, was introduced to the world of fashion in Edinburgh, about the time of the Union (1707), and attracted considerable attention. She was of lofty stature—it is said, six feet high—extremely handsome, of elegant carriage, and had a face and complexion of bewitching loveliness. A young lady of good family with such attractions, could not fail to have a vast following of suitors among the nobility and gentry.

'Among her swains,' says the author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, 'was Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, a man of learning and talent in days when such qualities were not common. As Miss Kennedy was fond of music, he sent her a flute as a gift; from which it may be surmised that this instrument was played by females in that age, while as yet the pianoforte was not. When the young lady attempted to blow the instrument, something was found to interrupt the sound,

which turned out to be a copy of verses in her praise :

Harmonious pipe, I languish for thy bliss,
When pressed to Silvia's lips with gentle kiss !
And when her tender fingers round thee move
In soft embrace, I listen and approve
Those melting notes which soothe my soul in love.
Embalmed with odours from her breath that flow ;
You yield your music when she's pleased to blow ;
And thus at once the charming lovely fair
Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.
Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be
To court bewitching Silvia for me ;
Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—
Repeat my love at each soft melting touch—
Since I to her my liberty resign,
Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.

'Unhappily for this accomplished and poetical lover, Lord Eglington's sickly wife happened just at this time to die, and set his lordship again at large among the spinsters of Scotland. Admirers of a youthful, impassioned, and sonnet-making cast, might have trembled at his approach to the shrine of their divinity ; for his lordship was one of those titled suitors, who, however old and ugly, are never rejected, except in novels and romances.' Perhaps Susannah Kennedy half anticipated that she would some day be married to Lord Eglington ; there being a kind of prophecy in her father's family, that such an event was, from a certain omen, likely to take place. While one day walking in the garden at Culzean, there alighted upon her shoulder a hawk, with his lordship's name upon its bells, which was considered by the domestics to be an infallible prognostication of her fate. All things considered, Sir John Clerk had little chance of being accepted. 'It appears,' continues the writer of the *Traditions*, 'that poor Clerk actually made a declaration of his passion for Miss Kennedy, which her father was taking into consideration, a short while before the death of Lady Eglington. As an old friend and neighbour, Sir Archibald thought he would consult the earl upon the subject, and he accordingly proceeded to do so. Short, but decisive was the conference. "Bide a wee, Sir Archy," said his lordship ; "my wife's very sickly." With Sir Archibald, as with Mrs Sliplop, the least hint sufficed : the case was at once settled against the elegant baronet of Penicuik. The lovely Susannah accordingly became in due time Countess of Eglington.' The marriage took place in June 1709.

'Even after this attainment of one of the greatest blessings that life has to bestow, the old peer's happiness was like to have been destroyed by another untoward circumstance. It was true he had the handsomest wife in the kingdom, and she brought him as many children as he could desire. One after another came no fewer than seven daughters. But then his lordship wanted a male heir ; and every one knows how poor a consolation a train of daughters, however long, proves in such a case.' At length, her ladyship brought him a

son, and two other male children succeeded. The Earl of Eglington died in 1739, having from first to last by his three wives had seventeen children. His widow, the Countess Sasannah, now about forty years of age, is to be supposed to have had imposed on her considerable responsibility in taking charge of the younger members of the family, more particularly as so many of them were daughters, requiring not only to be educated, but brought out in a becoming manner. Her ladyship, however, was self-possessed, had proper notions as to decorum, and was a first-rate manager. There was a lofty, yet genial style in her demeanour. She had a manner peculiar to herself, which inspired respect, and which was remembered as the *Eglington air*.

In 1730, the countess had occasion to visit Bath, with two of her daughters, Lady Eleonora and Lady Margaret ; the former, on account of a temporary indisposition, being recommended to drink the mineral waters. To travel to and from Bath, was at that time greatly more difficult than it is now to go round the world ; for the roads were awful, carriages were apt to be overturned and broken, and horses killed. Having reached her destination, not without misadventure, the difficulty was how to get safely home. To give an idea of Countess Sasannah's scholarship, which was very much like, if not superior to, that of the best educated ladies of quality at the period—when little attention was paid to spelling—we transcribe a letter from her to a friend of the family, Lord Milton, dated Bath, November 9, 1730.

'My dear lord—I did myself the pleasure of writing to you soon after I came to this place, but hes never yete heard on word from you ; pray what's the matter ? Could I convie my self with the same ease as this letter, I vow I wou'd come and see. I can't say this place affords great pleasure to your humble servant. I have left too manie attractives behind me to be sensible to waker influence. Ellie reaps not the benefite from the watters I hop'd for ; but he the evant what will, I have don my dutie, which gives a lasting comfort. You tak'd with uncertainty of coming to London. I shou'd be overjoy'd you did. The roads are so bat across the countrie that I darnot accross with an sote of horses, so that I'm oblig'd to goe that way, but I shall stie no longer then I kiss the Queen's hands. I hope to be in Scotland before the end of next month. I beg you'll send me a bill for 200 lb. upon the bank, least my monie shou'd run short, which I take all the care I can to prevent ; but the surest way is to come soon home. If you pleas you may direct my letter to Earle Isle, and recommend my self as a verie toillable piece of antiquitie. Peggie's voice is much admir'd. She hes had a master ever since I came here ; but I don't find her 100 pound will goe a great way. Give mannie services for me to my dear cusin ; and assure the person with whom I dranke the possat that the thoughts of them is dear to me. If Mr Crawford be turn'd out as survior in Irvin, I wish you cou'd poot Mr Samuall Boyse in his place. He hes much merite.'

Lady Eglington and her two daughters, by taking a circuitous route by way of London,

were fortunate in getting home safely. In the metropolis for but a short time she shone as a star of the first magnitude. Though inheriting from the rough old cavalier, her father, certain Jacobite proclivities, she did not refrain from attending the court of George II., where her tall and graceful figure created no little admiration. A Scottish gentleman writing from London in 1730, says: 'Lady Eglintoun has set out for Scotland, much satisfied with the honour and civilities shewn her ladyship by the queen and all the royal family; she has done her country more honour than any lady I have seen here, both by a genteel and prudent behaviour.'

The Edinburgh mansion of the Eglintoun family was situated in a dingy court on the north side of High Street, latterly known as the Stamp-Office Close. Though hemmed in on all sides, it was a commodious building, with a handsome staircase, and an air of aristocratic distinction. Its chief drawback, according to modern notions, consisted in the narrow and mean entrance from the street, which, at the utmost, could admit only a sedan-chair with its bearers. Here, however, dwelt the Countess of Eglintoun, in a style befitting her rank, along with her daughters; and hence did they ceremoniously sally through the narrow passage, each in her sedan, to attend the fashionable balls in the Assembly Rooms, situated in the recesses of the Old Town—the procession lighted by links borne by servants and caddies. Tradition speaks of the goodly sight it was to see the long procession of sedans, containing Lady Eglintoun and her daughters, emerge from the close and proceed to the Assembly Rooms, where there was sure to be a crowd of admirers congregated to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chair to the pavement. It could not certainly fail to be a remarkable sight—eight beautiful women, conspicuous for their stature and carriage, all dressed in the splendid though formal fashions of that period, and inspired with dignity of birth and consciousness of beauty.

It was perhaps reckoned an eccentricity of character, in an age when the nobility were not signalled by a regard for learning and the fine arts, that the Countess Susannah manifested a kindly affection for literary talent. Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet—affecting a relationship with the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and referring to them as

Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My prop, my stoop, my ornament—

was not slack in discovering the Countess Susannah as an encourager of literary effort. As Gay found an indulgent patron in Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, so did Ramsay, in launching the *Gentle Shepherd*, lay that charming pastoral drama at the feet of the Countess of Eglintoun. We know not, after an interval of a hundred and fifty years, how far the dedication—full of extravagant praise—helped the author to secure public attention. It was probably of no permanent value, for the merits of the work would in time have given it a high place in literature. If possible, to secure success at a time when efforts of this kind were doubtful, the drama was prefaced by verses by Hamilton of Bangour, laudatory of the Countess of Eglintoun, and embodying a just compliment to herself and her daughters. The verses have been quoted a hundred times; but in honour of

Susannah, we print them in this humble sketch once more:

In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
Sincere, and equal to thy neighbours' fame,
How swift to praise, how obstinate to blame!
Bold in thy presence bashfulness appears,
And backward merit loses all its fears.
Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace
Conferst is thine—an early blooming race;
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian wisdom arm—
Divine instruction!—taught of thee to charm,
What transports shall they to thy soul impart
(The conscious transports of a parent's heart),
When thou behold'st them of each grace possessed,
And sighing youths imploring to be blest,
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,
Or in the visit or the dance to shine;
Thrice happy who succeed their mother's praise,
The lovely Eglintouns of other days!

One is pleased to know that Lady Betty, Lady Margaret, and the other 'lovely Eglintouns of other days,' made good matches, and were the mothers of men more or less distinguished for intellectual attainments. Some of the best blood in Scotland in the present day can be traced to these ladies. Besides watching over her daughters, the countess had to care for the education of her eldest son, Alexander, who was a mere boy when he succeeded as tenth Earl of Eglintoun. He was an especial favourite of her ladyship. Putting him under the direction of tutors, and living with him most of the year at Eglintoun, and more lately at the interesting old mansion of Auchans, she, in her formal ceremonious way, always addressed him, though a boy, as Lord Eglintoun, and commanded all the family and domestics to do the same. Every day, his lordship, with courtly state, led his mother to the dinner-table. The entertainments which she gave on special occasions, both for the dignity of the guests and the magnificence of the service, were seldom or never equalled in those days.

It is sorrowful to turn from this picture of maternal complacency to the tragical circumstance which clouded the evening of a bright and happy life. Her son, the young Earl Alexander, grew up all that a mother could desire—the pride and hope of the family. Under the responsibilities of his position, he made spirited exertions to improve the agriculture of the county of Ayr, and to diffuse an enterprising system of rural industry. At much expense, and with considerate taste, he planted trees, and laid out the extensive grounds around the family seat, so as to make the place one of the most beautiful in Scotland. How abruptly was this promising young nobleman to be cut off from a scene so enviable! On the 24th of October 1769, he left Eglintoun Castle on horseback, his carriage and four servants attending, and stopped at Ardrossan parks, where he observed a man with a gun in his hand in the act of poaching for game. The man was Mungo Campbell, an officer of excise, who had been already challenged and forgiven for this offence. Somewhat precipitately, as we think, the earl insisted on Campbell giving up his gun, which he refused to do. In a case of this kind, the proper course would have been, not to have acted as a constable, but to appeal to legal process. In his eagerness, however, the earl repeated his demand, at the

same time advancing on Campbell, who, stepping backwards, stumbled on a stone, and fell. In rising, as is alleged, he pointed the gun at Lord Eglington, and fired, and lodged the whole charge in the body of his lordship. The wound was mortal. He was carried to Eglington Castle, where he died in about twelve hours afterwards; his decease being universally regretted. Campbell, a man with good connections, was brought to trial for murder at Edinburgh. It was shewn that the crime was committed without premeditation, and therefore to be viewed leniently; but, by a majority of nine to six, the jury gave a verdict of guilty, and Campbell was condemned to be executed. The unfortunate man, however, could not brook the idea of an ignominious death. On the morning after his trial, he hanged himself in his cell.

At the time of Lord Eglington's death, his mother was living at Auchans, which is at some distance, in the neighbourhood of Irvine. Being immediately sent for, she was stunned with the sudden shock, but hurrying off, she was able to reach Eglington Castle before the young earl expired. The tenderness he displayed towards her and others, is said to have been to the last degree noble and affecting. Though bearing up with pious resignation, the countess never entirely recovered from the loss which she and the family generally had sustained. Alexander, tenth Earl of Eglington, having died unmarried, his titles and estates devolved on his brother Archibald, who thus became eleventh earl. Archibald was married, and had two daughters. Dying without a male heir, the titles, and most of the estates, were inherited by his cousin, Hugh Montgomerie of Colfield, as a descendant of Alexander, the sixth earl. Previous to his accession to the peerage, Hugh had figured as a soldier in the Seven Years' War, had won applause by his care and skill in engineering the Highland roads, and also, for his integrity, had been elected member of parliament for Ayrshire. In this latter capacity, he was the 'soger Hugh' of Burns, not noted for his oratory:

See, soger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If hardies e'er are represented;
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend a hand,
But when there's ought to say ament it,
Ye're at a stand.

'Soger Hugh,' the twelfth Earl of Eglington, lived to the advanced age of eighty, and died in 1819.

As regards the Countess Susannah, she latterly lived in comparative retirement at Auchans, and there her ladyship was visited by Johnson and Boswell on their return from their memorable tour to the Hebrides. The countess was so well pleased with Dr Johnson, his politics, and his conversation, that she embraced and kissed him at parting, an honour of which he was ever afterwards extremely proud. Boswell gives an amusing account of the interview. 'Lady Eglington,' he says, 'though she was now in her eighty-fifth year, and had lived in the country almost half a century, was still a very agreeable woman. Her figure was majestic, her manners high-bred, her reading extensive, and her conversation elegant. She had been the admiration of the gay circles, and the patroness of poets. Dr Johnson was delighted with his reception here. Her principles of

church and state were congenial with his. In the course of conversation, it came out that Lady Eglington was married the year before Dr Johnson was born; upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and she now adopted him.'

Returning to the account of her ladyship in the *Traditions*, we have some curious particulars of the manner in which she amused herself in her concluding years, in taming and patronising rats. 'She kept a vast number of these animals in her pay at Auchans, and they succeeded in her affections to the poets and artists with whom she had been acquainted in early life. It does not reflect much credit on the latter, that her ladyship used to complain of never having met with true gratitude except from four-footed animals. She had a panel in the oak wainscot of her dining-room, which she tapped upon at meal-times, when ten or twelve jolly rats came tripping forth, and joined her at table. At the word of command, or a signal from her ladyship, they retired obediently to their native obduracy—a trait of good sense in the character and habits of the animals, which it is hardly necessary to remark, patrons do not always find in two-legged protégés.'

This venerable lady, who was born just at the Revolution which had brought William and Mary to the throne, drew out existence till 1780, and died at the ripe age of ninety-one. She preserved her stately mien and beautiful complexion to the last. Her skin was of exquisite delicacy, and its fineness, which was a mystery to many ladies not a third of her age, is said to have been due to the fact, that she never used paint or cosmetic, but daily washed her face with sows' milk—a secret, it seems to us, worth knowing. Of course, our lady readers will understand that we do not vouch for the accuracy of this interesting tradition concerning the Countess Susannah; but it is not unlikely to be true. Poppa, the wife of Nero, with a view to prolonging her beauty, bathed periodically in asses' milk; and sows' milk perhaps possesses superior virtues as a beautifying article for the toilet.

One cannot but regret that Auchans Castle, a fine specimen of an old Scottish manor-house, with towers, picturesque gables, wainscoted apartments, antique chimney-pieces, and reverentially classic from the visit of Johnson, is now uninhabited, and fast hastening to decay. In some measure as a compensation, 'soger Hugh' rebuilt and enlarged the castle of Eglington; and what was more important in a national point of view, he, at his own expense, constructed the harbour of Ardrossan, now a useful sea-port on the coast of Ayrshire. 'Soger Hugh' was succeeded by his grandson, Archibald William, thirtieth Earl of Eglington, an excellent and justly popular nobleman, for some time Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, but who is perhaps best remembered in connection with that chivalric display, the Eglington Tournament. As already told in one of our stories, his lordship was served heir to the titles of the Setons, Earls of Wintoun. He was thereafter created Earl of Wintoun (the peerage of Great Britain, with limitation to heirs-male). His son, Archibald William Montgomerie (paternally Seton), the fourteenth and present earl, succeeded to the honours of this old and distinguished family in 1861.

We should not close our sketch without mentioning that Mr Fraser's superb work, which few have an opportunity of seeing, is enriched with a number of family portraits, including those of Greytill in the armour he wore during the Civil Wars, and of Susannah, Countess of Eglintoun, in the pearls and resplendent beauty with which she shone in the early part of her wedded career.

W. C.

A CRUISE TO BAFFIN'S BAY.

THERE is no more congenial fireside reading for a winter evening than a volume of Arctic travel. At such times we are best able to appreciate at their full value the courage, endurance, and the spirit of resolute hopefulness required by the explorer of the polar regions. Dread and desolate as those regions are, they nevertheless possess a fascination for us greater than lands to which Nature has been most lavish in her gifts. No doubt, the air of mystery—a mystery yet to be penetrated—which hangs over that vast northern world, has much to do with this. The same element gives its chief interest to the explorations of the river Nile; but there is a sense of vagueness and vastness, something of solemn awe about the former, beyond that attaching to any other field of modern exploration.

Those who take any interest in the progress of Arctic discovery, and can relish, besides, a simple yet well-told narrative of maritime adventure, will find much to attract them in the account which Captain Markham has recently given us of a voyage* made by him to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia, in company with Captain Adams, the dashing, warm-hearted, and jovial skipper of the Dundee steam-whaler *Arctic*. The volume will have additional interest for many from the fact of its author's being, as our readers are aware, the next in command to Captain Nares of the forthcoming Arctic expedition. It would seem, from certain expressions in the early part of his book, that the author looked forward at the time of writing to the possibility of his some day being employed in Arctic exploration under government auspices. And it is possible that the book under notice may have additionally recommended him to the responsible and arduous post to which he has recently been appointed. Until we receive news of the results of the present Arctic expedition, this account of a voyage to what may be regarded as the threshold of the regions which the expedition is to endeavour to penetrate, is very good preparatory reading, apart from its own intrinsic interest.

Captain Markham sailed from Dundee in the steam-whaler *Arctic*, a vessel of four hundred and thirty-nine tons burden, and having an engine of seventy horse-power. His object in undertaking the present voyage was to gain experience in Arctic navigation, to see for himself how steam-vessels were handled among the ice, and to pick up any kind of information that might be of service, should an expedition be, at some future time, despatched from England for the exploration of the polar regions. As whale-ships are not licensed to carry passengers, Captain Markham had to ship

under Captain Adams, who was in command, as an officer on board the *Arctic*, signing articles by which he was pledged 'to conduct himself in an orderly, faithful, honest, and sober manner,' and 'to be at all times diligent in his respective duties, and to be obedient to the lawful commands of his said master.' He was also to receive a fixed wage, namely, one shilling per month, a penny on every tun of oil, and a halfpenny on each ton of whale-bone brought home in the ship. These, of course, were merely formal ceremonies; and having been duly gone through, Captain Markham's position on board the *Arctic* was simply that of a passenger.

The scene on board a whaler on leaving port cannot be an edifying one. Owing to the very large number of parting glasses quaffed by sailors in taking leave of their friends, a considerable time is frequently wasted in settling down to their respective duties on board. We are glad to state, however, that there are exceptions to this rule, and Captain Markham was fortunate in having shipped with a crew of whom their skipper could say that they were the best and soberest 'crowd' he had ever put to sea with.

The *Arctic* made the passage to Davis' Strait in six days—a quick run; and here preparations were immediately begun for capturing whales. It was not long before 'fish' were sighted; but the *Arctic* was not immediately successful in securing any. The sailors began to attribute their ill-luck to various causes, all of a very trifling kind, but enough to prove how superstition still lingers amongst the race. Now it was a small comb, the common property of the men, that was the cause of their bad fortune; now a little pig that was on board; and now the blame was laid on two of their shipmates, who, it was discovered, had, on their last voyage, been in a ship which had returned to port 'clean,' that is, without having captured a single whale. This latter idea became so fixed in the minds of the crew, that they actually went through the ceremony of burning their innocently offending comrades in effigy, as a propitiation to Dame Fortune. No doubt, their faith in the efficacy of this proceeding was strengthened when, not long after, a fine whale was harpooned and secured.

The capture of a whale is an affair of the most absorbing interest. It is exciting even in the reading, and Captain Markham assures us that the actual scene baffles description. From the moment that the cry of a 'fall' is shouted from the 'crow's-nest' or look-out, to the time when the huge prey is safely alongside the vessel, all is breathless suspense, and the intensest excitement. Captain Markham more than once had personal experience of the perils incident to a whaler's life. On one occasion, the boat which he and his companions were in was fast to a whale for six hours, during which time they were dragged through the water at a terrific pace. Water had to be constantly poured on the tow-line, lest the friction of the rope should set fire to the boat, and, as it was, smoke rose in little clouds from the bows. For a few moments, the whale stopped its terrible speed to blow, and the line, which had worn a deep rut in the 'bollard head,' having got time to cool a little, stuck to the wood. Suddenly, the whale dived, the line would not run, and the bow of the boat was dragged violently under water, which almost

* *A Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.* By Captain A. H. Markham, R.N.

overwhelmed the harpooner. But this saved the occupants of the boat, for the water, moistening the rope, caused it again to run freely, and the boat righted in time to escape being wholly swamped. It was a close thing; for had the tow-line refused to run, the boat must have inevitably been taken under with its crew, who would have in all likelihood perished, for at the time they were far distant from the ship. On this occasion, the boat was dragged fifteen miles by the whale, before, exhausted by its exertions and by loss of blood, the huge monster yielded itself a helpless prey to its pursuers, and received its death-stroke amid the cheers of the wearied but elated men. When the boat's crew reached the ship, they had been away fourteen hours, during which time no food had passed their lips.

The *Arctic* left Dundee on the 6th of May, and on the 6th of June she reached Melville Bay. Melville Bay is the *belle noire* of the whaler, for it is here that he has to encounter the formidable ice-floe. The first thing to be done is to try to discover a 'lead'—that is, a narrow creek of water amid the floes, through which the vessel may pass. When a vessel is caught, or, what is termed, in whalers' phraseology, 'nipped,' by a floe, one of three things happens—either the ice, in its unwavering and merciless course, passes under the ship (in which case all is right); or, *over*, or *through* it. In the last two cases, the sailors have barely time to leap out upon the ice, and escape from the sinking ship. In the days before steam-vessels were used in the Arctic whale-fishery, loss of ships in this way was a frequent occurrence, though, singularly enough, when we consider the danger to the crews that must have accompanied such casualties, they were rarely attended by loss of life. Now, happily, the sinking of a steam-whaler, by being 'nipped' by an ice-floe, is rare, though instances have occurred.

It is not possible, Captain Markham declares, for any one who has had no experience of them, to realise the dangers and vicissitudes of Arctic navigation; and yet our author found a great amount of interest in their experience. He found it a most attractive pastime, for instance, to stand on the fore-castle of the *Arctic*, and watch the ship fairly fighting with the ice. Now she charged straight at a floe, meeting it with such a shock as to come to a sudden and dead stop. Now she struck a mass sideways, and making a cannon, glanced off another with her opposite bow, her head swerving from the recoil five or six points out of due course. Again the ship would pass over a piece of the floe, forcing it under the water, but not thereby escaping all danger, for the masses of ice, released from the pressure of the vessel's hull, spring up again with sudden violence, and in the most unexpected quarters. If they rise up under the boats that are slung to her sides, there is danger of the latter being shattered to pieces. To prevent such casualties, men have to be stationed to keep a look-out for the reappearance of the ice above the water, and to fend it off the ship's sides with long poles. We can well imagine that the watching of this battle between the *Arctic* and her stubborn foe must have been a pastime of a keenly exciting kind.

After a little time, however, Captain Markham found the mere killing and capturing of whales becoming a little monotonous. One 'kill' very closely resembled another; and when the novelty

wore off, all attraction ceased for the amateur whaler, who had no pecuniary interest in the taking of the 'fish.' Our author's narrative gives us a very good insight into the kind of life that is led on board the whaling fleets that yearly visit the polar regions from our northern ports, and is, we believe, the most exactly detailed account of the fishery, as it is now carried on, which we have yet had. The voyage which he made in the *Arctic* proved an extremely lucky one for its owners, the captain, and all on board in any way concerned in the pecuniary profits of the ship. Sometimes as many as four whales were killed and secured at one time; and the ship began rapidly to fill up. When a whale has been got on board, the process of 'finching' and 'making-off'—that is, skinning, boning, and cutting up the whale—is at once begun; and all this is described at length by our author. The condition in which a ship is left after a finching and making-off is one of simply indescribable filth, and when two or three fish have been taken, this state of things becomes chronic. In a little time Captain Markham found it a matter of almost hopeless difficulty to keep even his own person and apparel clean, so impregnated with grease and dirt did everything in the ship, from stem to stern, become. When it seemed impossible to him that things could become much worse in this respect, Captain Adams remarked one morning, in a reflective way: 'When we has another fish or two, we'll be in a fearsome mess.' The witnessing of a fish being finched, however, does not appear to be especially disgusting. One chief reason for the excitement of whale-fishing soon palling upon our author was, that his heart and thoughts were really in the regions beyond those in which the *Arctic* lingered in the first part of her voyage. His imagination went out to the vast unknown waters farther north, on the confines of which he was now sailing, and a somewhat nearer approach to which he hoped for, even in his present voyage. By-and-by, he got nearer. The *Arctic* made an unusually rapid passage through the ticklish Melville Bay, and emerged into the region known as the 'North Water,' on the other side; and Captain Markham was 'only eight hundred and fifty miles from the north pole!' It seemed to him no distance. Meanwhile, he busied himself, whenever the weather permitted, in taking sights and bearings, and in making various observations relative to the nature and position of the land, the depth of the water, and the accuracy of the existing charts of these regions.

Captain Adams, still pursuing his mammoth prey, pushed on through Barrow's Strait to Port Leopold. Landing at Port Leopold, Captain Markham found interesting traces of former Arctic explorers—of Sir James Ross, Kennedy, and McClintock: stores and gear left by these gallant navigators for the benefit of those who might follow in their track; and besides these, written records of Sir Leopold McClintock's voyages in the *Foe* in 1848 and 1859. Further on, at Fury Beach, other relics of Sir James Ross, and also of Parry, were discovered; all of which, naturally, had a deep interest for Captain Markham. Close to Port Leopold, off Cape Crawford, the *Arctic* met the *Ravenraig*, another steam-whaler, and in this way occurred the most interesting incident in the voyage of the former vessel, and a not unwelcome one in that of the latter, for it was discovered

that the *Ravenscraig* had on board a number of the crew of the American expedition ship *Polaris*, who had been picked up from their boat. It was arranged between the captains of the *Ravenscraig* and the *Arctic* that the latter should take on board a portion of the *Polaris* crew, including the doctor and the first-mate; and from these, Captain Markham obtained much information in regard to the voyage of the *Polaris*, of a kind likely hereafter to be useful to him.

The expedition of the *Polaris* was in many ways remarkable, and deserves to be remembered as one of the most daring and successful feats of recent maritime enterprise. It was carried out under anything but favourable circumstances. The *Polaris* was a small vessel, of weak steam-power. The leader of the expedition, Captain Hall, was not a trained seaman, and had, in fact, hardly any knowledge of navigation, almost his only recommendations for the post being great courage, energy, and enthusiasm. His crew was a hastily selected, miscellaneous, and oddly assorted one. Yet the *Polaris* penetrated to a farther point north than had yet been reached—as far as eighty-two degrees sixteen minutes, which is not much more than three hundred miles from the pole. Captain Hall started from America in the summer of 1871, and sailed uninterruptedly up Baffin's Bay and part of Smith's Sound, where his further progress was stopped by loose ice-floes. In Smith's Sound, Captain Hall wintered, and there, sad to relate, died. Some of his companions expressed to Captain Markham their belief that had their leader lived, the expedition would have been in all respects a success, so impressed had they become with his gallantry, energy, and endurance. After Hall's death, however, his comrades thought only of getting back as soon as possible. They were progressing favourably on their homeward way, when their vessel was 'nipped' by the ice, whereby a portion of the crew were swept away on the floe, the remaining part being left on the ship. The former were rescued by a vessel engaged in the seal-fishery. Those who had been left on the ship, ran her aground near Lyttelton Island, Smith's Sound, took to the boats, and were ultimately picked up by the *Ravenscraig*.

From Dr Bessels, who was really the only man of any scientific attainments attached to the *Polaris* expedition, Captain Markham gathered many valuable hints regarding Arctic navigation. Dr Bessels was a remarkably ingenious man, whose services any exploring expedition would be fortunate in obtaining. Of his inventive powers, he gave numerous proofs, both on board the *Polaris* and the *Arctic*, one of which was, when Captain Markham lost his hydrometer, to replace it by a novel one of his own construction, which admirably supplied the place of the lost instrument. Dr Bessels' voyage in the *Polaris* had impressed him strongly with the opinion that the real way to reach the north pole was by Smith's Sound.

After taking on board, from the *Ravenscraig*, Dr Bessels and such of his companions as it was arranged should accompany him, Captain Adams continued his voyage, the *Arctic* being not yet quite so full as to satisfy that energetic skipper. Captain Markham now found a congenial companion in Dr Bessels, and the two pursued their scientific observations with keen interest and mutual benefit. At Cape Garry, they made a

short exploring sally together on land, meeting with several adventures of a sufficiently exciting kind, getting some good sport in the shape of reindeer-shooting, and returning to the vessel thoroughly tired out, but well satisfied with the success of their expedition. During his sojourn on board the *Arctic*, Captain Markham had many offers of assistance from the crew, in the event of his one day making a polar expedition. While the preliminary arrangements for the present government expedition were in progress, the captain went to Dundee, for the purpose of enlisting the services of a number of ice-masters; and we have no doubt that, in seeking what he wanted, he did not forget his stalwart and stout-hearted shipmates of the *Arctic*.

Captain Adams' luck, though it had been at first a little long in coming, when it had set in, continued with him to the end. At length, the ship was almost full, with hardly room for another fish. We may here notice, in passing, that the phraseology of whalers, like nautical phraseology generally, sometimes reverses the meanings which words have on land. Strictly speaking, a whale is not a fish, being a marine mammal; but, with the northern fisherman, nothing else is a fish but a whale. With him, no other creature is worthy of that name. One day, Captain Markham, in the early part of his voyage, having noticed an appearance on the water, at some distance from the ship, which looked to him like some kind of large fish, intimated this to a north-country sailor standing by, who answered: 'Na, na, sir; nae a fish, only a unie'; unie being the whaler's name for the narwhal. The *Arctic* had now on board the largest cargo of blubber and whalebone that had ever been taken in Baffin's Bay; the hearts of all in the ship, to use a Scriptural figure, which is, however, no figure here, but the literal truth, were glad with marrow and with oil. When the skipper put it to the crew, whether they should try for yet another fish, or at once set their faces homeward, the men unanimously declared for the latter course. It was with mingled pleasure and regret that Captain Markham heard the decision. He could not, of course, be otherwise than glad at the thought of getting home; but he had a vague wish that he could have seen more before returning. Captain Adams, too, would have liked to oblige his passenger in this respect; but his ship, owing to her heavy cargo, was now so low in the water, that he feared to risk remaining longer amid the ice than was necessary. So the *Arctic's* head was pointed for home. But her return journey was not so rapid as could have been wished. She had to encounter a good deal of adverse weather and much ice, now steaming through vast tracts of it, packed closely together, now along the edge of floes, and now amid innumerable bergs of gigantic size, sometimes literally boring her way through the opposing mass. Fifteen days after the *Arctic's* head had been set southward, those on board were no nearer home. Eventually, however, the weather took a favourable turn, the *Arctic* got into open water, and a course of fair and steady winds took the good ship in fine style across the Atlantic on her homeward course. She reached Dundee on the 19th of September.

The voyage here described by Captain Markham, taken in conjunction with the expedition of the *Polaris*, tends very materially to prove two things:

the first is, that the great improvements that have been made during recent years in steam-vessels must vastly facilitate all future exploration of the Arctic regions. Difficulties and dangers which were found almost insurmountable by the old explorers, must vanish with the employment of the steam-power which those of the present day have at their command. The second thing which Captain Markham's experiences, or, rather, those of the members of the *Polaris* expedition which our author records, tend to confirm is, that, as far as can be seen at present, *Smith's Sound is the key to the north pole*. From the farthest point which the *Polaris* reached, open water was seen stretching northward, and land extending to the north and west. The Geographical Society seem to be unanimous in their opinion, that Smith's Sound is the route by which the north pole is to be reached, and have therefore recommended it to the polar expedition as that which should be tried. There will be few who will not await with interest the results of the expedition, wishing it, meanwhile, all success in its bold and hazardous enterprise.

Since the days of the old English explorers, other nations besides England have entered the field of Arctic discovery. Germany, Russia, Austria, and notably America, have all, during late years, made strenuous efforts to penetrate the mystery of the north pole, and so secure the palm for maritime prowess. It would be a pity, surely, if England, after having done such noble pioneer-work in Arctic exploration, should have to see a rival nation snatch from her grasp the prize for which she has struggled so gallantly and so long.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XIX.—A CONFIDENTIAL SITTING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the dismal foreboding that haunted Walter Litton as respected his connection with Willowbank, it is not to be supposed that he was even yet in love with Lillian, in any serious or practical way. If he had been charged with such an imprudence, he would probably have answered, 'And am I also in love with the moon?' but there would have been more bitterness than drollery in the reply. We remember a young gentleman of our own acquaintance who was rallied upon his attachment to a lady considerably his senior, and who gave considerable comfort to his friends by replying gaily: 'A man may not marry his grandmother'; and yet he did wed the lady, after all. But the 'table of affinity' was nothing in the way of an impediment, compared with the obstacles that stood between Walter and Lillian. He had not even told his love, though that is of small consequence, since love is one of those things which 'grows'—and also comes—'without saying.' He had never dreamt of telling it. He would have thought it dishonourable—considering how he had obtained admittance to Willowbank, and his hospitable reception there—to speak to Lillian upon such a subject, without first addressing himself to her father; and if he did that, it was certain that he would be dismissed at once. Dismissal, indeed, as we have said, would probably take place, at all events; but he had no intention of anticipating it. Whatever peril to himself, whatever regrets, whatever despair, might attend such a

cause, he resolved to be with Lillian as much as he could. His wings might be singed, he might be utterly shrivelled up by that attractive flame, but the light and the warmth were temptations that he could not withstand, and he would enjoy them as long as possible. And at the appointed hour next morning, he presented himself at Willowbank, and was shewn up to the extemporised studio above-stairs.

Both the sisters were awaiting him there, and received him with marked cordiality. In the morning light, Lotty looked even more wan and changed than she had done on the previous evening; but her manner was warm and genial, as though she was striving to make up to him for the enforced coldness of her late reception.

'It gave me pain, Mr Litton, yesterday, to have to ignore so true and kind a friend as you have shewn yourself,' said she frankly. 'And you must please to believe that I am not the ingrate that I seemed.'

'You seemed nothing of the kind, dear Lady Selwyn,' answered Walter; 'but only to be the victim of untoward circumstances, as, indeed, we all were. I hope the time will soon arrive when there will be no necessity for such concealment.'

'Well, I think it will be better to let bygones be bygones altogether,' replied she quickly. 'I know what you will say—for Reginald has thought a great deal about it—that it is unpleasant to feel that there is always a risk; that when we are most secure, and all is going on smoothly, an explosion may occur out of this very secret; but that is no reason why we should light the match ourselves. Moreover, the longer it is delayed, the better condition we shall be in to meet the consequences. At present, things have hardly joined, as it were; whereas, in a little time, I hope the reunion will have been fully established—and solid masonry will stand almost any shock.'

'Your husband is doubtless the best judge of his own affairs,' said Walter quietly. 'It seemed to me that he and your father got on capitally last night.'

'Yes, did they not? And dear papa is so very kind to me. He hardly likes me to be out of his sight; and I should have been with him now, but that I could not bear to meet you a second time as a stranger, Mr Litton.—O Lillian, he was so kind on that journey to Penaddon! What we should have done without him, I can't imagine! And he has been even kinder since!—'

She stopped, and blushed; and Walter coloured too at this allusion to his loan. He was not, however, so annoyed at it, as he otherwise would have been, since the fact of Selwyn's having told his wife of the matter, seemed to render it impossible that he should have entertained any jealousy of him with respect to her. He might have been jealous, and still borrowed the money—that would have been like 'spoiling the Philistines,' in the captain's eyes—but he would certainly not have let her know with whom he had incurred the obligation.

'I know he has been kind,' assented Lillian, 'and is so still, since, for your sakes, he is doing violence to his own conscience.'

Walter could not help comparing the difference in the view of these two girls as respected that matter of secrecy: the one had spoken of it as a dangerous risk, and solely with regard to the

material loss that might result from it; the other had referred to its moral aspect. It was true that Lillian had recommended the dissimulation, but she had made no attempt to justify it; whereas it had not even struck her sister that there was any objection—on the score of conscience—to the plan at all. But in this he was hard on Lotty, since it ought to have been evident to him that she was but the mouthpiece of her husband.

'O yes, that's very dreadful, of course,' said she; 'but it would be a hundred times worse, if papa found out you were an old friend of ours, Mr Litton, and had been planning and plotting in our favour.'

'Nay, he could scarcely say that, Lady Selwyn, for, with all the will in the world to serve you, I had no such opportunities. The picture, you know, was a lucky chance.'

'Yes; how funny, was it not? I must certainly go and see that picture some day; as soon as I have got something fit to wear to go in. And that reminds me I have not written out what dear papa calls a "rough draft" of the things I am in want of. These are to be quite independent of his arrangement with Reginald—a little present all to myself. Is he not kind, Mr Litton?'

And off she tripped, with more of the lightness of those Penaddon days than he had hitherto seen in her. He was not pleased at the careless way in which she had spoken of his picture (how little did she guess what it had cost him; how little did she dream that it had been inspired by the memory of herself, and had been wrought out amid vain repinings!); but to see her so like herself, made him forget that, and follow her retreating figure with tender eyes.

'I suppose,' said he smiling, 'your father thinks he can scarcely do enough to shew how pleased he is to get your sister back, Miss Lillian.'

'That is but natural,' answered Lillian gravely. 'But there is another reason, I think, for his being so demonstrative: she looks so piteous—so sad. You see that, Mr Litton, yourself, I'm sure.'

'She is certainly not looking nearly so well as before her marriage,' answered Walter.

'No; and what is worse, not nearly so happy, Mr Litton.'

'And yet she ought to be happy, Miss Lillian, being thus reconciled to her father, and reunited to yourself. Perhaps it is the excess of joy, which, succeeding to much sorrow, has been too much for her.'

Lillian shook her head, though Walter was at that moment painting from it, and she was generally a most careful sitter. 'No, no; you are quite wrong there; though, as you say, there has been much sorrow. Sir Reginald is your friend, Mr Litton—though (if I am not mistaken) not quite so friend-like as he used to be; and, therefore, I cannot tell you what I think.'

'Pray, tell me, Miss Lillian. It cannot hurt Sir Reginald to tell me, and it will not hurt me. My solicitude is not for him, but for your sister. That is not because he was, as you hint, unfriendly to me last night; it always was so. I could not have painted that picture, had it been otherwise.'

'I guessed that much,' said Lillian softly.

'Yes; of course he could be nothing to me, for I never met her till the day she'—he looked about for some euphemistic term in vain—'ran

away with Captain Selwyn; but her face haunted me from the moment I first saw it.'

'It is sadly changed,' said Lillian, in low grave tones. 'Do you think six months of wedded happiness could have altered it so? No; nor even six months of poverty, or toil, or care. Nothing but misery could have effected that, Mr Litton. My poor dear darling sister Lotty is a miserable woman.'

'Let us hope not that,' said Litton soothingly. 'She has been living a hard life of late, remember, compared with that to which she was accustomed under your father's roof; she has had anxieties of the gravest sort, as well as petty cares, which of themselves would effect so delicate a being.'

'Yes; and she has had no one to comfort her. That man, Sir Reginald, is no comfort to her. She is afraid of him. Did you not see how her eyes followed him about—not with affection, or, at least, certainly not with affection only, but in fear? He is a hard man, I am sure, Mr Litton, and I believe he is a bad man.'

'As I told you once before, Miss Lillian, no man is good, if weighed in so fine a balance as a young lady's judgment—unless he change to be her husband. Selwyn is doubtless self-like like the rest of our sex; and he is a proud, won't you doubt, therefore, he resented your father's conduct towards him, implying as it did that this marriage was in some respects a *mésalliance*; and resentment does make a fellow a little hard.'

'But he should not have resented my father's conduct upon Lotty,' urged Lillian; 'no man but a coward'—

'Selwyn is not a coward,' interrupted Walter. He could not afford to neglect that chance of defending the captain on grounds where he had good standing; the next moment, he felt that it would have been better to have let it pass.

'I don't mean that your friend is afraid of swords and bullets, Mr Litton,' answered Lillian quickly. 'We are all aware of that; but there are other kinds of cowardice—and worse—than that which shrinks from death and danger. I know that his arm was hurt in battle; but if he had lost it, his empty sleeve would not—to me at least—have atoned for his want of heart. He has no heart, to be called such; nor courage either, or he would not have permitted you—his friend—to play the hypocrite for him. It's true that I did myself urge you to do so; but had I been he, I would have told my father all last night, and excused you to him for what you had done for him and his; instead of which, he made a cat's-paw of you, Mr Litton, and shewed himself neither grateful to you nor friendly.'

Walter felt that this was true: her statement of it, indeed, was the strongest possible confirmation of his own view of the matter; but it was a subject that he by no means wished to discuss.

'I am sorry that your sister's husband should have made such an unfavourable impression upon you, Miss Lillian; I am sure that he little suspects it.'

'It is no matter to him whether he suspects it or not; so long as he has gained my father's ear, that is all he cares for. My opinion of him is of no consequence in any way, nor his of me; it is upon my sister's account alone that I am so grieved—so wretched. Of course, I have not told her a word of this; nor my father either. I had no

right to tell it to you—that is, to trouble you with such a matter—but I felt as though I could not keep it myself?

'If it has been any comfort to you to tell it to me, then I am glad that it has been told,' said Walter gravely. 'I both think and hope, however, that your affection for your sister leads you to exaggerate her woes. In a little time, now that Fortune smiles upon her, you will see her become herself again, and her husband will be reinstated in your good opinion. Adversity is not a good school for all of us, believe me; and in happier days, you will see Sir Reginald's character in brighter colours.'

'Let us hope so,' said Lillian, sighing. 'I shall have every opportunity for doing it, since my father intends to ask him to live with us. To have dear Lotty here again will be an inexpressible pleasure to me—a few days ago, I should have deemed it the greatest that could befall me; but, on the other hand, to see her the slave of a tyrant, spiritless, joyless, with all her illusions cruelly destroyed—that will go nigh to break my heart.'

Walter saw that his companion was in no mood to be reasoned with. It was probable that she had some distinct foundation for her apprehensions or convictions, which she did not wish to disclose; but if even, they arose from intuition, it was difficult for him to combat opinions which in truth he shared. It was terribly early for her to have thus made up her mind as to the character of the man just admitted into her family circle; but upon the whole it seemed better to let matters right themselves—if that might be—than to argue the matter further. He worked on, therefore, in silence, only now and then addressing his companion upon professional topics. 'The heroine's head should be a little more to the right, please'—'Would you be so good as to smile, Joan, since you are not yet condemned to be burnt alive? those gloomy looks are an anachronism,' &c. &c. Then Mr Brown came in, with Lotty leaning on his arm, and was very gracious, though, to Walter's sensitive ear, his tone lacked its usual frankness. His looks had changed for the better almost as much as those of his new-found daughter had changed for the worse. As he stood complacently regarding the picture, his hand beat softly upon hers, as though to convince himself that his happiness was not a dream, that he had really recovered the treasure which he had deemed lost for ever. Was it the mere recollection of that loss, or the hint that Sir Reginald had dropped the previous night, which made him, while praising the painter's handiwork, more distant to the painter himself? 'You are getting on capitally, Mr Litton. I conclude that, after a few more sittings, my daughter's presence will not be necessary to you?' Lillian looked up, as if about to speak, but did not do so. Walter felt that she had intended to say that the sittings gave her no inconvenience; in his secret heart, he flattered himself that she enjoyed them.

'I shall not trouble her more than I can help,' said he.

'Just so,' returned his host; 'and, of course, it will be more convenient for yourself to finish the work at home. I must take these young ladies one of these days to see your studio.'

'It is but a poor place,' said Walter; 'and you must please to give me notice, that I may have it swept and garnished.'

'Yes, yes; we understand all that,' answered Mr Brown loudly. 'It is not to be expected that lodgings in Beach Street should be in such a spike-and-span condition as we keep our rooms at Willowbank. We shall not take you by surprise, sir.'

Presently, the dull roar of the gong, sounding for luncheon came up to them from the hall.

'I am afraid, Mr Litton,' said the host, 'I must take away your patient—I mean your sister—since I have promised myself the pleasure of driving out with my two daughters after lunch.'

'By all means,' answered Walter, with a little blush. It was the tone of the speech, rather than the words, that annoyed him; it seemed to say so very plainly: 'I can't have you hanging about the house all day, and dropping in at every meal.'

'But will not Mr Litton lunch with us, papa?' said Lotty. It was an effort that evidently cost her much; she was by nature timid; all the vigour and courage of her life seemed to have been expended in that runaway match of hers; and, moreover, it was more than probable that she had received positive orders from her husband that Walter was not to be encouraged at Willowbank.

'We have some Devonshire cream in the house, Mr Litton, I know,' observed Lillian, 'if such things tempt you.'

'No,' answered he, smiling; 'I rarely take lunch at all.'

He was resolute not to take offence at Mr Brown, and his meekness had its reward; for that gentleman, conscious, perhaps, of having committed a breach of hospitality—a virtue on which he plumed himself—began now to press him to stay; and when Litton declined, he said: 'Well, well; you must come and dine with us, again, then, some day: let us say in a week or so hence—when you have done your Joan of Arc!'

The invitation was not a pressing one, and about as vague as those to which no date is attached; and it was a proof how 'hard he was hit'—how highly, at all events, he valued an evening spent in Lillian's company—that Walter accepted it with a good grace. At the same time it was quite evident to him, that neither on that occasion nor on any other would he be received at Willowbank on the old easy footing.

CHAPTER XX.—SIR REGINALD IS FRANKNESS ITSELF.

Walter's Joan of Arc did not make progress at the rate which its beginning seemed to promise; nor was this through any fault of the artist. He would doubtless have liked to linger over it as long as he dared; he was not given to 'scamp' his work at any time, and this particular picture was, if we may say so without any imputation upon that prudence and good sense on which he piqued himself, a labour of love to him. He wished to do his very best with it, in order—at least that was the reason which he could have given for his solicitude in the matter—to make it a fitting companion to the *Philippa*. But had he been ever so desirous to make good speed, the opportunity was not afforded to him. Instead of repairing to Willowbank daily, according to the original arrangement, he was given to understand that his attendance once a week would now be more convenient; and more than once, upon the day before a visit, he would receive a communication from his patron that Miss

Lilian's engagements would not permit her to sit to him until the week afterwards. It would perhaps have been more judicious in Mr Brown, if he wished to part these young people, that Walter should have done his work at once—so much of it, that is, as required Lilian's presence—and then have taken it home to finish, as had been at first agreed upon; for, as it was, these periods of absence only made the meetings more attractive, and imparted to them a certain flavour of friendship and intimacy, born of long acquaintance. Moreover, artist and sitter had so much the more to talk about concerning matters that had occurred in the interval; and since these were naturally of a domestic sort—chiefly respecting Lotty and her husband—their conferences became very confidential.

Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn were now living at Willowbank; but the former—for he could not suppose otherwise—kept out of his way designedly; he had not set eyes on him since the date of that dinner of reconciliation, now some months ago. Lotty he often saw, and she was looking somewhat better, certainly less haggard and anxious; whereas Lilian, on the other hand, had fallen off, not, perhaps in her beauty, but certainly as to health and spirits. She had been depressed when he first knew her, because of her sister's misfortune; but she had always entertained hopes of its mitigation, and could rouse herself to cheerfulness upon occasion; but now she was always depressed, and at times looked so pale and piteous as to more resemble Philippa than Joan. Nor, in answer to Walter's inquiries on the matter, did she affect to conceal the cause of this alteration.

'I told you that if I found that my sister was unhappy in her marriage, it would be a very severe blow to me, Mr Litton; and that blow has fallen.'

It really seemed that, independently of her passionate love for Lotty, their twinnish had something sympathetic in it, which rendered their woes common. Walter could now say little to heal this family breach—though he loyally did his best for the captain—since her complaints of Sir Reginald arose from matters that were within her own observation, and of which he knew nothing, save from her lips. From them he learned that the baronet was growing into considerable favour with his father-in-law, and that his position in the house seemed to be quite secured. To his host, he was complaisant, even to servility, and perfectly civil and polite to Lilian herself. At first, he had appeared to lay himself out to gain her sisterly affections; but perceiving that his efforts were but coldly received, he had discontinued them. To his wife, he was smooth-spoken before her two relatives; but Lilian had noticed that his voice, in addressing her, had quite another tone, when he imagined that others were out of hearing; but independently of that, she was persuaded that Lotty lived in fear of him. A hundred little occurrences had convinced her of this, slight in themselves, but all significant, and, taken together, overwhelmingly corroborative: the way poor Lotty watched her husband, even in company; the involuntary admissions she would make when speaking of him in his absence; the start she would give on hearing, unexpectedly, his voice, his footstep; and, above all, the loss of all her brightness and gaiety, and happy ways.

'Look at her, Mr Litton—only look at her, as

she moves, and smiles, and speaks, and then, if you will tell me that I am wrong, I will bless you from the bottom of my heart!'

But Walter could not tell her she was wrong; all that he saw of Lotty convinced him that her sister's sad description of her case was, but too true; that she who, counting by months, could almost be termed a bride, was already a broken-spirited and most unhappy woman. Curiously enough, Mr Brown did not seem to perceive this, or, at all events, to take it much to heart; perhaps he imagined that languor and impassiveness were the proper attributes of an exalted position, and that it was only natural that Lady Selwyn should have cast off the childish gaiety that had characterised her as plain Lotty Brown. On the other hand, he was somewhat anxious about Lilian. He saw the change in her, though even in that case only in her health; if he noticed her altered spirits, he set that down to some physical ailment; it was inexplicable to him, that any girl who had plenty to eat and drink, fine clothes to wear, and a good house over her head, could have any cause for melancholy.

'When your picture is finished, Mr Litton,' he observed on one occasion, 'and before the cold weather sets in, I propose to take my little household to Italy. It seems to all of us that my daughter Lilian requires change of scene; and our medical man has recommended a warm climate.'

Walter could not but express his hopes that such a plan would benefit the young lady; but he had little expectation of its doing so, since the cause of her malady would remain, or, rather, accompany her on the tour, in the person of Sir Reginald. Moreover, the information had been given him with a certain significance of tone, which, at all events to his ear, had seemed to imply another object in the arrangement—namely, that of separating Lilian from himself; and if so, he could make a shrewd guess as to whom he had to thank for the precaution. He thought this hard, since, never, by look or word, had he broken his inward resolve not to abuse his position at Willowbank, by offering love to his host's daughter; but harder still, that Sir Reginald, whom he had helped to his marriage with Lotty, should have been the person to awaken Mr Brown's suspicions of him in such a matter. However, there was nothing to be done, or even said. It was clearly no business of his, though how nearly it concerned him, his sinking heart and faltering tongue—for when he had first heard the news, he could barely trust himself to speak to Lilian—gave evidence. If Mr Christopher Brown had chosen to take his family to Nova Zembla, it was not for him to make objections. And after all, such a proceeding, or something like it, that is, some management which should forbid his meeting Lilian more, was what he had expected ever since that fatal dinner-party. It would have been as easy to separate her from him—dutiful daughter as she was—by a word of paternal authority, as by removing her a thousand miles away. He felt that every touch of brush upon his picture now hastened the time that was to part him from Lilian for ever; and yet he did not linger over his task on that account; he finished it as quickly as he could, consistent with his doing it as well as he could; and then he told Mr Brown that the rest could be completed at his

own house; that it was no longer requisite for him to have his daughter before him. Perhaps Mr Brown had expected some procrastination upon Walter's part; perhaps the quiet manner and matter-of-fact tone of the speaker for the moment disarmed his suspicions, and gave him a twinge of conscience for having entertained them; but, at all events, his behaviour upon receiving this information was more genial and conciliatory than it had been for months.

'Very good,' Mr Litton, he replied. 'Your picture has, I assure you, given us all great satisfaction. We had promised ourselves, long ago, the pleasure of seeing you at dinner when it should be completely finished. I intended it to be quite a celebration banquet—to have asked some influential friends, patrons of art, who might have been useful to you in your profession; but circumstances have rendered that impossible. Before your Joan can be fit for such an ordeal, we must be off to Italy. The Philippa!—he always called it by that name, its proper title of 'Supplication' being distasteful to him—'will be home from the Academy next Tuesday. Dine with us, then, upon that day, and come as early as you like. It will probably be many months, perhaps longer, before we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again.'

It was evident to Walter that Mr Christopher Brown wished that they should part good friends—but, above all, that they should part—and on the ensuing Tuesday; for, since his picture was finished, there would be no excuse for the young painter's presenting himself at Willowbank after that date; and that the 'celebration dinner,' as his host called it, would, in fact, be a 'good-bye' one. The thought of this struck a chill to his heart, and made the future blank indeed. Curiously enough, however, although despairing, he was not despondent. He was resolute to go through with his farewell entertainment—that would, he knew, be like the apples of the Dead Sea in his mouth—with a smiling countenance; and to outward seeming, he would bear himself bravely—not for Lillian's sake, for he did not venture to flatter himself that she would feel as he did—but for his own, so that, at least, he should not incur ridicule. More than one pair of eyes would probably regard him narrowly, but they should not learn from his own looks or lips that he was sad. As he had been asked to 'come as early as he liked, he would do so.' He understood, or chose to understand, that by that form of speech Mr Brown intended him to spend the afternoon at Willowbank. He did not expect that his host would be there to meet him, and much less the captain; but in this he was mistaken.

Mr Brown, indeed, he found, on his arrival, had not yet returned from the City; but Sir Reginald—for whom he had not asked—the servant said, was somewhere about the grounds. 'The young ladies,' added she, as Walter hesitated whether to join the captain or not, 'are gone out shopping.'

It was evident, he was not expected so soon; indeed, it seemed quite possible that Mr Brown had forgotten he had invited him to come early.

'Shall I tell Sir Reginald that you are here, sir?'

'No, thank you; I will go and find him myself,' said Walter, after a pause. It had now struck him that the whole affair was planned; that the young ladies had been sent out, and that the captain was, contrary to his custom, staying at home, expressly

to speak with him alone. If that was so, and he found him as unfriendly towards him as he expected, he would tell him some plain truths. In this not very conciliatory frame of mind, he walked quickly on to the lawn; and on the path that fringed it, he saw Sir Reginald, with a cigar in his mouth, looking at the ducks, or the nursemaids beyond them, with much apparent interest.

'Hollo! Litton, what brings you here?' said he carelessly, as he held out his hand.

'Well, an invitation from your father-in-law, which it seems he has forgotten.'

'Oh, I see; you have your polished boots on. But we don't dine at Willowbank now at the old heathenish hours: the place—and, I may add, its proprietor—has become more civilised. This is an hour when only the wild beasts are fed. Hark at them!'

And indeed from the Zoological Gardens across the Park there came that multitudinous roar, which is the lions' grace before meat.

'I was asked to come early and spend the afternoon, Captain Selwyn,' replied Walter haughtily.

'Why, captain?' said the other, laughing. 'You needn't be in a huff, my good fellow; and besides, I am not a captain.'

'I beg your pardon; I should have said Sir Reginald.'

'That's rubbish, Litton. I'm not a fool, like my father-in-law, to lay such store by my handle. I mean, that I have sold out, and am, therefore, no more a captain than you are.'

'I didn't know you had sold out,' said Walter. 'How should I? You have not been very communicative to me of late, about that or anything else.'

'Well—frankly, Litton, I thought it better that I should not be. I don't want to quarrel with you, Heaven knows; but it seemed necessary to let you know, that your conduct, in one respect at least, was not such as Lady Selwyn and myself could quite approve.'

'Put your wife out of the question, if you please, as I am sure, if she had a voice in the matter, she would wish to be put; and be so good as to tell me in what I have given offence to you, sir.'

'Well, there is no offence exactly—certainly not so much as your last words were intended to convey. But you have, as it seems to me, adopted a line of proceeding that is not only distasteful to me, but prejudicial to my interests. Of course, I may be mistaken; I should be glad to think I was so, and that the good understanding that has always existed between us has been needlessly disturbed.'

'Never mind the good understanding,' interposed Walter dryly; 'stick to the facts, if you have got any.'

'Well, I think I have,' answered Sir Reginald coolly. 'To be brief, my good fellow, have you not been making love to my sister-in-law, Lillian?'

'I deny altogether your right to put to me any such question: to be plain with you, indeed, I think it a great impertinence.'

'Possibly,' said the captain, taking up a small flat stone, and making a 'dick, duck, drake' with it on the water: 'we must agree to differ upon that point. I am simply referring to the fact that you have made love to her.'

'I have done nothing of the kind. I swear it! I have breathed no word of love to Miss Lillian Brown.'

'Very good; I am glad to hear it. But there are other ways of inspiring affection in a young woman, besides breathing it. A good deal may be done by looking at her, for example, and even by a peculiar pressure of the fingers: I remember all that, you know, though I am getting such a respectable old married man.'

'I have no doubt you remember,' said Walter, thinking of poor Nellie Neale. This man's cool impudence was almost more than he could bear, and would have stung most men into making reprisals; yet he already regretted the significance of the tone in which he had spoken those few harmless words, lest the other should take it for a menace, and imagine, perhaps, that he wished to make a bargain—terms. Sir Reginald, however, only smiled—though, it must be confessed, not in a very pleasant way.

'Well, you may have squeezed her hand or not; that matters nothing: the point is, that you certainly intended—and intend—to squeeze it, some day. If you have not declared your love, you are in love with her. Come, is it not so?'

'Well, and what if it is?' returned Walter indignantly. 'I don't say that it is so; but I say, what of it? and especially—in my case—what is it to you?'

'I will answer you in every particular, my good fellow; but first let us finish with the fact itself. The case is, that you obtain admittance into the house of a very rich man, on pretence—don't be offended; let us say, on the ground, then—on the ground of painting his daughter's picture; and during the progress of that work of art, that you allow yourself to entertain sentiments for her that are a little more than æsthetic. I don't accuse you, mind, as any other man would, who is less acquainted with your character—as her own father, for example, would without doubt accuse you, if he was as certain of what has occurred as I am—of fortune-hunting: I am content to believe that you have fallen a victim to her charms, and not her purse; but, as a matter of fact, she is very rich, and you are very poor; and the knowledge of that circumstance, it may be reasonably urged, should have caused you to place a greater restraint upon your inclination.'

'I see,' said Walter coldly; 'I should have taken example from one Captain Selwyn.'

'That is beside the question, my good fellow; or, rather, it opens up the second part of it, which, as I have said, I am also quite prepared to discuss with you. It is true that I was as penniless as yourself when I made love to Lilian's sister; but then it was not as a guest of her father's, or under any false pretence, such as that of taking her portrait. And, moreover, since you insist upon making the matter a personal one—you must allow me to remind you that it was through me—or mine, which is the same thing, that you obtained admittance to this house at all. It is surely not necessary to go into that part of the business.'

'It is not at all necessary,' answered Walter contemptuously. If Sir Reginald had expressed annoyance at his having painted 'Supplication' from the recollection of his bride, he would have admitted that such a feeling was natural, and humbled himself, as one in some degree to blame; but that Selwyn should have alluded to the matter thus carelessly, as a lucky accident, while, at the same time, he took credit to himself for the

very secondary advantage it had conferred on Walter, irritated the latter exceedingly.

'It is not at all necessary, Sir Reginald; and I quite understand—taking, for argument's sake, your charge against me for granted—the difference that would exist in our respective cases as suitors. But what I do not understand is this unexpected zeal on your part in the interests of property. I have heard you express sentiments with respect to love-making so widely different, and especially how odious it was that money should mate with money, that I can scarcely believe my ears.'

'My general sentiments,' answered the other coolly, 'are much the same as they were; but circumstances have altered them as respects this particular case. The fountain of all sentiments, as the motive of all actions, is, I suppose, with most of us, self-interest; and it is clearly to my interests that you should not marry my wife's sister.'

'Upon my word, you are very frank, Sir Reginald.'

'My good fellow, I am as open as the day,' answered the other coolly. 'You don't suppose that I object to you as a brother-in-law, more than to anybody else? I am not, believe me, so ungrateful. On the contrary, if you were a rich man, and if Lilian must needs marry somebody, I should say: "Take Litton." But it is not to my advantage that she should marry anybody, and least of all, a poor man. When I won my wife, she was destined to be her father's co-heiress; but as I have good reason to know he has altered his intentions in that respect, and left the bulk of his property to her sister, it is, therefore, only by good management that it can now be retained in the family.'

'So you mean, if possible, to keep Lilian unmarried all her life, for your own advantage?'

'Most decidedly, I do,' replied Sir Reginald. 'Not that I have the least objection to her entering into the holy state of matrimony *per se*, nor even to her choosing yourself for her husband. You might run away with her to-morrow, if I could feel quite sure that old Christopher would not forgive you. But our self-made friend yonder—and the speaker jerked his thumb towards the house in a highly disrespectful manner—'is not the Brutus that he imagines himself to be; and he has already a sneaking likeness for yourself, a compliment he is very welcome to pay you, but not at my expense. To conclude, my good friend, I may tell you, without flattery, that you are a dangerous fellow, and that I mean to guard against you and your attractions, as best I can.'

'It seems to me, Selwyn,' said Walter gravely, 'that you are the most selfish man I have ever known, and also the most shameless.'

'Selfish, I doubtless am,' replied Sir Reginald, smiling; 'it is rather a common weakness with us men; and since by shameless you mean honest, I will not defend myself against that charge either; you should take it rather as a compliment to your good sense that I have been so plain-spoken with you. I have exactly explained our mutual position; and now it remains entirely with yourself, as to whether our interests are henceforth to be antagonistic, or the reverse; in other words, whether we shall be friends or enemies.'

'You have, as it seems to me, settled that matter your own way, already,' answered Walter grimly.

'Not at all, my good fellow. I was obliged to take precautions against you, lest you should obtain such a footing in this house as would enable you to make your own terms, or even dictate them to me; but I have no personal hostility to you whatever. Moreover, I have so great a confidence in your honour, that I am prepared to accept your promise, where I would certainly not take the word of another man.'

'And what promise is it you require of me?'

'That you will never, either to-day, or hereafter, pay the attentions of a lover to my sister-in-law, or become, under any circumstances, her husband. If you refuse to give your word to this effect, it will be my painful duty to represent to Mr Brown the pretensions you entertain to his daughter's hand; and also to take other measures—perhaps at once—the effect of which will render your paying a visit to Willowbank, after to-day, highly improbable.'

'You are not only very "honest," as you choose to term it, Sir Reginald,' answered Walter, for the first time using a tone of menace, 'but, it also strikes me, somewhat audacious.'

'Very likely. I grasp my nettle tightly; that is always my plan in these emergencies. Of course, I am well aware that you may do me some harm; though, on the whole, I do not think you will. You can, no doubt, make some damaging statements; one in particular, which, if you choose to make use of it, will give great pain to Lady Selwyn.'

'You need not be afraid of that, sir,' answered Walter scornfully.

'I am glad to hear it. At the same time, do not imagine that all the magnanimity is on your own side. It would not be pleasant to some husbands to know that their own familiar friend had carried away with him, in his memory—out of platonic affection, no doubt—such a portrait of his bride, that he could paint from it as from the original.'

'For shame, Selwyn!' cried Walter; 'your respect for your wife, herself, should forbid you to speak so!'

'Oh, I know you meant no harm,' answered the other quickly. 'If I had thought otherwise, I would have shot you, six months ago, when'—His speech was rapid, and, for the first time, passionate; but he stopped himself with a powerful effort, then added almost carelessly: 'But let us keep our train of argument to the main line. I have asked you a plain question; give me a plain reply. Will you promise?'

'I will promise nothing, *nothing!*' broke in Walter hotly, 'with respect to my behaviour to your sister-in-law. I admit no man's right to ask me for such a promise, and your right least of all.'

'That will do, my good fellow; we now perfectly understand one another; only, pray, don't look as if you wanted to cut my throat, because here are the ladies.'

And indeed, at that moment, the two sisters were bowing to them from the open carriage, as they were driven up to the front-door; they alighted at once, and came towards them down the lawn.

'Mind, Litton,' added Sir Reginald in a low but menacing voice, 'whatever happens this evening, you have no one to blame for it but yourself.'

But before Walter could reply, the ladies were within earshot, and Lillian was already holding out her hand.

SCOTLAND'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT TO NEW ZEALAND.

On New-year's Day 1875, a heavy storm raged along the western coasts of Scotland, and many a ship was glad to seek shelter in port; while others, that were due to sail, were kept in harbour till the conflict of the elements had abated. Among these was the new iron ship *Timaru*, which was designed to have sailed from Glasgow on the first day of the year, but was prevented by the gale from starting. A peculiar interest attaches to this vessel and a portion of her cargo. The *Timaru* was only launched at the end of 1874, and on this, her maiden voyage, she takes with her a strange freight, on the safe delivery of which at the antipodes many hopes depend.

We will imagine ourselves among the crowd that will probably, if all goes well, be waiting at the Bluff—a headland in the extreme south-east of New Zealand—and watching, on a day about the end of March, the approach of the new Glasgow clipper. She is yet about a day's sail from her final destination, Otago; but the crew are busy transferring to boats some portion of her freight. It is none of her passengers anxious to set foot as early as possible on the new soil; nor is it any bulky or weighty part of her cargo that is being prematurely discharged. About one hundred small wooden cases, each a foot cube, weighing two or three pounds apiece, are being carefully handed down the ship's side, to be eventually brought ashore by the boats. When they reach the place appointed for their unpacking, they are found to contain layers of damp moss, in a series of trays specially prepared, each containing, lightly reclining on their bed, a number of small amber-coloured globules, each about the size of a dried pea, which are carefully removed from the moss, and placed in tanks of running water. These minute objects are salmon-eggs, and constitute, now that they have safely arrived, a gift, the value of which Scotland will never feel, but New Zealand will never be able to calculate.

Altogether, over two hundred thousand eggs were despatched from Glasgow, having been collected by Mr Frank Buckland and his assistants in various Scotch rivers—the Forth, the Tay, the Tweed, the Teith, and others; and if they all survive their long voyage of over eighteen thousand miles, and arrive at maturity, their actual value may be reckoned as follows: If each egg becomes a salmon of only ten pounds weight, there will be two million pounds of fish, which, at the low price of one shilling per pound, will be worth one hundred thousand pounds ready cash. And, yet, the eggs, when taken from the parent fish in the cold winter days of Christmas week, were not worth, as eggs, so many pence.

But these salmon will be left to increase and multiply, till, after a few years, if all our hopes are realised, this colony of two hundred thousand eggs will have become a mighty nation of fish,

which no man can number, and the ultimate value of which will be incalculable.

It will be asked, how will the eggs keep good long enough to produce salmon after a three months' voyage? It has been found that a salmon-egg takes about from eighty to one hundred days, more or less, according to the temperature, before the young fish is hatched; and that the higher the temperature, the shorter the period of hatching; the lower the temperature, the slower the process of development. In fact, by being packed in ice, and kept as cold as possible, the development of the egg may be retarded to a very great extent. Without this precaution, the ova would never survive the great heat of the tropics; and so the one hundred little boxes which we have seen landed in New Zealand, were packed in a large ice-house, built on board the ship, with a solid mass of two feet thick of ice entirely surrounding them, and a layer two feet thick lying between each row of boxes. This, it is hoped, will so retard the development of the ova, that they will be only partially advanced towards hatching by the time they arrive at the antipodes.

The history of the growth of the salmon, from the small ova or eggs, may be interesting in this place. Each adult female salmon lays from eight hundred to one thousand eggs to every pound of her weight. In their healthy condition, the eggs are generally of a pinky or amber colour, with opalescent hues, semi-transparent, and exceedingly pretty in their effect. Sometimes, however, the eggs are very pale—nearly white—in colour; others, again, are of a bright coral red; but all that have a peculiar transparent iridescent hue are unmistakably healthy eggs. A tough, horny membrane is the 'shell' which holds the embryo salmon, and preserves it from injury. This external shell is exceedingly elastic; an egg dropped on the floor will rebound like an india-rubber ball.

For a month or so, no change is apparent in the healthy egg, as it lies in its bed of gravel in the running stream where it has been deposited by the mother, with the temperature of the water at about forty-five degrees. The eyes of the fish appear in about forty or fifty days; these may be perceived as two small black specks; and in other three or four days, a faint red line is apparent, running round the interior of one side of the egg, and in the centre a small red globule appears. The 'thin red line' represents the vertebrae of the fish, just forming; and the red globule is a minute quantity of oil, which is destined to be absorbed by the fish after it comes out of the shell.

Gradually the faint indications of life within the semi-transparent shell become more marked, till, about twenty days after the first appearance of the eyes, the fish bursts its prison. It now presents a most ludicrous appearance, with the lower side of its slender transparent body affixed to an oval sac which it carries wherever it goes. The vital organs of the fish can be distinctly seen; the pulsations of the heart are easily perceptible; and the rapid vibrations of the gills shew that it is, for the first time, breathing just as an adult fish breathes. The empty 'shells,' as they float about in the water, shewing the rent by which the young fish breaks its prison-bonds, now appear like little bits of an india-rubber air-ball, or portions of the white membrane found just inside the shell of a hen's egg.

Sometimes the shell clings round the umbilical

vesicle of the fish, and, as it has no hands to free itself, it may be seen wriggling about among the gravel, endeavouring to escape from its uncomfortable burden.

The fry are now 'all alive,' and as active can be. Some of them will be found with tails turned upwards in an impudent manner, others bear their bodies in a becomingly longitudinal position; while others, again, strangely deformed. These unfortunates are unable to swim in a straight line, and can only turn round and round as on a pivot in one spot, lying all the time on their side, instead of swimming upright; and falling helpless to the bottom as soon as they cease their efforts at locomotion. These cripples generally die; though some of them, no doubt, arrive at maturity, as is proved by the instances—rare, it is true—of deformed salmon with the backbone bent and crooked in various ways.

But the most curious instances of malformation are the fishy 'Siamese twins.' A double-headed creature is of frequent occurrence in a family of baby salmon, but these enormities seldom survive more than three or four days, though instances have been met with of a longer term of existence being granted to these 'monsters.'

For some time after birth, the young fish do not seem to grow very fast; they are exceedingly active, and, though burdened with the umbilical vesicle, they swim swiftly about, rushing for a few seconds, and suddenly falling again to the bottom of the stream: they are unable to rest without touching the gravel.

The young fry do not require any food for some time to come. The contents of the sac they bear about with them serve as food for the first six weeks of the salmon's life. The poor little fish has no mother to nurse it, so nature has provided it with a commissariat of its own. This vesicle or sac contains an albuminous secretion similar to white of egg, and a small globule of oil, the whole of which are gradually absorbed into the system. After six weeks of this self-sustaining process have elapsed, the outer skin of the bag appears to diminish in size, as the body of the fish increases, and in due course the fry appears as a complete miniature of an adult salmon.

The fins, and even the scales, are now fully apparent. The gills can easily be perceived. The eye—that first sign of life in the egg ten weeks ago—is completely developed; while a slight red spot under the pectoral fins is the only sign of the late symbol of babyhood.

Such is a sketch of the history of the infant salmon. If all goes well, the tanks prepared for the reception of the eggs sent out in the *Timaru* will witness the birth, as above described, of many thousand fish, eighteen thousand miles away from the land, or water, in which they were naturally destined to enter upon life. Let us trust the hopes centred on these embryo salmon—now probably passing through the most critical part of their voyage—will be amply realised, and that a new source of wealth will thus be introduced into the far-distant lands at the antipodes, through the medium of Scotland's new-year's gift to New Zealand.

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THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

A TRANSIT OF Venus is, in itself, by no means a very striking phenomenon ; to the common eye, it is much less so than an ordinary eclipse of the sun or moon. It requires a telescope to see it ; and all that is to be seen, even then, is a black spot, about the size of a pea, moving slowly over the bright face of the sun. It must have been something more than the expectation of this as a mere wonderful sight, that kept the scientific world on the *qui vive* for the last two or three years, and led to such extensive preparations for witnessing it. There were long and earnest discussions among astronomers as to the best stations for seeing it ; special apparatus of the most delicate and costly kind were constructed ; and bands of astronomers with their assistants trained themselves for months beforehand, by practising the art of observation on an artificial model of the transit ; thus rehearsing, as it were, their several parts before the great event of the 9th of December 1874 should come off. More than this, the leading governments of the civilised world, one and all, voted liberal funds for defraying the necessary expenses and transporting these corps of drilled observers to a multitude of stations distributed all over the eastern side of the globe. Even a private individual, Lord Lindsay, has spent what would be to most people a considerable fortune in equipping at his own expense an observing expedition to the island of Mauritius.

The interest attaching to the transits of Venus, which has thus been so strikingly manifested, arises from the circumstance, that when they occur, which is rarely, they are available for solving, more accurately than can be done in any other way, the grand and fundamental problem of astronomy—the measurement of the sun's distance from the earth. All other celestial measures are deduced from this ; and if there is error here, there is error everywhere. No wonder, then, that astronomers should have been anxious to make the most of the recent occasion. The final result of the observations taken on the 9th of December cannot be

known for months to come. The observers have to be brought back, literally from the ends of the earth, and their separate observations have to be carefully discussed and compared, before a definite conclusion can be arrived at. In the meantime, while the interest is yet fresh, we propose, for the benefit of those who are not astronomers, to give a general notion of how a transit of Venus comes to be of so much use in the problem of planetary distances.

We may observe at the outset, that although the absolute distances of the planets from the sun are difficult to determine exactly, their relative distances are readily measured. By observing the angle made between Venus and the sun when the planet is at its greatest elongation, we get all the angles of the right-angled triangle formed by the earth, the sun, and Venus ; and thus, by one of the simplest rules of trigonometry, we know the *proportion* between the distances, though not the distances themselves. If the distance of the earth from the sun be called 1·00, that of Venus is found to be 0·72, or about seven-tenths ; similarly, the distance of Neptune is known to be 30 times that of the earth ; and so with the rest of the planets. If, therefore, we can find in any way the absolute distance in miles of any one planet, say that of the earth, these ratios will give us the rest by a simple process of multiplication.

In order to understand how a transit of Venus helps to determine the sun's distance, it is necessary to consider the general principle of astronomical mensuration. The procedure is the very same as in determining the distance of an inaccessible object on the earth. Suppose that a surveyor wishes to know the distance of a rock, R, at sea, from a point, A, on the shore ; he chooses another station, B, along the shore, and measures the distance between the two ; this forms his 'baseline,' which we will suppose to be 100 yards long. He then measures with a theodolite the angle at A contained between the direction of B and the direction of the object R ; and in the same way, the angle contained at B. He has now enough 'data,' as it is called, to calculate the

length of AR, or of BR. He may even find it mechanically, without calculation. He has only to lay down on paper a line, AB, equal to 100,



from a scale of equal parts, and, by means of a graduated circle, to make angles at A and B equal to the observed angles, and the meeting of the two lines on the paper will determine a point R, the distance of which from A, measured by the scale, will give the actual distance in yards of the rock from the station. This mechanical way of finding distances does not admit of great accuracy; but wherever we have data for drawing lines fixing the relative positions of objects on paper, trigonometry enables us, in ordinary cases, to calculate the actual distances with great exactness.

We have said, in ordinary cases; because there are cases in which exactness is very difficult to attain, namely, when one of the sides of the triangle is very small in relation to the others; with a short base-line, a small error in measuring the angles at the base makes a vastly greater error proportionally in the lengths of the opposite side. If, in the above case, with a base-line of a hundred yards, we suppose the rock to be ten or twelve miles off, and attempt to draw a triangle on paper representing these conditions, we find that the slightest variation of one of the angles at the base makes the crossing-point, R, of the longer sides approach or recede by a great distance. Such a triangle is said by mathematicians to be 'ill-conditioned,' or unfavourable to exact determination. Now, the triangles with which astronomers have to do in determining celestial distances are, as a rule, very ill-conditioned indeed. The longest base-line possible is that between two stations at opposite points of the globe, or 8000 miles. From this it is possible to determine with tolerable nearness the distance of the moon, which is only about 30 times 8000; but when it is applied to the planets and sun, where the distances are thousands of times the length of the base-line, the result cannot be depended on within a considerable percentage of the whole. Hence the necessity of having recourse to expedients by which the problem is attacked indirectly. The most trusted of these expedients is that furnished by the transits of Venus. But before describing how they are used, we may glance first at the results hitherto arrived at.

As early as the third century before Christ, Aristarchus, a Greek astronomer, essayed to measure the distance of the sun, but his means of observation and calculation were so defective, that he made it only about one-twentieth part of the true distance. No advance on this was made for many centuries. Even the great astronomer, Kepler, in the seventeenth century, could only say that the distance must be at least between 13 and 14 millions of miles. Subsequently, the estimates—for, owing to the imperfection of the methods and instruments, they were little better than estimates—gradually rose to 80 millions. At last, in 1716, Halley, the English astronomer, proposed a method of employing the transits of Venus. Accordingly, the next transits, in 1761 and 1769, were observed, with this view, at a

variety of stations. But the results at first deduced from these observations were so discordant among themselves, that little confidence was put in them. It was not till 1824 that the German astronomer, Encke, subjected the observations of 1769 to an elaborate and comprehensive 'discussion,' as astronomers call it, and arrived at the conclusion, that they gave a distance of about 95,300,000 miles; and this number, until quite recently, held its place in all books on astronomy as the true distance of the sun.

In the meantime, in the absence of transits, other methods of measurement, now become possible through the growing perfection of astronomical instruments, were tried; and all concurred in pointing to a value $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles less than that stated above. This conclusion was singularly confirmed by Mr Stone of the Greenwich Observatory, and others, who, recurring to the observations of 1769, found that, by putting a juster interpretation upon some of the data than had been done by Encke, they gave a distance very nearly in accordance with the results of the later methods. All this has led to accepting 91,500,000 miles as the approximate distance of the sun. It is not anticipated that the value to be deduced from the recent transit will differ from this to any very great amount.

The object of the problem now engaging the attention of astronomers is often spoken of as being the determination, not of the sun's distance, but of the sun's *parallax*. Parallax is the technical name for the 'displacement'—for that is the meaning of the Greek word—which an object appears to suffer when the observer changes his place. If the rock we spoke of above lay due east (E) from A, it would, when looked at from B, lie some points or degrees north of east (E'); and this change of bearing, this deflection from the east direction, which is measured by the angle E'BR, is exactly equal, as is evident at a glance, to the angle contained at R by the two lines, RA, RB. It is this angle, ARB, that is styled the *parallax* of the object R, as observed from A and B; it is the angular measure, the apparent length of the base-line as seen from R; and knowing this, and the actual length of the base-line, the distance of the object—supposing one of the angles at the base to be a right-angle or otherwise known—is easily calculated. In speaking of the *parallax* of the heavenly bodies, the base-line assumed is the radius of the earth, or 4000 miles; the actual stations of observation may not be that distance apart, but the resulting angle is always reduced to that standard for comparison. Thus, the *parallax* of the moon is the angle subtended at the moon by the earth's radius; it is found to be nearly one degree (1° , or the 90th part of a right angle)—a quantity measurable within a tolerable percentage. But the *parallax* of the sun, as deduced by Encke, was only $8''.5776$, while the other measurements alluded to gave an average of $8''.94$ ($1''$ is the 3600th part of 1°). This slight difference of a few tenths of a second of arc gives a difference in the distance, as we have seen, of $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles. The difficulty attending the measuring of such minute angles may be conceived when it is stated that, on the graduated edge of a circle five feet in diameter, the length of a second of arc ($1''$) occupies only $\frac{1}{3518}$ of an inch. And yet an error of this amount in the

angle involves an error of half a million miles in the calculated distance.—But, to return to the transit.

The reader, it may be assumed, has a general notion of the plan of the solar system, and knows that the planet Venus revolves round the sun in an orbit within that of the earth. Her time of revolution is shorter than the earth's, being accomplished in about two hundred and twenty-five days. In consequence of this difference, Venus comes every now and then into a line with the sun and the earth, at one time between the earth and the sun, which is called 'inferior conjunction'; at another, on the opposite side of the sun—'superior conjunction.' If the orbit of Venus were in the same plane with that of the earth, the planet would seem, at every inferior conjunction, to pass across the face of the sun. But as the two orbits cross one another at a small angle, it is only when the planet is in or near one of these crossing-points, or 'nodes,' that this can happen. On such occasions, the body of the planet is seen like a black speck on the bright disc of the sun, which it traverses in a straight line.

These 'transits,' as they are called, are of rare occurrence, as it takes a great many revolutions to bring about the coincidence of the two necessary conditions. The intervals follow a rather complex law. There are usually two transits within eight years of one another, and then a lapse of either 105 or 129 years, when another couple of transits occur, with eight years between them. The transit of December 1874 will be followed by one in December 1882, and there will not be another until June 2004. Previous to 1874, the last transit occurred in June 1769, and had been preceded by one in June 1761.

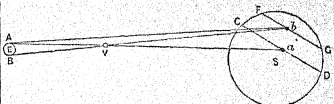
Recurring once more, for illustration, to the rock in the water and the two stations on shore, let us suppose that the opposite shore is visible, consisting of a perpendicular cliff running parallel with the base-line AB, and that we have to ascertain the distance of this cliff, without knowing anything more about the rock than the *proportion* of its distances from the two shores. The cliff, we shall suppose, is too far off to have its distance measured directly with anything like accuracy from so short a base-line; let us see whether any use can be made of the intervening rock. Suppose that the top of a flagstaff on the rock is seen from A projected against the cliff at a spot where there



is a permanent mark, a : when looked at from B, the top of the staff will be displaced to the left, to a spot b , where also we shall suppose that there is a recognisable mark. Now, if the rock were exactly midway between the base-line and the cliff, it is obvious that the distance between a and b would be exactly equal to the base-line; but, for a reason that will appear afterwards, we will assume it known that the rock is three times as far from the cliff as from the 'base-line'; and then it is equally

obvious that ab will be three times the length of AB, or three hundred yards. By turning a theodolite first to a , and then to b , we can next find the angular length of ab , or the angle aBb , which we shall suppose to be $30'$ ($1'$, or one minute, is the 60th part of 1°). Now, in the triangle BRa, we know the angle RBa ($= aBb$), and the proportion of Ra to RB, and therefore can find the angle RaB by means of the fundamental proposition in trigonometry, that the sides of a triangle are proportional to the sines of the opposite angles. When the angles are very small, the sines become equal to the arcs which measure the angles; and therefore we may assume in this case that the angles themselves are proportional to the opposite sides; and that, as ER is one-third of Ra, the angle RaB is one-third of RBa; that is, the angle ΔaB is $10'$. We have thus got the parallax of the point a , with greater exactness than was attainable by merely measuring the angles at the base, and are in a position to calculate the distance Δa or Ba with corresponding exactness. The advantage of this roundabout procedure is, that a comparatively large angle (aBb) is measured, in order to deduce from it a smaller (ΔaB); so that any error in the measurement is diminished in the result.

Now, the transit method of measuring the sun's distance is, to a certain extent, identical with the process just described. The position of the three bodies, the sun (S), the earth (E), and Venus



(V), is roughly represented in the accompanying figure. The distance of Venus from the sun may be taken roundly as three times her distance from the earth. The exact ratio is, as before stated, well known, and is not far from this. An observer at a station A, on the northern part of the earth, will see the planet projected on the sun as at a , while a southern observer will see it at b ; and if we assume the stations to be 4000 miles apart, the distance between a and b will, by the foregoing reasoning, be 3 times 4000, or 12,000 miles.

But how get the angular measure of ab ? For each observer sees only one of the spots, and does not know where the other is; and there are no permanent marks on the sun's surface to guide us. The difficulty is got over in the following way: The observer at A notes the exact time when the planet has fairly entered on the sun's disc at C—the instant of internal contact at ingress; and then the instant of internal contact at egress, and thus gets the length of time of the transit—the time it takes the planet to move over the path CD. The interval of time between the two internal contacts is not the whole duration of the transit. The planet has a sensible breadth of disc, and the transit begins and ends at the instants when the centre of the planet is on the edge of the sun; but as this is difficult to determine by observation, attention is directed to the contacts, and allowance is made at both ends for the time it takes the planet to move over its semi-diameter. The time of traversing FG is determined at the other station in the same way. Obviously, the duration of

the transit at A will be longer than at B. The average duration of the transit of 1874 was calculated beforehand at nearly four hours, and the difference of duration at the several stations might be twenty minutes and upwards. The greater this difference, the more favourable are the stations for accurate determination. Now, from the times of transit it is possible to find the length of the paths or chords CD and FG. This is got at from knowing by observation the rate of Venus's apparent motion in the heavens as seen from the earth—that is, her relative motion in regard to the earth, which is also moving in the same direction. That relative motion is such, that it carries her in an hour over about 4' of arc. If, then, a transit lasted five hours, we should know at once that the chord described on the sun was 20' long; and so for any other duration. The lengths of the chords being thus found, we are in a position to find the distance between them. For the angular breadth or apparent diameter of the sun can be measured, and is, on an average, 32', or over half a degree. Now, when the diameter of a circle is known, and the length of a chord, the perpendicular distance of the chord from the centre is calculated by simple arithmetic from a well-known property of the circle. The central distances of the two chords are thus found; and the difference of these distances is the distance between the chords themselves. This gives us, at last, the distance *ab* in angular measure; and we may assume that it is found to be 30". In the triangle *AVb*, then, we know the angle *bAV* to be 30'; and, reasoning as before, we conclude that the angle *AbV* or *ABb* is one-third of this, or 10'; but *ABb* is the angle subtended at the sun by the earth's radius; that is, 10" is the parallax of the sun—the object of the whole inquiry. Without referring to the triangle *AVb*, we might, in the case of such small angles, infer directly that if a line of 12,000 miles on the sun subtends at the earth an angle of 30", a line of 4000 miles at the same distance at the earth will subtend an angle of 10". These round numbers are assumed for simplicity of explanation; what the actual parallax is held to be, we have seen before.

Besides the method of Halley, another method was devised by a French astronomer, named Delisle, which consists in observing the exact times when the transit is seen to begin at two distant stations, and using the difference of time as an indication of the sun's distance. The same use is made of the times of ending of the transit. For this method, the longitudes of the two stations must be exactly known, in order to be sure that the same instant of absolute time is referred to at both. The accurate determination of longitude is always a matter of great difficulty, except where electric communication exists. Delisle's method was to be used at several, at least, of the stations, on occasion of the recent transit. It has the advantage of being available in cases where the whole duration of the transit is not visible.

In addition to the trigonometrical methods, great things were expected from photography, the application of which to the celestial bodies has recently been brought to such perfection by Mr De la Rue and others. Hundreds of pictures of the sun have been taken with the black speck on his disc at all stages of its progress across; and it is believed that by micrometrical measurement of these pictures, and comparison of those taken at

distant stations, the interval between the spots may be got with an accuracy little, if at all, inferior to the Halleyan method. Micrometer measurements applied directly to the image of the sun as seen in the telescope, are also expected to afford valuable indications. The problem has thus, like a beleaguered fortress, been assailed from a variety of quarters with a variety of arms, and we may hope that an effective breach has been made.

Such is an imperfect outline of the transit method of finding the sun's distance. We have purposely omitted all mention of the thousand and one subsidiary operations necessary in the actual working of it; the precautions that must be taken against the many insidious sources of error that beset the observer; and the endless considerations that must be taken into account before the true value of an observation is arrived at. To illustrate all this in detail, would carry us into too wide a field. We trust that what has been said will enable the reader to understand in some measure what so many scientific men were about on the 9th of December last; and will prevent his being surprised if he shall find them, two or three years hence, beginning to plan a similar campaign for December 1882.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE NEW BRIDGE.

It was a habit of Walter's—no doubt induced by the practice of his profession—to note the countenance of his fellow-creatures narrowly, and it struck him that that of Lillian, as she greeted him upon the lawn of Willowbank, wore a look that he had not seen upon it before. Her eyes were always earnest, and her voice soft and natural, never breaking into those little screams of pretended admiration or emotion, which fashionable young ladies use; but upon this occasion, her glance was sunnier and more encouraging than he had ever seen it, while her tone of welcome had a certain demonstrativeness about it, such as, had they been alone, would have filled him with wild hopes, but which, since there were spectators, he concluded meant defiance. 'However you, Sir Reginald, may choose to treat Mr Litton,' it seemed to say, 'it is my intention to shew that I am glad to see him.' Lotty too, instead of the smile with which she was wont to greet him when she and her sister were alone together, looked grave and timid; which he set down to the same cause—namely, the presence of her husband.

'I feel that I ought to apologise,' said Walter, 'for such an early visitation; but it seems to me there has been a little mistake. Mr Brown was so good as to tell me to come early—to spend the afternoon, as I understood him.'

'Then, how very rude you must have thought us, Mr Litton!' exclaimed Lillian. 'Neither Lotty nor I were ever told a word of that. It is so unlike papa to be so forgetful.'

'I am afraid it is I that am the sinner,' observed Sir Reginald penitently. 'Your father did tell me this morning, Lillian, that Litton would probably drop in soon after luncheon; but I knew that Lotty had some serious shopping to do, in which she would require your assistance (bonnets, my dear fellow, which with my wife are paramount), and so I kept at home myself—a very bad substitute,

I allow—to do the honours in your stead. My conscience smites me, I promise you, when I saw him in his white tie and polished boots (like a fellow who has been up all night at a ball)—there is something so exquisitely ridiculous in a man in evening clothes in the daytime—and reflected that he had got himself up so early all for nothing, or at least only for me; but I really did it for the sake of you ladies.’

‘I beg you will leave me out of the question, Reginald,’ said Lilian coldly: ‘if my father himself had so behaved, it would have been an act of inhospitality; but in your case it was a rudeness, not only to Mr Litton, but to me.’

‘I really cannot admit that, Lilian.’

‘Then we must agree to differ upon that point—at all events, I hope you have done your best, in your self-assumed character of master of the house, to show Mr Litton the lions.’

‘He has heard them,’ said Sir Reginald, laughing. His temper, which, as Walter was well aware, was none of the best, seemed imperturbable, and only by a red spot on each cheek, could you perceive that his sister-in-law’s reproof had stung him. ‘He came at three o’clock, you know, as though he had been asked to dine with them.’

‘Reggie is incorrigible, Lilian,’ said Lady Selwyn, forcing a little laugh, ‘and it’s no use being angry with him. After all, my dear, remember Mr Litton and my husband are old friends, and I daresay have got on very well without us.’

‘Have you seen our new bridge, Mr Litton?’ inquired Lilian, without taking any notice of this attempt at mediation.

‘No,’ said Walter. ‘What bridge?’

‘Why, the one papa has thrown over the little brook by the rose-garden. But you have been shewn nothing, of course!’

‘There’s ingratitude!’ exclaimed Sir Reginald. ‘Why, I left you to exhibit it to him designedly. I knew he would have to see it!’—

But Lilian was already leading the way to this new wonder, with Walter by her side, leaving Sir Reginald and his wife to follow them, or not, as they, or rather he, might feel inclined.

‘It is positively disgraceful,’ muttered the baronet, ‘to see how your sister is throwing herself at that fellow’s head.’

‘Let us hope not that, dear,’ answered Lotty mildly.

‘What’s the good of hoping when she’s doing it, stupid!’ returned he angrily. It had begun to strike him that the somewhat high-handed course he had taken to prevent the young people spending the afternoon in each other’s company, had not quite the result he had intended, but, indeed, rather the contrary one—their hearts were very close together, and by their eager talk they seemed to be making up for lost time.

‘Had we not better go to the bridge too?’ said Lotty timidly.

‘No—yes; that is, you had better go,’ was the curt reply. ‘As for me, I can’t trust myself to see the girl making such a fool of herself; though this is the last day, thank goodness, that she will have the opportunity of doing it. Follow them up at once, and mind you keep your eyes open and your ears too.’ And Sir Reginald turned upon his heel, and, lighting a cigar, strolled away towards the entrance gate.

In the meantime, Lilian’s tongue was not idle.

‘That is only a specimen, Mr Litton,’ said she indignantly, and scarce waiting till they were out of earshot of their late companions, ‘of Sir Reginald’s officiousness, and of how much he takes upon himself of what ought to be my father’s province. I am sure papa has no idea that you have been treated thus.’

‘I beg, Miss Lilian, that you will not distress yourself on my account. That you should do so, does indeed give me pain, whereas, nothing that your brother-in-law can say, or do, can affect me in any way.’

‘He has been doing his best, then, to annoy you?’ said Lilian quickly. ‘I guessed that by the look of his face.’

‘He does not trouble himself to be very agreeable to me, certainly,’ answered Walter, smiling. ‘And yet, I have done nothing—voluntarily at least—to offend him.’

‘I think he is jealous of you, Mr Litton—I mean, as respects your position in this house, and my father’s liking for you.’

‘But I am nobody here; scarcely even a guest, since I have been employed by Mr Brown professionally, while Sir Reginald is his own son-in-law.’

‘Yes; but his egotism is such that he wishes to be all in all here. As it is, I am sorry to say that he exerts a great influence over my father: this notion of our going abroad, for instance, is certainly his own idea.’

‘You do not wish to go abroad, then, Miss Lilian?’

‘Well—no; not for so long, at all events, or rather, not for an indefinite time, such as is proposed. One does not wish to be separated from all one’s friends, without some notion of when one will see them again—does one?’

‘No, indeed. But is it really decided that you are to winter in Italy?’

‘Yes; we are to go to Sicily first—in October—in a yacht, which Sir Reginald has secured. The sea-voyage has been recommended to me, it seems; though I am sure I don’t want a sea-voyage.’

‘Perhaps it will do you good; you are not looking in such good health as when I had first the pleasure of seeing you.’

‘Is that wonderful to you who know what ails me? It is this spectacle constantly before me of my sister’s unhappiness that wears and worries me so; and her husband, you may depend upon it, will be no kinder at sea than on land. Indeed, when I reflect upon his growing ascendancy over my father, and on the isolation from all our friends that awaits us, it seems almost as though I myself were about to be subjected to his tyranny.’

‘I have too good an opinion of your sense and spirit to apprehend such a subjugation, Miss Lilian; and, in fact, I think you have declared your independence pretty plainly this very day.’

‘Well, I was angry at his behaviour to you, Mr Litton, and so spoke up, but I sometimes fear that I affect a courage in contending with him that I do not possess. If I was to be ill—I mean, really ill—for example, I often shudder to think what puppets Lotty and myself would be in his hands, now that he has once gained my father’s ear.’

‘He seems to have gained it very quickly,’ said Walter musingly.

‘Yes; it is very strange, but so it is. I am ashamed to say that I think his possessing a title has given him a sort of stand-point; for my part,

however, he not only seems no better as Sir Reginald, than he was as plain Captain Selwyn, but twenty times worse ! O indeed, indeed, it is no laughing matter'—for Walter could not forbear a smile at her womanly vehemence,—and when we are far from home, and—and—friends, I shall feel so lonely and so helpless to resist his will !'

'If your apprehensions carry you so far as that, Miss Lillian,' said Walter gravely, 'I would positively decline to leave England. There is Torquay or the Isle of Wight.'

She shook her head. 'I have tried all that ; but, for the first time in my life, my father has overruled my wishes. I sometimes think that there is a plot between them ; for my own benefit, of course, as respects papa ; but in Reginald's case, as certainly for his own advantage.'

'I wish to Heaven I could help you, Miss Lillian ! There is nothing I would not do.'

'I know it, Mr Litton,' said she earnestly. 'You are a true friend to all of us ; so different from that smooth-tongued man yonder, who can also be so rough and tyrannous. But hush ! here comes poor Lotty ; and I had so much to say to you, which I must not speak of now.'

'Well, Mr Litton, and what do you think of the new bridge ?' asked Lady Selwyn, with that artificial sprightliness which a woman must be crushed indeed not to be able to assume upon occasion. 'Papa was his own architect, and is immensely proud of it, so I hope you have been going into raptures.'

Walter had been standing by the new bridge for the last five minutes, and not even noticed its existence, but now he hastened to express his approval.

'It is Venetian,' she went on, 'in its style, as papa avers ; but Reginald, who, as you know, is so absurd, will call it the Willow Pattern Plate. So the question has been left by consent for us to decide, when we shall have seen Venice with our own eyes.'

'You are looking forward with great delight, I suppose, to your first visit to Italy ?'

'Well, yes, I suppose I am ; but what we all look forward to most is, that the change will do Lillian good. We think her looking so pale and out of sorts.'

'Oh, I am well enough,' said Lillian wearily.

'Nay, you can scarcely say that, darling, when papa feels so curious about you ; and even Reginald—'

'Have you told Mr Litton who is coming to dine to-night ?' interrupted Lillian suddenly.

'O no, dear ; I thought it was to be a secret. Indeed, Reginald particularly told me not to mention it, so that it might be a pleasurable surprise to Mr Litton.'

'Well, Reginald has not told me, nor, if he had, should I be bound to obey him.—Mrs Sheldon is coming to dinner.'

'Mrs Sheldon ! Well, that does astonish me,' exclaimed Walter. 'I am glad to hear it, however, for it shews that your father has now forgiven everybody who had a hand in making his daughter Lady Selwyn.'

'O yes, he has quite forgiven her, and, indeed, likes her very much.'

'Then this is not the first time he has seen her ?'

'Oh, dear no,' answered Lotty gaily ; while Lillian leant over the Venetian bridge, and shredded a plucked flower into the water with impatient fingers. 'She came to call—let me see—the very

day after you were here last ; and she staid to dinner ; and has been here since very often.'

'I don't like Mrs Sheldon,' observed Lillian quietly.

'Well, my dear, we have seen so little of her, that is, comparatively,' replied Lotty nervously. 'Reginald, who has known her all his life, has a very high opinion of her, you know.'

'Yes, I know that,' said Lillian.

'And papa is certainly pleased with her.'

'I know that too,' repeated Lillian, and this time with even more marked significance.

'O Lillian, for shame !' exclaimed Lotty. 'What must Mr Litton think !'

'Mr Litton is old friend enough, or, at all events, has shewn himself friendly enough to both of us, Lotty, to be told. If we had any friend of our own sex'—and here Lillian's voice was lost in a great sob—'with whom to take counsel, it would be different, but, as you know, we have none. We see no one, now, but Sir Reginald's friends.'

'O Lillian, Lillian !' cried Lotty, looking round about her apprehensively ; 'for my sake, for my sake, say no more ; I am sure you will be sorry for it. It is not fair, either to me or my husband, or to papa himself.'

'Very well ; then I will say nothing.'

'I hope you have not already said too much,' sighed Lotty.

'Nay, indeed, Lady Selwyn,' observed Walter, 'I have gathered nothing of this forbidden fruit. I have no idea at present as to what it is that Miss Lillian wishes you to withhold from me ; and I shall make it a point of honour not to guess at it.'

'You are very good, I am sure,' said Lotty nervously, and speaking like one who repeats a lesson learned by rote. 'I think I heard the front gate click, and it is just the time for papa to be home. Had we not better go and meet him ?'

'By all means,' cried Walter, manifesting an extraordinary interest in Mr Brown's return from the City, but, in reality, desirous to relieve the young ladies from the embarrassment of his presence ; and he moved away accordingly. Lady Selwyn, however, hastened to accompany him ; while her sister remained behind, perhaps to remove the traces of her tears. The former made no attempt at conversation with him, and Walter found it no easy matter to keep his thoughts from speculating upon the cause of the strange scene he had just witnessed. That something had occurred with respect to Mrs Sheldon, which had roused Lillian's extreme indignation against her, was evident ; and also that she suspected Sir Reginald of designs of which Walter himself, who had such good reason to distrust him, could hardly believe him capable. It really seemed that the reconciliation of the little household at Willowbank had brought with it, at last, as much of evil as of good.

As they left the shrubbery for the lawn, he saw his host walking rapidly towards them, having apparently just left his son-in-law, who was standing on the carriage-sweep ; his brow was knit, and his face wore an angry flush ; but as he drew nearer, these symptoms of wrath seemed to evaporate, while Walter shrewdly set down to the circumstance that Lady Selwyn was his companion, instead of Lillian, for whom the old gentleman had probably taken her.

'Good-day, Mr Litton, good-day,' said he ; 'I am afraid I must plead guilty to having forgotten

that I had asked you to look in upon us early, until it was too late to alter the ladies' plans; but I hope Sir Reginald made himself agreeable.—Lotty, my dear, if you will go and dress for dinner, and then come down and do the honours to Mr Litton. I will do my best to amuse him in the meantime.—By Jove! what a lucky fellow you are to be dressed, man. It's not often they get me to do it; but we have got another guest to dinner to-day besides yourself, and, unfortunately, it's a lady.

'I am sure the lady would feel herself greatly complimented, if she heard you say so, papa.'

'Tush, tush! I was only speaking generally. It is deuced hard on a man at my time of life to have to change his clothes because a woman is asked to dine. With you young fellows, it is doubtless different; though, when I was your age, Mr Litton, I had never had a pair of polished leather shoes on my feet, nor so much as a tail-coat on my back. The only evening-parties I ever attended were those at the Mechanics' Institute.'

'Indeed,' said Walter, not knowing what else to say, though he was well aware that a more rapturous appreciation of the difference between Mr Brown's Now and Then was expected of him. 'Such a mode of life must have been very unconventional and independent.'

'Gad, I don't know about the independence, sir; I had but a pound a week, except a few shillings that I made by working after-hours, and which I laid by to marry upon. People said it was rash in me to think of a wife; but it is my opinion, that when a young fellow gets to be three-and-twenty, it is high time for him to think of such things—that is,' added Mr Brown, with sudden gravity, 'if he chooses, as I did, one who is accustomed, like himself, to economising and simple fare; for to drag a girl down from competence and opulence to what seems to her like beggary by contrast to it, is a very shameful action.—Hollo! Lillian, my dear, where did you spring from?'

'I have only been as far as the new bridge and back, papa.'

'Well, you'd better go in and dress for dinner, my dear. Your sister has been gone these five minutes.'

'But my toilet does not take quite so long as her ladyship's,' returned Lillian, smiling.

'Well, well; rank has its duties, no doubt, as well as its privileges,' observed Mr Brown complacently. 'Perhaps you will marry a baronet, or maybe a lord, yourself, Lillian, some day, and then, I daresay, you will take as long to dress as Lotty.'

'Why should I only marry a lord, papa?' said Lillian, complainingly. 'Can't you look a little higher for me? Why should I not be a duchess, for instance?'

'Go along with you, and dress for dinner,' laughed her father, pinching her cheek; but when she left to do his bidding, his countenance grew grave.

'Lillian is far from well,' said he; 'I don't think the English climate agrees with her.'

'She looked very well when I first had the pleasure of seeing her,' observed Walter. 'I would fain hope that her indisposition is but temporary; the heat has been exceptionally great this summer.'

'No, no; it's not that; but something more serious, though we don't know exactly what. Dr Agnew has prescribed change of climate. You are doubtless aware that we are going abroad next month?'

'I have heard so, sir,' said Walter quietly. 'Of course, I regret it, for my own sake, but still more for the cause that takes you away.'

Common politeness would almost have dictated as much as this, yet Mr Brown was obviously displeased with the remark, and in his reply to it, ignored the sentence that referred to his daughter altogether.

'Well, yes, of course it will separate you from us completely; but a young man like yourself is always making new friends; for my part, I shall be most pleased to forward your interests, if it should ever lie in my power to do so. But I hope, when we come home, we shall hear of you as having made your own way in the world. After all, that is the only satisfactory method of doing it. Look at me: I had no patrons; I did not lay myself out to conciliate society.'

'That is very true,' mused Walter: his thoughts were far away, dwelling upon the time when the house before him, now so full of light and life, should, with its shuttered windows and tenantless rooms, strike desolation to his soul. Whether Mr Brown fancied that his guest's attention was wandering, or, on the other hand, deemed his reply too opposite, he was manifestly annoyed. 'Come,' said he; 'though you are dressed fine enough, you will like to wash your hands before dinner, I daresay; let's step inside.' And they went in accordingly.

CHAPTER XXII.—BANNISHED FROM EDEN.

Notwithstanding the reputation which Lady Selwyn had acquired for a prolonged toilet, she was the first person to come down to the drawing-room, where Walter had been 'kicking his heels,' as the phrase goes, while the others had been dressing for dinner. As a matter of fact, he had not been kicking his heels, but taking up book after book—profusely illustrated, and wholly unreadable, as most drawing-room books are—after the dissatisfied and changeful fashion of all too early guests; but in his case there was not only his 'too earliness' to render him uncomfortable. It was impossible for him to avoid the conviction that, except to one person of that household, his presence had become unwelcome, and that it had been resolved upon by all the rest that this evening was the last that he should spend as guest beneath that roof. He was a high-spirited young fellow enough, and, under similar circumstances, would have put on his hat, and marched out of any house in London, there and then, without incurring his company further upon unwilling companions: he was not so fond of a good dinner that he could eat the bread of humiliation with it; but though very sore at heart, he could not make up his mind thus to leave Willowbank. If there was but one within its walls who was glad to see him, she, at least, he felt sure, was very glad; if to others he was an object of suspicion or dislike, to her he was a trusted friend. She had confided to him her troubles, and would that very day have even taken counsel with him upon some important domestic matter, had she not been overruled by her sister. He had no desire to know what it was—unless his knowledge of it might enable him to give her aid—but it was delightful to him to think that she had thought him worthy of such confidence. Possessing her good opinion, he could afford to despise the distrust of all the rest; and if he felt

indignation against one of them, it was less upon his own account, than because that one had rendered himself distasteful—nay, abhorrent—to Lillian. As for the old merchant, he only pitied him for his weakness in having been so cajoled by his son-in-law, and dazzled with his fire-new title; and as to Lotty, though he felt she had become inimical to him, he well understood that she was no free agent, but a puppet in her husband's hands. It was impossible that he could ever be angry with her, or regard her otherwise than with tenderness and compassion; and if his feelings towards her had changed, if that respectful devotion for her, which he had once entertained, no longer existed, it was not from any conduct of hers, but simply that his allegiance had been transferred elsewhere. It was impossible any longer to conceal from himself that another now reigned in her stead; if he had had any doubt of it, the fact that he no longer felt any bitterness or disappointment about Lotty's having ignored himself and his services during the time of her elopement—that she had not even mentioned his name to Lillian—should have convinced him of this. He cared no more for her indifference or forgetfulness, but only pitied her woes. As she entered the room now, beautiful and elegantly attired, and smiling—though not with the frank smile of old—he experienced none of those sentiments which her presence had once inspired: she seemed to him no longer herself at all; the very words she spoke to him—some conventional apology for his having been left so long alone—were not her words: she was but the mouth-piece and the messenger of another.

'Reggie ought to be ashamed of himself for not having been down before, Mr Litton; he would finish his cigar, though I told him it was time to dress; but I have hurried over my toilet, in order to keep you company, so you must forgive him, for my sake.'

'I would forgive him much more than that, Lady Selwyn, for your sake,' said Walter: the words had escaped him without his reflecting upon their significance, and the next moment he was sorry that he had so spoken, for poor Lotty's face grew crimson from chin to brow. 'As to your toilet having been hurried,' added he quickly, 'I should never have guessed it, had you not told me so. May I compliment you—as an artist—upon the colour of your dress?'

'It is Japanese,' said Lotty, 'and a present from papa. He is never tired of giving me little *cadeaux* of that kind. Reginald says I am like the Prodigal, whose return was solemnised by having beautiful robes given to him; only, in my case, there is no one to object to it: dearest Lillian is not one bit jealous.'

'I can well believe that,' said Walter enthusiastically. 'She has no thought of herself. Before your reconciliation with your father was effected, her heart and head were busy with that only; she scarce seemed to live for herself; and even now it is your well-being—your happiness—which concerns her more than her own.'

Lotty's pale face flushed, and in her eyes the dewy pearls began to gather, as she sighed: 'I know it, ah, how well I know it! and if I could but see her happy—in her own way! O Mr Litton, if I had but the power, as I have the will, to serve you both!' Here she stopped, frightened, as it seemed, by her own words. 'Hush!' whispered she, with

her finger on her lip; 'don't answer me; I only wish you to know that I am your friend. I can do no good, but you must never think that I mean to do you harm.'

'I should not think that, even if you did me harm,' said Walter softly. Her words had gone to his heart; not—just then—because of their significance, though they were significant indeed; but because this tender timorous woman had ventured thus to express her sympathy.

'Do not imagine,' she went on, in hurried tones, 'that Lillian has told me anything; alas! I have read her secret for myself. I can give you nothing but my prayers—not even hope. She is not a girl like me, ungrateful and undutiful, who would leave her father and her home—you must give her up, or she will suffer for it.'

'Lady Selwyn!'

'Oh, I know, I know: it is easy to offer such advice as mine. But, since this can never be, be generous, and spare her all you can. I hear her step upon the stairs—pray, promise me.' As Walter bowed his head, Lillian entered the room.

'I hope her ladyship has been affable, Mr Litton?' said she, smiling.

'My dear Lillian,' exclaimed Lotty, 'how can you be so foolish!'

'Indeed,' answered Walter gaily, 'I should scarcely have guessed, had I not known it, that there was any social gulf between us.'

Then, as they all three laughed, Mr Brown entered: 'Come, come; tell me the joke, young people, or else I shall think you were laughing at me behind my back!'

'Mr Litton has been complimenting me, papa, upon my magnificent apparel,' said Lady Selwyn promptly; 'and we all think it a little grand for the occasion.'

'Not at all,' said the old gentleman seriously; 'I always like to see people dressed according to their rank.'

'But the Queen does not put her crown on every day, papa,' said Lillian.

'Well, this is not an everyday coincidence; we have honoured guests to-night. And, besides,' added he hastily, 'my picture—yours and mine—has come home from the Academy, and such makes the date important.'

'Now, I call that very pretty of papa,' said Lady Selwyn. 'Don't you, Mr Litton?'

'Indeed, I do,' said Walter.

'Yes, yes; I shall always value that picture, young man, and, I may add, the artist who painted it.'

Walter expressed his sense of the compliment, though, truth to say, the valetudinary air with which it was expressed had rubbed the gilt off sadly.

'I hope the other picture will please you equally well, sir, when it is finished.'

'I have no doubt of that; I will leave directions with the housekeeper about it, so that you can send it home when it is done.'

This was another blow to Walter; for he had secretly intended to keep the Joan in his studio till his patron had returned from abroad; he had felt that that would be a solace to him, and besides, when they did return, it would have provided an excuse for his paying a visit to Willowbank. His chagrin was such that the entrance of Sir Reginald into the drawing-room was quite a relief to him, since it at once gave a turn to the conversation.

'Your guest is late, Mr Brown,' said the baronet. 'Yes, yes,' said the merchant, who had already pulled out his watch with some appearance of impatience. 'I hope they understand below-stairs that our party is not complete.'

This was a good deal for Mr Brown to say, since it was his invariable principle—or so at least he had told Walter—to wait dinner for nobody. 'Why should the rest of the alphabet have their meat done to rage, because Z is always behind-hand?' was one of his favourite sayings.

'My aunt is generally punctual as clock-work,' observed Sir Reginald.

'So I should have inferred, from what I have seen of her character,' answered the other.—'Ah, there's the front-door bell.'

It was curious to see how fidgety was Mr Brown, and still more so to observe, now that the cause of his anxiety was removed, and his expected guest had come, how he abstained from any demonstration of welcome. He remained, as if by design, in the further corner of the apartment, when Mrs Sheldon was announced, and the rest of the company stepped forward to greet her. At the moment, Walter thought this was for the purpose of observing how he himself should first meet the lady; that it was a sort of trap laid for him, by which his host might be certified of some suspicion that he and the widow were old acquaintances. In that case, he resolved to shape his conduct by her own, which would doubtless have been decided upon beforehand. If she shrunk from recognition, it would be easy for him to ignore her acquaintance; but he would no more initiate deception.

Notwithstanding her recent bereavement, Mrs Sheldon was not in widow's weeds; she refused, it seems, to wear the customary garb of woe for a husband who, in his lifetime, had treated her so ill; or, perhaps, she knew that crape was unbecoming to her. She was dressed in gray silk, trimmed with black lace; and in the soft lamplight of the drawing-room, looked quite bewitching. She embraced Lotty with great effusion, kissed Lillian on the cheek, nodded familiarly at Reginald, whom she had met before that morning, and then held out her hand to Walter, with a 'What! you here, Mr Litton?' Both speech and action were so marked, so evidently designed to attract attention, that it seemed almost impossible they should have escaped Mr Brown's notice; yet they did so. He could not, of course, but have heard and seen, but the circumstance did not appear to strike him as remarkable; doubtless, he concluded that Mrs Sheldon and Walter had met during one of her recent calls at Willowbank, and therefore thought little of her claiming acquaintanceship with him. By the expression of the widow's face, it was clear to Walter that her intention, whatever it was, had missed fire in the performance. The spectators, too, had evidently expected some result: the baronet frowned, and bit his moustache discontentedly; Lotty, who had cast down her eyes, as though to avoid some unpleasant scene, looked up again, with an expression of relief; Lillian, who had turned a shade paler as the new-comer addressed Walter, but had never taken her eyes off her face for a moment, wore a look of disdain. Quite unconscious of all this, Mr Brown himself had at last come forward to greet his guest. He

did so with warmth, yet, at the same time, as it seemed to Walter, with as little demonstrativeness as possible. His words were conventional enough, but his voice was unusually soft and low, and he retained the widow's hand in his much longer than is customary. Perhaps it was for this purpose that he had not greeted her earlier, since, when other people are waiting to shake hands with a lady, you can scarcely keep her fingers prisoners beyond a second or two. How often, or on what occasions, Mrs Sheldon had been a guest at Willowbank, since her mediatorial letter had been received, Walter did not know, but she had evidently made the best use of her time with Mr Brown. It was borne in upon the young artist at once, that what Lillian had said he was old friend enough to be told, and which Lotty had objected to being revealed to him, was, that a certain tenderness had sprung up between the old merchant and this newly-made widow. That Lillian should regard it with aversion, was natural enough; and that Lotty, being under the dominion of Sir Reginald, this lady's favourite nephew, should not so regard it, was also explicable. He felt that those who were already his enemies in that house, had recruited a new ally, more dangerous to him, perhaps, than any one of them, in the person of the handsome widow; for during their previous acquaintance with one another, had he not shewn himself proof against her charms; and had not her farewell words to him been such words of bitterness as only the tongue of a slighted woman knows how to frame! He had then been able to despise her charge that he had fallen in love with his friend's wife; but his heart now sank within him at the thought of how she might abuse another's ear with the same calumny; not Mr Brown's, nor Selwyn's, nor Lotty's, but Lillian's ear. Had he been a wiser and a less honourable man, he would have known that he had it in his power to set himself right—and more than right—with Lillian, by simply revealing the cause of this woman's malice; but such an idea never entered his mind. He felt that there were overwhelming odds against him; and that, probably, though the first blow had missed its mark, he would undergo their onset that very night; but he had no thought of any resistance such as would compromise even the most cruel of his enemies. He had promised Lotty to 'spare' her sister; that is, as he understood it, to make her no offer of marriage, since such a union must needs be utterly hopeless; and he had made a promise within himself to spare Lotty; that is, not to imperil by any revelation—however such might excuse his own conduct in Mr Brown's eyes—the reconciliation that had been effected between herself and her father. His foil, in fact, had the button on, while those of his antagonists were bare.

Mr Brown of course took Mrs Sheldon into dinner, while Lillian fell to Sir Reginald's lot, and Lady Selwyn to Walter's. The conversation was lively enough, and though not very general, still, more so than on the last occasion when he had sat at that table; for the baronet's sallies were seconded by his aunt, who, as the merchant admiringly remarked, was 'a host in herself as well as a guest,' a stroke of pleasantry that Sir Reginald applauded very loudly, and of which poor Lillian looked utterly ashamed. That the widow was 'making the running' with the owner of Willowbank very

fast indeed, could not be doubtful to any one that heard her; but, nevertheless, the whole company was taken by surprise by Mr Brown's suddenly saying—apropos of the contemplated trip to Italy—'And why should not you come with us, Mrs Sheldon?'

It had seemed to Walter, whom this speech had positively electrified, that Lillian was here about to speak; but Sir Reginald, with his quick, 'Ah, why indeed?' was before her, and she said nothing, only casting a despairing look across the table to her sister.

'Well, well, that is a very tempting proposition, Mr Brown, I own,' answered the widow gravely; 'but it will need a good deal of consideration.'

That she intended to accept the invitation, no one present, except, perhaps, the host himself, who was very solicitous to extract an assent from her, had any doubt; but she declined for that time to give a definite reply. 'It was a delightful idea,' she said—'perhaps almost too pleasurable a one, it would be thought by some, to be entertained by one in her position'—and here she sighed, as though that allusion to her recent bereavement had set some springs of woe flowing—but it would need very serious reflection before she could say "yes" or "no." She would make up her mind by the next Sunday afternoon, when she had engaged to meet dearest Lotty in the Botanical Gardens at three o'clock.

'Dearest Lotty,' instructed by a glance from her lord and master, promised to be punctual to that appointment, and expressed her hope that Mrs Sheldon's decision would be in the affirmative. Most of this talk had taken place during dessert, and again and again Lillian, from the head of the table, had looked towards the widow with that significant glance, that even the youngest housekeepers can assume when they think that a change of scene will be desirable. But the other had steadily ignored it, and, in one of her endeavours to catch the widow's eye, Lillian caught her father's instead.

'Why should you be in such a hurry to leave us, my dear?' said he testily; 'we are quite a family party; and neither Sir Reginald nor Mr Litton are three-bottle men.'

Of course, both gentlemen hastened to say that they had had wine enough.

'Very good,' continued the host. 'Then why should the ladies part company from us at all?—What say you, Mrs Sheldon, to our forming ourselves into a hanging committee, and criticising the new picture that has just come home from the Royal Academy?'

'I should like it, of all things,' answered she; 'that is, if such an ordeal would be agreeable to the artist.' It was the first time since their meeting that she had looked Litton in the face, and she smiled as she did so very sweetly.

'It is not a very good time to judge of a picture,' observed Walter; not that he cared about that matter in the least, but because he saw that the proposition was, for some reason or other, distasteful to Lillian.

'But the less light there is, Litton, the more your blushes will be spared,' said Sir Reginald gaily.

'Oh, there's plenty of light,' returned the host; 'I have had reflectors contrived expressly to exhibit it.—Come along, Mrs Sheldon, and pass judgment.'

And with that, he gallantly offered his arm to the widow, and led the way across the hall into the breakfast-room, where the picture had been hung. The gas apparatus which had been made to throw its beams upon the canvas, was soon lit, and certainly Walter's handiwork looked to the best advantage.

'There, madam, what do you think of *that*?' inquired Mr Brown admiringly. 'The idea is Philippa, wife of what's-his-name, interceding for the lives of the citizens of what-you-may-call it. The Joan which you have seen is to hang opposite, and I must say that a prettier pair of companion pictures it would have been hard to find.'

'And when did dear Lotty sit for this beautiful likeness?' asked Mrs Sheldon, regarding the canvas with all the rapt attention expected in such cases.

'Why, that is the best part of the whole thing, my dear madam: she never sat at all; the likeness is a purely accidental one.'

'Dear me! What! he painted it only from memory? Well, that is most creditable; and also, I may add, very complimentary to Lotty herself.'

And now Walter knew that it was coming, that exposure and undeserved shame awaited him; and also, though he looked neither to left nor right, but kept his gaze fixed upon the canvas, that all who stood by, save Mr Brown himself, were aware of what was to follow.

'Memory?' echoed the host; 'not a bit of it! He had never so much as set eyes upon Lady Selwyn.'

'Ah, you mean not *after* she was Lady Selwyn. Of course, Mr Litton was well enough acquainted with Lotty's features, since he saw her every day when she was at Penadon.'

For a moment, not a word was spoken. Mr Brown stared with astonished eyes at Walter, evidently expecting him to speak; but when he did not do so, the colour rose into the old merchant's cheeks, and his eyes gleamed fiercely at him from under his shaggy eyebrows.

'What the deuce is the meaning of this, sir?' inquired he roughly. 'Have you been telling me lies, then, all along?'

'No, sir; I have told you no lies,' answered Walter calmly. 'At the same time, I confess with sorrow that I allowed you to believe what was not the fact.'

'Then this is a portrait, is it, just like any other portrait?' cried the old man contemptuously.

'You excited my interest by a cock-and-bull story, and obtained entrance into this house by false pretences. Nay, I may say you have picked my pocket'—

'O papa, papa!'

It was Lillian's voice, full of shame and agony, but the sound of it, usually so welcome to his ear, only seemed to make the old merchant more furious.

'Be silent, girl!' exclaimed he harshly; and then, with some inconsistency, he added quickly: 'What have *you* to say about it, I should like to know?'

'I was about to observe, that, so far from picking your pocket, papa, Mr Litton would not take a third of the price you offered him.'

'That is true enough; but I have some reason to believe that this gentleman had an object to gain in being so liberal in his terms. Yes, sir, in acting with such marvellous magnanimity, you threw out your sprat to catch a whale; though, as to your pretending to be a stranger to her ladyship,

I cannot understand, indeed, why Sir Reginald yonder, and Lotty herself, did not inform me'—

'Well, finding him here, Mr Brown,' interrupted the widow, laying her dainty fingers upon his arm appealingly, 'earning such large sums under your patronage, they doubtless hesitated to take the bread out of his mouth, as it were, by denouncing him as an impostor. It was a weakness in Reginald, no doubt, but I think, considering their old acquaintanceship, a pardonable one.'

'Since such is your opinion, Mrs Sheldon, I will forgive him,' replied the old man. 'But as for this gentleman—as I daresay he still considers himself to be, though, when a man sails under false colours in humble trade, we have quite another name for him—this is the last time he shall set foot in this house. Have you nothing to say, sir, absolutely nothing, to excuse your having played me such a scurvy trick?'

There was a long silence. For the first time, Walter turned about, and threw a glance upon the witnesses of his degradation. Sir Reginald, as if ashamed to meet his gaze, at once cast his eyes upon the ground; Lotty, with her face buried in her handkerchief, was sobbing bitterly; but Lillian, white as marble, gave him back a look of supplication tender and earnest as that which looked out of the picture itself; only added thereto was an expression of heartfelt gratitude, as though the favour asked had been already granted.

'No, Mr Brown,' answered he, in a firm voice, 'I have nothing to say.'

'Then the sooner you leave this house, the better I shall be pleased,' was the grim reply.

In the glare of the gaslight, he saw two faces, the recollection of which was doomed to haunt him long with a bitter sense of humiliation—one, his host's, full of honest scorn; the other, scornful too, but with the triumphant malice of a slighted woman. He passed out and before them both without a word, and into the hall, from whence he took down his hat and coat with his own hands, and left the house.

AMERICAN NICKNAMES.

OUR American cousins are great in nicknames; and persons, states, and cities seem to have no *locus stantis*, until they achieve or obtain a distinctive appellation. The more expressive the name bestowed is, the greater becomes the feather in the cap of the recipients, and certainly many of them are strong enough, peculiar, and pungent. Having had occasion lately to peruse several American works of a certain class, we have thrown together the following brief but strange specimens of topographical and personal nomenclature, the perusal of which, we hope, will not fail to interest and amuse.

Arkansas is called the Bear State, and its natives or inhabitants are Tooth-picks or Sophers. California is, on account of its mineral wealth, the Golden State, and its occupiers nothing more or less than Gold-hunters. Connecticut, as every reader of *Sam Slick* must well know, is the Nutmeg State. It is also Freestone State, and the Land of Steady Habits. The natives are designated Wooden Nutmegs, but whether they like the name or not, we cannot say. Delaware is the Blue-hen or Diamond State; but for some reason, inexplicable to us, the natives are Musk-rats. Florida is

the Peninsular State, and the people who live in it are Fly-up-the-Crecks; both terms sufficiently explain themselves. Illinois rejoices in three names which are severely poetical, ridiculous, and practical: Garden of the West, Sucker State, and Prairie State. Suckers, whatever they may be, dwell therein. Indiana is the Hoosier State, inhabited by Hoosiers, whatever they may be. Iowa, being Hawk-eye State, affords a local habitation for Hawk-eyes. Kansas is another Garden of the West, but, unlike its namesake, Illinois, is occupied by Jayhawkers, which may be, however, only another name for Suckers. Kentucky, in words suggestive of strife in bygone days, is the Dark and Bloody Ground; but the irrepressible fondness for fun having afterwards cropped up, it has latterly become known as Corn-cracker State, and Corn-crackers people it. Louisiana, as a cotton-growing state, is called the Creole State, it is inhabited by Creoles, who are facetiously called Cre-cwils. Maine is Lumber or Pine-tree State. The Law associated with its name does not seem to have yet resolved itself into a title, but no doubt it will, in course of time. Foxes live in this state. Massachusetts is the Bay State, and Bay States reside in it. Michigan is Lake State or Wolverine State; Wolverines, not Lakers, have there a habitation. Mississippi is the Bayou State, and its residents are recognised as Tadpoles. New Hampshire is the Granite State; the natives thereof are Granite Boys. New York is proudly called the Empire State; Longfellowishly, the Excelsior State; and having a grateful remembrance of its obligations to the Dutch, also the New Netherlands. In honour of its historian, however, the natives prefer to be known as Knickerbockers. North Carolina is the Old North State, or Turpentine State, to those who prefer it; and, for the same reason, its natives are either Tuckoes or Tar-boilers. Ohio is Buckeye State, and is specially retained for Buckeyes only. Pennsylvania is honourably designated the Keystone State. After its founder, those who live in it are Pennanites, or, after modern manners, Leatherheads. Rhode Island is lovingly called Little Rhody; although the compliment is somewhat marred, when the term Gun-flints is applied to the sons of the said island. South Carolina is Palmetto State, and the natives are Weasels. Tennessee is Big Bend State, and is the home of Whelps or Cotton-maries. Texas is poetically termed Lone-star State. It is tenanted by Beed-heads! Vermont, as its name implies, is the Green Mountain State, and Green Mountain Boys are to be found there. Virginia is, as a matter of course, the Old Dominion, the Mother of States, and also the Mother of Presidents. Notwithstanding all these proud designations, no one but Beadies or Beagles live in it. Wisconsin is Badger State, and is the home of Badgers.

In addition to the foregoing, the inhabitants of several states and territories have already had names bestowed upon them, although their 'respective places of abode' have not yet been unofficially recorded: to wit, the inhabitants of Alabama are Lizards; Colorado, Rovers; Georgia, Buzzards; Maryland, Craw-thumpers; Minnesota, Gophers; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug-eaters; Nevada, Sage-hens; New Jersey, Blues or Clam-catchers; Oregon, Hard-cases or Web-text. Many of the cities of the United States have also names of their own. A few of the more important are here given.

Atlanta, Ga., is the Gate City; Baltimore, Md., the Monumental City. Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, is, as the comprehensive expression has it, not only a 'whole team and a horse to spare,' but a 'big dog under the wagon' as well. It is the Athens of America, the City of Notions, the Hub of the Universe, the Modern Athens, the Puritan City; and it is also Tremont or Trimountain. Brooklyn, N. Y., is the City of Churches; Buffalo, N. Y., the Queen City of the Lakes; Chicago, Ill., the Garden City. It is possible, however, that a certain recent disastrous event may alter this name by-and-by. Cincinnati, Ohio, is a 'big' place, and rejoices in a number of names: it is Porkopolis, Losantville, Queen City, or Queen of the West. Cleveland, Ohio, is the Forest City; Detroit, Mich., the City of the Straits; Hannibal, Bluff City; Indianapolis, Ind., Railroad City; Louisville, Ky., Fall City; Lowell, Mass., the City of Spindles; Nashville, Tenn., the City of Rocks; Newhaven, the City of Elms; New Orleans, La., the Crescent City; New York, N. Y., Gotham, Empire City, or New Amsterdam; while Philadelphia, Pa., is quietly and unostentatiously called the Quaker City, or the City of Brotherly Love. Pittsburg, in the same state, is called what it deserves to be, Smoky City, or Iron City. Portland, Me., is the Forest City; Rochester, N. Y., Flour City; St Louis, Miss., Mound City; Springfield, Ill., Flower City. Washington, the capital of the United States, is the City of Magnificent Distances. We have no doubt it is so, whether viewed naturally, strategically, or politically.

But, in addition to peoples, states, and cities in America, other important events, places, and things are honoured by having nicknames conferred upon them. The entire continent itself is Old Stars and Stripes, Uncle Sam, the New World, or Columbia. The Amazon is the King of Rivers, although we think, with all due respect, that Queen would have been a more appropriate designation. Confederate soldiers were Johnny Rebs; and the revolting states in the civil war were classed together as Secessia. Faneuil Hall, Boston, is the Cradle of Liberty. The Southern States, taken collectively, are Dixie; negroes, generally, are Cuffees, Quashees, or Sambos; and the grand insignia of all that is good and noble in the gospel of the world, according to Uncle Sam—that is, the Stars and Stripes itself—is affectionately and familiarly nicknamed Old Glory!

A native American cannot receive a higher compliment than to be styled Brother Jonathan; and as the origin of this name is not generally known, we quote the following from Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*: 'In the course of the struggle for independence, General Washington fell short of ammunition. He took counsel with his staff, but failed to obtain any practical suggestion for relief. "We must consult Brother Jonathan," said he—meaning Jonathan Trumbull, the senior governor of Connecticut. This was done, and the difficulty was remedied. To "consult Brother Jonathan" immediately became a set phrase, and the term has since grown, until it has become, in the eyes of Americans, an equivalent to the John Bull of old England.'

Nor, in its intense desire to give nicknames to whom nicknames are due, does America forget its great men. We have only space, however, to

mention a very few instances: John Quincy Adams was the Old Man Eloquent; Thomas H. Benton, Old Bullion; James Buchanan, Old Public Functionary; Henry Clay, Mill-boy of the Slashes; John C. Fremont, the Path-finder; Andrew Jackson, Old Hickory; Thomas Jefferson, the Sage of Monticello; Abraham Lincoln, the Rail-splitter; John Neal, Jehu O'Cataraet; Martin Van Buren, the Little Magician; Daniel Webster, the Expounder of the Constitution; and last, but not least, George Washington was the American Fabius, and the Father of his Country.

Parties, political, sectarian, and otherwise, are considered fair game for ridicule in most countries; and in the States, they are certainly not overlooked. During the rebellion, the Peace party, being suspected of favouring the South, were nicknamed Copperheads or Cops, equivalent to 'secret foes,' the copperhead being a species of poisonous snake that gives no warning of its approach or whereabouts. The application is obvious. The Know-nothings were members of a secret society formed in 1853. When questioned as to their proceedings, they invariably answered: 'I know nothing about it.' It was a prudent answer to give, for, as their chief object was to accomplish the repeal of the Naturalisation Laws, the truth might have proved troublesome. The Know-nothings, however, ran their ship on Slavery Rock, and it foundered. Carpet-baggers, as a party nickname, came into existence in 1868, and it has a history which is not without interest. When the first convention met in Alabama to frame a reconstructed constitution under the Congressional Acts of 1867, it had no name. It would not do to call them Republicans, because several members were staunch adherents to Congress. They could not be designated Unionists, Federals, or Yankees, for a similar reason. The question of a proper name for the enemy was, therefore, discussed at a 'caucus'—which word, by the way, is a nickname for a secret or private meeting. Colonel Reese, a strong Unionist, during the conversation, happened to speak of the large influx into Washington of shabby office-seekers, with *carpet-bags*, at the appointment of President Lincoln. This term struck the fancy of the caucus, and it was resolved to adopt it. Next morning, the *Montgomery Daily Mail* applied to the strangers who had seized the governments of the South the name of Carpet-baggers. In a few weeks, other states also adopted it, and it has clung to the agents of the Republican party in Congress ever since. Bogus Boys are the pests of Wall Street and other commercial districts. They derive their name from Borghese, an accomplished rogue, who did a great business in fabricating counterfeit bills, sham mortgages, &c. Bogus Boys are therefore swindlers and 'frauds.'

Tub-thumpers, Hard-shells, and Tunkers are religious bodies. The first are itinerant preachers, who say what they have to say from inverted tubs, or similar elevations, and enforce by declamation what they cannot convey by sense. Hard-shells, we understand, are a section of extreme Baptists, and the nickname, no doubt, indicates the unwavering fidelity of their conduct. Tunkers, according to Mr Hepworth Dixon, are 'a politico-religious sect of Ohio. They believe all will be saved, are Quakers in plainness of dress and speech, and neither fight nor go to law.'

Truly, Tankers are Tankers to some purpose, if they act up to their principles! There are hundreds of other party nicknames current in the States, but these few examples must suffice in the meantime.

A LITTLE PARADISE.

It may be news to many readers to be told that the Kawan, the Little Paradise, or Wonderland, of the Antipodes,* is a small island which lies about twenty-eight miles to the north-east of Auckland, in the Hauraki Gulf. To the memory of Mr J. E. Tinné, of University College, Oxford, who visited it about two years ago, and on whose authority it has been dubbed 'the Little Paradise,' it brought back vividly 'the tales one has read in boyhood of fairy spots in the Pacific seas, where cast-away mariners, like Robinson Crusoe, used to live in solitary glory.' All readers of *Peveril of the Peak* must remember how, a long while ago, the Isle of Man was the absolute possession of the earls of Derby; and all readers of newspapers must be aware how, more recently, the Scilly Islands were held on lease by Mr Augustus Smith: well, in some sort of fashion intermediate between those two methods of holding, the Little Paradise, when Mr Tinné visited it, was held by Sir George Grey, the former governor of New Zealand. The 'island, which measures about thirty miles round, contains three magnificent harbours, one of which could easily float the *Great Eastern* close to the shore at low water.' Should it ever be your good fortune to enter the middle harbour in the steamer which calls with the weekly mail from Auckland (for they cannot do without letters and newspapers even in the Little Paradise), you would probably see the same sight that Mr Tinné saw, and be impressed by it as he was. If it were not for the small size of the island, you might fancy you had come upon 'the Atlantis of the ancients, where the earth gives forth her choicest fruits unasked, where animal life has found its utmost limits of variety and health, and where, with Plato, you might at length find perfect happiness in the contemplation of beauty, and sympathise with nature in her divinest guise. But you would see something that Plato never, even in his mind's eye, saw. As you steamed into the harbour, you would mark how 'a large English-looking house suddenly breaks upon the sight from a lovely sequestered bay to the right, where it stands embosomed in trees, within a few yards of the shelving beach of white sand and gravel.' The Little Paradise is a paradise even for the geologist. There are not only mineral riches in the Kawan, but it is said to be a relic of a far older country than New Zealand. The Kawan 'has sunk into the sea, for the valleys that still intersect it were clearly, in a previous age, the beds of large rivers, whose watershed must have been from a far wider area than this; whilst the present mainland of New Zealand is still slowly rising from the deep, and thus differs widely from the Kawan in its origin and present state of volcanic disturbance. In fact, so comparatively new a creation are the two islands of New Zealand proper, that it has been frequently remarked that they were inhabited centuries too

soon.' It is said that 'the only land which can compare with the Kawan for antiquity is Karewa Rock, from which Captain Mair lately sent to the British Museum two lizards (*Hatteria gunata*, Tuatara in Maori), the venerable representatives of an extinct fossil genus found only in that locality.' Once upon a time there were as many as two thousand Maories, so that the soil must be or have been pretty fertile, whilst the adjacent fisheries must also have contributed largely to their sustenance; but, in 1872, there was not a living native on the island. It is believed that some squatters in New South Wales, with stock-breeding proclivities, were the first to purchase the island, whither 'they actually despatched a cargo of beasts, which were landed, but next morning disappeared in the dense bush, and now form the herd of wild cattle which infests the forests, and number about five hundred head.' Apropos of these cattle, it appears that they sometimes create a consternation hardly reconcilable with the tranquil delights of a Paradise; especially if, when the traveller wanders through the paths of this antipodean Eden, his faithful dog shall keep him company; for, even in Paradise, it seems that dogs will go sniffing about in the bush by the side of the road, and that cattle, when a dog 'sets them,' are apt to come at the man, and not the dog. Consequently, there may, perhaps, be seen the rather unparadisaical spectacle of blest inhabitants clambering hastily into trees for fear of their lives. When the stock-breeders, already mentioned, had, for reasons to be divined, abandoned their purchase, the island 'became the property of a succession of copper-mining companies, who worked to more or less profit the very rich mine on the west side, until, in 1849, a discovery of gold in California, and the "rush" to that country, deprived them of the necessary labour.' Whether, since that time, anything has been done in the way of working the mines, appears to be uncertain; but, in 1872, the old shaft and a fine smelting-house were still remaining as evidence of the past enterprise.

Ultimately, it passed into the hands of Sir George Grey, who, by the assistance of his own taste, and the natural capabilities of the place, proceeded to convert it into what Mr Tinné calls Utopia. Materials for building the house were found, almost entirely, upon the spot. There was plenty of timber in the forests, of kauri (a coniferous tree akin to the dammar pine); and of that the ceiling and the walls were made. The floors were covered with matting plaited from the native flax (*Phormium tenax*), of which vast quantities are found in the swamps of the island. The library was filled with 'about the finest collection of works on the dialects of South Africa to be found in the world. They were collected chiefly while Sir George Grey was governor of the Cape.' Besides, there were 'Maori antiquities and curiosities, many of them presents from personal friends among his former subjects, and others of them trophies of the last war:' to examine them all would be the agreeable pastime of weeks. Amongst them would be seen 'the original idol which was brought in the canoes from Hawaii, when the natives colonised New Zealand, made from a hard red stone, for which one may search their present country in vain; and the wooden flute of the poet Tutanikaia. Then the attention would be caught by several

* The Wonderland of the Antipodes. By J. E. Tinné, M.A. Sampson Low & Co.

mere-meres or greenstone clubs, of immense antiquity, the symbols of authority and long descent, every one of which, with its minutest flaws, is as well known to the Maories as our celebrated diamonds to an expert in jewels. The greenstone itself resembles the Chinese jade, and is only found near Hokitika, on the west coast of the Middle Island, at the bottom of rivers. It is extremely hard to cut, being of a greasy tough substance, but may be bought in the rough for a mere song. It is seldom that a piece of it turns out well in the cutting. There are two main varieties, the dark opaque and the light transparent, of which the latter appears to be the least common, though perhaps not the most valued. Each great mere has a history of its own, telling who were its possessors, in what battles they had been engaged, how many skulls it had cleft in twain, besides personal anecdotes of the combatants and their families.

But let us stop outside the house; and let us suppose that the Kawan wears its brightest autumn garb. In the garden are bushes of scented daphne, wildly luxuriant, and wonderfully profuse of blossom; there are 'trees of geranium and heliotrope; English violets breathing forth their modest fragrance in retired nooks, and blushing beds of the ever-welcome rose.' The eye feels refreshed, and a sweet odour seems to fill the nostrils, at the bare idea. Moreover, 'gigantic aloes guard the corners of the walks, whilst on the hillside is a dense jungle, or undergrowth of wild ginger, interspersed with a Japanese plant, from the pulp of which the exquisite rice-paper of commerce is made.' Side by side grow india-rubber trees, tea and coffee plants, and small date-palms; and, if the garden be not a small epitome of the vegetable universe, it is because Sir G. Grey would not introduce any plant which requires artificial heat, or cannot thrive naturally in the New Zealand climate. Does our soul long for fruit? Then let us rise early in the morning, before the sun has dried up the dew, and pick it for ourselves. On our right hand are bushes thick with the small purple guava, having a deliciously acid flavour, with pomegranates and with oranges ripening more readily than they; on our left are 'citrons, lemons, large fig-trees, prickly pears from Malta, strawberries, and grapes, an enticing medley suited to the most capricious tastes.'

As regards pines and firs, the little Paradise is more Californian than California itself; 'nearly every kind you can mention is there, though, naturally, they will not rival the American "big trees" in size for centuries to come.' It appears that every bay or headland in the Kawan appears to be devoted to a different kind of animal. There are tree-wallaby (the wallaby being a small variety of the kangaroo) from New Guinea, let Australians laugh as they will at the notion of wallaby perched in trees; there are rock-wallaby that live on the face of precipitous cliffs, and burrow like rabbits; the meadows and all the open ground are alive with pheasants, and with coveys of the pretty little California quail, with their black crests, who always keep a sentry perched on the stump of a neighbouring tree, to give them timely warning of the approach of strangers; there are wild pea-fowl, with their brilliant plumage; there are Cape geese, strangely exclusive birds, that seem to prefer a Darcy and Joan existence, and are

believed by Mr Tinne never to 'leave the piece of water which they have first appropriated to themselves at the commencement of their wedded life'; there are 'the tracks of elk, Virginia spotted deer, fallow-deer, and other creatures. One rare species of bird is the Australian bush turkey, which must equal the capercaillie in size. From where you look out towards the Coromandel Ranges and the Thames, there is a small headland where the wingless kiwi is carefully preserved. They are very scarce, and the feathers are much prized for making caps and cloaks among the Maories.' Moreover, there are opportunities for the exciting sport of stinging, or spearing sting-rays, the sting-ray being described as a loathsome brute, a flat, circular, slimy mass, with malicious, deep-set, red eyes, and with a long spike behind—a fish, however, not without its use, for, to say nothing of its barbed sting of ivory, its body is much esteemed as garden manure. As for a very different fish, commonly called the oyster, whithersoever you wander in the little Paradise, it is said that 'the only provision you need make for a meal is a small hammer, to knock the oysters off the rocks wherever you like to sit down on the shore. These rock-oysters are very small, but deliciously flavoured; they are not the same symmetrical shape as those at home, and therefore you find it easier to open them by a sharp blow on the butt with a stone or hammer, instead of using a knife to prise them.'

As for the scenery of the little Paradise, you may not only gladden your eyes, in a humble way, with the sight of English daisies and buttercups springing up on the soft turf, but it is asserted that 'the island combines the park-like undulations of Blenheim, the bold cliffs and tides of the Menai Strait, and the wooded mountain-sides of Killarney or the Trossachs.' And there is an almost perfect climate. When Mr Tinne was there, there were about forty souls or eight families in Paradise. Sir G. Grey, it is believed, intended to increase the number of inhabitants to about two hundred. At that time there was what licensed victuallers and their customers would, no doubt, consider a great drawback even to Paradise; for Sir George enforced strictly temperance regulations, and no one was allowed to import spirits or beer into the island except for medical purposes. It is to be feared that, by this time, if the population has been increased according to intention, the little Paradise has, notwithstanding its almost perfect climate, been the scene of much sickness and medical attendance.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

THAT men and women, and especially wives, are kicked to death, particularly in Liverpool, is unfortunately too well known. It is far less common to find that sort of destruction dealt out to the lower animals. Not very long ago, however, at the Marylebone police court, a wretch was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for having kicked a horse to death. It appeared that the ruffian, a stableman, had 'beaten, flogged, and kicked a horse in the stable, because it drew back from timidity' (not unnaturally, if it had any previous acquaintance with the ruffian), 'when he attempted to put a collar on its neck.' The stableman, having thus had his

temper ruffled, and feeling that he required a gentle sedative, 'went to another horse, which appears to have been entirely guiltless of any offence, and, to relieve the irritation of his temper, kicked it severely, then tied it up by its neck, and again kicked it as hard as he could. The wretched animal then fell down, when, in spite of the remonstrances of one of his fellow-stablen, he got a whip and flogged it with the butt-end until it rose from the ground.' He himself admitted that he had kicked the horse about thirty times, and that he had given it about thirty or forty blows with the butt-end of the whip. The result was that 'the victim of his cruelty died a few days later from the effects of the injuries it had received.' This dreadful story brought to mind the fact, that the celebrated Friends in Council had discussed the question of animals and their masters. One of the friends playfully recommends the practice of downright courtesy towards animals, declaring that 'they are very appreciative of politeness, and observant of the reverse. They have a great objection to be laughed at.' As for the vast area occupied by the subject of the cruelties practised upon animals, a friend points out that some idea of its vastness may be obtained from an enumeration of the chief amongst the heads under which the subject might be divided: 'The cruelties inflicted upon beasts of draught and burden; the cruelties inflicted in the transit of animals used for food; the cruelties inflicted upon pets; the cruelties perpetrated for what is called science; and, generally, the careless and ignorant treatment manifested in the sustenance of animals from whom you have taken all means and opportunities of providing for themselves.'

Amongst the cruelties inflicted upon beasts of draught and burden is mentioned an atrocity commonly called a 'bearing-rein.' This atrocity is, undoubtedly, still very common; but it has for very many years been, from time to time, severely censured, and personal observation would lead to the conclusion that, though it has not been abandoned, it has been very much modified. A friend bears out the correctness of this personal observation by remarking that, 'as a general rule, the educated man who drives his own horses, and learns to know something about their ailments, this bearing-rein, or leaves it off altogether.' On the other hand, it is urged that 'the coachman, who has some familiarity with the animal, is uncultured, and has not the slightest notion of the real effect of this rein. The cultivated master or mistress, who knows, or might by a few words be taught, the mischief of this rein, and the discomfort which it causes the animal, is often so unfamiliar with the animal that he or she is quite unobservant of the way in which it is treated, and does not understand its mode of expressing its discomfort.' And an illustrative anecdote is told about one of the friends themselves. That particular friend, who is described as being 'fonder of the lower animals than of men,' but totally innocent of any knowledge of horse-flesh, and who is good-humouredly taunted with not having driven a pair of horses since he left college, was one fine day created Attorney-general. His coachman, who was as absurd as most other coachmen about this detestable bearing-rein, tightened it in honour of the master's rising fortunes; and the master, for all his love of animals, never

noticed how the horses he loved were made to suffer, in order to do more credit to his increase of dignity. In this case, the cruelty, though it may not have been of a very heinous description, may be traced to twofold ignorance—that of the coachman, who, through want of culture, did not know what is due even to the lower animals; and that of the master, who, through want of familiarity with horses and their gear, could not give the instructions which his culture would have prompted. This twofold ignorance, again, is the cause of constructive cruelty in another way; for 'pretty nearly half the diseases of the domestic animals are the result of a direct violation of the laws of nature upon the part of the owners of the animals,' the owners, from want of knowledge, being obliged to leave everything to persons devoid of culture.

As regards cruelty practised in the transit of animals, one of the friends, having been a member of the Transit of Animals Committee, was peculiarly well qualified to speak; and though, in consequence of the representations of that committee, certain improvements were introduced, we may, undoubtedly, still adopt his language, and say that 'much remains to be done.' Some people argue, that human care, to as great an extent as is possible, will be insisted upon and exercised by the owner of cattle, from motives of personal interest. The fallacy of this argument, which it was once the fashion to urge in favour of slave-owners and slave-dealers, is, unfortunately, proved by stern facts; and one very good reason why the cattle-owners are not more careful on the point of humanity is, that they have been accustomed, from the very first, to calculate upon, and make allowance for, a certain amount of loss. Besides, one cattle-owner is in the habit of contenting himself with the reflection that, on the whole, he does not lose more than another; and, until it becomes quite clear to him that a little more humanity would give him a commercial advantage over his competitors, he will not see why he should be the first to begin a course which is commercially doubtful, but which is quite certain at the outset to cause him additional trouble and additional expense. Moreover, however great the culture, and however good the intentions of a cattle-owner, he must be dependent upon, and all sorts of hindrances over the majority of whom he can exercise no sort of supervision, and have no sort of control. The friend, when asked for practical remedies against this kind of cruelty, could only suggest that the inquirer should follow the example of Lady Burdett Coutts, who has given prizes for the encouragement of humanity to animals; should read up the subject (a great deal of evidence has been given upon it before Committees of the House of Commons); and should, meanwhile, shew an interest in the doings of that excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of other societies that have like objects in view. It must be evident, after a little thought, that improvement in the treatment of animals depends upon many small things which it would be almost impossible to enumerate, and the value of which would only be appreciated by those who are conversant with the particular branch of the subject to which these small remedies refer. For instance, you would hardly believe, says the friend to his fellows, 'unless you had heard the evidence of experts, how much can be done to improve the

transit of animals by sea, by such regulations as the following, the adoption of which is recommended by the Transit of Animals Committee: "The floors of each pen should be provided with battens or other footholds; and ashes, sand, sawdust, or other suitable substance, should be so strewed on the floors of the pens, and on the decks and gangways, as to prevent the animals from slipping." A whole host of evils could be avoided by these simple regulations. It has been said that an Italian, if remonstrated with for ill-treatment of his beast, would answer, without any of those angry oaths whereby an Englishman, under similar circumstances, betrays his inner consciousness of his ruffianism, and with a pleasant smile of surprise and amusement: 'Non è Cristiano!' We are not quite so bad as that; there is nothing so hopeless as cruelty on principle, and, moreover, with a sort of religious sanction.

As regards the cruelty of keeping pets, one of the friends says that it goes against the grain with him to use so harsh a term of so amiable a weakness, 'and for this especial reason, that the young people who keep pets are generally, in after-life, those who are the best friends to animals.' Still, he does think that there is a great deal of cruelty in keeping pets—not so much directly as indirectly. There can be no doubt whatever of the barbarities frequently employed in those devices by which pets are caught and tamed, and rendered amusing; and there can be no doubt that we make pets of creatures which were never meant to be made pets of, so far as what they were or were not meant for can be gathered from certain visible signs. Of course, this remark applies chiefly to the feathered creation. But, on the other hand, there are some birds, such as parrots and cockatoos, which, if longevity and apparently uproarious spirits go for anything, cannot be said to pine away in the confinement of a cage, varied by occasional constitutional upon a balustrade, or an area-railing, or a window-sill, or even upon the shoulders and necks of their tormentors, and which can be taught, without the slightest cruelty, not only to divert their owners and their owners' friends with a choice selection of diabolical noises, but also to 'speak like a book.' Indeed, the allegation of cruelty in the mere keeping of pets is somewhat difficult to maintain; and the term certainly would be most wrongly and idiotically applied in the case of those creatures, such as cats and dogs, which really appear to like the society of human beings. One would be inclined to say that, so far as pets, when they have once become pets, are concerned, the cruelty practised towards them consists chiefly in over-coddling, over-feeding, and whatever else arises from thoughtless indulgence, and wilful or ignorant disregard of an animal's natural constitution. Many a bad quarter of an hour, too, must be passed by the dog, evidently worthy of a better fate, whose eyes, as he waddles in his overcoat of many colours, a few yards behind his mistress, are turned wistfully but helplessly towards the spot where half-a-dozen of his poorer relations are having a low but exhilarating romp in the public streets. He sends after them one feeble bark of mingled protest at their rude behaviour, and regret that he can't join in it; and, with drooping tail, trudges along in the path of respectability, much as a Buttons, nearly broken-in to service, may be seen carrying a

parcel dolefully behind the young ladies, and, all the while, casting furtive glances of despair and envy at the ragamuffins playing leap-frog in the road. But then Buttons should reflect that man is born to misery, but dogs, for all that appears, are not.

As regards cruelties inflicted upon animals in the cause of science, one of the friends speaks of the barbarities that go on under the pretentious name of scientific investigation; and another says of vivisection, that the very word makes his flesh creep. The difficulty of the question is increased, if it be true, as the friends generally seem to think, that nothing but culture and enlightenment will satisfactorily secure the proper treatment of animals; for one is disposed to ask at the outset where, if not amongst men of science, one would look for culture and enlightenment, and yet those are the very men who are accused of cruelty. However, one is very much inclined to agree with the friend who maintains that it is a crime to make experiments upon animals for the sake of illustrating some scientific fact that has already been well ascertained, adding, that 'you might as well say that it is desirable to put wretched dogs into the *Grotto del Cane* [a cave near Naples] for the purpose of proving that the air in that grotto is mephitic.'

As regards the cruelties of sport, there is another question about which mankind may go on disputing until doomsday. It is probable, however, that not many amongst the superior order of even sportsmen themselves would have much to say in favour of pigeon-matches, and other such things, which a friend describes as poor, contemptible, and brutalising transactions. The friend expresses his wonder that women can 'assist' at such entertainments; but, if one thing be more certain than another, it is that, whether the entertainment be a fight of gladiators in a Roman amphitheatre, or a Spanish bull-fight, or an English pigeon-match, there, so long as fashion and public opinion do not forbid, women will congregate, not so much, perhaps, to see, as to be seen. The same friend, alluding to another sort of cruelty, says: 'I think women could do a great deal in this matter, as indeed they can in most social matters;' but it does not seem to have struck him that, even if women were not rather inclined to follow than to lead, as they have been from time immemorial until now, when there is a spasmodic attempt being made to render them more independent and original in action, there would be obstacles in the way of making the treatment of animals a social matter in the sense in which it would be universally subject to the influence of women. The cases in which women can, and do make their power felt and respected are, for the most part, cases in which their personal presence exercises sway, or in which the instincts of sex may be counted upon to produce all but unanimity; whereas it is obvious that cases involving the treatment of animals would but seldom be of that sort. 'It is very little,' as the friend says, 'that direct legislation can do in this matter. We can only rely upon the force of enlightened public opinion.'

* *Animals and their Masters.* By the author of *Friends in Council.* Strahan & Co.

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THE GOSPEL OF IDLENESS.

We are glad to see that what we have called the 'Gospel of Idleness'—by which we mean the preaching of extravagantly short hours of daily labour, and numerous holidays in the course of the year, on the specious pretence of 'recreation'—is beginning to be spoken of doubtfully, if not absolutely repudiated. No one can reasonably find fault with a proper degree of recreation from labour, with a view to health and mental improvement. But all depends on devoting the hours and days of recreation to these objects. As far as we have been able to observe, recreation for the most part signifies loitering vaguely in the streets, drinking, and wasteful expenditure of means. Now, we cannot but consider this a hateful result of the movement for short hours, and an increasing clamour for holidays. Excessively hard work in any calling is bad enough, and not to be justified, but sheer idleness and mis-expenditure, without a compensating advantage, are worse. We are not to forget that the greatness of England was not produced by idleness, but by prolonged, earnest thought, the diligence which, each in his own sphere, maketh rich. Let visionaries say what they will, we knew that a period would arrive when the wastefulness of time and money arising out of so-called 'recreation' would begin to be repudiated as mischievous. In our own small way, we have spoken the truth on the subject, and are pleased to think that a most intelligent contemporary, the *Daily News*, as follows, takes a view analogous to our own.

'The holidays which public opinion has begged employers to give to those whom they employ, are not productive of all the good which was expected; and some employers, not moved by selfishness, say that such holidays, as they are used at present, lead to nothing but mischief, and that often of a permanent kind. A holiday to a number of working men and their wives, as it is seen in the imagination of amiable people, who know nothing of excursion trains, is a beautiful and idyllic thing. They look on it in

connection with those wagon-loads of children whom they have seen, on a bright May morning, being driven away to Epping or Wimbledon for a picnic—with a lusty band playing airs, with the children shouting for pure delight, and the grave superintendent sharing out such lumps of cake as might provision a Carlist regiment. If the grown-up folks would only enjoy themselves somewhat in this fashion, well and good. No one expects them to spend the day in the British Museum. It is something that they should be dragged away from the wearing monotony of their work; that they should inhale a breath or two of fresh air; that they should have a whole day in which to cultivate the society of their neighbours and acquaintances. What if they wear picturesque garments, and march in procession to the Crystal Palace?—a little theatrical display can do no harm. Better still if they catch the early morning train to Brighton, and drink in the fresh air on the sands, and have a look at the Aquarium, before coming back, tired, and yet contented, to their own home. All this is very nice; but any one who has been present at the incoming of a Whit-Monday excursion train knows to what proportion of the passengers it can fairly be applied. Of course, a very considerable number do know how to use such a holiday; their account of it would probably delight the amiable persons we have mentioned above. But, on the other hand, the drunkenness which prevails among the weaker brethren—and sometimes sisters, we are sorry to add—is alarming; and not the least distressing of its results is to send many an ordinarily steady workman off on a career of dissipation for many days to come. We do not speak of these things to denounce them in a Pharisaic spirit; it is enough to state the fact, in explanation of the doubts expressed by some people as to the unmixed good of these multiplying holidays. Those who actually go and thus abuse the opportunity granted them of innocently and healthfully amusing themselves, would probably not think themselves very much disgraced by their conduct. "Ah, well, master," they would say,

"it's all very well to talk; but it isn't often we have a chance of taking a drop with a few friends; and holidays don't come often in our way." The whole mischief of the situation lies in the fact, that these people simply look on a holiday as an opportunity for thus taking a drop—a good many drops—with their friends. They would regard the fashion in which a French or German family spends a holiday in the country as the very dullest of all possible performances. Now we are far from saying that, because a certain number of people misuse a public holiday, the holiday should be abolished; but the fact that it is misused is continually brought forward by mistresses, foremen in public works, shopkeepers, and other employers, as the groundwork of their opposition to the ever-advancing liberty now claimed by those in their service.

On the part of the press, this seems like a return to common-sense, and, in the interests of all classes, we hail it accordingly. We cannot offer a very enlarged experience regarding the wastefulness of holidays in the south, such as are above referred to, and to do so is unnecessary. What has fallen under our notice is sufficient. From personal observation, we can aver that the letting loose of large masses of people from one or more days of ordinary industrial employment, has acted most injuriously on the population, causing not only a loss of means, but implanting habits of idleness and depravity. For this extravagance in sheer idleness, the railways, with their huge excursion-trains, and the large river-steamers, are chiefly answerable. We could point to a small town, situated picturesquely on a river of historical interest, with surroundings the most tranquil and enjoyable, which suddenly, on certain days in the year, is thrown into a state of wild commotion by the arrival of fifteen hundred men and women, whose main object, apparently, consists in spending nine or ten hours in riot and drunkenness. Instead of sallying forth to enjoy the beauties of nature, and benefiting by a day of fresh air and sunshine, the bulk of them spend the whole time in public-houses, and, in reality, never see the neighbourhood at all. Then, what a scene ensues at departure! Crowds in a tipsy condition staggering to the railway station. Some lying drunk in the perturbed thoroughfares, and carried to the train in barrows; the native population, with but a handful of police, being meanwhile distracted with the undesired visit of the unruly excursionists.

Bad enough all this in inland towns, but nothing to compare with the scenes on the Clyde, where, by means of numerous steamers, there occurs at certain seasons a frightful saturnalia. Landing at some tranquil and beauteous spot, environed by Highland mountains, thousands of holiday excursionists spread themselves abroad, intent, for the most part, on the wildest revelry. The grounds of quiet villas are unceremoniously overrun. Dancing and carousing, shouts and execrations, salute the eye and ear; and the day of so-called recreation ends in a state of general disorder—waste of means and health indescribable, without a single redeeming advantage. Preachers of the Gospel of Idleness perhaps mean well, but we humbly suggest that their counsels are inapplicable

to an existing state of things. Rational recreation from toil is an art, with which the masses generally, we regret to say, appear to be unacquainted, and we see the consequences.

W. C.

AGAIN BEHIND THE SCENES.

THERE is a general notion that actors begin as a set of stage-struck youths, who get employment from managers of theatres by showing off their capacity to recite passages in plays from memory. There may at one time have been cases of this kind—the speech of young Norval being a sort of test as regards rhetorical effect. We certainly have heard of a lad who imagined he could fill the part of Norval with advantage, finishing himself at once by the disregard of a full stop:

My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills—

'That will do,' said the manager; 'you will not answer.' Had the poor fellow only put a stop, or even the short pause of a semicolon after Norval, all might have been well. Except, possibly, among strolling companies, such tests are not now heard of. Acting is a matter of hard study, earnest thought, ingenious aptitude, and power of simulation—not a thing of rant and gesticulation.

The provincial theatre may be said to be the school where the young aspirant usually picks up the rudiments of his education for the stage; and as a rule, he gets his first engagement from a dramatic agent, and commences his career as 'utility.' Having got little or nothing by way of instruction, the young actor has to look forward to rising in his profession as depending almost solely upon his own ability and exertions. If he speak too low, he receives a stern reminder from the gods to 'speak up.' If he be playing with a 'star,' and fails to support that dignity with becoming power, he hears of it afterwards from both star and manager; and though, poor fellow, he may be letter-perfect in his part, he has probably failed in the 'business.' On the proper performance of this business, we may here remark, much of the success of a piece depends; and it may almost be said that apart from the mere studying of the words of a play, the perfecting of the accompanying business is an art in itself. No actor, however great his memory be for the author's words, is admissible for any important piece until he is intelligently and mechanically perfect in the performance of such duties as the handing of a chair, the removal of his hat, cane, and gloves, and placing them carelessly or otherwise on a table or sofa; the positions he takes on the stage when addressing or addressed, or in passing to and fro; the exact place from which he enters, and that at which he leaves the stage. These and a hundred other apparent trifles are in reality indispensable for the success of a play, and the careful observance of which forms not the least important part of stage education.

When, after considerable practice, the young actor has gone through the drudgery of utility-man (or man of all subordinate work), and, by various grades, has assumed the 'role' of, say, walking gentleman; and, if he has succeeded well enough to raise himself in the esteem of his manager or managers; and, better still, if he has become a favourite with his audiences, he turns his attention to London itself. There, partly

through a Dramatic Society, partly through the influence of friends, but chiefly from his own perseverance, he seeks to push his way. He is provided with bills, in which his name figures in various parts, as performed by him in the provinces. He has most likely had experience as Walking-gentleman, Heavy Ruffian, Lead, or Light or Low Comedy, &c. These, together with his *carte-de-visite*, are the credentials that shew he has 'taken his degrees'; and with them and a little influence at his back, our quondam 'utility' of the provinces begins his metropolitan career, perhaps to 'star it' himself some day.

Having in this way, little by little, got so far on in his career, and arrived in London, the actor looks about him in the neighbourhood of Bow Street, Covent Garden, and thereabouts, in search of one or other of the dramatic agency offices that are situated in that quarter. Finding what he wants, he pays a fee, and enters himself as a candidate for performing in tragedy, comedy, opera, melodrama, farce, pantomime, or whatever else he considers to be his rôle. It is quite a business affair. The offices in question do not, in outward aspect, differ greatly from what are seen in commercial concerns in the City; the only variation being that, instead of lists of shipping and commercial ledgers, there are gigantic albums full of photographs of applicants, and walls decorated with portraits of famous actors and actresses. When circumstances offer, the actor enters into a formal engagement to commence his duties at a specified date, and binds himself to abide by the rules and regulations of the theatre to which he is sent. Such engagements may turn out unhappily—various stoppages may be made on salaries—and 'seasons' during which a livelihood is expected, may prove vexatiously short; but for these and some other contingencies there is no resource. At London and other principal theatres, engagements are sometimes made for the run of a 'specialty' or particular piece; but if the specialty prove a failure, the actors and actresses have to submit to the most vexatious disappointment and pecuniary loss. How little the public know of the anxieties, and, it may be, the pinching poverty, endured by many estimable but unfortunate artists in the theatrical profession!

The remuneration to performers ranges in salaries varying from about three shillings a week to a hundred pounds a night. The first sum is paid to children performing in pantomimes. Super-numeraries, or 'supers,' as they are termed, receive from one shilling to eightpence nightly. The payment of members of the *corps de ballet* ranges from fourteen to twenty-five shillings a week. In London, managers pay higher salaries than those of the provinces; and the former will not hesitate to pay a good, though not particularly popular actor, fifteen pounds a week. A 'leading man' (first walking-gentleman) gets from three to five guineas in the provinces; 'utility,' from eighteen shillings to a guinea. In all cases, whether as regards actors or actresses, there is a tariff of fines for petty shortcomings, such as not being punctual at rehearsals, and these may amount to a serious deduction on weekly earnings. In exacting these fines, some managers are alleged to be severe, but we can easily understand that unless scrupulous discipline were maintained, the establishment would lose its credit. Of course, the

great ambition of every performer is to rise to be a 'star,' which is equivalent to entering the aristocracy of the profession, with the envied privilege of being courted, instead of courting. Some stars of brilliant accomplishments realise a revenue of several thousands a year. Stars, but not of the highest magnitude, usually arrange to share the receipts of the house after the manager has taken a stipulated sum; stars of eminence usually arrange for a clear half of the night's receipts; and in this way, certain extremely popular actors and singers of our day may occasionally net a hundred pounds, or even more, a night.

Exposed to disastrous contingencies, and with a consciousness that powers, however brilliant, will some day decay, or be thrown into the shade by fresh competitors, actors and actresses for the greater part become members of dramatic societies, established for purposes of life-insurance. These institutions are a vindication against the charge commonly brought to bear on professional improvidence. Of these really benevolent societies, there are the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund, which was instituted in 1780; Drury Lane Theatrical Fund, instituted in 1775, for the support of decayed actors and actresses of Her Majesty's company of comedians, their widows and their children, and open to those only who have played in these two patent theatres; and the Royal General Theatrical Fund, instituted in 1839. All these institutions serve to protect against all their sorrows in sickness, poverty, and trial; and when we mention the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund Association, we have said enough to shew their inclusiveness. In the words of our greatest humorist: 'They are societies which include every actor, whether he be Hamlet or Benedict, or the Ghost, or the Bandit, or the Court Physician, or, in the one person, the king's whole army. Be the path in the profession never so high, or never so low, never so haughty, or never so humble, these societies open their portals, and appeal to a class of men to take care of their own interests, to obtain their own right, to to men's wrong; so that when in old age, or in disastrous times, he makes his claim on the institution, he is enabled to say, I am neither a beggar, a vagabond, nor a suppliant; I am but reaping what I sowed long ago.' The total capital of the General Theatrical Fund alone amounts at present to something near fourteen thousand pounds; and for a sum paid annually, much less than that charged by an ordinary life-assurance society, the actor may, at the age of sixty, retire on a comfortable independence. Passing by, for want of space, that most excellent of institutions, the stage 'hospital,' or Dramatic College, to which any poor actor or actress, who has attained a certain age, is eligible, we dismiss the subject of this class of dramatic societies by merely noting the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Fund, by which, for a mere trifle laid by in health and strength, the actor is relieved in sickness, or enabled in poverty to travel distances in quest of new engagements. He is further relieved in various ways, when otherwise he might be crippled for want of funds. It helps him in life, and buries him at death.

We come now to a remarkable association connected with theatrical affairs; it is an institution known as the Dramatic Authors' Society; its object being the protection of the plays of authors

who are members, and for a common action in the securing of their rights. Every dramatist who has produced a play at a first-class theatre is eligible to be proposed as a member, the entrance-fee being nominal, and no further charge being made. Under the Copyright Act, an author can establish a claim to a penalty of two pounds and costs for each representation of any piece played without his consent. The Dramatic Authors' Society publish a list of pieces. This catalogue embraces not only the manuscripts of nearly every piece that has attained to any degree of popularity, but almost every modern tragedy, comedy, opera, melodrama, vaudeville, interlude, burlesque, or pantomime that is published; leaving a manager who declines negotiations, to choose his season's programme from only the standard tragedies and comedies of a date antecedent to the society's inauguration, or to make arrangements for playing the pieces of men who are non-members of the society.

Not uncommonly, it happens that where an actor or actress makes a hit in a certain character, as in the case, for instance, of Mr Sothorn in *Our American Cousin*, the manuscript is purchased, and the piece can be acted only by permission of the purchaser. This has been usually the case with the more recent successes; in other cases, the author receives a certain sum for each night during its performance. In consequence of the glut of manuscripts London managers receive from authors of every grade, there might be no real necessity for the former to subscribe to the society; but there is scarcely a provincial manager of note who is not on the society's books.

In some cases, plays are written to the order of professionals and managers, and a certain sum paid to the writers before even the piece is produced. This, we believe, was the case with Bulwer's *Money*. The prices paid to popular dramatists are very great, amounting to some hundreds of pounds. Managers not unfrequently have manuscripts in their possession which have been paid for, but which have not been, and probably never will be, produced. The society's scale of charges to managers is, according to the class of theatre, either so much for the season, or so much per night, as follows: First Class—tragedy or five-act play, two pounds; three-act drama, one guinea; farce or burlesque, twelve shillings and sixpence. Second-class theatres are charged half of these sums, and third-class, a fourth. Nothing can be more thoroughly illustrative of the fact that there is no friendship in business, than the stern, unbending, and uncompromising method with which the society carries out its arrangements. The rules are like the laws of the Medes and Persians; neither distress nor misfortune can 'move it one inch from the determined purpose of its soul.' The week's playbills must be duly forwarded every Saturday by the provincial manager; and woe to the luckless wight who fails to send with the bills the weekly fee. By the next post, he will very likely receive a sharp reminder. The society has been compelled to adopt very stringent rules and measures through the shuffling propensities of too many theatrical directors, who care not on whose brains, or for that matter, bodies, they live, for the sake of a night's receipts. Notwithstanding the untiring zeal, energy, and urgency of their proceedings, the society is defrauded yearly of hundreds of pounds.

It is to be regretted that unscrupulous managers sometimes evade all rule. It has in some instances happened that an expert shorthand writer has been sent to take down the dialogue of some new play. Translated into long-hand, it has subsequently been produced, and played long and successfully in some obscure country town, with only the title and names of the characters changed; the society, in the meantime, remaining ignorant of the entire transaction. Changing the name of the piece and characters is a principle adopted invariably by small companies who are unable or unwilling to pay the fee, but who deem it possible their playbills may meet the eye of the vigilant secretary through the dramatic news-organ, the *Era*. As the simplest means of avoiding claims, we find managers announcing—'The performance will conclude with a favourite farce; characters by the entire strength of the company.' No doubt, by tricks of this kind, managers in struggling circumstances frequently escape payment for the use of particular pieces. Yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the society for the protection of dramatic copyright is a successful and valuable institution. Through its agency, aged writers of plays and small pieces of different kinds which retain their popularity, are able to draw out existence with a degree of comfort which would not otherwise fall to their lot.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

It is not very easy, even to the best of us, to own we are in the wrong, even when we are so; but to sit silent under unmerited reproaches, is to obtain a moral victory of the very highest order.

Walter Litton had been to blame in allowing his host to deceive himself as to the Philippa having been an accidental likeness of his married daughter, but he had done so solely in her interest; the old merchant had laid great stress upon the undesigned coincidence; had tacitly, in fact, almost acknowledged his coming upon the picture in the Academy as a providential arrangement to turn his heart towards a reconciliation with his exiled child; and Walter, even if left to himself in the matter—and not, as we know he was, exhorted by another to concealment—would not perhaps have had the courage to undeceive him. It was a venial sin at worst, and had no selfish ends; yet, not only had a selfish end been imputed to him, and had he been punished for it, but others twenty times more blameworthy, and who had profited by his offence, had stood by in silence, while he was condemned. It was, as we have said, the bent of Walter's mind, whenever the first gust of resentment had passed away from it, to seek for some palliation in those who angered him; but in this case his charity could find no excuse for them. The old merchant himself, he did not blame; it was only reasonable that he should have imputed to him a selfish motive for a deception which was otherwise inexplicable; the reconciliation with the Selwyns had become so complete by this time, that he did not see 'the join;' now that the thing had been effected, the actual circumstances by which it had been brought about were forgotten; and besides, it was painful to him to revert to them. Moreover, Mr Brown

had been as clay in the cunning hands of the widow, for whom it was evident he entertained a warmer feeling than the aunt of one's son-in-law usually inspires. He was an honest old fellow, with some worthy qualities; and the young artist did not forget, notwithstanding his late calumnious words, that he had shewn himself friendly disposed towards him.

Nor did Walter feel the least animosity against Lotty: that there was some soreness in connection with her conduct towards him, was but natural, but it did not rankle; he transferred, as it were, what wrong she had done him to her husband's account, to whom he was already so considerably indebted in that way. The menace which Sir Reginald had uttered when Walter had declined to give any promise as respected Lillian—a promise, by-the-by, which he had given to Lotty without the least compulsion—had been carried out to the uttermost. He could not but conclude that his ejection from Willowbank had been decided upon by Selwyn and his aunt long before it took place, and that it would have been accomplished that evening, somehow; the exhibition of the picture had happened to furnish an opportunity, but in any case, one would have been found. Curiously enough, his feelings towards his former friend were not so bitter as against the widow; she had, it is true, obvious reasons for being hostile to him, first, because he had shewn himself indifferent to her; and secondly, because she had matrimonial designs upon the old merchant, to which his presence would be more or less of an obstacle. He was not so ignorant of woman's nature but that he understood how those two causes of dislike—which to mere masculine sense would appear incompatible—were cumulative; and so far he forgave her. But what he resented—nay, what he hated her for—was, that she, a woman, had joined with Reginald against Lillian. From what the latter had hinted, he knew that Mrs Sheldon's designs upon Mr Brown were most distasteful to his daughter, and he felt that they would not be encouraged by Sir Reginald, as they obviously were, unless some treaty had been entered into between the two relatives, the nature of which it was not difficult to guess. If Mrs Sheldon should marry Mr Brown, her influence with him would doubtless be used to the uttermost to prevent Lillian from marrying anybody, so that Sir Reginald, by right of his wife, should be his sole heir. Walter did not go so far even in his thoughts as to accuse them of speculating upon her death; though she was certainly delicate and ailing, and it was very doubtful if this expedition abroad would not do her more harm than good; but it was clear that she was slipping into the hands of two persons, both of powerful will, and whose interests were diametrically opposed to her own. Moreover, she had acknowledged, with respect to one of them, that she looked forward with apprehension to bodily ailment, lest, through weakness, she should be unable to cope with him. 'We have no friend in the world, Mr Litton,' she had said, speaking of her sister and herself, 'but you.'

This was the consideration that pressed upon Walter's mind, as he walked home that night from Willowbank, and pressed with such weight and urgency as made his own humiliation light indeed. That he loved Lillian, he no longer attempted to

conceal from himself; but it was at least with no selfish love. Many men, upon having had their social relations with a man like Mr Christopher Brown thus summarily broken off, would have felt themselves justified in acting quite independently of him with respect to his daughter; like *détenués* who have been harshly treated and imprisoned, they would have considered themselves no longer on parole. But it was not so with Litton. He was a man of sensitive honour, and he could not forget that the old merchant had admitted him to his house, whether as guest or artist, upon the tacit understanding, that he would not abuse his position by wooing his daughter; moreover, he had promised Lotty not to press a hopeless suit; not to make Lillian still more wretched than she was by the confession of a love which could never be realised. He now knew, from her sister's lips, that she returned his love; but yet it behoved him to keep his word.

His distress and anxiety upon her own account, however, were so extreme, that he determined to seek the advice of another as to some remedy for her position. Hitherto, he had held her as a sacred thing, aloof from others; just as (it must be confessed) he had of old held Lotty; and had never made her the topic of his talk even with honest Jack Pelter, although the latter was by no means ignorant of her existence, and had perhaps drawn his own conclusions with respect to the feelings that his young friend entertained towards her. Jack was not one to be curious in regard to his friend's affairs, and the last man in the world to seek for information, where it was evident that confidence was withheld from him; but he was also capable of taking in his friend's welfare an interest, we do not say more lively than in his own, for to that he was too often deaf and blind, but one which would even lead him to take trouble, which was the thing he hated more even than the hanging committees of the Academy. Of Jack's friendship, Walter stood in no doubt whatever; it was only of his power to aid him in this matter that he doubted; and yet, in the present strait, he felt that even if no aid should be forthcoming, but only sympathy, it would be very grateful to him. It could not be said that any actual responsibility rested upon him, and yet he had a sense of something like it—of a weight that it behoved him to get another pair of shoulders, provided they were willing ones, to share. Bohemian as Jack was in his habits, and what is called 'feckless' as regarded his own affairs, Walter had found his advice, upon those matters in which he had consulted it, very sensible and sound; the only thing that made him pause, was the fear that Pelter might not handle this exceedingly delicate subject with due respect; that the counsel he might receive would be couched in terms of raillery and ridicule, every word of which would have a barb for him; for his heart was sore. Nevertheless, he made up his mind to speak with Jack. The opportunity was not long in coming, for he found his friend at home and alone, swathed in an old dressing-gown that might have suited the Grand Turk, had he been fowled to pay his debts, a smoking-cap upon his head, and in his mouth, a pipe so short that it was a wonder it did not burn his beard. Such was the appearance of the oracle he designed to consult, while the source of his inspiration was indicated by a huge tumbler of whisky-and-water.

'What! back so soon, my lad, from the rich man's feast, and with such an anxious brow!' cried Pelter. 'Has his salmon, then, disagreed with you, or the cucumber?'

'Something has disagreed with me, Jack,' answered Walter gravely; 'but it was not the salmon, nor yet the cucumber.'

'Perhaps it was the company.'

'Well, yes; it was the company, though how you came to guess it, is more than I can understand.'

'Well, when a man comes home so early from a quiet dinner-party, as correct as you appear to be, it is manifest that he has been obliged to leave for some other indiscretion. There has been a quarrel, and probably about a woman.'

'No, Jack; there has been no quarrel, only an unfortunate misunderstanding.'

'Just so; and it has not been about a woman, but concerning a young lady, or an angel. You state the whole argument of the plot, whereas I only gave the synopsis.'

'To oblige me, Jack, would you be kind enough to be serious for the next half-hour,' pleaded Walter.

'The task is long, and, considering the world we live in, very difficult.'

'I will wait till to-morrow, Pelter,' said Walter with irritation.

'Nay, Walter; though I was proceeding to enjoy myself, as you can see, I am yet as steady as the Three per Cents. Nevertheless, to oblige you, and under protest that the operation is necessary, I will dip my head in cold water.' Whereupon, Mr Pelter rose with dignity, and marching into his bedroom with unfaltering steps, performed the ablution in question, and came back with a towel in his hand, and dripping like a water-dog. 'You arrested me on my way to happiness, Waty; but I have now retraced my steps, and am quite in a position to listen to your pitiful story.'

'It is not pitiful as regards myself, at all,' said Walter.

'It will be, if you don't take a pipe. I can't bear to see a fellow-creature without tobacco when I am smoking.—That's right; secure complete combustion, and then fire away.'

There were several pipes smoked both by listener and narrator, before Walter came to the end of his story. At first, his companion gave only so much attention as politeness demanded; but, as the tale proceeded, his interest seemed to increase, and every now and then was manifested by an observation or inquiry. When Walter described Selwyn's behaviour to him on the lawn, Jack chuckled aloud.

'Why do you laugh?' asked the other.

'Well, your friend was so very frank,' said he. '"I have married one of this man's daughters, and I mean to have the money of the other," was really too ingenuous.'

'Don't call him my friend, I beg,' said Walter bitterly.

'I obey you, my good fellow, very cheerfully. You will bear me witness, that, up to this moment, I have never said one word against Captain Selwyn; I have always respected your friendship for him, but I have long felt it to be misplaced. Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom'—for Walter had gone into details respecting matters at Willowbank—'may not be pusillani-

mous (since he fought at Balaklava), but he is a bad lot, that is certain.'

'I am afraid he is, and yet not worse than his aunt Sheldon.'

'His aunt Sheldon! Who is she?'

'Why, surely, I must have spoken to you of her before, as being the lady from whose house Sir Reginald was married?'

'You never mentioned her by name. There was a little veil, my friend, kept over all that happened during that expedition to Cornwall. I never sought to raise it, but I think at one time you had your reasons for being reticent about that matter. Without laying claim to any superhuman intelligence, it was plain to me that you were smitten very severely. Was it this widow that gave the wound?'

'No; it certainly was not; though, between ourselves, she tried to wound me. I should have thought this morning, that nothing would ever have induced me to mention such a thing; but the fact is, she is a most dangerous woman, as you shall hear.' Then he went on to speak of the apprehensions which Lillian had expressed to him; of the evident alliance that existed between Sir Reginald and his aunt; of the designs of the latter upon the old merchant; and of those events of the past evening with which we are already acquainted.

'And what am I to understand as your present relations with Miss Lillian?' inquired Pelter, when the other had come to an end.

'I love her; but I have not told her my love; nor do I mean to tell it. I have promised as much to her sister.'

'Upon the ground that such a declaration would make Miss Lillian more unhappy?'

'Yes.'

'But are you sure that it would do so?'

'I think so; since our marriage is so utterly out of the question.'

'It is unfortunate—mind, I don't say you are wrong—but it is unfortunate that you are so scrupulous, since you thus deprive yourself of any pretence for interference; you cannot even speak confidentially to Miss Lillian herself.'

'Oh, I think I could do that,' said Walter naively.

Jack smiled, but immediately resumed the look of judicial gravity which he had worn throughout the narrative.

'Well, you must warn her against this widow.'

'She needs no warning, my dear fellow. My impression is, that she distrusts her even more than Reginald. At present, you see, the poor girl has her father to appeal to; but should this woman become her stepmother, or even gain a permanent influence over the old man, she would be utterly defenceless.'

'Defenceless against what? You don't suppose they mean to take her abroad, and then, between them, to murder her for her money?'

'Heaven forbid! But they may kill her without intending it. She is weak and ailing even now; it is not change of scene, but change of society that she wants; cooped up with a tyrant, a slave, and an adventures'—

'Why do you call this rich widow an adventures'?' interrupted Pelter sharply.

'There is only her own word for her being rich; she was certainly poor enough when I knew her, and what but poverty could induce her to lay siege to Mr Brown?'

Jack smiled again. 'There is no accounting for tastes, my good fellow; some ladies are very catholic in that way. Of course, it seems to you impossible that one who has made herself so agreeable to Walter Litton, should throw the handkerchief to any one else.'

'There is no pretence of affection in the matter, Pelter. She fools him to the top of his bent, and that so openly, that it is plain she feels she has hooked him. It seems to me the height of cruelty to let that poor girl leave England in such company.'

'But how do you propose to stop her? There is some ukase, I believe, beginning *Ne exeat regno*, but I don't know where it's to be got.'

'Of course, I can't stop her,' answered Walter, taking no notice of the last suggestion, 'nor, what is worse, can I stop this Mrs Sheldon from going with her, though I feel she will thus be in the worst hands she could be in. I had no hope, of course, that you would be able to help me in the matter, but I was so sore about it, and so miserable, that I could not keep my wretchedness to myself.'

'Poor boy, poor boy!' said Pelter softly. Then, after a little pause: 'It is not certain, however, that this lady intends to join the party in their tour abroad.'

'O yes, it is; she only pretended to hesitate. She is to communicate her decision to Lady Selwyn on Sunday. She made an appointment with her in the Botanical Gardens, for three o'clock.'

'How do people get into the Botanical Gardens on Sunday?'

'My dear Pelter, why, by members' tickets of course. Do you suppose they climb over the railings, or pay sixpence for a refreshment ticket, as they do at Cremorne?'

'I didn't know,' said Jack humbly. There was a long silence, during which Pelter pulled at his pipe with the gravity of a Red Indian at the council-fire.

'I suppose nothing can be done?' observed Walter dreamily.

'I am not sure, lad; still, I do think'—

'Think what? You have a plan in your head; I can see you have!' cried Walter joyfully.

'I felt I was getting bald,' replied Jack calmly, 'but I had hoped not so as to shew the brain. I have a plan, it is true, but I don't know that it will succeed.'

'But what do you think? I only ask you what you think?'

'Well, I honestly tell you, that I think Miss Lilian will marry a banker about five years older than her father; that is how these things generally end.'

'I did not ask you that question, Pelter; I asked you whether you thought it possible that this woman, Mrs Sheldon, could be prevented from accompanying her abroad.'

'Why, yes, I think she could; that is, if you could only'—

'Only what? There is no sacrifice that I would not make—no trouble that I would not take, in order to accomplish that!'

'Well, then, if you could only get a couple of tickets for us two for the Botanical Gardens, next Sunday.'

'My dear Jack, I could get fifty! But how can that possibly help us?'

'That remains to be proved; but I believe it will. As to the "How," you must permit me to be silent upon that point just for the present.'

'O Jack, if you succeed, how shall I ever be able to thank you enough!'

'I don't know, I am sure; it will be a great personal sacrifice on my part, no doubt, because I have always avoided such places on principle. And then there's another objection; but there, in for a penny, in for a pound; one should never spoil a ship for a pound of tar.'

'What a real good friend you are, Jack! But what's the other objection?'

'Well, you know they won't allow a fellow to smoke in the Botanical Gardens.'

CHAPTER XXIV.—IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Walter believed in his friend Pelter implicitly. He was one, he knew, who not only never fell short of his promises, but was the last man to suggest a groundless hope. As to what device he had in his mind for hindering Mrs Sheldon from making one of the yachting-party to Italy, he would make no conjecture; but he was confident that the design was seriously entertained. He knew, too, that Jack was serious in requesting him to be silent upon the matter; but whether the self-sacrifice upon his friend's part was such as he had described it to be, he had grave doubts.

Those who were unacquainted with Pelter's character, or with the tenets of the class he belonged to, might well imagine that the talk of principle in such a matter as going to the Botanical Gardens was a mere joke, like his complaint of not being allowed to smoke there. But this, Walter knew, was not the case. Jack was a Bohemian of the first water. He hated society, and abjured all its pomps and ceremonies with as much earnestness as any young girl who 'takes the veil.' The latter sometimes becomes the Bride of Heaven, because an earthly husband has been denied her; but Jack could have been admitted into the world of fashion if he had been so minded, and he had resolutely kept out of it. He would go to no party for which it would have been necessary to have put on evening-dress, or, as he termed it, his go-to-meeting clothes. He would dine at no board at which smoking immediately after the meal was objected to. He would as soon have thought of voluntarily putting his feet into 'the Boots' of James II., used to correct the Covenanters, as into a pair of 'polished leathers.' He was quite incapable of understanding the feeling which prompts a conventional person to go to church in a high hat, in place of a wide-awake; instead of merely laughing at it, he detested it, and imagined what is a mere mechanical act of 'respectability,' to be significant of baseness of mind. The sort of man who thought that religion had anything to do with the shape of a hat, was honest Jack's aversion. He stood, in reality, on high moral ground, only, all his social prejudices being *inherited*, he seemed, to the common eye, to stand very low indeed.

Our views of mankind depend very much upon which end of the social telescope we apply to them. The true history of Life in Bohemia, though it has been once attempted, still remains to be written; it is a subject much too wide for these pages, but we may here observe of it, that its attractions are

apt to decrease, even more than is customary, with years. Whenever I see a gallant gay Bohemian, I cannot help inwardly saying to him, what Metternich said to the young gentleman who had not learned how to play whist: 'Ah, sir, what an old age are you preparing for yourself!' For it is observable of the whole Bohemian race, that when Time begins to tell upon them, they turn (like some wines, which, when drunk young, are very pleasant) a little acid. They are at no epoch, indeed, to be confounded with the great 'Pooh-pooh' school, with whom nothing is new, nothing is true, and everything is a bore, and to which they are vastly superior; but they arrive by another road at much the same place. They have no wife, to be called such, and no home worthy of the name; they have been generous to women, in thought as well as deed; but women are not grateful for such generosity; and an old age without a tender tie is deplorable. To that old age, though not yet past his meridian, poor Jack was tending fast; and, what was worse for him, he had the good sense to know it. His very affection for Walter was perhaps all the stronger, because he knew that it would be short-lived; that is, that a spot would one day be reached from which their paths must diverge, after which every step would widen the gulf between them. For Walter was no Bohemian, and Jack was far too good a fellow to attempt to proselytise him. As for himself, however, he would die in the Faith; and though—or perhaps because—he had already doubts of the happiness it was capable of conferring, he clung to it with greater obstinacy than ever. Thus it was no small matter that would have induced Mr Pelter to bow the knee to Baal, and present himself in an 'all-rounder' hat and coat of formal cut at the Botanical Gardens on a Sunday. The hat, indeed, would be purchased for the occasion; but as to the coat—'Do you think any of these will do?' inquired he of Walter, exhibiting to him the contents of his scanty wardrobe, which, to say truth, were rather of an artistic than fashionable make.

'My dear Jack, you look like a gentleman in anything,' said Walter assuringly.

'You are very good to say so,' replied his friend ruefully; 'though it strikes me that you have paid me a compliment at the expense of my tailor.'

But, nevertheless, Walter was right; it would have been impossible for any one of intelligence superior to that of a vestryman, to have mistaken Mr John Pelter for a snob.

Whatever he undertook to do, he did thoroughly, and having in this case abjured one principle, he proceeded to abjure another by insisting on punctuality.

'We should be at this place before your friends,' said he, 'if my plan is to take effect.'

'And may I now ask what that plan is?'

'No, my lad, if you would be so good, neither now nor ever; let it suffice you to note the result of it.'

Walter was much astonished, but, of course, said nothing, beyond promising to avoid the topic.

At half-past two, they accordingly presented themselves at the Gardens. The main body of fashionable folks had not yet arrived; but a few promenaders were walking up and down the lawn,

and the front row of chairs was fast filling with those who had come both to see and to be seen.

The two young men took their seats under a tree, from which they could watch those who entered by the chief turnstile.

'I shall know Lady Selwyn from your picture, I conclude?' observed Pelter.

'Well, I flatter myself you will; and as for Mrs Sheldon, you may recognise her!'

'Hush!' cried Pelter; 'there she is;' and, indeed, at that moment the widow entered the grounds.

'Why, how did you know?' was the question upon Walter's lips; but it was arrested by a glance at his companion's face, which had on the instant altered in a very remarkable manner. His florid complexion had become quite pale; his lips, generally parted, with a slight smile, had closed together tightly; and the expression of his eyes had grown severe almost to menace. 'Let me have a few minutes' talk with this lady alone,' said he quickly; and rising from his chair, he stepped down the long broad walk to meet her.

She was moving very leisurely, quietly scanning the row of faces, in search, no doubt, of Lady Selwyn; her attire was faultless, her air full of that careless grace which seems to ignore emotion of all kinds as vulgarity; when suddenly she dropped her veil, and turned as if to retrace her steps. She was not, however, permitted to do so alone; before she had got ten yards, Pelter overtook her, and taking his hat off, as to an old acquaintance, at once addressed her, and then attached himself to her side. As to what he said, Walter, of course, could make no guess; but whatever it was, the widow appeared to listen to it with grave attention, though exhibiting neither alarm nor surprise. Nay, when the end of the lawn was reached, instead of returning up it, like other promenaders, this pair betook themselves to a side-walk, and could be seen through the leafy screen evidently engrossed in talk. That Jack was 'thorough' in his views of friendship, and energetic enough when once roused to action, Walter was well aware; but that he should have thus sailed down upon a strange flag, and, as it were, piratically captured her, astounded him not a little. Was it possible, he had begun to think, that she was altogether a strange flag? when, under the trellised gateway, there appeared two persons, whose advent turned his thoughts at once into quite another channel.

Lilian and Lotty had entered the gardens. The latter, of course, Walter had expected to see; but the former's coming had been wholly unlooked for, and it filled him with an eager joy, which for the moment no prudent reflections could dispel. He had scarcely dared to hope to have speech with her before her departure abroad, or perhaps even ever again; he had steadfastly resolved not to seek a meeting with her; she should have, he had resolved, no further sorrow because of him; he loved her, and she knew it; but in leaving England, she should at least not have to break asunder an acknowledged tie. Such had been his resolute determination; but now, as she came slowly up the lawn with her beautiful face so pale and thoughtful, and her large eyes fixed sorrowfully upon the ground, his heart melted within him, and his resolutions with it. Her sister looked timorously from right to left, in search of her she had come to meet; but

Lilian, it was plain, had no anxiety upon that account; her thoughts were deeper, and he dared to hope that they might be busy with him. Though they were to be parted, and for ever, was it not right—or if it was wrong, was not the temptation irresistible, since the opportunity thus offered itself—to say to her a few simple words of farewell? He rose from his seat, and made his way towards them. Lady Selwyn was the first to see him; he saw her start and tremble, and knew that she was pressing her sister's hand, and whispering to her that he was near. Then Lilian looked up, crimson from brow to chin, but wearing such a happy smile, and held out her little hand.

'I am so glad to see you, Mr Litton.' If the light in her eyes was not love-light, thought Walter, it was the very best imitation of it that female ingenuity had yet discovered. It seemed as if Lilian was conscious of this too; that a maidenly fear of having betrayed too much had seized her, for she added hastily: 'We are both so glad, because we feel that we owe you reparation.'

If Lady Selwyn was glad, she did not look so glad as she looked frightened. 'There are so many people here,' whispered she timidly; 'let us cross the broad walk to the other side.'

Indeed, their present locality, exposed to the fire of a hundred pair of eyes and ears, was not one very suitable for explanations; whereas, upon the other side, there were no sitters, and but few walkers. So they crossed over.

'We have to apologise to you, Mr Litton—all of us,' continued Lilian with emphasis, 'for the treatment you so unjustly received at Willowbank the other evening.'

'I beg you will not do so,' interrupted Walter; 'any allusion to the matter must needs give you pain, and, therefore, give me pain; whereas, otherwise I feel no pain at all. It could not be helped, and I perfectly understood why it could not be so.'

'It could be helped!' cried Lilian indignantly; 'it was cowardly and shameful!'

'Now, Lilian, dear,' broke in Lotty pleadingly, 'why go into that, when Mr Litton says he perfectly understands how we were all situated.'

'He was turned out of our house,' said Lilian, 'as though it had been he who had played a treacherous and dishonest part; while others, who were really to blame, made profit by it.'

'I entreat that you will say no more about it,' said Walter earnestly. 'What alone distresses me in the matter is the reflection, that your father must needs have so poor an opinion of me; but that will all come right in time, and, even if it does not, I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have been of some service to him, though he does not know it.'

'And to others who do know it, but have not acknowledged it,' added Lilian indignantly.

'For my part, Mr Litton,' said Lotty tearfully, 'I do acknowledge it, believe me, with all my heart. I am sure you have behaved most generously, and—and—like a gentleman.' Lilian laughed a bitter laugh, which, however, from its very bitterness, was sweet to Walter's ears. 'Let us hope,' continued her sister, 'that a time will come when it will be safe to tell dear papa the whole circumstances of the case; and then, I am sure, he will do full justice to you. I am afraid he must not know that we have met you here; and if Mrs Sheldon should see us, I am afraid—'

'We shall have quite enough of Mrs Sheldon for the next six months,' broke in Lilian haughtily; 'and what that woman may choose to say of us, of me at least—is a matter of the most supreme indifference to me. We were to meet here to receive her decision—about which she pretended to have some doubts—respecting her going abroad with us.'

'She is here already, but she has a friend with her,' added Walter quickly, as Lady Selwyn uttered a little cry of terror. 'We can keep out of her way, if you wish it; and if my company is really a source of alarm to you, I will withdraw at once.'

'Let us keep out of her way, by all means,' ejaculated Lady Selwyn, 'until you have done your talk.'

'I shall not move an inch out of Mrs Sheldon's way,' observed Lilian decisively; and since she did not tell Walter to withdraw, he staid.

'And when are you to start for Italy?' inquired he.

'We do not go to Italy at all, at least for the present, but to Sicily,' answered Lilian. 'Our first destination is Messina; but our plan is to coast round the island. I have proposed that, in hopes Mrs Sheldon may prove to be a bad sailor, in which case we shall leave her on shore.'

'O Lilian!' exclaimed Lotty reprovingly; 'and you know that Reggie himself is never quite happy on board ship.'

'We start on Saturday, I believe, from Plymouth,' continued Lilian, without noticing this remonstrance.

'I trust the voyage may prove much pleasanter to you than you anticipate,' said Walter mechanically, 'and that your health may be restored by it.'

'As to my health,' sighed she, 'I cannot say; but if it be true that the bitterest medicine is often the most beneficial, it certainly ought to do me good. The thought of it is hateful to me; nay, more, if there be such a thing as a presentiment, if misfortune is ever permitted to cast its shadow before it, then, indeed, will evil come of it.' She shuddered, and drew her lace shawl around her, as though its fragile folds could give her warmth.

'Now, is it not childish of dear Lilian to go on like that, Mr Litton?' urged Lady Selwyn. 'I assure you this is what I have to listen to every day.'

'If I could only do anything to give you the least comfort,' murmured Walter beneath his breath.

'Indeed, you have done more for me, for all of us, already, than we deserve; while your acquittal has been—'

'Good heavens! there is Mrs Sheldon,' exclaimed Lotty. 'She is looking down the row for us; I told her we should be there, you know. Had we not better go and join her?'

'As you please,' answered Lilian coldly. Whether from fear of the widow, or from a kindly impulse which prompted her to leave the young people alone for a few seconds, Lady Selwyn here left her sister's side, and crossed over to where Mrs Sheldon stood.

'I hope I may be allowed to see you when you return to England?' said Walter softly.

'O yes—if I ever do return,' sighed Lilian.

'For Heaven's sake, do not encourage such forebodings. For myself, I am no believer in them;

but the knowledge that you entertain them is itself a real misfortune to me. You have no friend, Miss Lillian—none—who has a greater regard for you, a deeper devotion to your interests, than myself.

'You have proved it, Mr Litton,' answered she, in tones scarce above a whisper. 'I would that it had been in my power to shew my sense of your good.'—

'Here is Mrs Sheldon, Lillian!' exclaimed Lotty. She pitched her voice in so high a key that it almost sounded like a warning, which perhaps the contiguity of the young couple had suggested to her; for the fact was, although they themselves were ignorant of it, that they were standing hand in hand.

'How are you, my dear Lillian?' inquired the widow pathetically. 'It is quite an unexpected pleasure to see you here; and I hope I may draw good auguries from it.'

'Thank you, I am pretty well,' returned Lillian icily.—'This is Mr Litton. There is no occasion for ignoring your old acquaintance *here*, I suppose.'

Mrs Sheldon cast a sharp and piercing glance at Walter. The words 'your old acquaintance' had a meaning for her which the speaker did not suspect; then, as if satisfied with her scrutiny, she smiled, and held out her hand. 'Mr Litton knows, I am sure, that nothing but a hard necessity compelled me to behave towards him as I did the other evening. His generous nature will forgive me for having sacrificed him for the good of others.'

Walter bowed, but said nothing.

'We have all to make our sacrifices in that way,' she continued. 'I am myself, for instance, compelled to forego the pleasure of accompanying these dear girls abroad.'

'What! are you not going with us?' inquired Lady Selwyn. 'That will be a great disappointment to Reginald, I am sure.'

'And I hope not only to Reginald,' answered the widow, laughing.—'These newly married young ladies think only of their husbands, you see, Mr Litton, which makes them seem sometimes almost rude.'

'Indeed, I did not mean to be rude,' answered Lotty, colouring very much. 'Of course, we shall all be disappointed; and we had counted on your coming as almost certain.'

'Well, I will tell you all about it, when we get home. I think it due to your good father to let him know at once the change in my arrangements—not that I wish to hurry Mr Litton away, I'm sure.'

'I was just about to take my leave,' said Walter, 'at all events.'

'Well, you and I are to be left in England, you know, and will, doubtless, meet again,' smiled the widow as she shook hands with him. She had really carried matters off exceedingly well, considering the hostile company in which she found herself, and that Lillian had not expressed one syllable of regret at her change of plan.

'Good-bye, Lady Selwyn,' said Walter kindly, and as he pressed her hand, the ready tears rose to her eyes. She knew, poor soul, that *he* knew how she had no longer any will nor way of her own, and that, though she had injured him, he forgave her. As she turned from him, she took Mrs Sheldon's arm, and, though trembling at her own audacity, led her a few steps away.

'God bless you, Lillian!' murmured Walter.

'And God bless *you*!' was the whispered response; their hands met in one long pressure, and then they parted without another word.

Walter stood and watched till the three ladies reached the gate, where Lillian turned, as he knew she would, to give him a farewell look; and then, with a sigh, he moved away to seek his friend. But Mr Pelter was no longer visible. He had doubtless taken himself home, to remove that badge of social servitude—his high-crowned hat; and Walter followed heavy at heart, but not without a keen curiosity with respect to the means which Jack had employed to alter the widow's plans. For that to Jack, strange as it might appear, Lillian was somehow or other indebted for her escape from that distasteful companionship, Walter had no doubt.

REPRODUCTION OF ORGANISMS.

UNTIL the beginning of the eighteenth century, learned men refused to believe that animals had the power of reproducing their members, when accident had deprived them of their use. Fishermen constantly asserted that such was the case with crabs and lobsters; and the example of the lizard, whose tail grows again when cut off, could not be refuted. Still the subject was set aside as belonging to the region of fables and myths, until Réaumur took it up in 1712. Having spent some time on the sea-coast examining animal life, he came to the conclusion that the people were right, and science at fault. He took some crabs and lobsters, broke off a claw from each, and placed the mutilated creatures in a reservoir communicating with the sea. After a few months, he saw that new claws had already grown, and described with great exactness the way in which these regenerations took place.

Thirty years later, another naturalist, when walking round a lake, remarked some small green filaments like plants. To try whether they belonged to the animal or vegetable kingdom, he cut one into several pieces. Soon these reproduced complete individuals; they moved about, and seized and conveyed food into their digestive organs. These were fresh-water polypes. Cutting two longitudinally, he grafted them, and instead of a polype with eight cilia, he had one with sixteen.

Bonnet, in after-years, repeated these experiments, and made some further ones on the water-newt. Similar trials were made on the common earthworm; and, to his great astonishment, he found that so complicated a structure, with so many rings, and at each ring delicate organs of locomotion and digestion, possessed the faculty of reproduction; portions cut off from either head or tail reappeared in due course. Spallanzani cut off the feet and tail of a water-newt with extraordinary results, the tissue, bones, and muscles being reproduced complete. This was several times repeated on others, and with similar results.

These experiments on the regeneration of animals,

the results of which Leibnitz foresaw, made a deep impression on the mind of Buffon. He did not only regard them as curious facts in natural history, but that they confirmed hypotheses of a very high order. They were, he thought, a wonderful demonstration of the idea, that animated beings are composed of an infinite number of small parts, more or less like each other—that is to say, that life is not in the whole, but in each of its invisible elements; or, to use another expression, that general life is only the sum of a multitude of particular lives. It was a great epoch in scientific history when observation, verifying the intuition of genius, shewed by these surprising results that each of the living molecules of certain creatures has in itself a principle of activity and of individual development. Some rectification has been made since the days of Buffon and Bonnet, but the doctrine still remains as a point of departure for the evolving of the history of life.

In an essay by a noted physician, we get at what may be deemed the philosophy of the spontaneous repairing of lost limbs in living creatures. 'As a general law,' it is stated, 'the power of repairing lost parts decreases as we ascend from the lower to the higher parts of the animal scale. In the lowest and simplest forms of animal life, as in polypes, separated segments sometimes become developed into whole and perfect individuals. A hydra (fresh-water polype) was cut at different times into various portions by Trembley, and fifty separate individuals of the species were developed from the segments of one. Johnstone, and Duges, and others have shewn that animals with a much higher organisation—namely, the planarie (aquatic worms)—could in the same way be multiplied by artificial subdivision; the smaller divisions being actuated by the same impulse as the larger, and endowed with power of independent motion; and Lyonnnet and Bonnet found the same true of the Nais. As we ascend in the scale of life, all power of self-development in separated parts or segments disappears. . . . In the higher and warm-blooded vertebrata, this power of repairing and restoring lost compound parts seems totally, or almost totally wanting.' In short, the power of spontaneous reproduction of parts is most strongly demonstrated in the lower organisations, and in the young of certain insects. A young fly may recover a lost antenna, a juvenile spider may get a new leg for one torn off; but as flies, spiders, and a number of other creatures grow up, they lose the valuable property of recovering lost extremities. The power of recovery is 'always in an inverse ratio to the age of the animal.' So, in the human being, the reproduction or attempted reproduction of parts is confined to the period before birth—in other words, when in a rudimentary condition analogous to that of the lower organisations. In a small tract, *Two Lectures on the Diseases of Women and Children*, by Dr W. O. Priestley (1861), some interesting facts are presented on this subject. He speaks of the immense and beneficent efforts of

nature to repair the loss or imperfection of parts previous to birth. In youth, through rapid assimilation of nourishment, and the circulation of the blood, the recuperative power is developed in the growth of parts, and the comparatively quick recovery from injuries. 'A broken limb, if properly treated, is sound and well in half the time necessary for the cure of a like injury in an adult; and the rapidity with which young patients recover after severe attacks of acute disease, is proverbial.'

These observations help us to understand how nature, in dealing with lower organisations, goes the length of imparting new tails, feet, antennae, and other extremities, to the poor creatures who have been accidentally deprived of these useful members. And how suggestive is this of the work of an ever-merciful Providence! If a man loses a leg, he has the capacity and means to procure a tolerable substitute. A lobster losing its antennae, or feelers, has no such resource, and would die outright, if nature did not take it in hand. According to age, it will get new antennae in from six weeks to six months. In the reproductive phenomena, time plays an important part. A lizard, when you try to seize it, escapes by leaving its tail in your hand. Only for a short period is it tailless, so far as outward appearance goes. A new tail begins growing, and is seemingly completed in two to three months. The fresh and very satisfactory looking tail, however, is not yet properly filled up. The interior tissues of nerves, muscles, and veins are there, but not the vertebra. So long does it take to get a new back-bone, that naturalists at one time believed that this part of the structure was never recovered. It is now ascertained that a good vertebra for all practical purposes may be restored after two or three years. As for the green lizard, its new tail is of a gray colour, and not until the beginning of the third year does the green tint return. It seems the dormouse has been experimented on, with a view to see how it would recover a lost tail; the process was somewhat slow, for the animal is profoundly asleep in winter, during which time the vital force is nearly suspended. A tail, it is said, was recovered, but it was rather short, and the creature—a martyr to science—died in three months.

We are told by a traveller to the South Sea Islands that there is a land-crab common in Polynesia, known by the name of tupa, which bores deeply into the soil, the holes often extending to a considerable distance. At night, the crab loves to make its way to the sea, for the purpose of washing in the salt water and drinking it. When hurrying through the tall grass and ferns, it sometimes happens that one of its claws becomes soiled by contact with the mud. So great is its vexation at this misfortune, that it tears off its offending member. A mutilated crab is sometimes met with, hobbling along, devoid of two or three legs—a self-inflicted punishment. In some few instances, it has been known to wrench off all its eight legs; then dragging itself over the ground with great difficulty by means of its nippers, it hides itself

in its hole until new limbs partially develop themselves, though they never grow to their original length and beauty.

It appears clearly from these experiments, that all the tissues which have been destroyed in the adult crustacean—skin, nerves, muscles, and bones—may be restored, and follow a series of phases identical with their first development. The elements of the new tissue are reproduced exactly like those of the old, and attest alike the unity and simplicity of physiological mechanism. The epidermis, or outer skin, grows with the greatest facility, just as the hair and the nails; it is indeed the same tissue. The crystalline lens of the eye, which somewhat resembles the substance of the epidermis, is also reproduced when it is taken away. Many experiments made on dogs and rabbits, proved that this bi-convex lens, which is one of the principal organs of sight, is perfected afresh in a few months.

Besides the skin, there are the nerves, the restoration of which was unknown until the end of the last century, when Monro and some others drew up a complete theory. In the sciatic nerve, for instance, it is sometimes necessary to cut out about the third of an inch. The ends soon shew an alteration; then in about six weeks or two months, a gray lump appears on one extremity, which directs its course towards the opposite one, and reunites with it. This is composed of nervous tubes, more slender than the original ones; but by degrees they grow in size, become whiter, the fibres are more perfect, and after an interval of four to six months, there is a cord of nerves newly formed. This process will go on even when two inches have been excised. As the matter is repaired, the progressive re-establishment of the sensitive functions can be seen, whether of motion or of feeling.

The cartilage, which is perhaps better known under the name of gristle, was considered for a long period as incapable of renovation, but in 1867 this was found to be a mistake. The cartilaginous tissue of dogs and rabbits was divided, and at the end of two months there was a complete restoration. It is also found that the thinner muscular tissues which perform involuntary movements in the interior of the body, possess the same power. One point only remained to be proved: whether muscular fibres could restore by means of similar fibres their loss of substance. This was tried on some guinea-pigs; the muscles were cut, and after a few months, they were found to be complete again. Thus all the tissues of the animal frame can be restored in the adult, and by a precisely similar plan of development in the young.

The knowledge of these facts has been in the practice of surgery the starting-point for many new operations, which are still advancing. Thus the reproduction of bone has especially interested the public. Bones consist of three parts—the marrow, the osseous substance, and the periosteum, a membrane which covers the outside, and which was discovered during the last century to be the principal agent in elaborating the whole structure. One skillful experimenter remarked that, wherever he could introduce the periosteum, there he could have bone, and could thus multiply the bones of an animal, and place them where there were none before. This, however, is not desirable; but as the bones are very liable to inflammation, tumours,

and decay, surgery can here step in, and take away all the unhealthy parts, excavate the bone; and at the end of a few months the limb, which has never lost its form, repairs its losses, a new bone tissue is formed, and restored to the former condition of healthy vitality. Formerly, amputation was the only resource in such cases; now the limb is saved, bone gives birth to bone, just as the severed nerve reunites itself, the cartilaginous layer adhering to the periosteum being nothing else but bone in the course of formation.

The operation of grafting in the vegetable kingdom is well known: living fragments are attached to a perfect tree. But the grafted portion never becomes an integral part of that to which it has been transported; it rather develops as a parasite, like the mistletoe on the oak, and remains physiologically distinct. This, however, is not the case with animals: when a piece taken from another part of the same individual, or from a different subject, is grafted, it becomes a perfect portion, and gives the same life. The cells of the choroid coat of the eye may be transplanted, and preserve their vitality in their new home. The transfusion of blood is nothing but the introduction of red globules borrowed from one organism and transferred to another. This succeeds even if the blood passes into an individual of quite a different class, as, for instance, from a mammal into the vessels of a frog. The globules will be found after some time living, and easily recognisable as those of a superior animal. The spurs of one cock have been grafted into the comb of another, and teeth of mammals have also been transplanted.

From these facts, surgeons took up the idea of grafting bones in the place of those that had decayed, and several attempts seemed to favour the plan; but now it is acknowledged that a graft of either the periosteum or the marrow has an unconquerable tendency to be re-absorbed, or to disappear after a time, on account of the unfavourable conditions in which it finds itself, or for want of nutrition.

More success has attended the grafting of teeth, but this is not yet quite established. The teeth spring from a little bag or follicle, in which is the organ of ivory, and that for the production of enamel. When an entire follicle was taken from a puppy, and grafted into an adult dog, the germ was regularly developed to the production of a complete tooth. The enamel when grafted alone perished, whilst the organ of ivory produced an ivory tooth. These interesting researches lead to the hope that teeth may some day be thus restored, seeing that an entire organ with a complete structure is more likely to grow than when it is only a fragment, transplanted and isolated like a piece of bone.

The grafting of the epidermis has been accomplished by many celebrated surgeons. After an operation, a burn, or a bruise, the destroyed skin is but slowly restored, and often with difficulty. Thus the idea arose of taking a piece of healthy skin from the same or another person, and laying it on the wound. It was found to require the utmost delicacy on the part of the surgeon; and instead of covering the whole with one piece, very small bits were applied each day, following the progress of healing, and replacing those morsels that did not adhere. In about twenty-four hours, the grafting was accomplished, and the wound was not as usual

a contracted sear. Such are some of the efforts of physiology; the working-out is difficult and tedious, but, with skill and patience, the labours of the present time may bear future and valuable fruit.

SNOW-STAYED.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

In his library sat Robert Hilton, engrossed in his books. The door opened very gently, and there entered a pleasant-looking old lady, enveloped in a crimson shawl.

'Why, you here, mother!' he exclaimed, rising hastily. 'I never expected to see you at this hour of the morning; it is hardly ten o'clock yet, and the day so bitterly cold, I thought you still in bed.'

'I had letters, Robert,' she replied, as she took the easy-chair he placed for her near the bright fire.

'I am afraid I disturb you,' she began nervously, setting the table spread with books of an abstruse kind.

'Don't think of it!' Though answering thus, he was rather discomposed, for his passion was books and research of all kinds; and he pushed the hair from his somewhat care-worn forehead, as he prepared to listen to the purport of his mother's visit, which, he argued, must be something unusual, to make an invalid as she was visit him so early.

Referring to her basket, Mrs Hilton drew thence a letter, and said: 'From my old friend, Margaret, Mrs Cameron;' and putting on her spectacles, she read aloud.

'Never mind the contents,' he interrupted, after she had read the first line, judging this by its many predecessors.

'But, Robert, I want you to hear; that is why I came,' she returned timidly. 'She says Helen, her daughter, you know, is coming, in a few days, to stay at Mount Farm, quite near us; and I thought it would look so odd if we don't ask her to visit us also, and—I came to consult you,' she hesitated. 'I think Margaret will expect it. I know you dislike visitors in the house, and have grown a confirmed bachelor,' she sighed; 'and I am only a poor invalid, not fit for much, so we are well matched, and can dispense with visitors. Still—if you would not mind for this once,' she pleaded.

Robert Hilton saw trouble looming in the distance, as he listened to his mother's hesitating request. It was quite true all she had said; he was a confirmed old bachelor, forty years old; and hated the sight of women, rarely looking on the face of one but his poor old mother. No wonder she felt apologetic and doubtful about the success of her request, as she watched the nervous, somewhat disjointed-looking figure of her tall lean son, whose sunken eyes had a troubled expression in them while she spoke.

'You would never see her but at meal-times,' she continued, 'and that only for a few days, my dear, if you wouldn't mind. I would not suggest her coming; only, she is staying so very near, and is such a nice girl, so Margaret writes; though it is some years now since I saw her. She was fifteen then, and must be twenty now. Dear, dear, how time flies! So long since I saw her; but then, Robert, that is your fault.'

'In what way?'

'The only son of his mother, and she was a

widow." That is my history for years; I have only lived for you, my dear; and if you didn't like visitors, I was content not to have them, though I should like to have seen my old friend Margaret and her child occasionally.'

'I know you have been very kind to my infirmities,' he replied; and his heart smote him, as he remembered her life of sacrifice, and heard her timidly pleading for the small gratification in question. Still, the power of habit is strong, and it was not without a great effort he determined to yield. 'Very well; ask her over, if you like,' he said with affected carelessness; 'but only for three or four days, mind; and he turned with longing eyes to the open book which was waiting his perusal.

'Thank you; it is very good of you,' she said quite gratefully as she rose. 'I will leave you now, and write to Margaret to allow Helen to come to us.'

'Only for a few days,' he reminded, already regretting his permission; 'otherwise, we may have her here for weeks, if you don't specify the time.'

'I think not,' returned Mrs Hilton with quiet dignity. 'Margaret is a well-bred woman, and her child, no doubt, takes after her.'

The old lady then rose and Robert Hilton returned to his studies; and in the society of some fossil remains, which served as the subject of some learned paper he was preparing for one of the Quarterlies, he forgot the impending calamity, as his perverted mind regarded a visitor, and that a woman, furthermore a young woman, in his house.

Several days passed, and one bright frosty day, in the early part of January, a party of girls were amusing themselves in the drawing-room of the Mount Farm. Helen Cameron, with her two old friends and school-fellows, Annie and Clara Narcot, formed the trio.

Helen's best friend could not have called her pretty, while her worst would have found it impossible to call her plain. She was what is termed a *nice* girl, when one is pushed into a corner for a definition. She was agreeable, good-tempered, could talk pleasantly on most things, had a very fair figure, with a bright intelligent face, that refused to be catalogued as regular-featured; with a complexion frequently tinged with deep rose, interspersed with freckles. Ah, poor Helen! I am afraid that last hit may tell against you; but the portrait-painter must be faithful. She had, however, one grand point: her hair was beautiful, and fell in long wavy masses, like bright spun silk fresh from the cocoon, caught on either side by a comb which confined it to the back of her head; beyond this there was no arranging. Nature did the rest, with an admirable eye to effect.

A servant entered while they were laughing and talking together, and handed Helen a note.

'From mamma's old friend, Mrs Hilton,' she said, as she broke the seal and read the contents.

'The Hiltons of the Fir,' the people one hears of, but never sees,' remarked Clara Narcot.

'Mrs Hilton is an invalid, and her son a monk, from all accounts,' chimed Annie, while Helen was perusing her note, who soon exclaimed:

'What am I to do, or say? How shall I ever get out of it? Mrs Hilton has written to say, that mamma has accepted an invitation for me to spend a few days with her, as I am in the

neighbourhood, and she hopes I'll fix an early day! She cried with genuine dismay.

Her announcement was received with a chorus of groans from the two girls.

'It is too bad of mamma to accept an invitation for me from such people. What was she thinking of? She might just as well have asked me to spend a few days in a churchyard, as in such a house as that!'

'Yes,' said Clara, with a grimace; 'there is not much amusement to be got out of that valley of dry bones! Mr Hilton is a fossil, my dear: he has studied pre-Adamite man—and what do you call those ugly things, with hideous long names?—until he has converted himself into an ante-diluvian specimen of an implement for digging up his own discoveries! Heaven preserve me from such awful men! I like flesh and blood, not the world's progress-machines, as I call them. Why people must be for ever rummaging underground for old bones and such-like, I can't imagine!'

'You must go, Helen,' said Annie; 'if it is only to keep us alive with your description, when you come back.'

'Well, only for a couple of days,' stipulated Helen ruefully, as she sat down to answer the invitation.

'Of course, only for a couple of days; we couldn't spare you for longer,' said Clara; 'there is the ball next week, you know. Just say we will drive you over to-morrow—Tuesday—and will fetch you again on Friday; that will give you just two clear days, which I expect you will find too many.'

'The house is worth seeing, I am told,' broke in Annie. 'It is so old-fashioned, and full of all sorts of queer things—remains, and so forth.'

'Have you ever seen Mr Hilton?' inquired Helen.

'We sometimes, but rarely, see him riding about; but he hates women, and flees at the sight of one.—Doesn't he, Clara?'

'Agreeable for me,' murmured Helen, as she sealed her note, and rang for the servant to send it to the Firs. 'I do so wish I were not going; but there is no help for it, I suppose. I hope there are no ghosts or other miseries in the house beside the fossil remains?' she inquired, shivering.

'Tell me, what is he like, this fossil-in-chief, that I may know what I have to expect?'

'Oh, tall, lean, and grizzled about the head; with scared-looking eyes, as if they could only see clearly underground,' said Clara, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

'Why, he is a ghost in himself! I shall be frightened to meet him,' exclaimed Helen.

'And he never speaks; even reads at his meals, I believe,' said Annie, with a laugh.

'Worse and worse! O girls, what am I to do? What an ogre for a woman to be shut up with. Does he like music, I wonder? But of course not!'

'They say music hath charms to soothe the savage breast; why not see if it will cause a resurrection in the pre-Adamite one?' hazarded one of the girls.

'What! sing to a stone? Impossible! I should be too frightened. I must take lots of work, that's all; try and finish this rug for the bazaar. Dear, how cold it is!' and she shivered again.

'Yes; is it not?' said Annie, drawing nearer to the fire, and giving it a vigorous poke. 'There is

snow in the air; and snow here is no joke, let me tell you. It regularly barricades us; we are such a height.'

'If it fell to-night, the chances are you could not go to the Firs to-morrow. There is no driving a carriage in these parts until the snow is over.'

'I wish it may come down, then,' said Helen.

'Don't wish that, as it would put an end to our ball; so it cuts both ways. You have no idea how the snow falls here, several feet deep; and then we are shut up sometimes for weeks.'

'And a storm is brewing,' said Clara. 'I hope it will have the good heart to keep off until the ball is over. I don't know when I felt it so cold!'

No snow fell the following day. It was in the air, people remarked, who understood the temperature. Amid much laughter on the girls', and mis-giving on Helen's part, she was driven over to the Firs, and deposited among the fossils, with many injunctions to be careful she, herself, was not turned into a 'subject' for investigation.

'So very glad to welcome you, my love,' said old Mrs Hilton, embracing her. 'It is so very kind of you to come and see us;' and she drew her to a seat near the fire, in the grand old drawing-room, where she kept solitary state each afternoon and evening.

The warm embrace and the fire thawed Helen, and she began to feel comfortable. 'If the son is only half as pleasant as his mother,' she thought, 'I shall not object to the partial interment.'

Some conversation followed; blending with which, Helen's thoughts flowed in the following under-current: 'I wonder if he has the look of his mother? What a joke if I happen to like him, and turn the tables on the girls! I suppose I shan't see him until dinner-time, and then he will be reading a book. Tall, lean, grizzled!—that sounds horrible!'

'You must excuse my son Robert,' said Mrs Hilton, wishing to prepare her for his peculiarities. 'He is eccentric, my dear, very; not in the least a lady's man. He took to study early in life, and now lives among his books; I must not complain, for, as an author, he has distinguished himself. Still, it disappoints me that he shuts himself up so entirely, and has lost all taste for society, for I am only a poor invalid, and can't last for ever; and I grow unhappy when I think of him left alone.'

Helen then went to her room to prepare for dinner. Mrs Hilton's maid having interrupted their chat to shew her the way. Having completed her toilet, she came down-stairs with no slight amount of trepidation, hoping, yet fearing, to find the much-dreaded fossil in the drawing-room.

Robert Hilton had entered the drawing-room shortly after Miss Cameron had quitted it, having actually dressed for dinner; a proceeding quite disregarded by him on ordinary occasions, for the very good reason that he always dined alone, as his mother was an invalid and could not bear him company.

Mrs Hilton looked pleased to see her son so wonderfully brightened up by the little attention to his appearance, at the trouble and waste time of which he had been inwardly fuming.

'Helen has arrived,' she said, as he stood chafing his hands, and trying to warm them by the fire.

'So I heard,' he answered shortly, looking

anything but delighted. 'How long is she to stay? This sort of thing is so terribly out of my line; and he glanced at his evening dress as he spoke.

'She leaves on Friday; the girls at the Mount Farm won't spare her any longer. She is a very dear girl, Robert; I think you will like her,' she ventured timidly.

The remark was entirely lost upon him, as he never entertained the idea of liking any woman, unless it might happen to be the remains of one which had been deposited in some spot by the avalanche of ages, awaiting his discovery. Such a woman he would love tenderly.

Trembling outside the drawing-room door stood Helen, unable to turn the handle and enter, so afraid was she of encountering him; but growing desperate at last, she made a plunge, and went in with that awkward air which takes hold of one at difficult moments of intense self-consciousness.

Still stooping over the fire, he did not notice her until she reached the sofa where his mother sat, who had encouraged her timid entrance with a smile, and said: 'Robert, my dear, this is Helen, —Helen, my son, Robert.'

This introduction being effected, Helen took a seat, while Mr Hilton remained standing, in no way bashful, but so very pre-occupied with dead subjects, as to leave the living to take care of themselves.

As soon as she dared, Helen raised her eyes and glanced at him. 'Unmistakably tall, lean, and grizzled,' she thought; 'but not quite so bad as I expected. Good eyes, if they could be brought to look about him, instead of into remoteness. Good features, but tumbled hair, all falling about anyhow, as if no one ever smoothed it. What a pity he shunts himself up!'

Dinner was announced, and Mrs Hilton said: 'Will you let Robert take you into dinner, my dear? You must excuse me joining you, but I am obliged to live by rule.—Now, Robert, take care of her.' Thus saying, she strove to draw them together, a most thankless task, for Helen hung on to the reluctant arm by the tips of her fingers with an amount of nervousness which made the well-known chronic blush on her face turn deep crimson.

They sat down to table in solemn silence. Mr Hilton, from the force of habit, turned to find his place in the imaginary volume at his side, and then remembered he had a human book sitting near it might be worth his while perusing. He glanced up, searched for words, and came to a dead pause; for what on earth was there to talk about? Young women were a genus he had never studied since university days; they were a study he had shelved with dress clothes, as being 'terribly out of his line,' thinking at the time of the truth of St Chrysostom's definition of women, who pronounces them, one and all, to be 'a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity'—here he paused, for he declined thinking the present 'calamity' sitting near at all 'desirable'; quite the reverse—'a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, and a painted ill.' Ah, yes; Chrysostom was a man of sense and experience, evidently.

Poor Helen was equally miserable; sipped her soup, to prolong the necessity for keeping her head lowered.

'One of us must begin,' she thought; 'this silence is overpowering.'

At last—'I think you know my friends, the Narcots?'

'Slightly,' he replied, putting his elbows on the table while waiting to be further fed. He was of that rare order of men who eat, asking no questions, anything put before them. Just the sort of man, women, with a view to a comfortable hereafter in housekeeping, ought to cultivate above all others.

'They are very nice girls,' she remarked.

'Possibly. I know nothing about girls.'

'You don't visit much, I think!' she again ventured.

'No; I am thankful I find something better to do,' and he pushed the unkempt hair from his forehead, and closed his eyes, as if to clear his brain of the disturbing possibility of such a fate, of which the present was a taste not at all to his liking.

The servant placed a dish before him, which excused them for again lapsing into happy silence. Thus the dinner passed off, save for a few spasmodic attempts at conversation like the previous. And at the finish, never were two people so glad to get rid of each other as Helen Cameron and her extraordinary companion.

Mr Hilton did not appear again that night, although he usually kept his mother company for a portion of every evening, after a silent fashion.

Helen gave him up as hopeless. She had failed to win the least courtesy from him; and there are few things a woman resents like a tacit avowal that she is powerless to attract. The two weary days, each worse than the other for dreariness, came to an end at last. With a light heart, she retired to her bed on Thursday night, and gladly looked forward to the morrow. 'I'll describe him to the girls as the most impossible monster it was ever my lot to become acquainted with.' With buoyant alacrity, she rose next morning, unmindful of the cold, which was piercing; slipping her feet into a pair of warm slippers, she went to the window to raise the blind. O horror! What she had feared from the 'feeling' of the cold the night before, was realised. A deep mantle of snow covered the ground!

THE PRESENT CONVICT SYSTEM.

THOUGH of comparatively recent origin, the penalservitude system, which was substituted for banishment, has reached a surprising degree of perfection, and, what is better, it has proved satisfactory as regards the repression of crime. Of what is actually effected by the convict prisons, little is generally known; and yet, looking to the objects aimed at, the subject is full of interest. It appears by a late *Report* of the Directors of Convict Prisons, that these establishments are governed on a rigorous but humane course of discipline, in the hope of deterring from crime, and reforming the habits of the unfortunate inmates. The principle pursued is a combination of the separate with the associated system; that is to say, the prisoners have each a separate cell for sleeping and meditation, and only associate together under certain regulations for work and exercise. Strict management, plain but sufficient food, enforced abstinence from stimulants, secular and spiritual

teaching, along with proper medical treatment, over a series of not fewer than five years, are spoken of as working wonders on the generality of criminals. Sentences to brief terms of imprisonment are condemned as almost valueless. In short, the convict prison is made such a terror to evil-doers, as indisposes them to run the risk of undergoing a second term of confinement. For one reason or other, the number of convicts is in the course of annual reduction. In the period of five years ending in 1859, the number was 15,212. For the same period ending in 1874, it was 8852.

While in a general way obviously deterrent, the system pursued has in one respect been of no avail. When everything has been done that human ingenuity can suggest, there remains a certain class whom it is hopeless to influence. Punish them as you like, they again cast up as criminals. The only explanation that can be given of this phenomenon is, that there are numbers of individuals who may be set down as mentally deficient. They have not the sense to understand that honesty is the best policy. Like wild animals, they seem to be incapable of submitting to social training. You may punish them by severities, and for a time they appear submissive and contrite, but let them loose, and back they bound to their old habits of insubordination. 'Speaking proverbially, they form a class of fools whom even experience fails to teach.' A low state of intelligence is the most formidable difficulty which the law has to encounter. It comes pretty much to this, that by neglect or inherent propensities, the habitually criminal classes are a species of lunatics, on whom nothing, not even the chance of hanging, can exert any intimidating influence.

Subject to this drawback, the convict prisons certainly reclaim large numbers of criminals. Industrial labour is described as of paramount importance. The tread-mill, on which magistrates at one time relied, is dismissed as nonsensical. Useful occupation at trades, by putting prisoners in the way of procuring honest employment on their discharge, is found to be much more advantageous in its results. The convict prisons, therefore, enter into the field of general competition, much of the work performed, however, being to meet the demands of government departments. For example, the metropolitan police are now supplied with boots and gaiters from the convict prisons. After due trial, the female convicts have been employed to make a portion of clothing for the police, 'the workmanship being found better than that of the contract clothing. Certain clothing is also performed for the Admiralty—namely, the manufacture of 16,000 hammocks and 3700 ballast baskets, to be delivered at the various dockyards in England.' Something more artistic has been successfully attempted. The female convicts have manufactured a flooring of mosaic to surround the tombs of Nelson and Wellington in the crypt of St Paul's. We learn with pleasure, that out of two hundred and thirty-three females discharged from Woking prison, thirty have become accomplished in laying mosaic tiles. Recently, in a letter to the *Times*, a 'Lady Visitor' alleged that the system of imprisonment to which female convicts were subjected had a tendency to drive them mad. This has since been authoritatively denied, and, as far as the Report

goes, we can see no evidence of the truth of the Lady Visitor's averment. We observe, however, that instances of feigned madness occasionally occur in the various convict prisons.

At Dartmoor and Portland, large works of a public nature have been and continue to be executed by able-bodied male convicts. Portland, situated on the south coast of England, is perhaps entitled to be called the greatest of the convict prisons. According to last Report, it had 1584 prisoners, who were engaged on very extensive works, such as excavating, hewing granite, building, and so on—quite a hive of industry. The value of the labour executed during the previous year is estimated at £53,024, 16s. 7d., giving an average of nearly half-a-crown per day for each convict. In 1873, the total earnings at the convict prisons of England, nine in number, amounted to about £250,000, which went a great way towards lowering the general expenses. So excellent is the management of Portland prison, that escape is hopeless. During the year, there were ten attempts to get away, which proved unsuccessful. The chaplain's Report on the moral and religious condition of the prisoners in this gigantic place of detention, abounds in interesting details. Amidst the industrial training, there is a judicious system of school-teaching, and the perusal of books of instruction, which are eagerly sought after. We are informed that some of the convicts seek for French, German, and Latin books, with a view, no doubt, 'to revive knowledge, which, through years of riotous living, fell into oblivion.' A very melancholy revelation this of possibly a brilliant career blighted by intemperance and crime! Altogether, the Report on Convict Prisons gives a satisfactory account of the modern method of reform by penal servitude. It is clearly an immense advance on the old system of transportation. W. G.

RESURGAM.

The bones of winter whiten on the hills,
A warm south breeze the pink-tipped poppies fills,
The trout leaps shyly 'neath the bank, and—hark!
Melodious, as of old, trills yonder lark.
Pert rooks responsive caw; while round their dams
On slopy hill, for gladness race the lambs.
A gentle shower drops down from heaven's deep blue,
A softer murmur steals the hazels through,
The first pale primrose glimmers 'neath the thorn,
From half-hid violets faintly scents are borne;
Th' uncurling fern frost's last strong fetter breaks,
From her long sleep the bright-eyed Spring awakes.

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RECENT DISCOVERIES REGARDING BURNS.

Of these discoveries, some of which have been noticed in the *Athenæum* and other journals, the most important is that concerning the poet's relations with the Board of Excise, which have hitherto been involved in mystery. That body has come in for a good deal of odium, which circumstances have done not a little to intensify. Although Lockhart was able to shew that in the books of the old Edinburgh Board there was recorded no censure of Burns for his supposed Jacobinical opinions, and although Dr Robert Chambers, in his *Life and Works of the poet*, has proved, beyond all possibility of question, that Burns's seemingly maddest act—his purchasing and sending to the French Legislative Assembly the four caronades which he himself was mainly instrumental in capturing, with the brig that carried them, in the Solway Firth—could not be regarded as a breach of decorum 'by any person entitled to take notice of his conduct,' the belief was long held, that, on account of some indiscreet speeches, such as his proposing the toast of Washington as a preferable one to that of Pitt, at a dinner-party, his chances of promotion in the Excise, if they were not absolutely destroyed, were so affected, that his supposed neglect preyed upon his mind, and in various ways hastened his end. A communication, however, which was made at the last dinner of the Dumfries Burns' Club, by Mr M'Fadzean, of the Inland Revenue Office, if it does not absolutely exonerate the Board of Excise and the Scottish gentry of the time of all blame in connection with the poet, places the conduct of the former in a more pleasing, and also more intelligible light. This communication states, that 'when the Inland Revenue Office was removed in 1856 to the new wing of Somerset House, it was found necessary to destroy a large number of old books and stores; and whilst a number of men were employed cutting them up, preparatory to their being sold as waste-paper, a gentleman in the Inspector's Department (Mr M'Fadzean's father, we believe)

superintended the operations, with authority to preserve everything that appeared to be of permanent value, or that might be required for future reference. Observing, when engaged on this duty, books and papers that had belonged to the old Excise Office in Edinburgh, he instituted a general search for information about Burns, and his efforts were rewarded with the following success: First, Burns's official character was found recorded in two places; second, registers where he was minutely for promotion; and, third, a list containing the whole staff of officers in Dumfries Collection. The first station to which the poet was appointed was designated Dumfries First Linerancy, which appears to have embraced a considerable extent of country.

On the 28th July 1790, he was promoted to Dumfries Third Division, or Footwalk, and in this station his duties appear to have consisted principally of the survey of tobacco, as it was called the Tobacco Division. His next appointment, dated the 26th April 1792, must have been at his own request, and was to Dumfries First Division, and this was his last station. On the 27th January 1791, the Commissioners entered Burns on the list for promotion to the rank of supervisor, and he remained on this list till his death, the word "Dead" being written in the column for the date of promotion; and had his death occurred only a few months later, Burns would in the ordinary course have been promoted on the 13th January 1797. With reference to this promotion list, it may be observed that several names had been struck off it, including the officer that immediately succeeded the poet. Again, a register was kept of all censures issued by the Board of Excise, and the absence of Burns's name from the register proves that he was never censured by the commissioners—not even in the mildest form in which they were in the habit of conveying their displeasure for what they characterised as trivial faults. And to see how much this circumstance proves in favour of his general good conduct and attention to business, it must be borne in mind that, during the time Burns was in the service, all the Excise duties imposed by Pitt at the close of the

American War were in full force; and it will convey some idea of how multifarious were the duties of an Excise officer in those days, when it is stated that the amended instructions issued in 1804 formed a volume which in outward appearance was not unlike a large Family Bible, and extended to nine hundred and thirty-nine pages. Now, taking these circumstances into account, it may safely be averred—and the averment will not be disputed by any revenue officer of experience—that at the time now spoken of, none but painstaking, careful, steady officers could avoid, or, in practice, did avoid, the irregularities in business which have been adverted to above as “trivial faults.” All the officers in Scotland were alphabetically arranged, with a brief statement of the character of each in the margin. A list of this description was made up three months after Burns joined the service, and the marginal entry opposite his name is, “Never tried, a poet;” with a subsequent interlineation, “Turns out well.” Three years later, a corresponding list was prepared, and the entry in it is, “The poet, does pretty well.”

These discoveries prove clearly that Lockhart was right in his assertion, that whatever may have been said of Burns to the Board of Excise, and whatever verbal reprimand may have been administered to him, for his imprudent expressions of political opinion, through his friend and official superior, Collector Mitchell, no censure was recorded in writing against him. They shew, moreover, that whatever the Excise Commissioners may have thought of Burns, they never proposed to deprive him absolutely of all chance of promotion in the service. He was entered on the list for promotion to a supervisorship in 1791, and remained there till death, never even being struck off for a period, and then reinstated, on account of his having regained the good graces of the Board, by such manifestations of loyalty as joining the Dumfries Volunteers, and writing the best patriotic songs of the time, except those of Campbell.

Regarding the marginal entries of the censors of the Excise, who were, there can be little doubt, the district Collectors, Mr McFadzean observes: “They are obviously made with inimitable candour, and the register clearly shewed no forbearance to any unfortunate sinner who had a weak side to his bottle. For instance, it was recorded of one that “he was once a good officer, but now tipples;” another was a “trifling officer, drinks;” whilst a third was put in the pillory as a “drunken creature.” To these may be added a “lazy supervisor, much given to his bottle,” and a “middling officer, likes a glass.” The same mercurial vein of plain speaking runs through the register on almost every weakness to which flesh is heir. An amiable enthusiast had a “bee in his bonnet,” and a certain Highlander, who must have been very unlike his kin, had a “bad moral character.” One was a “conceited trifling officer;” another was “slow, needs spurring;” and there is also a “good officer, but insolent;” as well as a “gentleman scholar.” An Aberdonian, of a practical turn of mind, “had a farm, and attended to it more than to the revenue;” and it is recorded of a Lowlander that he “was active, and much for his own interests.” A glance at the entries under B, in which list, of course, the name of Burns occurs, confirms the im-

pression that, in the eyes of his censor, the poet was a more than ordinarily good officer. ‘A careful officer,’ ‘A good officer,’ are the most eulogistic entries given; and for one such, there are ten like ‘Indifferent,’ ‘A blundering officer,’ ‘Can do, but drinks,’ and ‘A sober, weak man.’ It may indeed be said that the later entry about the poet is not so good as the first, and looks not unlike damnation by faint praise. It by no means follows, however, that the censor’s second report proves that Burns had begun to fall off in the performance of his duties, or had taken to intemperance, at least to the prejudice of his daily work. Further, an examination of dates would seem to prove that this second entry was made on or about January 1, 1793, and contained, consequently, a criticism of the poet’s official conduct during 1792. Now, that was emphatically the poet’s unfortunate year. It was then that he committed his most notable indiscretions, that ‘he gat the *Gazetier*,’ a violently political newspaper; and it was in the end of it that he wrote his piteous letter to Mr Graham of Fintry, beginning: ‘I have been surprised, confounded, and distracted by Mr Mitchell, the collector, telling me that he has received an order from your Board to inquire into my political conduct, and blaming me as a person disaffected to government;’ and ending: ‘I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which—with my latest breath I will say it—I have not deserved.’ It is quite possible, therefore, that ‘Does pretty well’ does not mean that, in the eyes of the writer of it—probably, Collector Mitchell—Burns had become a negligent or dissipated officer, but that he would have been a still better servant if he had kept his opinions, especially on politics, to himself. ‘This view of the matter seems to be confirmed by this passage in the remarkable letter he wrote, in April 1793, to Mr Erskine of Mar: ‘One of our supervisors-general, a Mr Corbet, was instructed to inquire on the spot, and to document me, that my business was to *act, not to think*; and that whatever might be men or measures, it was for me to be *silent and obedient*. Mr Corbet was likewise my steady friend; so, between Mr Graham and him, I have been partly forgiven; only I understand that all my hopes of getting officially forward are blasted.’ Burns, however, as time passed, as the political ferment cooled, and his own loyalty was sufficiently demonstrated, began to hope again; he looked forward not only to a supervisorship, but to a collectorship.” He was acting as a supervisor when his last and fatal illness seized him; and the register of the Edinburgh Excise Board, now unearthed, proves that his hope was well founded, and that, had he lived a few months longer, he would have been promoted. The most and worst that can be said, therefore, against the Board of Excise, is, that it delayed Burns’s promotion; and is it very much to be wondered at, that, in the political frenzy of the time, alarmed officials thought of the poet simply as they would have thought of any other officer, and did not pause to

* It is commonly declared that a supervisorship would have made Burns happy; but, in a letter to Mr Heron of Heron, in 1795 (*Life and Works*, vol. iv. p. 146), he says: ‘The business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit.’ He only looked forward to it as a step to a collectorship.

inquire whether his Jacobinism, like his Jacobitism, was not mainly a matter of sentiment? It is absurd to maintain that the Board's treatment of Burns killed him, or that he himself thought so.

The men and women who were contemporaries of Burns, and are also of such an age as to remember him discharging duty as exciseman, are rapidly dying out. One of the most intelligent of these was Mrs Bennett, Monimia Dumfriesina, who died in February 1874, in the ninety-eighth year of her age. Mrs Bennett was the daughter of a blacksmith of the name of Kirk, who lived in the village of Carronbridge, and who would appear to have connived at, or carried on, a traffic in liquor, that caused him to be occasionally visited by the poet-ganger. The blacksmith's daughter was then about ten or eleven years of age, and was consequently able to notice how Burns did his work. The following story, which she communicated to a writer in a Dumfries newspaper, is worth recalling: 'A man named Matthew Milligan left a considerable quantity of smuggled brandy in a greybeard at the blacksmith's house; it was concealed in a locked press; and the blacksmith and his wife having to go to the shearing on Carronhill, and also dreading a visit from the gangers, gave the key of the press to Margaret (Mrs Bennett), with strict injunctions that she should on no account give the expected visitors access to the press. Sure enough, in the course of the day, Burns and the supervisor arrived, and the latter had evidently got scent of the smuggled brandy, for he plied the girl with questions on the subject, and was particularly desirous to see the inside of the press. In this, it appears, he could not be accommodated; and then he demanded that its contents should be described to him, which was done with considerable facility, but with no mention of the greybeard. Mrs Bennett was accustomed to tell with considerable humour how anxious and concerned the poet looked lest the press should be opened. He doubtless guessed what it contained, and knew well how serious a penalty would fall on his friend the blacksmith in the event of the brandy being discovered. "At one time," she said, "he winked hard at me owre the supervisor's shoulder to be sure no to let on." The result was that the supervisor was baffled, and the brandy was undetected. On another occasion, when Burns was leaving the house, after an official visit, he heard him say to her father: "Well, well, smith, so long as you take care of yourself and take care of the bairns, I will never hurt you."

These anecdotes—similar to those of Allan Cunningham and Professor Gillespie—are quite in accordance with the theory of Burns's biographers, that, as Dr Robert Chambers puts it, 'inspired with a just view of the contraband trade as an infraction and disturbance of the rights of the fair trader, he was disposed to be severe with the regular smuggler; but in petty matters of inaccuracy, or even something worse, among the country brewers and retailers, he tempered justice with mercy.' That same infinite tenderness which was the essence of his strength and his weakness, which made him not only feel for all mankind, but even for the Daisy and the Mouse, and which made him give 'slices of his constitution' to people little worthy of such gifts, constrained him to wink at the peccadilloes of the Carronbridge smith, provided he attended to his 'bairns.'

As we are dealing with Burns, the fate of the celebrated Glenriddell manuscripts demands a slight notice. Readers of the poet's life will remember that, when he entered upon his farming experiment at Ellisland, he found as his nearest neighbour, Captain Riddell of Glenriddell, one of the heroes of *The Whistle* orgie, and that a close friendship sprang up between them—terminated only by Burns's unfortunate quarrel with Mrs Maria Riddell, the wife of Glenriddell's younger brother. When this intimacy was at its height, Burns wrote out for Riddell's library a volume of selections from his letters, and another of select poems; the one extending to one hundred and three pages, the other to one hundred and sixty-two, of which seventy-eight are in Burns's own handwriting, the remainder copied by amanuenses, and corrected by him. After his quarrel with the Riddells, Burns made repeated attempts to get possession of these volumes, but failed. On his death, they fell into the hands of Dr Currie, who made use of their contents in his edition of the poet's works.

In 1858, the widow of Dr Currie's son, Mr Wallace Currie, presented the volumes to the Athenæum Institution in Liverpool. There, for twenty years, they remained locked up out of sight. At last, however, they have been placed in a glass case in the library of the Institution, and are thus accessible to the public. This has been done at the suggestion of Mr Henry A. Bright, a member of the Liverpool Athenæum, who has also published, for private circulation, a thin quarto volume, containing a complete catalogue of the poetical portion of the manuscripts, and giving in full such pieces as were unpublished. Interesting as such a book must of course be, it will not in any material way affect the reputation of the poet. Such has been the industry of Burns collectors, that Mr Bright is only able to print eight pieces, four of which he believes to have been never published before, while of the other four only imperfect copies have hitherto been published. Of the new pieces, little need be said; they are poor; and the addition to the Clarinda correspondence—an answer to a poem, *From Clarinda, on Mr B—'s saying he had nothing else to do* (which Mr Bright thinks it possible may have also been written by Burns)—is in his most affected style. Perhaps the most interesting fact that the Glenriddell manuscripts—now that they are in a manner given to the public—bring out is, that the manuscript volume of poems was a gift to Glenriddell, and not a loan, as Dr Robert Chambers and other editors and biographers believed. In a short preface to this volume, the author, after both predicting that its contents would be given to the world, and deprecating such an action, says: 'At the gentleman's request, *whose, from this time it shall be, the collection was made; and to him, and, I will add, to his amiable lady, it is presented*, as a sincere, though small tribute of gratitude, for the many happy hours the author has spent under their roof.' The words we have italicised place the fact of the volume being a gift beyond dispute. A glance at the Burns manuscripts also shews what liberties worthy Dr Currie took with expressions of the poet, with the good intention of modifying and softening them. Numberless instances of this could be given; but we give only one, in which we are not quite certain that the Doctor's modification is to his hero's

advantage. Referring, in his autobiography, addressed to Dr Moore, to the fact of his having gone to a dancing-school, in opposition ('defiance' is the word in the manuscripts) to his father's commands, he says: 'My father, as I said before, was the sport of strong passions.' Dr Currie, who hardly leaves a line of the passage from which this is taken untouched, gives us this: 'My father, as I said before, was *subject* to strong passions.' If the quiet-living father was unable to control his passions, as asserted in the former sentence—a view the very opposite of which was held by Gilbert Burns—there need be little wonder that the more tempted son should be 'by passion driven.'

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXV.—HOW HE DID IT.

As Walter had expected, he found, upon reaching Beech Street, that his friend had arrived before him. He found him walking up and down his studio with quick strides, without his pipe (which was itself a portent), and with his hands behind him, still gloved. Jack seldom wore gloves, but if compelled to do so, was wont to tear them off upon the first opportunity, as though they had been the tunic of Nessus.

'My dear Jack,' said Walter, 'is it really to the influence of your eloquence with Mrs Sheldon that I am indebted for this great service? I heard her, with my own ears, tell Lillian that she had altered her plans, and would not accompany them to Sicily.'

'To my influence—yes; to my eloquence—certainly not,' returned Pelter gravely. 'I used no honeyed words.'

'Whatever words you used, I am most grateful to you, as Lillian too would say, did she know to whom she was indebted.'

'It cost me something, lad,' sighed Pelter, throwing himself into a chair—'something that smug sleek men declare they value beyond all else, and which is dear even to me—namely, Self-respect.'

'I hope not, Jack; not for my sake, nor—nor any one's.'

'Ay, but it was so, for I had to lie to her, and, what is worse, to threaten her. Fancy using threats to a woman!'

'But why should she fear you, or your threats either?'

'Well, that's too long a story to tell now. But don't you remember, Walter, how, at the beginning of this Willowbank business, and when we were speculating as to who had sent the offer for your Philippa, that I gave you a leaf of my life that you might take a lesson from it—how, when I was young, and honest and credulous—like yourself, I was once fooled by a woman. You know what Pope says about the sex, and that I don't go with him; but in this case he was right. Intrigue was the atmosphere of that woman's life, and men's hearts her playthings. But she had not the wit for the work, or she would never have lied except with her tongue; as it was, she did so in black and white, and amongst others, to me. When we parted—when she flung me aside, like yonder glove—and he cast one violently on the floor, she asked me to give her back her letters; but that was impossible, because I had burned them every one, before she asked me. Judging me by

her own crafty, treacherous self, she did not believe me, and I took no pains to convince her; since she chose, after all that had passed between us, to think me capable of a base revenge, I let her do so; and to-day she suffered for it.'

'Then you knew who this Mrs Sheldon was, from the moment I mentioned her?' observed Walter.

'I guessed it, lad. It was not the name I had known her under, but I heard that she had taken it; and, besides, I recognised your portrait of her. As for her face, I should have known it, had I not seen it for twenty years, instead of ten, at the first glance. "It can make no more mischief among men, so you have set it against your own sex, madam, have you?" That shaft went home, I promise you.'

'What! you told her that?' exclaimed Walter excitedly.

'Ay, and she knew who was meant. At first, she thought I was pleading my own cause, not yours; but I undeceived her there. I told her that it might have been so once; that years ago, I might have loved some pure and simple girl, such as your Lillian, had my experience of woman-kind been happier in those days; but as it was, that I had had no cause to trust in woman. She tried to fool me even then; 'tis second nature with her, and first as well; but she might as well (as I told her) have fawned upon the turnstile. Then I made her understand not only that her past, but that her present was known to me, even to the fact that, with her nephew's aid, she was angling for the rich merchant.'

'What! are you jealous, then, dear Jack?' sighed she.

'I declare it made me laugh aloud to hear her.'

'No,' said I; 'I was not jealous, but resolute that her marriage with Mr Christopher Brown should not take place—that I was acquainted with her plans, and meant, so far as he was concerned, to prevent them; not, indeed, for his sake, but for his daughter's; and, to begin with, that she was not to accompany the family to Italy.'

All this had been told in a quiet cynical manner, very different from Pelter's usual tone; but when here, amazed, Walter inquired what right his friend had had to control Mrs Sheldon's movements, he answered vehemently: 'What right? Why, the right of the strongest. Is it for *you* to have scruples—you, who affect to love this girl, and would have me preserve her—scruples against a serpent? She is harmless now; but, let me tell you, my snake-charming was not done by soft words.'

'Indeed, my friend, you mistake me,' cried Walter; 'every one has a right to protect the weak against the wicked. I used the word as Mrs Sheldon would have used it. Did she not resent, I should have asked, this interference with her arrangements?'

'Of course she resented it; she would have struck me dead, if looks could have done it. But she never questioned my right, nor even my motives.'

'You would not have dared to speak to me like this,' was all she said, 'if you had burned those letters. It is not only women, then, who tell lies.'

'Nothing that I know—or which I hold in my possession—shall be used to your disadvantage, madam,' replied I respectfully, 'if only you will be

ruled by me in this particular matter. If otherwise, it will be my painful duty to place in Mr Brown's hands a certain note—I think you will remember it.”

“You coward!” she broke forth. If I had really kept that letter, she would have spoken truth; and even as it was, lad, I felt like a whipped cur. Do you understand, now, that I have done something more for you to-day than put on a tall hat?”

“Indeed, indeed, I do, Jack,” exclaimed Walter earnestly.

“Yes. But if our positions had been reversed, you feel that you could not have done as much yourself for me?” answered Pelter bitterly.

“I did not say that, Jack. Good heavens! do you suppose that I am reproaching you for sacrificing (as you said) your self-respect for my sake?”

“Well, this much I must needs say in my own justification: it was not altogether for your sake, Walter. It was for this young girl's sake also, whom I have never seen, except on canvas. If she is as good as she is beautiful, it was my bounden duty to defend her from that most unscrupulous of enemies, a jealous woman.”

“Of course, I know Mrs Sheldon is Lillian's enemy; but why should she be jealous of her?”

“Because Mrs Sheldon failed where she has succeeded. Did she not fail, man, in winning your smiles down at Penaddon?”

“She surely never told you *that*, Jack!” cried Walter.

“Certainly not; nor did you either; but yet I knew it. She must either fail or succeed with every man that comes her way. Well, this being so, I knew she would stick at nothing in the way of revenge; and, as it happens, interest and vengeance in this case went hand in hand together. She is as poor as a church mouse, as I conjectured, and is playing for a great prize in Mr Christopher Brown; and could she have hooked the father, it would have gone hard with her step-daughter, you may take my word for it. Even as it is, the poor girl has, in my opinion, a very dangerous relative in her new-found brother-in-law; a Frankenstein, too, you should remember, lad, in some respect of your own creation.”

“I know it,” groaned Walter despondingly. But what can I do? I can't stop Selwyn from going to Italy, as you have stopped his aunt.”

“No; but you can do something else. Your patron at Willowbank has paid you for your picture in advance; thinking, thereby, to close all connection with you, no doubt. You have the sneaks of war, then why not carry it into the enemy's country?”

“Into the enemy's country?” repeated Walter. “I don't quite see what you mean.”

“Well, in other words, then, here is a young painter, devoted to his profession, and with a pocket full of money; what is more natural, and right and proper, than that he should wish to visit Italy, the temple of Art, the very cradle—”

“By Jove, I'll go!” cried Walter, leaping to his feet.

“Of course, you'll go, though you needn't have interrupted a fellow in what promised to be a very pretty flight of eloquence. I shall miss you, of course, but then I shall feel that you are improving your mind. You must not confine yourself to picture-galleries, remember, but study the out-door

effects of nature—the southern skies and seas. They say Sicily is a good place for filling your sketch-book. Suppose you go to Sicily first, and work your way up from the toe of the boot?”

“My dear Jack, you are the best adviser that ever man had!” cried Walter with enthusiasm.

“That always seems so, when one's advice happens to chime with one's friend's wishes,” observed Pelter, comely. “You must not be too sanguine, however, Sir Knight-errant; it seems to me that you have got your work cut out for you; even if you should save the young lady from the dragon, it will be a tough job to win her.”

“I do not think of winning her,” answered Walter earnestly; “if I can only be of use to her; only let her know, when far from home, and, as she supposes, friendless, that she is not without a friend; if I can unmask this man, and shew her dotting father what he is!”

“You will ask no other reward,” interrupted Pelter dryly. “That is very wise, and very pretty; but everybody has not your disinterestedness. For myself, I feel that I have earned something at your hands, my lad; and I will thank you to brew me a little whisky-punch in the manner with which you are acquainted, and which the Faculty have recommended for my complaint.”

CHAPTER XXVI.—NEW LODGINGS.

It is late October, but where Walter Litton has, for the present, taken up his abode, all nature still wears her summer dress. It is early morning, but the air, though welcome and refreshing, breathes on him soft and warm, as he stands on the balcony in front of his lodgings, and looks out on sea and shore. So different is the scene that morning is wont to present to him, that it verily seems to be another world. In Beech Street, he was fortunate if at such a time the fog permitted him to see the sky. Here, the heavens are smiling on him without a cloud, and the sea reflects their smile on its smooth bosom. Above him, in serene stillness, rise high purple hill-tops, the very names of which he has not yet mastered, and which have still for him that mysterious charm which belongs to mountains which we see, but have not yet trodden. Below, is a broad highway—the Marina—at this hour, silent and deserted, but which will, later in the day, be thronged by equipages, vying with that of the Lord Mayor of London for splendour and bad taste. The streets, too, as yet are silent, although life has begun to stir in the alleys that feed them, and in which common shops full of fish, and fruit, and flowers, are already open. Out of windows hang to dry things both rare and common; namely, clean linen and macaroni. But at the elevation at which our hero stands, not only do the beauties of nature appeal to his artist-soul with irresistible force, but even what is in reality mean and sordid, becomes picturesque. The result is, therefore, a picture that has no flaw, set in a frame of gold and azure. As the morning advances, the gold increases, flowing in, as it were, upon the picture itself; till, presently, he perceives why the tall houses looking seaward are so brown, and also the advantages that may result in some climates from living in an alley, with only a strip of sky to light it. The growing glow and heat, indeed, are such as soon to drive our hero from the balcony into his chamber, a scantily furnished room—as

furnished apartments go in England—but wonderfully clean for Palermo; the reason of which can best be explained by an introduction to the proprietor of the house, whose modest knock at the door has already been repeated without arousing the attention of his new tenant, absorbed by the beauties of sea and land.

A small, spare Sicilian, who now enters with the breakfast equipage, Signor Baccari, like his house, has a half-baked look, which might lead the uncharitable to suppose him averse to the use of water; he *was* indeed averse, for he was a Sicilian, but for all that, he used it, being, as we shall hear, under a vow—though to no saint, for saints always stipulate for dirt—to do so.

'Good-morning, signor. You have slept well, I trust?' said he, in tolerable English.

'If I have not, it was no fault of the arrangements made for my comfort,' returned Walter warmly.

Baccari bowed, and shewed his teeth, white as the mice of any organ-grinder of his race.

'To please the friend of one's friend, is to please one's self,' he answered. 'So soon as his letter reached me, said I to my wife: "Scrub everything—the tables, the chairs, the floors." It was Signor Pelter's weakness to have everything scrubbed; and the weakness of those we love is to be respected.' If Signor Pelter had been dead, and his Sicilian friend had been referring to the fulfilment of his last request, his tone could not have been more grave and pathetic.

'Your good-will is, I am sure, reciprocated,' observed Walter, smiling. 'When Mr Pelter found I was resolved to visit Sicily, he said: "I have one good friend there; if you visit Palermo, ask for Signor Baccari, in the Piazza Marina." I spent a winter at his house in my young days, when I thought I was going to be a Raphael, a Murillo, a Tintoretto—three single gentlemen-artists all rolled into one.' You remember his style?

'Is it possible to forget it? Heavens, what a genius he had! I have in my little room above-stairs his view of the harbour. It is the place itself! He was ever upon the sea, you know—the deep, smiling, treacherous sea!' And Signor Baccari crossed himself like lightning, and muttered something that sounded between a curse and a prayer.

'You do not like the salt-water, then, yourself?'

'I! How can you ask me who know what happened! I detest it! I abhor it!—I fear it worse than the brigands. What! body of Bacchus, did he never tell you why—he who preserved my Francisco?'

'Never; he only mentioned that you and he were old friends.'

'Is it possible? To be sure, he is not one to talk of his good deeds; if so, he would be always talking. And yet, look you, because he is a heretic, there are some who would hold him worse than a brigand. Bah! what stuff—Forgive me, signor, for spitting on the ground. That was one of his prejudices, and it should have been respected. "If you must spit, my dear Baccari," he would say, "spit in the sea." He was so droll!'

'But how was it he saved your Francisco?'

'O sir, we were in a boat together—Francisco, then a little child, my wife, and I, all fools for being there—with the signor and a fisherman; out

in the next bay to the west, yonder, which is more beautiful than this, folks say, or than the Bay of Naples. But to my wife, with the child in her arms, nothing seemed so beautiful as to watch the reflection of his innocent face in the deep deceitful sea. So, while she was leaning over the boat-side—it is terrible even to tell of it!—the boy leaped out of her arms; there was a little splash, and then all the light of our life was quenched forever!'

'But your son was not drowned, for I have seen him.'

'No; thanks to Santa Rosalia—and a heretic—he was saved. Our friend was with us, brave, agile, and who swims like a fish. Hardly had that little splash faded from our ears—as the knell of a death-bell dies away—when there was a big splash—that was Signor Pelter; O sir, I shall never forget it—"a header," he afterwards called it; and he then comes up with the child in his mouth—I mean, in his arms—like a water-dog. It was nothing short of a miracle. What could I say to that hero, who had thus rescued our darling from the jaws of death? Nothing—nothing that could make him understand my gratitude! "Oh, what," cried I, "noble Englishman, can I ever do for you or yours?"'

'Wash, my dear Baccari, wash a little occasionally, for my sake,' was his reply. Hence it is that our house alone, in all Palermo, is always water-flooded. "You will die of the damp," say the neighbours; but we are not dead yet; neither I, nor my wife, nor our good Francisco. Is it wonderful that we have done Signor Pelter's bidding, and are always clean! Is it wonderful also that to me the sea is more terrible even than the brigands!'

'Are the brigands, then, so very alarming?' inquired Walter. 'I understood that you good folks who dwell in towns, at least were safe from them.'

'Safe! Holy Rosalia, nobody is safe!' answered the other, sinking his voice. 'It is not safe even for us two to be talking of them. They have spies everywhere; allies everywhere. Why, the Marina, yonder, is the only road in Palermo that a rich man dare take his pleasure upon. On all other ways—if he goes to Messina, for example—he must take a mounted escort. To think that a couple of miles out and in, is all that a man dare travel, here in Palermo, because of brigands!'

'My dear Mr Baccari,' said Walter, smiling, 'it appears to me, since our friend Pelter never even so much as mentioned their existence, that you have got brigands on the brain.'

'Pardon, signor; it seems so, doubtless.—Your breakfast is prepared.'

It was evident that the feelings of the little lodging-house keeper had been wounded. In vain, before sitting down to his meal, Walter endeavoured to explain away his unfortunate observation.

'The Signor Litton is mistaken; I am not out of my mind, as he has been pleased to imagine,' was all that his apologies could for some time extract from his host. But presently, when Walter had explained to him that in England there were no brigands, absolutely none, and that, therefore, all reference to such unpleasant folks had for him an air of fable, he grew mollified.

'The signor, then, is blest in his country,' was his grave observation; after which, he inquired whether it had always been so favoured.

'Well, we had once robbers and outlaws,' admitted Walter, 'but certainly never in broad day, and in the neighbourhood of our towns. There was Robin Hood, for example, centuries ago, whose band, however, was said to plunder the rich only, and not the poor.'

'Ah, but these rogues, they plunder everybody,' put in the Sicilian, 'once more astride upon his hobby; 'though it is only when some great man has suffered that the affair is made public. My neighbour here, Loffredo, for example, a man as poor as myself, was taken up the mountain last spring, and had to pay so much for his ransom, that he and his family are beggared.'

'I would have let them kill me first!' exclaimed Walter indignantly.

'Yes; but your wife could not—that is, if she loved you, as in this case. Loffredo refused to pay more than such and such a sum—which would not have utterly impoverished him—whereupon one comes down here, into the very next street, yonder, and brings something with him. "Madam," says he, to Loffredo's wife, "do you recognise this ear?" They had begun to mutilate the poor fellow; and without doubt he would have died by inches, had she not sold all, and sent the required ransom. Again, in the early morning (for the poor fellow shrinks from shewing himself in the crowded streets), you may see any day Signor Spillingio with but one arm, and without a nose. The poor gentleman, captured by these scoundrels, had not the money at command to satisfy them; but his friends scurried together what they could, and sent it to the captain of the band. "This is not enough ransom for a *schiaffo* man," he said, and they soon reduced him to the pitiable spectacle which I have described. To bring one's children to want, or to lose life and limb, these are the hard alternatives; severe punishments to pay for a walk outside the city walls in spring-time, signor.'

The good man's manner was so earnest, so pathetic, that Walter was tempted to observe: 'I trust, Signor Baccari, that you yourself have never suffered from these villains, either in purse or person?'

'Thanks be to Heaven, never! But my Francisco was once taken; he was acting as guide to a French gentleman, and, fortunately, being so small a fish, they made use of him in another way; they sent him into the town to state the price of their captive; when, only think of it, Francisco himself was thrown into prison, upon the charge of treating with brigands! The poor innocent lad! Our rulers, you see, cannot put down these thieves; but when a man is taken by them, they throw obstacles in the way of obtaining his liberty.'

Walter could not but acknowledge that this was indeed a pitiable state of affairs, though, in his heart, he thought his host was unintentionally exaggerating matters. An element of humour also mixed with his compassion for Signor Baccari, whose fate it was to live on an island, where on the one hand the sea was forbidden to him, and on the other the land. It seemed impossible for any man, not absolutely a prisoner, to possess a more limited horizon in the way of movement.

Yet Signor Baccari was by no means dispirited by these peculiar circumstances of his existence; his talk, when it was not upon the Brigand topic, was as gay and lively as the twitter of a bird; no stranger would have had a better guide than

he to shew him the lions of Palermo, and if Walter had cared for gossip, the private history of every household in the place would have been at his service, for Baccari knew it all. Francisco, his son, a lad of talent, seventeen or eighteen years old, was generally, however, Walter's cicerone. This young man was a study for a painter; tall, slight, and sunburnt, with poetic grace in his every movement, and a certain cold indifferent manner that would have been contemptuous, but for its stateliness; just as, when a king's air is cold and apathetic, we call it royal. He had no conversation, but since he could speak no word of English, that was of no consequence to Walter, who, on his part, possessed but a smattering of Italian, and no Sicilian save what he found in his pocket dictionary. Still, the two got on very well together, Francisco's eloquence of gesture doubtless making up for a good deal. But what made him especially valuable to Walter was that, unlike his father, he was passionately attached to the sea, and well skilled in the management of a sailing-boat. In vain had Baccari forbidden him, even when little more than a child, to tempt the treacherous smile of the Mediterranean; he had ever taken his greatest pleasure upon it; and now that he was a man—according at least to Sicilian reckoning—he was, in all except the name and the attire (which his father would not permit him to adopt), a sailor.

Litton, too, notwithstanding the attractions which Palermo offered to his artist's eyes, was seldom content to be on shore, nor even in the waters immediately about the harbour. It was daily his practice to take boat and put to sea; to escape from the landlocked bay, with its sheer steepes, until they seemed to dwindle before the presence of snow-capped Etna—a hundred miles away. The beauty of the scene thus left behind them was so transcendent, that it would sometimes win Walter's gaze and hold it, despite of himself, in a species of enchantment; but for the most part, he would fix his eyes to westward, where nothing was to be seen for leagues and leagues but the blue sea, and watch for a certain coming sail; while Francisco lay at length, thinking of nothing beyond the orange which he was slowly slicing, as an English school-boy (only without his excurses) would slice an apple. Ever and anon, Walter would intermit his watch upon the sailless sea, to take from the pocket of his sketch-book a printed extract from a newspaper, which he would read and read again, as though to assure himself that in the end his patience must necessarily be rewarded; 'On Wednesday last, from Plymouth, the yacht *Sylphide* (Christopher Brown, Esquire) for Palermo.' The weather had been charming; even the Bay of Biscay must have been tolerably tranquil during the passage of the voyagers, but still the *Sylphide* came not. It was unreasonable in Walter to be so impatient, for he himself had started from England on the Thursday, by Paris and Marseille, for the same destination, and the iron horse was, of course, an overmatch even for the swift-winged *Sylphide*. Moreover, she might have touched at Gibraltar, or even at Marseille itself. But there was still another alternative, the thought of which haunted Walter, blurred all beauties of land and sea to his curious eyes, and made him sick at heart. The voyage, in place of benefiting Lillian's health, might have injured it; the *Sylphide*, perchance, might

have put back, or, making for some port, its passengers might have disembarked, and gone home by land. Thus, day after day went by in fruitless expectation; his sketch-book, notwithstanding the temptations that on every side appealed to him, remained almost blank; his hand refused its wonted office; it was only by forcing his mind into the shafts, and making *that* draw, in the shape of acquiring the Sicilian language, that the time could be made to pass for Walter at all. Making every reasonable allowance for probable delays, the yacht was now a fortnight behind her time, when, on a certain evening, just as their own little sailing-boat, far out at sea, had, as usual, put about for home, and Walter, sunk in despondency, was thinking whether it was worth while to remain in Sicily at all, Francisco touched his elbow, and, in his cold indifferent tones, observed: 'Ingleshe sheep.' Walter started to his feet, and gazed to westward; there was many a white sail studding the blue deep, as stars the sky, but he noticed no addition to their number.

'There,' said Francisco, nodding lazily towards the extreme horizon, where something like a puff of smoke was barely visible; 'Ingleshe yat.'

His sharp and practised eye had detected something in the shape of the sail which announced at once her class and nationality.

'Let us put back, and meet her,' exclaimed Walter eagerly, thinking not of the yacht, but Lillian.

Francisco opened his almond eyes a little, the only expression of wonder he ever allowed himself. 'Why so, signor? when with the breeze she must needs be in Palermo before us.'

So they held on their course, while the 'Ingleshe yat' fulfilled Francisco's prophecy by gaining on them hand over hand. For the rest of the voyage, Walter had no eyes except for her. What was the flaming glow of sky and sea, compared with that first gleam which glittered on the sail that brought his Lillian from the under-world! What was the purple tint of evening upon the mountain-sides, to the rose-coloured dreams of love! On she came, the yacht ever nearer and larger, till it overtook their little craft. Walter had no need to read the name that was writ in golden characters upon the bows, to know it was the *Sylphide*. An instinct seemed to assure him of the presence of the treasure that was being carried past him—of the neighbourhood of her he loved. From under his broad hat he scanned the deck with furtive glance, though, indeed, there was but small chance of his being recognised. No newspaper had recorded under the head of 'Fashionable Intelligence,' Mr Walter Litton's departure from Beech Street, Soho, for Sicily. By all on board who knew him, he was thought to be hundreds of leagues away, and by all save one—perhaps even by her—to have given up the object of his life as unattainable. But he was there close at hand, if not to win, at least to watch over and defend his Lillian. She was not on deck; nor did he expect her to be, for the evening air was chill. Sir Reginald alone, besides the members of the crew, was visible. He was standing in the bows, with a cigar in his mouth, looking intently towards the town, which they were now rapidly approaching. To judge by his frowning brow, his thoughts were far from pleasant ones, but they would have been darker yet had he known that the light bark within but

a few feet of him, and on which he did not even waste a glance, carried his whilom friend to the same port.

THE TRANSPORT AND STORAGE OF GUNPOWDER.

THERE is now a bill before parliament dealing with the important subject of the transport and storage of gunpowder. This, if passed into law, will in certain respects, though not in all, effect an improvement upon the present state of things. The disastrous explosion on the Regent's Canal will have produced at least one beneficial result, for to it we must attribute all the attention which has recently been devoted to this question. At the present moment, our gunpowder law is a very defective one. Under proper regulations, the explosion of last October would have been an impossibility; but it seems to have been the constant practice on the canal never to carry gunpowder without an accompanying load of benzoline, and a fire on board the barge; thus providing everything necessary to produce an explosion, and repeatedly tempting the destruction which came at last.

It would be well if gunpowder were never carried along our canals except in boats specially adapted and licensed for the purpose. The trade in gunpowder is so extensive, that it ought not to be difficult to effect this. The boats might be like those used by government for the transport of the powder manufactured at Waltham, down the river Lea to the Purfleet magazines. These boats are about half the size of an ordinary canal barge, and are covered with a semicircular roof, having a door at the side for loading and unloading the cargo. No lights or fire is allowed on board, and no one enters the hold without wearing a pair of leather 'magazine-shoes;' indeed, in every respect the boat is treated as a magazine, and all the rules and precautions observed in the government magazines apply equally to the powder-barges. Of course, to adopt a similar system on our canals, would cost some money, but it would not equal one-fiftieth part of the loss caused by a single explosion; and it seems to us that either this plan, or some modification of it, should be applied to those which, like the Regent's Canal, wind through the densely populated suburbs of our great cities.

The transport of gunpowder by road is more difficult to regulate. It is now a common thing for not one, but several cart-loads of gunpowder to move together through the crowded streets of London. How dangerous this practice is, may be judged from an incident which took place during the retreat of the French army from Germany in 1813, after the battle of Leipzig. One evening, a convoy of powder-wagons belonging to the French artillery was passing through a small town in Bavaria. One of the barrels in the leading tumbril was leaking, and the powder was dropping from it, and forming a light train along the roadway, which, however, was unnoticed or disregarded by the drivers and the escort. Suddenly, a spark flew from a stone, struck by the iron-shod hoof of one of the horses; it fell among the scattered gunpowder; the train was ignited, and the flame ran along the street under the long line of tumbrils, and cart-load after cart-load of gunpowder blew up with a terrible explosion. The houses on each

side of the road, and many of those in the adjacent streets, were destroyed, and more than a hundred of the towns-people and the escort of the convoy were killed and wounded. Yet, fearful as was the destruction on this occasion, there is no doubt that it would be far exceeded by the ruin which would follow an explosion in some parts of London, where gunpowder is being constantly carried through the streets, to be embarked on the Thames; for instance, in Wapping, one of the most populous districts of the metropolis, where this dangerous traffic goes on day after day. No gunpowder should be carried through our streets except within a few hours in the early morning, when the way would be clear for the carts, and there would be no danger of delays, collisions, and the crowding together of several of the loads, as now frequently happens. Only covered vans should be employed in the traffic, and care should be taken that the drivers do not smoke or carry matches with them. If there were a compulsory mark on every powder-van, and a corresponding badge on the driver's arm, it would be easy for the police to note their passage, and see that the regulations adopted were properly carried out.

Very few people are aware of the extent of the gunpowder trade in England, even without taking the export into account. We have gunpowder everywhere around us—in shops; in the houses of gunmakers and sportsmen, or of quarrymen and miners; in the numberless little private manufactories and stores of cartridges and fireworks; and, finally, in larger amounts in factories, magazines, and volunteer storehouses. These last are by far the least dangerous. The gunpowder in government magazines and in those belonging to great manufactories and Volunteer corps, though often accumulated in immense quantities—at Purfleet there are over fifty thousand barrels—is placed in properly constructed buildings, under the care of trained store-keepers, guided by fixed rules, which reduce the danger of an explosion to a minimum. On the other hand, the amount of gunpowder in the custody of private individuals—who are too often ignorant and careless men—constitutes a real source of danger. We find repeated instances of it in the government inspector's Reports on the storage of gunpowder. It appears that it is a common practice of miners and quarrymen to keep a barrel of gunpowder under their beds. One case where an explosion resulted from the foolhardy carelessness of a quarryman, would seem at first sight incredible, but its truth is vouched for by an official Report. This man had been in the habit of emptying barrels by boring auger-holes in their heads, and pouring out the powder through them. But it occurred to him that he could make the hole more easily by burning it out with a red-hot poker, stopping when it was nearly through the wood, and finishing it with the auger. The plan succeeded admirably so long as he had to deal with barrel-heads of the ordinary thickness; but one day he proceeded to operate upon a barrel the head of which was thinner than usual, though, of course, he had no means of ascertaining this. The red-hot iron reached the powder, and he was killed by the explosion. We only hear of such recklessness when, as in this instance, it leads to a fatal result. The wonder is, that such accidents are not far more frequent. Every mine and quarry where blasting-powder is used should have its regularly

appointed magazine, and the workmen should not be allowed to have any of it in their houses. Under the existing law, any one can keep fifty pounds of powder, and even half that quantity is quite sufficient to destroy an ordinary dwelling-house and all in it; but as the new bill only reduces the quantity to thirty pounds, the danger must still remain.

The law with regard to dealers is still more defective. No license is required at present, though a compulsory registration is provided for by the new act, which permits a shopkeeper to keep any quantity of gunpowder up to one hundred pounds, provided he store it in a fire-proof safe; or up to two hundred pounds, in a magazine or fire-proof safe isolated from his house, and at a safe distance from any thoroughfare or street. Then, for some weeks before the fifth of November each year, hundreds of shops display a large stock of fireworks; and their fabrication goes on not only in regular factories, but also in the houses of the working-classes, the finished rockets and crackers often being dried before an ordinary open fire. The result is, that we have one or more fatal explosions every autumn; so that the memory of Guy Fawkes's plot has probably in this way led to more deaths than he would have caused if he had succeeded in his nefarious design against the King, Lords, and Commons of England in parliament assembled. But, though in a less degree, the danger exists all the year round, and occasionally at fires the firemen are informed that there is gunpowder in the burning building; and they have to go in and search for and drag out the barrels or cases at the risk of their lives. At Manchester, in November 1863, eight barrels of gunpowder were found by the firemen in a chemist's store, after they had succeeded in extinguishing the fire; and in the same town, in March 1871, they had to get a hundredweight of powder out of a loft over the ceiling of a burning room. In both these cases, there was a very narrow escape of a serious explosion; and they are not solitary instances, for many others like them might easily be quoted.

The question naturally arises—Is there no remedy for this dangerous state of things? And the answer is supplied by Major Majendie's official report of his experiments on fire-proof gunpowder magazines. These experiments took place two years ago, but, unfortunately, at the time so little interest was felt in the subject, that much less public attention was devoted to them than their important practical results deserved. It is evident that only in rare instances can shopkeepers who deal in gunpowder in small quantities provide a properly isolated magazine for its storage. Generally, the gunpowder is kept in a cupboard at the back of the shop, or else in a room near the top of the house, in the hope that, in the event of an explosion, the lower stories will thus escape any serious injury. But this latter arrangement only makes it more difficult to remove the powder in case of a fire. The only safe plan would be to keep the powder in a small fire-proof magazine; but for a long time it seemed to be impossible to construct anything of the kind. An ordinary fire-proof safe would not be sufficient, for it would soon become overheated, and though books and papers would be safe in it, gunpowder would explode, and with a force all the more terrible on account of the confined space in which its action began. The

difficulties of the problem have been met and conquered by a patented invention of Messrs Milner & Co.

Their fire-proof magazine consists of a safe large enough to hold a hundred pounds of powder. The hollow sides of the safe, four inches thick, are divided into chambers, filled partly with alum, partly with a mixture of alum and sawdust. Now, more than half the weight of alum is made up of water, and when heated, it gives it off in the form of steam. If, then, the gunpowder safe is exposed to fire, the alum will be vaporised, and the steam entering the interior of the safe by small holes, will moisten the powder, and keep its temperature for a long time at about that of boiling water. It will gradually rise higher if the fire continues, but it will take several hours to reach five hundred and sixty degrees, the heat required to ignite gunpowder; and it has been ascertained that a safe would never be exposed to the heat of a great fire longer than six hours, so that a resistance for that period would be enough to insure security from explosion. Such is the theory of the fire-proof magazine, and it was subjected to a severe practical test by the experiments made at Woolwich in October 1872.

Four magazines were tested on this occasion. Three of them were designed to resist six hours; the fourth, being of stronger construction, and containing more alum in its chamber, was expected to resist eight or nine hours. The first contained a few ounces of powder in paper and in tin canisters; the second, ten one-pound canisters of sporting powder; the third, a quarter-barrel of twenty-five pounds of powder; and the strong safe, five pounds in an open barrel, and five pounds in canisters. There were also thermometers in the safes, and pieces of alloy, which, by melting at various temperatures, would register the greatest heat of the interior of the magazine. The magazines were placed in brick furnaces holding about five tons of coal; and when the fires were lighted, they blazed up like a blast-furnace, producing a heat far greater than that of any ordinary conflagration. After six hours, the first magazine was removed from its furnace, and opened. The powder was found intact, some of it being damp with steam, but the thermometer shewed that the temperature had never risen higher than two hundred and ten degrees. The experiment was therefore a perfect success.

The other furnaces were allowed to burn on. The second and third safes exploded violently, the former, after resisting for nearly sixteen hours, the latter, after eighteen hours and three-quarters. A can of powder from No. 2 was picked up unexploded; and a piece of alloy from No. 3, the melting point of which was four hundred and eighty-two degrees, was found unmelted. The natural inference is, that in neither case had the general temperature of the interior of the magazines risen to five hundred and sixty degrees, but that the flame, driven by the blast, had burnt through the side of the safes, and exploded their contents by actual contact. The fourth magazine did not explode at all. After twenty-two hours, the fire was put out, and it was ascertained that its contents were uninjured, and the thermometer indicated a maximum temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees. It was evident that this safe would still have resisted for several hours; and the whole series of experi-

ments proved that a means had been found for protecting a small store of powder from any ordinary fire. We have heard of another invention for storing and carrying gunpowder with safety, which possesses still more remarkable properties, and which is about to become the subject of a patent. And, doubtless, the use of some kind of fire-resisting repository that shall hold powder safe from the attack of the fiercest flame, must be sooner or later rendered imperative.

SNOW-STAYED.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HELEN came down to breakfast utterly doleful. She had indulged in a good cry, to begin with; and now was filled with dismay at the prospect before her. On entering the breakfast-room, she found Mr Hilton had been waiting for her some time. 'I beg your pardon; I am very sorry to have kept you so long without your breakfast.'

Attracted by her despondent tones, he looked up with the first approach to interest he had manifested since her arrival, and said: 'I am sorry for you, Miss Cameron; this snow will make you a prisoner for some time, I am afraid;' and regret for himself was not unmingled with his sorrow for her.

'Yes; I am dreadfully sorry,' she returned, with a look of blank disappointment in her face, regardless of the ill compliment which had actually penetrated Mr Hilton's pachydermatous sensibility, and set him thinking. Now, when a man like that begins to think, he generally does so to some purpose. The latent chivalry of this strange being began to awake, and the man remembered with self-reproach that he had done nothing, as a host, to merit any other than the candid avowal he had just heard.

'I am sure I don't know what I shall do,' she moaned, as she stood irresolute by the fire, too genuinely miserable to be polite.

'Well, come and try some breakfast, and then we must see what can be done to preserve life in you afterwards,' he said, with something very like a smile shining on his face, the first she had ever seen.

As a gleam of sunshine attracts on a gloomy day, so did this smile attract Helen, and caused her to regard him with surprise.

He caught the look, and asked its meaning in such a friendly voice, that she said with simple bluntness: 'I saw you smile; I didn't think you could!'

The smile widened into a laugh, notwithstanding the unintended sarcasm, which he was conscious he deserved: the snow was falling outside, while within the first symptoms of a thaw had begun!

He, strange to say, was the first to be aware of it, as he glanced every now and then at the woe-begone face sitting near.

'Is it true,' she faltered, 'that the snow does not clear away for weeks?'

'Quite true.'

'O dear! what *shall* I do?' she sighed.

'We must try and make the best of it for you,' he answered kindly. 'I know this must be a dreadfully dull hole for a young lady to be shut up in, with only a couple of old people, like my mother and myself, for company; but I am afraid there is no help for it!'

'Are you fond of reading?' he asked, after a pause. 'I have some good books, but not in your style, I am afraid.'

'I am afraid not. You are very learned and clever, are you not?' she asked, with amusing simplicity, her eyes opening as she made the inquiry, as though treading on unknown and dangerous ground. 'The girls—the Narcots, told me so, and that made me rather afraid of you, and fancy—'

'I couldn't laugh, and had forgotten how to smile,' he interposed. 'Well, don't be frightened any more, for I am neither learned nor clever, that I know of; and I believe I can smile when provoked to do so; only living so much to myself, I seldom get an opportunity.'

'But that is your own fault, is it not? You hate us—women, I mean? don't you? So the Narcot girls told me. Is it true?'

'Partly;' and he pushed his plate away as he spoke, and resumed his favourite attitude, with his elbows on the table; then, as if reflecting, he added in a lower tone: 'Still I believe I am capable of conversion, only no one has ever tried.'

'Perhaps you never gave them a chance,' she said, with a bright laugh, which displaced the cloud of melancholy for a moment, as she went to the window to see if she could discern signs of relenting on the part of her cruel jailer outside.

Mr Hilton, meanwhile, was revolving her last words in his mind, as he played with the bread-crumbs, saying to himself, that she had spoken rightly; and when a woman has once had the luck to drive a truth home into a man's mind, which he is willing to acknowledge, she has certainly gained a point.

On other mornings, he generally disappeared as soon as breakfast was over, and never showed again until summoned to another meal; but this morning he sat on and on, even after the cloth was removed, and the distraction of arranging the crumbs into mathematical problems had been taken from him.

His train of thought evidently lay above-ground this morning. 'This girl would be in the house for weeks;' and he caught himself looking at her as she gazed hopelessly out of the window; and then this thought, at one time so repugnant, grew not altogether distasteful, although, of course, there would be a vast amount of inconvenience attending it, which he was forced to admit. It was a bad business on the whole, certainly, and he would have infinitely preferred if the snow had not fallen. But here she was; and he must make the best of it, and be thankful that, as far as women went, she was endurable after her kind, was unobtrusive at least, and would evidently rather not be staying; under these circumstances, he must make an effort.

Helen left the window, and took an easy-chair by the fire, resigning herself to the hopelessness of the situation, wondering when on earth Mr Hilton meant to go, when he surprised her by turning his chair right round in front of the fire, and en-

sconced himself in it as if to take up his position for the morning.

A quarter of an hour passed, during which time they both looked hard at the fire, while neither spoke. Then Helen said: 'Please, Mr Hilton, don't sit there all day and do nothing on my account. I shall go up to my room, if you do. If I am to be a prisoner here for some time, don't add to my affliction by making me feel I am a trouble to you. I know you are always hard at work by this time. Indeed, it is on my conscience that I interrupted your studies at meal-times, as the Narcots told me you always read at such times.'

'I am afraid the Narcots have not given me a good character; paying me out for all my incivilities, I suppose. You might, however, give me an opportunity of proving them mistaken.'

'Yes; but I cannot bear disturbing the routine of any one's daily life. I feel as if they must look upon me as such a bore, an unenviable distinction at best.'

'But suppose I tell you, you don't bore me,' he answered with a smile.

'I shouldn't believe you, I am afraid. The leopard can't change his skin, or his spots; which is it? I am so stupid over quotations. No; it is the Ethiopian who has the skin.'

'But as I am neither Ethiopian nor leopard, but belonging to the Caucasian race of the genus homo, I may be permitted to change that mercurial organism existing in our species called mind.'

'Without wishing to pay you any compliment, I desire to say that I should be glad to make you enforced imprisonment in my house less doleful than you at present contemplate. If you can suggest any course of amusement you would like to pursue, in which I can assist you, I will forego my books while you are here, and—place my time at your disposal.'

The last sentence came out with an effort which shewed the immensity of the sacrifice. Helen looked incredulous. 'Do you really mean it?' she asked.

'I am perfectly in earnest.'

'Then, I know what I would like.'

'What?' he inquired with a nervous pang; he knew not what wild prank he may have pledged himself to.

'You shall impart some of that wonderful learning of yours into my unfurnished brain. I have so long wanted to read Goethe in the original, but I don't know German sufficiently. Mrs Hilton tells me you know Goethe and German, and everybody and everything, alive and dead, by heart. Will you teach me German?'

'Has my poor mother been giving me a bad character, like the rest of the world?—with more cause, perhaps; and he looked into the fire without answering her question.'

'But you really are a German scholar—are you not?'

'Yes; I will teach you.'

'Oh, if you will, I'll think you the kindest creature in the world; and won't regret the snow,' she added archly. 'Then, while I am studying, you can go on with your reading and writing, can't you? and you won't find me so dreadfully in the way, will you?'

His face wore an amused look as he listened to her eager questions. 'So you want to read Goethe in the original. Well, you must follow me; but,

remember, I shall expect to be paid for my trouble.'

'How!'

'By being thought the kindest creature in the world; a decided novelty for me. Now, come into my library, and I will start you at once.'

'Oh, not in there!' and she drew back. 'I should be frightened to go in there. I hear you keep the bones of Noah and all the animals that went with him into the ark—to say nothing of those he left outside—in there.'

'But if I am to have a pupil, I must superintend the study,' he answered, laughing; 'and I promise Noah shall not put in an appearance, or in any way disturb your peace of mind; so follow me. You have never seen my library, have you?'

'No.'

'Then don't speak against such a haven of rest, of which you are ignorant.'

'What *would* the Narcot girls say, if they could only see us!' she thought, as she followed him on tip-toe, not quite certain, but determined to be brave.

'Oh, how very charming!' she exclaimed, as she surveyed the comfortable book-lined room, with its carved oak ceiling, its luxurious Persian rugs, its inviting easy-chairs, and its massive double writing-table, the whole made intensely snug by the glow of a bright crackling wood-fire.

'No signs of such a damp creature as Noah here,' he said, as he placed a chair for her at the writing-table, and rapidly looked out the requisite books, that he might find out how much she did not know, before setting her to work.

Through a fog of timidity, she managed to let him see she was fairly advanced, and then he set her some translation to do, himself taking a book the while to read. The translation was effected, and pushed across the table for correction. He then gave her some other work to do, which kept her for two hours in the library, when she left him to seek his mother.

'I am so sorry for you, my love,' said Mrs Hilton, kissing her, 'but glad for myself. This snow will keep you with us for some time. I hope you don't mind?'

And then Helen was surprised to find she did not mind the gloomy prospect so much as she expected. The thought of reading Goethe in the original was cheering. So she said.

'Of course, I don't mind; only, you must give me something to do. Here; can't I finish these?' And she took a pair of wool slippers from a work-basket.

'Oh, thank you, my dear! if you will; they are for Robert; but they puzzle my poor sight so much, I have been obliged to leave them.'

So between the German lessons and the slippers, the days sped faster than she expected. Even the meals were growing positively agreeable, since her better understanding with the master of the house.

Ever since the German lessons had begun, he had spent his evenings in the drawing-room, and Helen, overcoming her nervousness, rewarded him by singing.

'We owe the snow a debt of gratitude,' said Mrs Hilton, one evening after Helen ceased singing. 'Do we not, dear?' she said, addressing her son.

Mr Hilton did not reply, for he was experiencing a new sensation; one he had not felt for years,

since those old Oxford days, when a pretty girl, to whom he had been devoted, jilted him, and made him almost despise her sex, vowing never more, if he could help it, to look on the face of any woman, save his mother; a vow he might have kept religiously to the end of his days, but for this fall of snow. Now, circumstances were leagued against him. What vows or resolutions could stand against teaching a 'nice' girl every day for two hours; having the same 'nice' girl sitting as his companion at every meal; and, more than all, the same 'nice' girl singing, as she did, evening after evening, the most divine little melodies in the most sympathetic manner! St Anthony himself must have given in under such a cross-fire of allurements!

He had felt the spell growing gradually, until, at the end of the third week, he stood face to face with the truth, and knew he was a conquered man. She stood between him and his most cherished books and researches, and then he remembered with pain that his youth was all gone, and he had only the tall, lean, grizzled remnants of a man to offer to this bright girl, beaming with youth and life; and the knowledge well-nigh proved overwhelming. During the lesson hours, he was calm and undemonstrative enough; but when they were over, and she was gone, there ensued a strange feeling of desolation.

Soon the weather shewed signs of relenting. About a week later, Helen remarked, looking at the snow: 'You will soon get rid of me now.'

'You will be better pleased to go than we to lose you,' he returned dolefully.

'I don't know. I shall be sorry to leave the German lessons behind. What a happy thought that was of mine!' she exclaimed.

'I am not so sure of that.'

'Why? You mean they have interrupted you so dreadfully!'

'Yes,' and he left the room.

She was purposely late at dinner that day, having gone into the library to fetch the book that lay open on his table, which she brought, and placed open, without a word, at his side.

'There! I am not going to open my lips to you all dinner-time. I know I have been a dreadful interruption.'

He looked at her reproachfully—tenderly, as he closed the book without a word.

She read the look, and grew embarrassed. The dinner passed off in silence.

That evening a note came from the Mount Farm which ran as follows:

DEAREST HELEN—Have your miseries equalled or surpassed ours? We can only liken ours to what the king must have felt when he called next morning to know if Daniel had been devoured or not. Was anything ever so unfortunate as this fall of snow? Do tell us how you have preserved your senses throughout this fearful blockade, for we are positively concerned, knowing how and with whom we left you; our cruel laugh at parting has often risen up in judgment against us, making us remorseful; but we are coming early, the day after to-morrow, to fetch you home. Papa says we may venture in the carriage then, not before.

We hope you have kept a journal detailing your observations of the ways and customs of living

fossils. Have you discovered to what species of extinct animal Mr Hilton belongs—Megathirion or Dinotherium? But from the portraits of those worthies, they are far too comfortable-looking to claim relations with such a starved specimen as Mr Hilton, who resembles the Pterodactyle more, in the skeleton formation, which leaves a generally uncomfortable and disagreeable impression.

We are anticipating glorious fun from your description, to make up for past sorrows, and our taste of Siberia.

Until the day after to-morrow, then (Annie begs I will write in the plural, and she will append her name), we remain, your affectionate friends,

CLARA and ANNIE NARCOT.

'Even snow-storms have an end!' sighed Helen, as she sat down to reply to her friends' letter in no cheerful mood.

She said nothing to Mr and Mrs Hilton that day, but the next morning at breakfast she remarked to the former: 'I am coming to you for one more German lesson, if you will be troubled to give it me.'

His hand trembled. Fatal sign in a man! He may be confidently given up for lost when that symptom appears. His hand trembled, and Helen saw it.

As he made no reply, she said: 'May I come?'

'You know your way,' he answered impatiently, sighing, and soon after left the room, his face having grown many shades paler since her first question.

Half an hour later, she found him in the library, looking utterly miserable.

'What is the matter?' she inquired, as she stood beside him.

His heart was in his eyes as he looked up, with no gaze as if searching into the dead past, but a broad, open, earnest look into the future, as he said: 'I think I am almost sorry the time has come for you to go. I have grown fond of teaching. I wish you would stay a little longer, and let me try to teach you one thing more;' and here one arm stole timidly, oh, so tremblingly, round Helen, who forgot to resent the liberty!

'What is that?'

'To love me a little,' he whispered, in a voice choked with emotion, which betrayed how hopeless he felt the request, but which now meant everything to him.

'Impossible!' she murmured, shaking her head.

'I feared so!' he said despondingly.

'Do you know why?' she asked, looking up in his face.

'Why?'

'Because I have learned that lesson already, and know it quite by heart!'

The German fared badly that day, as they sat together and counted over another lesson, the same in all languages, the truest and the most blessed they or any one could learn.

'Oh, what will the Narcots say?' she exclaimed. 'How they will tease me!' and she gave him their letter to read, over which he laughed heartily.

'Tell them, *nous avons changé tout cela*, and that you have dug up the old fossil, and placed him in the best museum any man can have—a woman's loving heart, where he hopes to remain for ever!'

'But, then, I don't think, after all, you could

have been a proper, decent kind of fossil, you know,' she said archly.

'Why?'

'Because I found you so near the surface; and it was not such very hard work digging you out,' she added with a bright, provoking laugh, 'for you were only buried under a fall of snow!'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CLEVER things in industry and invention are at times put on record. Thus, cockchafers are now made useful to artists, for a Frenchman has found that the insects, after feeding, yield a few drops of a liquid which answers the purpose of Indian ink. Different tints can be obtained by feeding with different kinds of leaves.—Near Königsberg there are turf-bogs of large extent; a clever experimentalist converts the turf into millboard and paper. This paper is said to resemble straw-paper in brittleness.—Clever manufacturers make and sell meat-flour, and recommend it as nutritious. This flour is made from the beef used in the manufacture of 'Liebig's Extract'; all the juices, all the goodness, are squeezed out, and then the worthless beef is ground up for sale. The buyers are, of course, cheated, for the meat-flour thus produced contains no nutriment. It would be better to eat sawdust.—A Belgian boils beef-bones in water for some hours, with addition of rock-salt and a little alum, and thereby obtains a size which can be used with advantage in the preparation of cotton and silk goods.—Two Frenchmen have proved that sawdust and wheat-bran, and old rotten oak wood, will each yield a gray dye—one yellowish, the other bluish; and others announce that skins can be tanned by soaking them twenty-four hours in a solution of chloride of zinc; and that the very best gelatine for photographic purposes is that prepared with addition of a small quantity of chloride of zinc.

Any one who has ridden in a cab, or in an old third-class carriage, knows that on letting down the window, it falls with a clatter. In modern railway carriages, the clatter and risk to the glass are prevented by placing at the bottom of the hollow an arched piece of india-rubber. The window falls on this without noise. India-rubber is used in the best kind of buffers; tramway cars rest on cushions of india-rubber, instead of metal springs. The wear and tear of roads in mines and quarries, and indeed on roads generally, would be lessened if the bearings of trucks and carriages were fitted with a layer of india-rubber.

The leathern 'hose' or pipe through which water is pumped by a fire-engine is heavy, and is liable to crack. An inventor at Brussels makes a hollow pipe of hemp, which he tans, and thereby renders waterproof. This pipe is then lined with a thin coat of india-rubber; and thus is formed a 'hose' which is flexible, and so light that one man can carry it a considerable length. Its strength, too, is so great, that a pipe of less than two inches' internal diameter will resist a pressure of fifteen atmospheres; and a three-quarter-inch pipe will

resist thirty atmospheres. For fire-engine hose, for conveyance of water, use in breweries, and manufactories, these tanned hemp pipes are very serviceable.

The Duke of Sutherland, as we lately mentioned, is reclaiming wild wastes, by the aid of steam and machinery, on a very grand scale in his territory in Scotland. He has recently introduced a new engine on his mining estates in Staffordshire which is worth a passing notice. This engine, of fifty horse-power, is covered by its boiler as a house by its roof, and looks like a locomotive without wheels standing on a heavy cast-iron base. It does the work usually done by a mining engine—hauling up and sending down—with great facility and economy, for it burns 'slack,' and consumes not more than one ton in twenty-four hours. Moreover, it can be set to work wherever there is standing-room, for the heavy cast-iron base takes the place of the solid brick foundations usually constructed for a mining engine.

In New York, the cost of clearing away a heavy fall of snow with carts amounts to eleven thousand dollars for one mile of street. A machine has been invented which produces superheated steam, and distributes it in any direction as required. This machine travels three miles an hour, and clears a mile of street by melting the snow with the hot steam, at a cost of seventeen hundred dollars a mile.

To prevent the fouling and formation of scale in steam-boilers, Mr W. T. Bate, of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, has invented a 'feed-water heater and filter,' through which all the water passes on its way to the boiler. The heater is a vertical cylinder: at each side of it, a smaller cylinder, divided into horizontal compartments, and provided with taps and connection pipes, is fixed. These two are the filters, one for hot, the other for cold water. The horizontal plates are perforated, and the compartments are loosely filled with cotton-wool. Cold water is forced upwards through the filter, leaves behind most of its impurities, and passes into the heater. From this, when hot, it is forced upwards through the second filter, and flows thence comparatively pure into the boiler. By this means the fouling of boilers may be very much retarded, if not altogether prevented.

That hard steel can be cut by soft iron, is an old story; but the fact has recently been turned to good account, for a firm at Sheffield have set up a disc three feet in diameter, which makes three thousand revolutions in a minute. This is equal to three hundred miles an hour. Whirling at this tremendous speed, the disc cuts off the ends of heavy steel railway bars in from three to four minutes, leaving them smooth and clean. Cutting off the ends used to be an expensive and laborious process; henceforth, it will be comparatively easy.

The advantageous use which may be made of a wire-screen in protecting a rain-gauge is the subject of a paper, in the *Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society*, by Mr Alexander Buchan. A curious and interesting fact, which may be full of instruction for some readers, is mentioned in that paper. In a nursery garden near Edinburgh, one chilly evening, an old net was stretched over beds of seedling ash-trees, by way of protection. The next morning, it was seen that the uncovered beds had not suffered from frost; while the beds covered

by the net had suffered. The explanation, says Mr Buchan, is this: 'The plot where the plants grew is quite flat, and open to the horizon all round, there being no trees, walls, or other obstructions that could impede in any appreciable degree the cooling of the earth by nocturnal radiation. Consequently, the cooling of the surface and of the air in immediate contact with it went on unchecked, and against this cooling process the thin covering afforded by the meshes of the net was too slight and flimsy to be of any avail. Over the beds uncovered by the net the slight wind which was blowing had free access, and the lowest layers of air being thereby mixed, the air, cooled by contact with the ground, was not suffered to rest on it, but was mixed up with the air above it; consequently, the temperature did not fall so low as it otherwise would have done. On the other hand, to the beds covered by the net the wind had no access, owing to the intervention of the net; and the air strata not mixing, the cold air settled on the surface, and the temperature fell so much lower than it did over the uncovered beds adjoining, as to destroy the seedling plants, which happened to be just at that stage of their growth when they are most susceptible of injury.'

'From these facts, it is easy to see what a powerful obstruction is offered to wind by the intervention of such an apparently slight object as a fishing-net, or a wire-screen with meshes an inch or an inch and a half wide; and it is evident that when the net or screen is spread horizontally over the surface, the obstruction thus presented to the access of the wind to objects beneath will be very complete.'

The herring-fishery, and atmospheric and other circumstances connected with it, have been made the subject of inquiry by the same Society, and they have thereby ascertained that thunder-storms and the temperature of the water have a marked influence. The 'take' of herrings is diminished by a storm and by a chill. Before final conclusions can be arrived at, it will be necessary to make observations on the temperature of the water further from shore.

Within the past few years, observers in Europe have come to the conclusion, that the years of most rainfall are the years of most sun-spots. There are exceptions, but that is the general law. The theory has been tested by investigators in America, and Professor Brocklesby of Harvard College states the result very cautiously: 'I think,' he says, 'we may venture to infer, that so far as trustworthy observations have been made throughout the United States, they point to a connection existing between the variations in the sun-spot area and those of the annual rainfall; the rainfall tending to rise above the mean when the sun-spot area is in excess, and to fall below when there is a deficiency of solar activity.' Another noteworthy fact is, that the water of the great American lakes is highest in the years of most sun-spots. It was mentioned at the last meeting of the British Association, that when there are most sun-spots, then there is most ozone in the atmosphere.

At a recent meeting of the Odontological Society, a paper on Dentifrices was read, in which it was shewn that the mouth, if not frequently and carefully cleaned, becomes infested with vegetable and animal parasites. The action of these on the teeth

is hurtful, and decay can only be prevented or retarded by frequent cleansing. The object of tooth-powders is stated to be 'to keep the teeth perfectly clean; to neutralise the acids, and to counteract the fermentation which takes place in the mouth; to preserve the mucous membrane free from that whitish, slimy coating which forms there; and to correct all unpleasant odour, whether proceeding from the teeth, the tongue, or tonsils.' The author continues: 'We may advise as useful for the purpose, the employment of soap which, by imparting a slightly alkaline quality to the water, neutralises the acids, and prevents the development of fungi.' In some cases, precipitated chalk mixed with the soap assists the cleansing action; and a solution of permanganate of potassa is recommended 'as an excellent mouth-wash,' inasmuch as it is an antiseptic, prevents fermentation, and 'exercises a beneficial action upon the mucous membrane of the mouth.' Under the authority of the Society, these statements may be safely accepted.

The fluid part of the blood, as some readers know, is almost as colorless as water. The red colour is produced by red corpuscles, which float in the fluid in such quantities that it appears to be red throughout. These corpuscles, or little bodies, which owe their colour to the presence of iron, are in shape something like a silkworm's egg, but are so small that they can be distinguished only with the aid of a microscope. Their number varies with the state of health, and sometimes they are so few that great paleness of the skin is the result, and the health is weakened. Some observers are of opinion that the number of corpuscles varies with the rise and fall of the barometer; but of this there is no sufficient proof. But it is a fact that a French physiologist has devised a method by which the corpuscles can be counted. Hence regular daily observations on the condition of the blood, and, consequently, of the health, can be carried on under different circumstances. M. Malassez, the physiologist referred to, has made his observations, after repose, after exercise, after food, after baths, and in town and in country. Exercise increases the number of red corpuscles, and at the same time the fluids of the body are diminished by perspiration. In country air, the number is much larger than in town air, and is larger also in winter than in summer. The effect of baths has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained; but taking the general results, it is clear that this method of diagnosis may become of importance in the hands of medical practitioners.

These researches connect themselves with others intended to ascertain the amount of iron in the blood, and its variations. The health varies with the increase and decrease of iron, as it does with the rise and fall of the corpuscles; and on the proportion of iron in the blood depends the proportion of oxygen. It is believed that by prosecution of these researches, means may be discovered for mitigating or preventing diseases of the spleen.

One of the reasons assigned against the practicability of working in very deep coal-mines is, that at a depth of about three thousand feet, the temperature of the earth is that of the blood—ninety-eight degrees, and under such conditions, labour is thought to be exceedingly difficult. The deepest mines in England are less than two thousand five hundred feet. These are exceeded by three in Belgium, where the deepest is three

thousand five hundred and eleven feet, and does not require any extraordinary means of ventilation. With these facts in view, Professor Boyd Dawkins said, in his inaugural address to the Manchester Geological Society: 'It seems, therefore, very probable that the difficulties offered to the sinking of mines at a greater depth even than four thousand feet can be overcome by the genius of our engineers, and that, by means of increased ventilation, and the widening of the shafts, the temperature may be reduced, so as to allow coal being worked considerably below the limit chosen by the government commissioners in their estimate of the amount of coal available in this country.'

Eldon Hole is a cavern in a high hill of the Peak country of Derbyshire. The entrance is a well-like opening one hundred and eighty feet in depth, and, of course, wonderful stories have been told of so deep a hole: that it had no bottom; that a man and a cat were once let down and drawn up dead; that a goose once flew down and came out at the Peak Cavern, some four miles distant. But a hundred years ago, a Fellow of the Royal Society went down, and his account of what he saw is published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. In 1674, a party of four men repeated the experiment, aided by a windlass. The bottom at one hundred and eighty feet proved to be a steep slope of lumps of limestone. Down this slope they scrambled, until the tunnel-like passage expanded suddenly into a magnificent hall about one hundred feet across and seventy feet high, with a floor sloping steeply, as in the passage above. The lowest part of this floor and of the great hall is two hundred and forty feet beneath the surface. The only opening discoverable was the entrance. The hall or cavern is beautified by 'splendid stalagmitic deposits'—from the roof hang fine stalactites, and the sides are covered with almost every conceivable form of deposited carbonate of lime; in some places smooth and white as marble, in others like frosted silver. When viewed by the light of a Bengal fire, the effect must have been almost enchanting, as we are led to believe from an account of the descent communicated by one of the party to the Philosophical Society of Manchester. Beautiful though it be, Eldon Hole is not likely to attract many visitors, owing to the difficulty of entrance; but they may gratify their curiosity by a walk into Ingleborough Cave, Yorkshire, where the phenomena, extending but a mile underground, are on a much grander scale than in the Derbyshire Hole.

The *Thunderer*, one of the turret ships of the royal navy, is about to be fitted with guns which will be loaded by machinery, namely, the hydraulic apparatus invented by Sir William Armstrong. 'The gun,' we are told, 'is allowed to recoil after firing until it is entirely within the turret, by which time the muzzle is depressed almost to the level of the deck. The turret is then wheeled round away from the enemy's fire, the charge is raised to the muzzle of the gun, and is rammed home by a piston which comes up through the deck.' In this way the ponderous mass, with all its tremendous potentiality, is manipulated at pleasure.

The Macomber gun, so named after an American inventor, recently tried at Portsmouth, is said to have a range of nine miles. It is made of discs of soft tough iron, well hammered and 'jump-welded,' and is coated outside with rigid steel; a

combination which insures great strength. This gun is a breech-loader, and in the account of the experiments made therewith, it is stated that the initial velocity of the shot was more than two thousand feet a second.

Experiments have been made at Woolwich to discover the best sound-signal for foggy weather. Ordinary service guns, guns with trumpet-mouths, and gun-cotton hung in front of a large reflector, were fired alternately, while the committee appointed to judge of the result rode farther and farther away, until they were miles distant. The different sounds could be discriminated, and it is hoped that a practical application of gun-fire signals may be made in dangerous places around our coast.

A PROFESSOR OF CONVERSATION.

We learn by a paragraph in the *Globe* newspaper that a new trade has been struck out—the teaching of people to converse in a pleasant way on various subjects, or what might more properly be called cramming to take a part in ordinary conversation. Not a bad idea, if elocution and the art of getting over bashfulness are at the same time attended to! The following is the paragraph in question:

“Boswell relates that Johnson used to say the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered but a general effect of pleasing impression. It is almost universally admitted nowadays that even that humble effect has passed away, and that the guests of drawing or dining rooms are, as a rule, dull and stupid. It is no use stopping to inquire why it is so, although there is a very good reason for the melancholy fact. There are, however, bright prospects for us in the future. We have only to take a trip to Paris, and there is a gentleman there—nay, more, a Baron—whose pupils, after a short intercourse with him, and the deposition of a small fee, will be able, after future successes, to address him: “We are now able,

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.”

For the Baron II—has the honour to announce, through the French papers, that he is now in Paris, and that, being endowed with a remarkable talent for conversation, which has been nurtured by the profoundest study—a rare combination in these days—and having amassed, in his frequent and varied travels, a fund of instructive and interesting observations, he is enabled to place his talents at the disposal of those masters and mistresses of houses who are much exercised at being unable to converse fluently. The Baron will either impart his instruction abroad or at home. His drawing-room is open to subscribers twice a day, and is the rendezvous of a select circle, the subscription being only a sovereign a month. Three hours of his day are consecrated to an instructive but amiable chat on the news of the day, literary and artistic subjects, observations on manners, over which an archness, unmingled with malignity, will preside; and a few discussions on various subjects, from which politics will be strictly excluded, will make up an agreeable evening's *saunce*. The evenings abroad are more expensive. In the first place, the Baron declines

to dine out more than three nights a week. He charges twenty francs for dinner, but the evening party afterwards is not included in that sum, which lets in a fierce light on the Baron's sagacity. Separate arrangements must be made for puns and *jeux de mots*. The Baron will also supply guests, suitably attired, who will sustain and vary the conversation, when those who employ them do not care to take the trouble to make replies or observations. Can these be the ancient “Adelphi guests” who have so mysteriously disappeared? And these guests may in the daytime be hired as friends by foreigners, or persons not in society. How willingly would the late Mr Thackeray have paid his subscription to the amiable Baron, and how much the world has lost by his not living to do so!

AN ANNIVERSARY.

In a chamber old and onken,
In a faint and faltering way,
Half-a-dozen words were spoken,
Just eleven years to-day.
What was bound and what was broken,
Let a woman's conscience say.
Half-a-dozen words excited,
Whispered by a lover's side;
Half delighted, half affrighted,
Half in pleasure, half in pride:
And a maiden's troth is plighted,
And a false love-knot is tied.
Has a maiden not a feeling
That can swell, and sing, and soar?
Came not o'er her spirit stealing
Thoughts of things that were before?
In her heart did no revealing
Tell her love was something more?
Barely half-a-dozen glances,
Half in earnest, half in mirth—
Five, or six, or seven dances—
What is such a wooing worth?
Courtship in which no romance is,
Cannot give a true love birth.
Passion is a pain and power
Slowly growing unto might,
By long vigils, not the hour;
Real love is not at sight:
’Tis a weed; ’tis not a flower
That arises in a night.
Lightly is the promise spoken,
Lightly is the love-knot tied;
And the maid redeems the token,
Living at her husband's side;
And her heart—it is not broken,
But it is not in its pride.
With the years shall come a feeling,
Never, may be, felt before;
She shall find her heart concealing
Wants it did not know of yore:
Silently the truth revealing,
Real love is something more.

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STORY OF KITTY, DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

THE long-distinguished Queensberry family traced its descent from no mean source—Sir William Douglas, son of James, Earl of Douglas and Mar, killed at the battle of Otterburn, a noted Border fight with the Percies, in 1388, commemorated in the ballad of *Chevy Chase*. History records how this branch of the House of Douglas rose to the peerage through the gradations of Baron, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and finally Duke of Queensberry in the reign of Charles II.

William, first Duke of Queensberry, was a saving, painstaking personage, and a prodigious land-buyer, in which he shewed his sagacity, for, in the progress of affairs in a limited territory, nothing is so sure to rise in value as land. He added greatly to the family domain in Dumfriesshire, and made a splendid bargain by purchasing, from the Earl of Tweeddale, the extensive Neidpath estates in Peeblesshire for little more than twenty-three thousand pounds, which now yield to his heirs about twelve thousand pounds a year. He left a son, James, who became second duke; another son, William, first Earl of March; a third son, George, who died unmarried; a daughter, Lady Jean, who married Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleuch; Lady Anne, who was married to David Lord Elcho, afterwards third Earl of Wemyss. We mention these facts for their special bearing on the history of the family. An apparently trifling thing in the history of the peerage disperses titles and estates in different directions.

Duke William, the first duke, with his famous bargaining in lands, was willingly pass over. The greatest man of the family, as we conceive him to have been, was James, second Duke of Queensberry, an adherent of King William, and afterwards of Queen Anne, who, for his prudence and good business qualities, was constituted High Commissioner to the last Scottish parliament in 1706, with a view to carry out that

important undertaking, the Union between England and Scotland. It was a delicate and difficult affair. The English were prepared to go into any reasonable arrangement, so that they might be no longer tortured with a resolute and independent power in their rear. The Scotch, on the other hand, were by no means inclined to the alliance; and it required dexterity—as well as some cash—to overcome the scruples of the more obstreperous. The duke being duly empowered to overcome all obstacles, took up his quarters with his family in Edinburgh. Here he owned a spacious mansion built by his father, still known as Queensberry House, situated in the Canongate, at a short distance from the Palace of Holyrood, in which were the official apartments of the Royal Commissioner.

High in the esteem of the court, and generally admired for his ability—and by none more than Detoe, in his *History of the Union*—the Duke of Queensberry suffered from a painful domestic affliction. His eldest surviving son, James, known as Earl of Drumlanrig, was a rabid idiot. In the present day, the unfortunate being would have been consigned for proper treatment to an asylum for youths in his condition; but, in those times, imbeciles of all sorts were allowed to ramble about at pleasure, or, if dangerous, were put under some severe restraint by their parents. In the case of the young earl, care was taken to confine him in a ground apartment in the western wing of Queensberry House, the windows of which were boarded up, to prevent the poor inmate from looking out or being seen. Immured in this fashion, in a half-darkened apartment, the young earl was not neglected as regards animal comforts. He had servants to attend upon him, and was well fed. By want of exercise and a profuse diet, he grew to an enormous size and stature.

So stood matters on that memorable 12th October 1707, when the vote of a majority of the Scots parliament was to be given for the Treaty of Union. There were frantic yellings in the streets. The nation was going to be sold and ruined. The retainers of the Duke of Queensberry were delirious in favour of the Union. To bear

bulk in the general commotion, they resolved, one and all, to sally forth in favour of the unpopular act. The whole household, accordingly, sallied out *en masse*, and, among the rest, was the man whose special duty it was to attend and watch Lord Drumlanrig. All went off to the show but the idiot earl and a kitchen-boy who turned the spit. The house being silent, and no one on guard, the earl broke loose from confinement, and roamed wildly through the mansion. It is supposed that the savoury odour of the preparation for dinner led him to the kitchen, where he found the little turnspit quietly seated by the fire. What a frightful atrocity ensued! He seized the boy, killed him, took the meat from the fire, and spitted the body of his victim, which he had half roasted when the duke with his domestics returned from his triumph in the Parliament House. We pass over the consternation that prevailed. The idiot survived his father many years, though he did not succeed him upon his death in 1711, when the titles and estates devolved upon Charles, the younger brother.

Now comes the history of Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, somewhat in the character of a farce after a tragedy. The change is, at all events, amusing, and enlightens us as to the manners of a century and a half ago. Duke Charles, born in Queensberry House in 1698, is described as being an estimable personage, but less of a statesman than his father. He is heard of chiefly through his wife, Lady Catherine Hyde, second daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, and grand-daughter of Lord-chancellor Clarendon, the eminent historian and statesman. In a worldly point of view, the marriage, which took place in 1720, was for both parties all that could be desired. It is unpleasant to say so, but we think the duke had cause to rue the bargain. Duchess Catherine, or 'Kitty,' as she was called by the wits and poets of the period, was one of those young ladies of quality who, in their unregulated and boisterous spirits, consider themselves absolved from etiquette, and can do what they like.

Of all the female eccentricities of the period, none exceeded Duchess Kitty. At an early period of her life, Prior had depicted her irrepressible temper :

Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colts untamed,
Bespoke the fair from whom she sprung,
By little rage inflamed :

Inflamed with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mammas ordained ;
And sorely vexed to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reigned.

Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigails forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

What has she better, pray, than I ?
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?

Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try,
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall ;
They'll grieve I was not loosed before ;
She, I was loosed at all.

Fondness prevailed ; mamma gave way :
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

With her dash and brilliance, as we see, Kitty caught Charles, Duke of Queensberry—a good thing for *her*, but not, as it happened, so agreeable a matter for the duke, who must have been sorely tried with her imperious temper and vagaries. Kitty was to a certain extent mad. That is the most charitable view to take of her. Her madness partook of a queer compound of good-heartedness, ridiculous whimsicality, and self-assertion. To herself, she was her own law—not at all an uncommon weakness, and more common, however, in past times than now, when society has shaken itself into regularly recognised grooves. As for Duchess Kitty, she had her flatterers and parasites. She was admired for her beauty, her agreeable freedom of carriage and vivacity of mind, and wheresoever she went, had a coterie of adherents.

Eccentric in all her ways, the duchess took a pleasure in dressing herself like a peasant-girl, and so enjoying the astonishment of those who discovered her in her plain attire. An anecdote is related of her having shewn contempt for an order that was issued, forbidding ladies to come to the Drawing-Room in aprons. Equipping herself in the forbidden garment, she went off to court. On approaching the door, she was stopped by the lord in waiting, who told her that he could not possibly give her Grace admission in that guise, when she, without a moment's hesitation, stripped off her apron, threw it in his lordship's face, and walked on in her brown gown and petticoat into the brilliant circle.

The most notable of Kitty's proceedings was her quarrelling with the king, George II. ; his queen, Caroline ; and the prime-minister, Sir Robert Walpole. It is amusing to look back to 1729, and see how little could then throw the court into a state of extreme perturbation—not a foreign war, not a contest about the dynasty, not a national convulsion, but the performance of Gay's *Beggars' Opera*. From its wit and drollery, its satirical allusions, and its songs, the piece, though depicting not very agreeable scenes among certain criminal classes, was amazingly successful. The author offered it first to Cibber of Drury Lane Theatre, and it was rejected. It was then presented to Rich, who had it acted at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and with such marked success as to give rise to the saying, that it made Gay rich, and Rich gay. Swift, Pope, and the whole of the association of wits of that day, took care to be present at its first performance. It had a run of sixty-three nights without intermission, and was immediately acted at all the principal theatres in England, Scotland, and Ireland. For a time, it created quite a mania. Ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of Macheath and Polly in their fans, and houses were decorated with pictures from its scenes. Miss Fenton, who first acted Polly, till then obscure, rose to distinction, and became Duchess of Bolton. For a season, the play drove the Italian opera out of England.

Opinions differed as to the moral tendency of

the piece. Swift commended it for its excellent morality, as shewing vice in its strongest and most odious light. By other divines, it was strenuously censured and objected to. The saving qualities in Gay's production consisted in the lyrics with which it is profusely interlarded. The music of the *Beggars' Opera* is unsurpassed for touching tenderness. Why the court should have taken mortal offence at the popularity of Gay's drama, is not clearly understood. Perhaps it was thought that the profligacy of manners in high quarters was too truly figured. Sir Robert Walpole, to whom is imputed the saying, that 'every man has his price,' felt that his political dealings bore an unpleasantly close resemblance to Macheath, when he sings:

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we haven't better company
Upon Tyburn Tree.

It is one of the greatest manifestations of wisdom, never, on frivolous grounds, to complain of ill-usage. It is best to allow jests and ill-natured squibs to pass into oblivion; taking notice of them only does mischief. If Sir Robert Walpole imagined that he was satirised in the character of Macheath, a dashing highwayman, he should have laughed at the joke, and thought no more about it. Instead of doing so, he broke into a rage at being held up, as he thought, for public derision, appealed to the Lord Chamberlain, as guardian of the stage, and caused the performance of the piece to be stopped. Kitty, Duchess of Queensberry, was now in her element. A mean advantage had been taken of Gay, a poet, and a man of good reputation. He was martyred by the court, and ought to be sympathised with and supported. She accordingly became the patron of the unfortunate dramatist. She went about soliciting subscriptions of a guinea each for printing copies of his play. In her eagerness, she carried her subscription-paper around the Queen's Drawing-Room, and even, with her matchless audacity, asked the king to be a subscriber to a work, the performance of which his own officer had suppressed! An outrage so flagrant could not be passed over. The duchess was officially forbid to come to court, a message which gave her no concern. She characteristically replied, that 'the command was very agreeable to her, as she had never gone to court for her own diversion, but to bestow civility on the king and queen.' As a result of this miserable fracas, the Duke of Queensberry resigned his post as High Admiral of Scotland, although requested to remain in office.

Exiled from court, the Queensberry family paid a visit to Scotland, and were accompanied by Gay. A new scene now opens in the whimsical career of Duchess Kitty. We might as well try to follow a butterfly as to track her in her devious course. For a time, she and the duke resided in Edinburgh, in that huge square mansion at the foot of the Canongate, environed by a boundary-wall like a fortification; and for a time they were at the family palace of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire. The author of the *Traditions of Edinburgh* mentions that there used to be an attic in an old house opposite Queensberry House, where, as an appropriate abode for a poet, Gay was stowed by his patrons. 'It is known, however, that while in

Edinburgh, he haunted the shop of Allan Ramsay, in the Luckenbooths—the flat above that well-remembered and classical shop, so long kept by Creech, from which issued the *Mirror*, *Lozinger*, and other works of name; and where, for a long course of years, the *literati* of Edinburgh used to assemble every day like merchants at an Exchange. Here Ramsay amused Gay, by pointing out to him the chief public characters of the city, as they met in the forenoon at the Cross. Here, too, Gay read the *Gentle Shepherd*, and studied the Scottish language, so that on his return to England he was enabled to make Pope appreciate the beauties of that delightful pastoral.' We can conceive that altogether Gay spent a pleasant time in the Scottish capital. At Drumlanrig, there was less of literary solacement, and he had to fall back on the natural scenery of Nithsdale, simple, wild, and beautiful. In a mausoleum at the parish church of Durisdeer there was one artistic object, which he was doubtless shewn, a representation in statuary, by Roubilliac, of James, Duke of Queensberry, the hero of the Union, and his Duchess. The noble pair are represented lying in a bed in their state dresses; but though in some respects fantastic, the figures are true to life, and are viewed with a sense of relief in the present day, when the realisation of baldness is the predominant ideal. Roubilliac, now apt to be scouted, was a great artist. His figure in white marble of Lord President Forbes, in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, transcends anything we have seen in modern sculpture. We do not know what Gay thought of the figures at Durisdeer, but learn that he was pleased with wanderings in Nithsdale, and often derived pleasure for poetical meditation in a cave away from busied concourse, such as would assail him on a return to Fleet Street.

While in Scotland, the duchess continued to dress herself as a peasant-girl; her object here, as elsewhere, being to ridicule the stately feminine costumes of the period. One evening, some country ladies paid her a visit, dressed in their best brocades, as for some state occasion. Her Grace proposed a walk, and they were of course under the necessity of trooping off, to the utter discomfiture of their frills and flounces. After dragging the poor ladies about, she at last pretended to feel tired, and sat down upon the dirtiest dunghill she could find at the end of a farm-house; saying to her companions: 'Pray, ladies, be seated'; inviting them to plant themselves round about her. They stood so much in awe of her, that they durst not refuse; and of course the duchess had the satisfaction of afterwards laughing at the destruction of their silks.

One of Kitty's freaks was an affected horror of seeing people at table eat from the point of their knife—a practice now exploded, but then common, for the forks were of steel, and mostly with two prongs. When she saw her guests lift the food to their mouth on their knife, she screamed out, and begged them not to cut their throats. Gay, who was grateful to the duchess for her kindness, begged Swift to think of her with respect, notwithstanding this weakness.

There was no end to Her Grace's caprices, which sometimes took a turn more cruel than destroying the silk dresses of her obsequious neighbours. When she went to an evening entertainment, and found a tea-equipage paraded which she thought

too fine for the rank of the owner, she would contrive to overset the table and break the china. The forced politeness of her hosts on such occasions, and the assurances which they made that no harm was done, delighted her exceedingly. At one time when a ball had been announced at Drumlanrig, after the company were all assembled, Her Grace took a headache, declared that she could bear no noise, and sat down in a chair in the dancing-room, uttering a thousand peevish complaints. Her son, Lord Drumlanrig, who understood her humour, said: 'Madam, I know how to cure you;' and taking hold of her immense elbow-chair, which moved on casters, rolled her several times backwards and forwards across the saloon, till she began to laugh heartily—after which the festivities were allowed to commence.

On this occasion, Kitty did not remain above a month or two in Scotland. Along with the duke and her retinue, she returned to London, where there was a much better chance of setting 'the world on fire,' than in the quiet society of either Edinburgh or Dumfriesshire. With all her eccentricities and resentment, she in time found her way back to court.

The duke and duchess had only two children, sons, Henry Lord Drumlanrig, and Charles. It is alleged that Henry inherited from his mother a certain capriciousness of character. Whether arising from natural infirmity or from the devices practised upon him, his career was sadly unfortunate. It has been alleged that Kitty, by her inconsiderate freaks, was the real cause of the catastrophe which ensued. Lord Drumlanrig is said to have fixed his affections on a Miss Mackay, a lady of respectable but not elevated station, and of great beauty and accomplishments. She returned with an equal ardour the passion of the young nobleman, and a correspondence was carried on between them of a very affectionate nature. When Lord Drumlanrig informed his parents of his attachment, and intention to marry Miss Mackay, the duke offered no objection; but Her Grace would not hear of the alliance. She had already settled decisively in her own mind that he should marry Lady Elizabeth Hope, eldest daughter of John, second Earl of Hopetoun. This result she effected by intercepting the correspondence between Lord Drumlanrig and Miss Mackay, and even causing a letter to be forged representing that Miss Mackay was married. So runs the tradition; but we greatly doubt its accuracy. Kitty was frivolous, but not deliberately wicked. We shall be glad to learn, if, in the exploration of the Queensberry papers, any document has cast up to relieve her memory from the scandalous imputation. Be it as it may, the marriage of Lord Drumlanrig with Lady Elizabeth Hope took place at Hopetoun House, 24th July 1754. After passing some weeks in Scotland, Lord Drumlanrig proceeded with his bride to England, accompanied by his father, mother, and brother. Riding before the carriages, Lord Drumlanrig 'was killed by the going off of one of his own pistols, near Bawtry, in Yorkshire, 19th October 1754.' Such is the account of the affair in the *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas. Others, ascribing the broken-hearted and deranged state of the young nobleman to a discovery of the cruel trick that had been played upon him, say that he shot himself on the journey. His wife, the poor countess, who is allowed to

have had no hand in any manoeuvre to effect the marriage, never recovered the shock. She died childless, 7th April 1756, in her twenty-first year, and was buried with her husband at Durisdeer.

Misfortune had still something in reserve for the Duchess Kitty. She was destined to lose her second son, Charles, who succeeded to the honorary title of Lord Drumlanrig on the death of his brother. Not being of a robust constitution, he went to Lisbon for the benefit of his health in 1755. It was an unfortunate selection. On the 1st of November of that year, the disastrous earthquake took place which laid all Lisbon in ruins. Drumlanrig escaped with his life. His fatigue and exposure on the occasion proved most injurious. He was able to return to England, but died in 1756. What effect these desolating events had on the light-hearted Kitty, must be left to conjecture. Until late in life, she retained her beauty and vivacity. At the funeral of the Princess Dowager of Wales, in 1772, Her Grace, with all the buoyancy of thirty years previously, walked as one of the assistants to the chief mourner; a circumstance which occasioned the verses of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford:

To many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age.

Kitty, however, was now near the close of her brilliant and eccentric career. She died in 1777; and the duke, her husband, passed away a year afterwards. At his demise, the dukedom, with very large estates, devolved on William, third Earl of March, who now, as fourth Duke of Queensberry, united in his own person the proprietorship of the extensive estates of the Douglas family.

In the annals of the peerage, we know of nothing to be so lamented and reprobated as the career of the fourth Duke of Queensberry. A noble inheritance, an historic name, high station, immense opportunities of well-being, were thrown away on a worthless profligate, who cannot be said to have possessed a single redeeming quality. Known as the beau, the courtier, the patron of horse-racing, and every variety of folly as whim directed, he drew out life as a species of social scandal. In his latter years, the duke's eccentricities were a source of amusement—if not censure—in London. When no longer able to make his appearance on the turf, he occupied himself, sitting daily, during fine weather, on the balcony of his house, watching the passing crowd, and hence became known as 'Old Q., the Star of Piccadilly.' As a confirmed bachelor, and at enmity with the heirs of entail of his estates, he did all in his power to make the most of his property, irrespective of future consequences. On Neidpath he inflicted a terrible blow. In 1795, he sold the fine old timber which had been the pride of the neighbourhood, leaving the banks of the Tweed a shelterless wilderness. A well-known sonnet of Wordsworth refers to this shameless spoliation:

Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc (for with such disease
Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees;
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,

Beggared and outraged!—Many hearts deplore
The fate of these old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, rocks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures yet remain.

Towards the concluding period of his life, 'Old Q' contrived to maintain a certain youthfulness of aspect, by bathing every morning in warm milk, and other expedients. Scandal alleges that he slept with raw veal cutlets on his face, in order to preserve a freshness of complexion. He certainly drew out life beyond what any one could have expected. In 1810, he died, unmarried; and there immediately ensued a dispersion of his titles and estates according to the respective patents of nobility and deeds of entail. The earldom of March, with his Feelsbeshire estates, was inherited by the Earl of Wemyss, as descendant of Lady Anne Douglas, daughter of the first Duke of Queensberry. The title of Duke of Queensberry, with the barony of Drumlanrig, devolved on the Duke of Buccleuch, who was thenceforth designed Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. The title of Marquis of Queensberry, with some estates, fell to the share of Sir Charles Douglas of Kellhead. Besides his vast estates, 'Old Q' left a personal fortune, amounting to about a million sterling, devised in legacies to various persons. So sunk and disappeared the 'Star of Piccadilly'; and ended in its independent and unimpaired form the dual family of Queensberry. w. c.

AN ADVENTURE IN A COAL-PIT.

TRIFLES often lead to great disasters, and it seemed but a trifle to me when, one November morning, a telegram was put into my friend Willis's hands as we were preparing for a day's shooting. His presence was demanded in London on some trust business, and he had immediately to give up all idea of sport. He begged me, however, to take Rover and the keeper, and pursue my recreation as if he were with me. I was not eager to make a large bag; so I determined to discard the man, and take a long ramble on the lonely hills behind Bradford, in the hope of picking up a stray woodcock, as well as a brace or two of grouse. Perhaps I was a little tired of partridges amongst the turnips, and wanted an excuse for a walk as much as anything. The day was somewhat gloomy. Torn wisps of dark cloud hurried over the hills at the back of my friend's house, but I did not mind a wetting; so started with Rover, my pointer, who frisked about in as exhilarated a state as his master. Soon I gained Baddon Fell, the highest point in the district, and turned to look on the tall chimneys and smoky pall of Bradford. Thence my course lay over hill and valley, succeeding one another in gentle acclivities. Neither grouse, which were very wild, nor woodcock, fell to my gun. At noon, I rested, and ate a couple of squibs, by way of lunch. Then on again; and on rising a slope, I beheld a small scrub of brambles, spruce fir, and larch, with a holly or two intermingled, surrounded by a dilapidated fence. It was about a hundred yards across, and none of the trees was more than ten feet high; but it was in a sheltered spot, and was just the place in which a woodcock would

rest, a short time after his flight. Rover divined my intention, and pushed on a few yards before me. No one was in sight. A few sheep dotted the face of the opposite hill. Rain had begun to fall, and the whole landscape was cheerless to a degree. I climbed the slight fence, and followed Rover into the brushwood. A dozen steps, and I suddenly felt myself slip forward. I caught the stem of a larch, and, to my horror, glided down, with a crashing of sticks and a howl from the terrified dog—glided down as it might be for a moment or two, through bush and brake, then, with an awful plunge, we all disappeared into darkness, while bushes and earth rattled over me for another few seconds. To this succeeded a crash and a stunning blow, and I knew no more.

After what seemed an age, I came to myself, weak and sorely numbed; every limb aching, and my head splitting with agony, but without any broken bones, as I discovered when able to stand up again. The fact of my having slid down on the mass of debris, had providentially saved my life, but the disentangling myself from the bushes and briars which had almost smothered me, took of itself some little time. Slowly recollection returned with the glow of blood in its old channels, after having been frozen, as it were, by the shock. It was pitch dark, and awful silence reigned around. High up, I could discern a patch of gray sky, but it was evidently the hour of twilight, and soon it too faded out. At length, I gathered my senses, and the conviction then flashed upon me that I had fallen down the shaft of a disused coal-mine, and that, too, one situated in such an out-of-the-way valley over the bleak hillsides, that rescue was extremely improbable. Willis, I now remembered, had mentioned these old shafts to me a few days ago, and had told me that scrub and brushwood were usually planted over the site of them, on some rough planks and hurdles loosely thrown over the yawning mouth of the pit. Alas, his cautions had been thrown away!

Striking a light with a fusee, I found it was six o'clock; so that I must have been unconscious for some hours. A few drops from my brandy flask greatly restored me, and I began to move about, for, though much oppressed with the horror of my situation, I wanted to circulate my blood, and attain my full powers of thought. I settled at once that it was no use to give in and lie on the heap which had fallen with me, till death came by inches. Perhaps, if I fired a shot, it might attract notice, and enable me at the same time to see for a moment where I was. Accordingly, I took aim in the direction I conceived the shaft was, and drew the trigger. I shall never forget the result. For an instant the vast caverns that seemed to yawn on every side around me were lit up, and I could catch a glimpse of huge buttresses reaching up on high, like the arms of Atlas. The roof I could not see, owing to the momentariness of the flash, but the noise was appalling. The explosion echoed and re-echoed round the dark vault, and then died away in muttering thunders into the unknown darkness, seeming to be caught up, and buffeted between the buttresses, and, for several moments after these repercussions of sound had ceased, to linger like the recurring undertones of some monstrous passing-bell. I am not superstitious, but it seemed just as well not to be ringing my own knell; so I determined to waste no more

powder in utterly futile attempts to make somebody hear.

A low moan of pain at my side now made me start; but on calling to Rover, I found it proceeded from him. He had fallen with me, but, less fortunate—as I found on scrambling to where the moans proceeded from—had broken his back in the descent. It was piteous to feel the poor animal licking my hand, and to know that he was powerless to drag himself a yard. Even in the upper world, there would have been no cure for him, and sorry as I was to lose his companionship in the utter darkness which enveloped us, I knew it was more humane to put an end to his sufferings. There was agony in the thought, but what could be done? Immediately, the faithful creature was no more, and now I was left absolutely without a friend in the bowels of the earth. I in a measure encouraged myself, however, by thinking that after dinner had waited an hour, Mrs Willis would probably become alarmed, and send out to scour the neighbourhood. But who would dream of looking for me in a deserted coal-pit? and who could track my steps over the barren moors, to the point where the earth subsided under me? And then once more hope awoke strong and irrepressible within me.

Being greatly exhausted, I could no longer resist sleep, and when I woke and struck a fusee, I found it was again six o'clock; six A.M., I supposed, of the day after my accident. Shortly after, the watch stopped, and I was for the future obliged to guess at the lapse of time, as the watch-key had been left on my dressing-table at home.

Energy returned after my slumber, and together with a burning thirst, drove me to leave the mouth of the pit, and search for water. I left my gun and pocket-book behind me, having first scrawled a few words on a page of it, in case rescuers should descend in my absence. I walked on boldly from the mouth, where, high above, the circular patch of sky was once more appearing with dawn, and affording me a ray of hope. When fairly in the darkness, I stopped to listen, and the silence was awful. Again I pressed on through what seemed light sand, but which I well knew was dry coal-dust, which invariably carpets a pit, and extends up to the ankles of any one walking in it. At length, I heard the pleasant sound of water trickling down, and immediately I was on the edge of a rill, at which I had a delicious and refreshing draught. I lay for some time by the rill, and left it invigorated, and once more, strange to say, hopeful.

How to find my way back, was now my difficulty. Hunger admits of no parleying, and I was now resolved to appease my appetite on what had before seemed so revolting, the flesh of poor Rover. Staggering back to the spot where he lay, there was a hurried rush past me of an army of small animals. The truth flashed upon me. Poor Rover's body was being gnawed to pieces and devoured by rats.

Strength of mind again almost forsook me. These frightful creatures, I thought, were waiting in the gloom to pick my bones as well. Though this were a disused working, the presence of rats, I felt assured, pointed out that there were worked portions of the mine at no great distance. If they did not muster up courage enough to overwhelm me by numbers, I might yet be saved.

Now I took my gun as a protection, and resolving to give up what I had previously regarded as a treasure of inestimable value, the rill of running water, prepared to strike boldly into an opposite working, and take my chance. My flask was full of water, and with it I might support life for a couple of days, if the worst came to the worst. I tightened my waistband—a plan to appease the cravings of hunger, which I had learned also from the Red Indians—and dipping a finger of my kid glove in the flask, by dint of chewing it, made a sorry meal, but yet one that greatly relieved my pangs, and opened the salivary glands to my wonderful refreshment. My new track led to a floor of very uneven nature, and over which the roof could be felt. I concluded that this was rather a forsaken working than a thoroughfare, so to speak, of the mine, and turned to one side, where the roof again rose. This I supposed to be the passage leading to the abandoned working from the main adit of the mine. On the more level and dusty floor, I here kicked something which sounded metallic, and picked up what I made out by feeling to be an old safety-lamp. The padlock was still on its side, and the ring at the top was not eaten away or rendered less easy in its play by rust. Clearly, the pit had not been many years abandoned. And then a brilliant thought struck me. With hands trembling from excitement, I opened my pocket-knife, and forged off the little padlock with some little trouble. Then I drew out my fusee-box, scarcely daring to allow to myself that there might be sufficient oil left in the lamp to admit of my obtaining a light, if it were but for a short time. There was but one fusee left. All my hopes, almost my existence, seemed centred on it. At length I plucked up courage enough to try to strike it. It flizzed for a moment, and then went irrevocably out, dashing all my expectations to the ground, and leaving me once more in utter darkness, both outwardly and in my heart. Worse still, as I turned the lamp, I felt the precious drops of oil pouring over my fingers. I would then have willingly given all I possessed for another match.

After this disappointment, I once more began to despair; and yet, determining not to give in without another great struggle, I went on, blindly hoping to light upon some clue which might perchance lead me to a working still actively prosecuted, for I knew that much of the district underlying the hills over which I had wandered was honeycombed by the operations of the colliers. At all events, this was my only chance, and it seemed well to keep up hope to the last. All at once, I fell over a hard projection, and on stooping down, found it was an iron chair yet *in situ*. Though the rails and transoms had been removed, here was a discovery (though I would not build too much on it) which kindled hope, and I felt in front of it till I kicked another, and then another. These successive chairs shewed that I was on a track, at all events, along which I could hasten without constant fear of running against the walls of the pit, and which, so long as I was careful to keep touching these chairs, might lead me to a frequented part of the pit. The most intense listening disclosed no sound. It was quite possible, I thought, if I pursued this track, that it might bring me to a level entrance into the pit. I must have mumbled on for an hour, pursuing my monotonous task of

kicking these iron chairs, which regularly succeeded each other at intervals of four yards, till, to my great joy, I reached a rail fixed on the chairs; and a few yards further, finding the rail continuous, I began to feel certain that I was on the right mode of escape. Taking the last draught of water which remained, I made a mental vow not to lie down, for I felt I should never rise again if I did. Fortunately, the end was at hand.

Was I dreaming, or out of the body in Hades? Did a dull knocking strike upon my ears, or was it the laboured thud of my heart's slow beating that I heard? I shook off fancies for a moment, and realised as I stood there, leaning against the wall, that repeated blows, smothered by distance, were being struck before me. The knocking continued; two or three blows being given, and then a momentary halt. I recognised the sound of colliers' picks, and thankfully strove to penetrate to them, but my knees would no longer support me; I staggered on, and fell prostrate. Still it seemed so awful a death to die within reach of succour, that I shouted as loud as I could, and was entranced when the knocking ceased, as though the colliers were listening. The revulsion of hope was too much: my faculties all became dim and lazy; I fired off in succession the two barrels of my gun.

My next recollection is that of a knot of colliers, in semi-nudity, who had just left their workings, and come through the battices which divided their portion of the pit from the dismied part, and were standing round me with their safety-lamps. They had fled, they afterwards told me, at first, thinking an explosion had taken place in the abandoned workings; and it was long before the 'batty' could persuade any of them to follow him. But when they once saw my deplorable condition, agonised with hunger and thirst, grimy from head to foot with coal-dust, thin and cadaverous with anxiety, no Sisters of Charity could have been more tender in their ministrations. Warm tea and bread in spare morsels were given me; and then I was raised, and carried to the working, put in a wagon, and drawn by one of the pit-horses to the pit-head. Never shall I forget the delight of being brought up to 'bank,' and once more feeling the blessed air of heaven blow on my haggard cheeks. And if any day my resolution not to shoot again on a Yorkshire moor were in danger of being shaken by the hospitable invitations of Willis, my nightly dreams would soon force me to abide by my vow.

FREE LIBRARIES.

WITH all its tokens of advancement, Great Britain is, in comparison with some continental countries, not remarkable for public libraries. Private libraries are numerous among the wealthy classes; but there are not many collections open to all. At the head of all our public libraries is, of course, that of the British Museum, situated near Bloomsbury in London. It is entitled to be called the most magnificent library in the world, and is supported by munificent grants of money by parliament. But, after all, it is not quite a public library. It is open only to readers for the sake of study; the tickets being given only when the reader professes to have some literary, artistic, or scientific purpose in view. To the bulk of the

people in the metropolis it is of no use whatever; and, supposing it to be otherwise, it is at best only a local institution. Persons living in distant cities, and who, through national taxation, pay something for its support, derive no sort of benefit from its prodigious literary stores. Yet, we do not undervalue the library of the British Museum. Its service to a host of literary students, and preparers of books for the press, is very conspicuous.

Thirty years ago, or less, the city of London had a library at Guildhall; but at that time it was a small affair, open only to citizens, or to persons introduced by them. In the present day, it is a really free library, of a most excellent character. Twelve large library-tables are provided for readers, amply supplied with the requisite accommodation. Printed catalogues, kept nearly up to date by annual printed supplements, contain entries of the books on a fairly good system of classification—a matter more difficult to manage than most persons would suppose. The collection is especially rich in all that concerns the history, antiquities, topography, and institutions of London. A smaller room is well supplied with maps, directories, and commercial journals, kept up week by week. There is no lending library, but the rooms are freely open to all. What a splendid institution is this for the promotion of intellectual improvement in London! We need hardly say that the metropolis has now several important libraries connected with learned societies and museums, such as the Royal Society, and the London Institution, open to members; the libraries of the Inns of Court, for the use of the law bodies; the South Kensington Museum Library of artistic and scientific works, available on 'students' days; and the East India Library, rich in oriental books and manuscripts, but open only to a limited class of readers. All the cathedrals of England and Wales have libraries, scarcely known to any but ecclesiastics. The universities and colleges possess libraries more or less extensive for the use of students. Oxford, as is well known, is rich in its Bodleian, Radcliffe, and Ashmolean libraries, devoted to the use of academical men. The Scotch universities possess good libraries, and Ireland has reason to be proud of its Trinity College Library. Neither Scotland nor Ireland has any library of a public nature resembling that of the British Museum; so that author-craft in these sections of the United Kingdom is left to look after itself.

Edinburgh has hitherto had some compensation by literary men being permitted to examine the very extensive collection of books belonging to the Faculty of Advocates, who have always acted munificently in this respect. Of late years, from the deficient accommodation in this remarkably fine library, the freedom accorded to literary students has unfortunately, as a matter of necessity, been much restricted—government, often appealed to on public grounds, doing nothing in the way of remedy.

Private liberality has in several instances supplied collections of books for public use. The Chetham Library at Manchester is a fine example of the liberality of the donor whose name it bears. In various country towns, good libraries have thus been established. As regards their acceptability by the classes of individuals for whom they were designed, we may afterwards have something to say.

To Mr Ewart is due the merit of bringing a bill into parliament, in 1850, for the establishment of public libraries in towns. It enabled town-councils to establish public libraries and museums, and to levy for that purpose a rate not exceeding one halfpenny in the pound on the rated property in the town or municipality. After much discussion, the bill passed through all its stages, and became law. Though not quite strong enough for the purpose in view, the statute was sound in principle, and has been the forerunner of good work during the quarter of a century which has since elapsed. It was to apply to municipal boroughs having not less than ten thousand inhabitants, in pursuance of the vote of a majority of two-thirds of the townsmen qualified to vote. The councils, with the sanction thus obtained, were empowered to raise money on the security of the halfpenny rate, and to lay it out in the purchase of land, and the construction of buildings suitable for libraries or museums of science and art, or both; together with fixtures, furniture, &c.; while the annual expenses of maintenance were to be defrayed out of the annual rate. If the enrolled burgesses did not vote in favour of the scheme, it might again be brought forward after the lapse of two years. Whatever other regulations the town-councils might make, the admission to the libraries and museums must be free. The wording of the act was rather obscure in regard to the purchase of books; and in effect, the first free libraries formed under its provisions were mainly dependent on donations of the books themselves; well-to-do townsmen being willing to bear this cost, when they knew that the books would be well cared for in buildings constructed and maintained for the purpose. The subsequent statutes, to give better effect to the act of 1850, need not occupy us long. In 1855, the operations were extended to all municipal or corporate towns, parliamentary parishes, towns under local government acts, and parishes or unions of parishes having not less than five thousand inhabitants. Two-thirds of the voters present at a public meeting would suffice, instead of two-thirds of the entire number of voters on the roll; the subject might be brought forward again (if unsuccessful at first) after an interval of one year; and the money devoted to the purpose might be as much as one penny in the pound. The managers, empowered to buy the books as well as to conduct all the other regulations, were to be the *councils* in towns, the *boards* in local government districts, and the *commissioners* in parishes. The library accounts to be kept free from all others. By an act passed in 1866, an ordinary majority (just over one-half) is sufficient to sanction the formation of a free library; and there is no longer a minimum limit to the population armed with these permissive powers. In 1871, further facilities were given by a fourth statute; and the provisions have gradually been made applicable to Scotland and Ireland as well as to England and Wales.

With every facility that has been given by statute, the establishment of a free library for a large town is not easily effected. How, in a satisfactory manner, are the requisite number of votes to be secured? In few places is there a hall for a meeting of ratepayers which will accommodate twelve hundred people, and these poorly represent a population of two or three hundred thousand. When a meeting, even under these disadvantages, takes

place, the chances are that it will consist almost wholly of small traders, who, already overburdened with local taxation, energetically object to being loaded with a fresh rate, for what seems so whimsical as the providing an immense lending library for persons who are able enough to procure books for themselves; nor do they fail to allege that the vast majority of the humbler and less affluent classes have no ability or desire to read anything; and they naturally decline to be at the expense of trying to cultivate in them a taste for literary recreation. With these and other arguments, it is not strange that the assembly votes down the proposal. A great initiatory difficulty is got over when, by a munificent gift or bequest, money is found to save the ratepayers from setting a-going the concern. Glasgow, as we understand, is about to establish a free library, chiefly through means of this kind.

The establishment of free libraries has, in fact, been an uphill struggle. According to last accounts, the town free libraries had increased to about fifty in number by the year 1872, since which time the list has been steadily augmented. Some of them are extensive establishments; the Manchester Library now consists of a reference library, six lending departments, and six news-rooms. Mr Axon, who has written much on this subject, draws attention to the points of difference between various free libraries in regard to the kinds of books contained, and to the kinds which the readers apply for in greatest number. In 1871, the Manchester Library contained the noble number of one hundred and five thousand volumes, of which forty-four thousand came under the class of general literature, and thirty thousand under history, biography, and travels. The Liverpool Free Library contained in the same year ninety-three thousand volumes; while that at Birmingham possessed fifty-eight thousand. 'The class of works read in free libraries,' says Mr Axon, 'is a point of considerable interest. A large percentage of the issue are works of fiction; at Liverpool, it is thirty-three per cent. in the reference library, and seventy-three per cent. in the lending department; at Birmingham, only forty per cent. (lending?). In some reference libraries, as at Manchester and Birmingham, fiction is almost entirely excluded. Curiously enough, it is found that the demand for this very light literature is greater among middle-class borrowers than amongst the artisans. The taste for novel-reading is indeed one of the most marked characteristics of the age; and all libraries are influenced by it.' There can, we think, be no question that the gradual spread of education, both in extent and in depth, will increase the desire to read the master-pieces of literature, both poetry and prose, and those solid works of information which are veritable intellectual capital for all. All this, however, must be matter of time.

The professed object of all free libraries is to benefit the working-classes, or, say, the wage-receiving classes generally. Where you fall upon a large and saliently minded class of mechanics who are eager for intellectual culture, the free library system is pretty sure to do well, whether originating in private donation, or depending on rates. On the contrary, where there is an absence of this energetic principle, the chances of success are very doubtful. In small and apathetic country towns, libraries of any kind are pretty nearly

thrown away. There stand the shelves laden with the most choice literature; a reading-room, abounding in newspapers, as comfortable as what you see in a club-house. The attraction is in vain. In 'clouded majesty' dullness reigns. The people for whom all this is intended, prefer to spend their leisure hours in idle vacuity in the streets, perhaps gossiping about some local topic, perhaps making critical remarks on neighbours, perhaps searching in the depths of their pockets to find a coin sufficient to procure a dram. We do not present this picture with a view to prevent the establishment of libraries and reading-rooms, but to suggest caution. 'First, catch your hare,' is an important preliminary to the cooking of the animal. Intending benefactors ought not to be led away by sentiment. Several questions demand their consideration. Are the people disposed to read—is there any spirit in them which can be advantageously acted on—will they in the slightest degree care about your efforts for their welfare? Thanks, of course, no one cares for. But it is rather hard to find that a cool few thousand pounds expended on some plan of local improvement might as well have been sent down the gutter. On this subject, therefore, we earnestly counsel private individuals, as well as public authorities, to consider well, in the first place, whether the town they propose to operate on is likely to reap any general or permanent benefit.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXVII.—DANGER.

AMONG many things—but all connected with one tender topic—that troubled Walter's mind, as his boat followed the English yacht that evening into Palermo harbour, and then lay at a prudent distance from her moorings, to mark who should leave her for the shore, was the question of conscience: 'Have I a right thus to play the spy? Here were an English gentleman and his family, come abroad for health or pleasure, and was it fitting that they should be dogged and watched by one who, if not a stranger, had (though certainly through no fault of his own) forfeited the right to be considered as a friend of the family. Did not this very necessity for concealment on his part itself imply a certain meanness? What would be the judgment of any disinterested person upon such underhand proceedings? What must Francisco, for example, think? to whom he had given his orders to keep the boat in the shadow of an Italian steamer that happened to be anchored near the station which the *Sylphide* had taken up, and consequently afforded a convenient place of espial. Probably, Francisco, engaged at that moment upon what was very literally a supper of herbs, which, with some blackish bread, he had just taken out of his pocket, did not think much about it; yet, even in the presence of Francisco, Walter felt ashamed. He remembered a certain argument he had once held with Jack Pelter upon the subject of anonymous letters, in which he (Walter) had contended that under no possible circumstances could a right-minded, honest man—far less a gentleman—be justified in writing one. 'What! though no other means of redressing wrong, or warning an innocent person of some peril, should suggest itself?' Jack had inquired; and he had answered: 'No; not even in that case.'

The surprise he had experienced at hearing his friend express a contrary opinion—for Pelter's nature was, he knew, ingenious to a fault—had impressed the circumstance upon him, and it now returned to him with particularity. 'Your argument, if pushed to extremity,' Jack had replied, 'would imply that nothing but straightforward conduct should be used, no matter against whom we may be contending; that in savage warfare, for example, we should employ no subtleties, nor even take advantage of the cover of a tree; and that, against criminals, we should scorn to call to our assistance the arts of the detective.'

'The profession of the detective is one authorised by law; but what is called an amateur detective,' he had replied, 'is one in love with deception for its own sake, and therefore hateful to every honourable mind.'

'But if one is persuaded that a crime is about to be committed, it is surely the duty of every man to avert it by such means as lie at his disposal. It is easy, indeed, to imagine a case—no personal advantage, of course, of our own being involved in the matter—where almost any means would be justifiable.'

It was curious enough that an aimless talk carried on in Beech Street, over pipes and beer, should thus recur to him with such force and vividness; but perhaps it may be that no idle word, even spoken in jest, but bears some fruit in this world, as we are told it will do in the other. At all events, Jack's opinions, which, when they were uttered, had failed to convince his opponent, now gave Walter comfort in affording him arguments of self-justification. True, in this case, he had no cause to suspect that any wrong, far less any crime, was about to be committed; yet Lillian's expressed apprehensions, combined with his own estimate of Sir Reginald's character, did give him considerable, though vague anxiety on her account, and did afford him at least a colourable pretence for playing this clandestine part of guardian angel. And, at all events, he could honestly affirm that self-interest in nowise moved him in the matter. It was not to win her for himself that he was acting thus; she seemed as far out of his reach—and as adorable—as any saint seems to her worshipper; and if sacrilege was threatening her, it was his duty to avert it. It was perhaps fanatical in him to imagine that any such was being meditated; but if so, there was no harm done in his keeping watch over her, thus unknown and afar.

As soon as the yacht had come to anchor, he saw Sir Reginald go below, and presently reappear in company with a lady, veiled and cloaked, whom he concluded to be Lady Selwyn. They got into a boat with some luggage, and were rowed ashore, not to the Dogana, as he expected—Sir Reginald was not a man to submit to the inconvenience of a custom-house, if money could ransom him—but at Porta Felice, whence they drove in the direction of the Marina. After their departure, Mr Christopher Brown came upon deck, and walked slowly up and down with his cigar, enjoying, doubtless, that first opportunity of a level promenade; but Lillian did not make her appearance. Walter did not wonder that she had not gone ashore with her sister, shrewdly guessing that, after so long a companionship with Sir Reginald, she found his absence more enjoyable than the land; but it did surprise him that on a night so mild and tranquil,

she did not come on deck to enjoy the glorious panorama that for the first time offered itself to her Saxon eyes. A light in the windows of the stern-cabin served to mark her shrine. It was still so early, that it was unlikely she was weary; so, therefore, she must needs be ill. Yet, in that case, Sir Reginald would surely have procured medical advice; and he did not return.

There seemed nothing to be gained by watching longer, yet Walter remained for hours, long after the owner of the *Sylphide* had retired below, till the sky grew black, and the stars came out above the mountain-peaks. Then the patient Francisco, duly guerdoned for his long vigil, put him on shore. As he walked towards the Marina, he saw a tall figure standing under the porch of the *Hôtel de France*, which he once more recognised for the ex-captain of dragoons. Sir Reginald and his wife had established themselves, it seemed, within a few doors of his own lodging.

That night, Walter slept but little; his brain was busy with guesses at the cause of Lillian's non-appearance on board the yacht. In so fair and strange a clime, it seemed so inexplicable that curiosity should not have induced her to come up on deck, unless she was really too unwell to do so. When he fell asleep, it was only to have his apprehensions embodied in grotesque and hideous dreams, in which Lillian was always the victim, and the captain her destroyer. In the morning, his first movement was to the window, from whence he could command but little of the harbour, yet that little comprising something of what his eyes most yearned for—the delicate spars of 'the Inglesse yat' standing out against the background of a purple hill. For many an hour yet, it was in the highest degree improbable that Sir Reginald would be stirring; still, he resolved to keep within doors, and thereby avoid the risk of recognition. He had somehow persuaded himself that his usefulness—if it was fated that he should be of use—to Lillian would be invalidated, should his presence at Palermo become known. As to the fact of his being resident in the town transpiring by other means, it was not likely that any one should mention the name of so unimportant an individual as himself; who did not even patronise an hotel. At the same time, he thought it as well to secure Signor Baccari's silence upon this point, whose tongue was apt to be eloquent upon all subjects, from the least to the greatest; while his son, Francisco, on the other hand, never opened his mouth but to admit a cigarette or a strip of macaroni. As it happened, the master of the house did not put in his usual appearance that morning at Walter's breakfast-table, some business having taken him into the town betimes. Late in the afternoon, however, when the Marina was beginning to fill with equipages, he returned, even more radiant than usual.

'I have news for you,' said he to his lodger. 'A great Milord has arrived from England, richer than any that has appeared this season. The hotels, it seems, are not good enough for him, for he remains—he, at least, and his daughter—on board of his own ship, which is fitted up like a palace. He is something tremendous; the whole town is talking of him.'

'His name?' inquired Walter, amused by this magnificent description of the self-made merchant.

'His name is Brown: yes; Milord and Milady

Brown. Their ship is called the *Sylphide*. You can see a portion of it from the window. It is, I don't know how many tons—perhaps a thousand.'

'Scarcely so many as that, Mr Baccari,' said Walter, laughing. 'We have seen the whole of it—Francisco and I—last night. We met it coming into harbour. Did he not tell you?'

'He tell? Not he. He is a good son, but he does not talk. I sometimes think that the brigands frightened his voice away, when they got hold of him a year or two ago. What a prize Milord Brown would be for those rascals! How they would coin his blood, if they got hold of him! He is wise to remain on board ship.'

'But they could not hurt him in Palermo, I suppose?'

'No, no; not in the town. But if he should take a fancy for pleasure-trips, were it only to ascend Monte Pellegrino, let him have soldiers with him, and plenty of them.'

'It seems to me to be a most discreditable thing that you good folks in Palermo should be kept prisoners within your own walls.'

'Doubtless it is discreditable; but it is better to be a prisoner than to lose your skin. It is safe enough on the Marina here, driving up and down.'

'You are easily satisfied,' answered Walter, laughing.

'Yes; contentment is a blessing, signor. I look out' (he was standing at the window), 'and see these carriages, and though they are very fine—probably the finest in the world—I say to myself: "Do not be envious, Baccari. For fivepence, you can hire something to carry you up and down, which, though not so highly decorated, serves your purpose equally well." Ah! there are some new faces—your compatriots, signor—a handsome man, though not so good-natured-looking as a husband should be; and a charming wife. They form part of the suite of Milord Brown, and are staying at the *Hôtel de France*. Do you know them?'

'Yes; I know them,' answered Walter, who, standing behind his host, could watch the passing carriages, secure from the observation of their inmates; 'but I do not wish to be recognised. You can keep a secret, Signor Baccari?'

'For a friend's friend, yes,' replied the little lodging-house keeper theatrically. 'The signor does not wish it to be known that he is in the town?'

'Just so. It is important that that gentleman should not know it.'

'The gentleman!' answered the other, with a comical look. 'I see!'

'I don't want either of them to know it,' returned Litton, with a stiffness that was utterly thrown away upon his mercurial companion. 'They are not the suite of Milord Brown, as you call him, but members of his family.'

Sir Reginald did not certainly resemble a valet—even the best specimen of a gentleman's gentleman would have suffered by contrast with his haughty and supercilious mien, as he leaned back in the carriage, and stared about him. It was strange how he had lost his once genial smile since the sun of prosperity had risen upon him; perhaps he no longer thought it worth while to wear it, now he had gained his object—the pale and timid-looking girl that sat beside him, and to whom he seldom vouchsafed a word. The carriage, which had been driven towards the town, did not

return up the Marina, and Walter concluded that it was bound for the harbour, and might perhaps return with Lillian and her father. And so it proved. In less than half an hour, the same equipage came slowly up the Marina with two more occupants. Lillian, with her sister, now occupied the front seat; her appearance was greatly altered since he had seen her last; she was not less beautiful than of yore, but her beauty was of another type—that of the hot-house flower; a cushion was placed behind her head, and her large eyes, as they turned languidly at her father's voice, looked very weary. Would they have it up, thought Walter, if she could have known that at that moment she was passing beneath his window; and that his gaze was furtively devouring her? Was it possible that the sea-voyage alone could have worked thus harmfully with her? Or was this change not rather owing to inksome companionship, to the knowledge of the tyranny that was exercised over Lotty, and to the absence of any one who could sympathise and make common cause with her? Nay, might not even the consideration, that a certain true-hearted friend (as she, at least, knew him to be), one Walter Litton, was separated from her by wide seas, and probably for ever, have helped to pale that fair cheek, and dull those bright eyes! As the carriage rolled away, his gaze dared not follow it, for it must needs have met that of Sir Reginald, whose glance shot hither and thither with contemptuous swiftness, unless when spoken to by his father-in-law, when his face at once assumed the air of respectful attention. Walter knew him well enough to feel, not only that he had not schooled himself to such unwonted humility without an object, but that he must also deem the object attainable. Sir Reginald had hated exertion even in his college days, and still more self-denial; but when the prize had seemed of sufficient value, he had gone in for as severe training as any devotee of the oar. He was one of those men who are always saying to themselves (instead of 'Is it right?'), 'Is it worth my while?' and who act accordingly. Undoubtedly, however, Walter was thinking hardly of him. It is not to be supposed, even though his looks might shew ill-concealed disfavour towards his sister-in-law, that he was speculating upon her indisposition, or general delicacy, as likely to end in her death, and therefore in his own aggrandisement; it is more probable that he simply disliked her because he knew that she had found him out, and resented his influence with her father. Again, and still again, did the carriage of Milford Brown and family pass Signor Baccari's house, amid an ever-increasing throng of similar vehicles; the crowd of sightseers on foot was also larger than was customary, and among these Walter could see that the new arrivals caused no little excitement. It was not unusual for an English yacht to put into Palermo harbour, but it was evident that some especial interest attached to the proprietor of the *Sylphide*; whether on account of that report of his vast wealth, which had already reached the ever-open ears of Baccari, or from the beauty of his two daughters. Since this was so, since even in a foreign town, and as an utter stranger, Mr Christopher Brown and his belongings were of sufficient importance to make such a sensation, was it not the very height of folly in one like himself—an unknown and penniless painter, thought Walter, with a sudden pang—to nourish

hopes in connection with Lillian? He acknowledged to himself that it was so: hope—that is, a lover's hope—was out of the question for him; but that he might be of some service to her, he knew not how, against some danger he knew not what, of that he had still some hope. As if to make up for his absence at his lodger's morning meal, Signor Baccari spread Walter's supper-table that evening with his own hands.

'Well,' said he, 'you saw all your friends. How beautiful are the young ladies! How prosperous looks Milford! How bold and gallant the young gentleman his son-in-law! He is a soldier, I suppose?'

'Yes, he is a soldier,' answered Walter—'a man who has served with great distinction in the war.'

'But yet not a favourite of yours, signor?'

'How do you know that?' inquired Walter quickly.

'I merely judged from your countenance—which is Italian in its frankness, rather than English—as he drove by. You would not be discontented, I was about to ask, if ill luck should happen to these compatriots of yours?'

'Ill luck? I don't understand you. Most certainly I wish none of them harm; while, as to some of them, the ladies, for example, I would rather—infinitely rather—that the ill luck, as you call it, no matter how ill it may be, should happen to myself rather than to either of them.'

'The signor is very gallant,' answered the Sicilian, shaking his head. 'But no man is prepared to die for more than one woman—at least one woman at a time.'

'To die?'

'Yes, signor, even to die—for it may come to that. Listen to me a little.' The lodging-house keeper's tones had suddenly become very grave. 'You are Signor Pelter's friend, and therefore mine; nay, you are my friend and my son's friend on your own account. Well, you asked me this morning, could I keep a secret. Let me on my part ask you the same question: Can *you*?'

'Certainly I can,' answered Walter, more astonished by the gravity with which the other put the question, than even by the question itself.

'That is well, since, otherwise, what I am about to say, would, if repeated, cost me dear. On the Marina this morning, beside the carriage-people and the good company, there were some queer folks, dressed as fine, mayhap, as the rest; but—brigands!'

'Brigands on the Marina; impossible!' The idea appeared to Walter about as incongruous as highwaymen in Rotten Row, or on the West Cliff at Brighton.

'It is nevertheless true, signor. They sent the carcass afar off like vultures, but they are more audacious. They have spies also everywhere. The arrival of Milford Brown reached their ears, no doubt, almost as soon as mine; and they have already identified him.'

'Identified him?'

'Well, yes; in a case like this, where so much is involved, it would not do to make mistakes, you see. Such things do occasionally happen. They have caught the wrong Milford before now. An encounter with the king's troops is not to be hazarded for nothing. These gentry like to be sure of their ground.'

'But what have the king's troops to do with Mr Brown?'

'Well, he would hardly be so rash, I conclude, as to move without an escort. On board his ship he is safe, of course, but in no other place. If you are his friend, you had better let him know as much, that is all.'

'But the whole story will appear to him an absurdity. He will ask for the proofs of his danger—for the authority that it exists.'

'And that, signor, you have given your honour not to reveal. In confidence, however, the case is this. My Francisco, as I told you, was once taken prisoner by these scoundrels. During his captivity, he learned not a little of their private ways. There is a certain freemasonry among them, by means of which, for example, they recognise each other to be gentlemen of the same profession—the eyes to the left, and a tap of the head, like this. Well, my Francisco was on the Marina yesterday. He is not a great talker, but he has quick eyes—and he saw something.'

'I should like to hear what he saw from his own lips,' said Walter quietly, beginning for the first time to believe that the thing was serious. Baccari was not only a gossip, but had a capacious swallow for the marvellous; whereas Francisco's information—the little, that is, he had ever condescended to impart—had always proved to be correct.

'No, signor; I cannot permit that,' was the Sicilian's unexpected reply. 'I have already gone for your sake and that of friendship's as far as I dare go. My boy must be able to swear by the Virgin that he never breathed to you one syllable of all this. It is he who will be suspected, you understand—not I—if you should think it well to give Milord Brown a warning.'

'I see,' said Walter thoughtfully. 'Then I am to take it in real earnest, that it is your opinion and Francisco's that the brigands are plotting to seize my friends, with the view of exacting ransom?'

'By Santa Rosalia, so it is. If Captain Corrali catches them, they will have to pay him handsomely for their lodging.'

'Corrali? Then you know the very man, it seems?'

'Not I,' answered the other hastily. 'I know nothing. Even what I did know is mine no longer; it is yours.'

'You have no advice to offer in addition to this meagre information?'

'Advice against the brigands! Heaven forbid. I have said more than I ought to have done already, in the bare fact. You must act as it pleases you.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE CHASE IN THE CALM.

The information—if such a hint of danger could be called such—that had thus been given by his host to Walter was indeed astounding, but it was not incredible. Short as was the time he had himself been in Palermo, so many and so extraordinary had been the stories he had heard, narrated of the vigour and audacity, as well as of the crimes of the brigands who haunted its very gates, that he was constrained to admit at least the possibility of this new scheme of outrage. His informant, however timid and credulous, had undoubtedly—through his son Francisco—exceptional opportunities of information upon the matter in question; and, moreover, it was pretty evident that he

had not told all he knew. The fact that brigands had been even interchanging signs with one another, as the occupants of Mr Brown's carriage passed by, was itself alarming; but in all likelihood there had been much more of particularity in the affair than Baccari had stated. No captive worth the trouble of taking had as yet fallen into brigand hands that season; and no doubt, like the wolves after long famine, these wretches were emboldened by necessity, and more apt even than usual for any daring deed. The wealth of the English merchant had probably been much exaggerated to them, and would afford a tempting bait. The time in which they had acquired even that much of information respecting him was, however, so extremely short, that, notwithstanding their employment of spies—which was well known to be the case, and who were suspected to exist even in the very hotels at which the proposed victims lodged—it seemed to Walter inexplicable; in his perplexity, he found himself inventing the wildest theories to account for it; among them, even the notion that Sir Reginald himself had had a hand in the matter crossed his troubled brain. On reflection, however, he admitted this idea to be as monstrous as it was unjust; for how could Lotty's husband, even if it could be shewn that it was to his advantage to get his relative kidnapped—which it clearly was not, seeing the ransom must evidently come out of his own pocket—have been able himself, an utter stranger in Palermo, to enter into a nefarious treaty with the brigands of the mountains? The fact of Walter entertaining such a thought even for an instant was, however, a curious proof of the hostility with which he now regarded his quondam friend—of the profound contempt which he entertained for his character; the reason of which was not so much what he knew of him—though he knew much that was evil—as that mistrust of the baronet with which Lillian's instinct had inspired her, and which she had communicated to him. Of Lillian, however, at present, and in connection with the brigand question, Walter was not thinking; it was rare, indeed, to find the banditti encumbering themselves with female captives, the possession of whom must needs hinder them from making the rapid marches which pursuit so often compelled. Nor did he greatly concern himself with the personal safety of Sir Reginald: his anxiety was solely upon Mr Brown's account; partly because any outrage such as was contemplated would fall on the worthy merchant, being what he was, with especial severity (Walter had not forgotten the hospitality and kindness he had manifested towards him in old days), but principally because of the distress with which such an event must needs afflict his daughters.

What course, however, to adopt, in order to put him on his guard without permitting him or his to guess from whom the friendly warning came, was a difficult problem. Any hint directly from himself was out of the question; Walter was firmly resolved—unless an opportunity of doing some great personal service should be vouchsafed him—to keep his proximity to them unknown to any of the party; and, moreover, any interference on his part was certain to have a base motive assigned to it, by at least one member—and he the most influential—of the family. In a word, either his warning would be disregarded as a mere pretence for regaining lost favour, or it would be credited at the

expense of his own character. It might have been fortunate that he was able to afford them the information, but how should he explain his presence at Palermo, his pursuit of Lillian across the seas! Under the circumstances, he decided to do nothing for the moment, but to keep, through Baccari, a strict watch upon the movements of Sir Reginald at the hotel. It would be by that means easy to find out if the party contemplated any expedition without the town, and in that case he would send them warning of its peril.

It seemed, however, as though Milford Brown and his belongings were well content with such objects of interest as Palermo itself afforded. He and his two daughters were generally to be seen during the fashionable hours driving up and down the Marina, and at other times, when the weather was comparatively cool, visiting the picturesque and ancient churches, or making purchases at the quaint old shops. The two girls were both greatly altered from the day on which the young painter had seen them first, and altered for the worse; but the change was of a different kind. In Loty's case, the beauty of youth was dimmed by sorrow and disappointment; her illusions had been rudely destroyed; in her secret heart, she doubtless knew that she had risked, and almost lost, her place at her father's hearth, for an unworthy object; the man that had once been in her eyes a hero, nay, a demi-god, had shrunk down to mean dimensions; her impassioned lover had become a faithless husband, a tyrant, too, of whom she stood in fear. Perhaps her happiest moments were those that passed in the society of those who had once been all in all to her; while he who had usurped their place in her heart—and lost it by his own harshness and infidelity—strolled about the town in his own fashion, and followed his own devices. Lillian, too, it was plain, was a sufferer, whether from mental or physical causes, but her beauty seemed enhanced rather than diminished by the sad experience. Languid and listless she might be, but the listlessness and languor were not those of a fine lady; it was the idea of the public that she had come to Palermo as a last chance for strength and life; and pity and admiration were the tributes paid to her wherever she moved. In reality, though far from well, she was by no means so ill as these good folks supposed her to be; and what ailed her she kept to herself. Loty's eyes were often red with irrepressible tears; but Lillian shed none, though she mourned in secret the unhappy condition of her sister, and the influence which Sir Reginald exercised over her father. It appeared to Walter, however, who watched the proceedings of the little party with the utmost interest, and as closely as the necessity of keeping himself out of their sight permitted him, that this influence was on the wane. Not only, as we have said, did Sir Reginald take his pleasure for the most part independently of the rest of the party, but when in company with them, the behaviour of the old merchant towards him was far less cordial than of yore; he generally addressed himself to his daughters, rather than to his son-in-law, and reserved the conciliatory speeches of the latter with less outward signs of satisfaction than were due (as one would have thought) to a baronet of the United Kingdom. The cause of this, as Walter shrewdly suspected, was, that during the close companionship inseparable from life on shipboard, Sir Reginald had

revealed more of his true character to the old merchant than he had intended to do, and perhaps than he himself was aware of. Nothing is more agreeable in society, it is said, than 'a natural manner'; but then we must make quite sure that our nature is itself agreeable before cultivating it.

Since Walter's host had been so mysteriously communicative to him respecting the designs of Il Capitano Corrali—as the 'principal robber' in those parts was familiarly yet respectfully called—he had been singularly reserved and reticent. Upon that subject, indeed, he was resolute not to speak at all, and perhaps was secretly repentant of having said so much. His manner, though always respectful, was no longer effusive; it seemed to say: 'Whatever obligations I may have once been under, Signor Litton, to our common friend, it has now been repaid to you by the risk I have incurred.' Walter, taking into consideration the natural timidity of the man, appreciated the sacrifice that had evidently been made of his peace of mind, but thought the risk ridiculously exaggerated. To an Englishman and a Londoner, like himself, it was hard to believe that the apprehensions of this Sicilian were founded on sober fact. That brigandage existed in the neighbourhood must probably be the case, since every one acknowledged it; the natives even spoke of it with a certain bated breath, and with a tempered indignation which shewed that they stood in personal fear. But he had begun to assume that such outrages were no more common than the eruptions of Etna or Vesuvius. He had heard of none taking place, but only legends of its occurrence last year at latest. He himself had occasionally been beyond the confines of the city, without meeting with annoyance; and had climbed a hill or two, without coming on anyone more lawless or ferocious-looking than a shepherd in sheepskin. Other visitors, better worth kidnapping than a penniless artist like himself, had been equally enterprising—for a certain sense of danger had, he was compelled to confess, been experienced in these expeditions—and had likewise returned to their hotels without molestation.

A fortnight had passed away since his host's warning, and he began to congratulate himself that he had not unnecessarily alarmed the merchant and his family, by communicating it to them in any way, when a circumstance occurred which seemed to put their safety beyond all question. On going to the window one morning to take his usual feast of sky, and sea, and mountain before sitting down to breakfast, the light spars of the *Sylphide* had vanished from their usual position.

'Yes, signor,' said the voice of Baccari, as Walter stood staring at the vacant place, while a certain void that seemed to answer to it made itself felt in his quick-beating heart, 'I am glad to say your friends are saved, and not at my expense; they have saved themselves—which is always the best way of doing it—by leaving Palermo.'

'Do you mean to say that the yacht has sailed?'

'Thanks to the Virgin, yes—for Messina. You don't know what I have suffered for the sake of Milford Brown, or you would, I hope, look better pleased. Ah, I breathe again. I feel as when I first came on shore after little Francisco fell overboard. You will not catch me meddling with the affairs of other people again, I promise you.'

'It does not appear to me that any evil has happened to you—or, indeed, to anybody else—from your communication,' remarked Walter dryly.

'Happened? No; but it might have happened. Ah, signor, if we could only see the dangers we have escaped, we should have more thankful hearts! Even now, I dare not tell you all. Let it suffice—still between ourselves—that Milord Brown has been dogged day and night; they have been so hungry after him, that I almost wonder they did not pounce upon him on the Marina. Half Palermo has been in Captain Corrali's pay for the last fortnight. They would have seized him at the very shrine of Santa Rosalia, if he had but ventured up Pelegrino. But as it is, he has disappointed everybody—that is, I mean, all the wicked people. Milord is not only very rich, but very wise; he has taken himself off by sea to Messina. Look! yonder is his fine ship.'

And truly at that moment the white sails of the English yacht, set to catch every breath of the light Mediterranean breeze, could be seen rounding the harbour point.

'And have all his family gone with him?' inquired Walter, by no means in the tone of triumph with which his companion spoke. A sickening feeling of desertion, of loneliness, as well as hopelessness, had taken possession of him. His labour had been in vain; he had crossed the seas without being of any service to Lillian, nor had she even been aware of his faithful presence. He required no acknowledgment of his devotion, yet that what he had done should not be known—might never be known—to its object, seemed a hard fate.

'No, signor, not all the family; his son-in-law and married daughter are still at the hotel, intending, I believe, to follow Milord to-morrow by the steamer. But what does *that* signify to Corrali—even if he caught him, since the big fish has got through the meshes—since he has lost Milord!'

This reference to Captain Corrali's disappointment was thrown away upon Walter; his mind had discovered itself from all his Sicilian surroundings, and was busy with Lillian only and her affairs. Since she and her father had sailed alone, it was clear that their relations with the captain had not grown more cordial; but could she be happier on that account, when she must needs picture to herself poor Lotty bearing the brunt of Sir Reginald's ill-temper, increased by the sense of his having thus mismanaged matters! It was a satisfaction, of course, to reflect that the worthy merchant had escaped all danger from the brigands, but now that he had done so, that danger appeared even less to Walter than before. He even confessed to himself that he would have preferred Mr. Brown to run what little risk there might have been by remaining at Palermo. As for him (Walter), there he must stay, his solitude made more irksome than before by Lillian's flying visit, for it was impossible that he could follow her to Messina by the steamer which was to convey Sir Reginald and his wife; and of public conveyances by land—thanks to the fear of Captain Corrali & Co.—there were none.

For weeks, Walter's art had been in abeyance; the pre-occupation of his mind, in spite of the novelty and splendour of the scenes that presented themselves to his gaze, had kept it so; and now it seemed utterly impossible that he could take

up either brush or pencil. He envied the Sicilian nature which permitted those about him to find happiness in listless ease, to loll in the sunshine, to dream away an aimless existence. It was not the climate that enervated him, and made him disinclined even for the labour which had once been his delight, but sheer despondency; hope, the lamp of life, that shines with so bright a flame in youth, with so feeble a flicker in old age, was burning low within him; and in that land of light and colour all seemed dark. All day he sat unoccupied at the window, from which he had watched the *Sylphide* slowly glide to eastward, gazing on the burning empty street, on the gay Marina, with its glittering throng of carriages, and then on the calm evening sea.

'Why, the signor has never touched his dinner!' expostulated Bacari, coming in to see his lodger, as his custom was upon his return from his favourite café.

'I was not hungry,' answered Walter quietly.

'How unfortunate, upon the very day when there was so fine a fish!' Francisco caught it himself this morning.

'Is your son within doors?'

'Yes, indeed; he fancies he has earned a holiday because of that mere stroke of good luck; and has been doing nothing—positively nothing—throughout the day.' The good man, who never stirred a finger in the way of work himself, beyond bringing in Walter's meals, denounced this idleness with amazing energy.

'Send the lad to me,' said Walter; and accordingly Francisco presented himself, rubbing his fine almond eyes, and looking listless and languid from head to heel.

'Could we go for a sail, my boy?' inquired Walter wistfully.

'We can go on the water, if the signor wishes it,' replied the other, with a glance at the glassy sea; 'but there is not a breath of wind.'

'Has there been no wind all day?'

'None since the morning; Milord's yat' (he had learned a little English, and was very proud of that word, and his pronunciation of it) 'had a little with her, but it soon came to nothing.'

'The *Sylphide* has not got far, you think, then?'

'Not ten miles away, if so much.'

'Could we overtake her?' exclaimed Walter suddenly.

'Well, that depends; there is a little breeze from the shore, though none out yonder; and by hugging the land, it would be possible for so small a boat as ours to make some way, perhaps.'

'But we could use the oars.'

Francisco shook his head. 'The signor would find that very toilsome,' he answered; the idea of taking an oar himself not even so much as occurring to his imagination.

'At all events, let us go,' said Walter. The poor young fellow was seized with an uncontrollable desire to have a last farewell look—not at Lillian, for that would be impossible, but—at the yacht that was bearing her away from him. In twenty minutes, the two were on board their boat. It was a tiny craft, that would have succumbed to a Levanter—or even half a one—in five minutes, but its lightness was now of advantage to them. The gentle breath that sighed from the great island-garden, swelled its small sail, though, as Francisco had prognosticated, it failed them when even a little

way from land. They therefore coasted along the shore, following its myriad indentations, and coming face to face with a thousand unexpected beauties, which, under any other circumstances, would have ravished the young painter's eye. Presently the moon arose, and touched all these objects with an unearthly splendour.

'It is late,' observed Francisco sentimentally.

'Where?' asked Walter eagerly.

'I said it was late, signor.'

'I thought you said, "There is the yacht,"'

'No; she may have got half-way to Messina by this time. The wind may have held with her, though it dropped with us; and let me tell you, it will be harder work getting home than coming.'

'Let us round the next headland, and if nothing is to be seen of her, then we will put back.'

Francisco, at the tiller, raises his shoulders half an inch, his eyebrows a whole one, and lights another cigarette. This Englishman, who seems to be in love with a 'yat,' is incomprehensible to him, but he is generous, and deserves to be humoured. As they round the promontory he has indicated, an immense reach of sea comes into view, but not a sail is to be seen upon it.

'The "yat" must be five-and-twenty miles to eastward of us, signor, if she '—

'There she is!' interrupted Walter eagerly. His quick eyes had detected her to the right of them, almost close in shore.

'What can this mean?' muttered Francisco, a gleam of interest crossing his dark features. 'There must be something wrong here.'

'Wrong? Why so? She looks safe enough.'

'Ships do not ride at anchor with all their sails set, signor. See! she is drifting this way and that; she has no steerman!'

'The man must have come to sleep; let us make haste to warn them,' cried Walter, nervously seizing the light oars.

A few minutes brought the boat within halting distance of the *Sylphide*, for such she undoubtedly was. Not a soul was to be seen upon her deck, but a light was gleaming in the stern-cabin. Though she carried a crowd of canvas—every stitch she had, indeed, was set—her progress was very slow; but what there was of it was erratic: she seemed like a ship in a dream.

'In ten minutes she would have been on shore,' observed Francisco.

'But in such a night as this, there could have been no danger!' urged Walter, alarmed even at the suppositions peril from which their opportune arrival was about to preserve his Lillian.

'Perhaps not,' said Francisco sentimentally, steering straight for the vessel. As they neared her, he stood up and scrutinised her narrowly from stem to stern. The unaccustomed excitement in his face aroused in Walter an indefinite anxiety.

'What is it that you fear, Francisco? Nothing can surely have happened to the crew—to the passengers!'

'I know not what to think, signor. Shall we go on board?'

Walter hesitated: the occasion was certainly sufficiently momentous to excuse such a step; but he shrank from thrusting his presence on those to whom it would be so utterly unexpected, so unexplainable, and—in the case of Mr Brown, so unwelcome.

'Let us row round her first,' said he; and they

did so. Not a sound was heard save the dip of their own oars: not a living being was to be seen. The *Sylphide's* boat was fastened at her stern, so it was plain that the crew could not have left the vessel by that means. They pushed between it and the yacht, so that Walter, as he stood up, could look right into the window of the stern-cabin. A lighted lamp swung from the roof of it, and made all things visible within it, but it had no tenant. From no other window or port-hole was there sight or sound of life: the exterior of the hull above the water-line exhibited no trace of damage; no appearance of any collision with ship or rock made itself apparent anywhere.

The yacht was empty.

HONoured HEARTS.

The romantic incidents connected with the heart of Robert Bruce, and also that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, are pretty well known. Such incidents, however remarkable, are by no means singular, as the few following facts will show.

Paul Whitehead, sometime secretary to the Medmenham Club, and a dabbler in rhyme, dying in 1774, left his heart to his noble friend and patron, Lord le Despencer, to be deposited in his mausoleum at West Wycombe. Lord le Despencer accepting the bequest, had the heart wrapped in lead, and placed in a marble urn, and on the 16th of May 1775, it was carried to its resting-place with much ceremony. Preceding the bier bearing the urn, marched a grenadier officer in full uniform; nine grenadiers two deep, the odd one last; two German-flute players, two surpliced chorists 'with notes pinned to their backs,' two more flute-players, eleven singing men in surplices, two French-horn players, two bassoon players, six fifiers, and four drummers with muffled drums. Lord le Despencer, as chief mourner, followed the bier, in his uniform as colonel of the Bucks militia, and was succeeded by nine officers of the same corps, two fifiers, two drummers, and twenty soldiers with their firelocks reversed. The musicians played the Dead March in *Saul*; Dr Arnold, Mr Atterbury, and another gentleman beating time with scrolls of paper. The church bell tolled, and cannon were discharged every three and a half minutes. Upon reaching the mausoleum, another hour was spent in going round and round it, singing funeral glees; then the urn was carried inside, and placed upon a pedestal bearing the name of the whilom owner of the heart, and the lines—

Unhallowed hands, this urn forbear;

No gems, no orient spoil,

Lie here concealed; but what's more rare,

A heart that knew no guile!

Spite of the injunction, some unhallowed hand stole the urn in 1829, and the whereabouts of Whitehead's heart remains a mystery to the present day.

We are not sure that Byron's should be reckoned among lost hearts, but we have somewhere read, that when it was resolved to send his body

from Missolonghi to England, the Greeks entreated that the heart of the poet, who dreamed Greece might still be free, and wrought his best to make the dream a reality, might be left to them. Their claim was allowed, and they inclosed the precious relic in a silver casket. When the fall of Missolonghi could no longer be averted, a party of its defenders sallied out, bearing the heart with them, to cut their way through the Turkish army. The attempt was a successful one, but the heart of the famous Englishman was left with many a brave Greek in the marshes the desperate band had passed. Napoleon's heart came nigh to suffer a more ignoble fate. It had been removed from the great captain's body to be put in a separate case; and fearing Madame Bertrand might steal it, since she had declared her determination to become its possessor, the doctor in charge placed the heart in a glass upon his bedroom table. In the middle of the night, the sound of breaking glass startled him out of a doze, just in time to enable him to detect a brown rat dragging the emperor's heart towards his hole. The doctor rescued it, fastened it in a silver urn, and placed it in the coffin with the body; but had he slept a little more soundly, the heart of 'imperial Caesar dead' would have served as a titbit for a rat's supper. Shelley's heart defied cremation, and after his body was consumed, was snatched from the subsiding flames by Captain Trelawny, and found to be entire; a circumstance commemorated by the words 'Cor Cordium' inscribed on the marble slab, marking where the poet's ashes and heart lie in the Protestant burial-place at Rome.

When Richard the Lion-hearted knew he should never don armour or draw sword again, he willed that his body should be laid at his dead father's feet at Fontevault, in token of his sorrow for the many unbusinesses he had caused him in his lifetime; but bequeathed his heart to Rouen, in acknowledgment of the great truth and constancy of his Norman subjects. The bequest was gratefully accepted, and duly honoured with a beautiful shrine in the cathedral; but its beauty did not save it from being destroyed in 1738, with other Plantagenet memorials. In 1838, the mutilated effigy of the famous crusader was discovered under the cathedral pavement, and near it a leaden casket that had inclosed his heart, which the finders replaced. Before long, however, it was taken up again, and removed to the Museum of Antiquities, where it remained until 1869, when it found a more fitting resting-place in the choir of the cathedral; nevertheless, let us hope, to be disturbed.

The relic of John Baliol, father of Bruce's rival, shewed her affection for her dead lord in a peculiar way—she embalmed his heart, placed it in an ivory casket 'bunden with sylver brycht'; and, during her twenty years of widowhood, never sat down to a meal without this silent remembrancer of happier days. Upon her death, at the age of eighty, in 1289, she was buried in her own abbey on the banks of the Nith; Baliol's heart, in obedience to her instructions, being laid on her dead bosom. From that day, the whilom 'New Abbey' was known as Sweet-Heart Abbey; and never did abbey walls shelter a sweeter, truer heart than that of the lady of Barnard Castle.

Robert, Earl of Mellent and Leicester, as famous among the crusaders of the twelfth century for his

sagacity, eloquence, and valour, as he was infamous at home for his unscrupulous rapacity, violence, and cruelty, finding life slipping away from him, assumed the monastic habit, and died in the odour of sanctity at the Abbey of Preaux. There he was buried; but in fulfilment of his dying wish, the heart of the infidel-later was sent to the hospital he had founded at Brackley, to be there preserved in salt. Perhaps the old warrior thought, like Lord Windsor, that the heart of an Englishman ought to rest on his own land. That nobleman died at Spa in 1574, and directed that his body should be buried in the cathedral church of the noble city of Liege, and his heart, inclosed in lead, laid under his father's tomb, in the chapel at Bradenham, Bucks, 'in token of a true Englishman.' So, too, Sir Robert Peckham ordered his heart to be conveyed to Denham, in the same county, to be placed in the family vault; but his relatives do not seem to have been in any hurry to execute his behest. The worthy knight died in 1569; and the register of burials at Denham contains this entry: 'Edmundus Peckham, Esq., sonne of Sir George Peckham, July 18, 1566. On the same day was the harte of Sir Robert Peckham, knight, buried in the vault under the chappell;' so that it had been kept above-ground for seventeen years. When George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, fell a victim to Felton's knife, King James commanded that his dear Steenie should be interred in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb may be seen; but a sumptuous monument to the duke also exists in St Thomas's Church, Portsmouth; and as this boasts an urn, it is probable that it boasts also the possession of the heart of the once all-powerful favourite.

In Chichester Cathedral may be seen a slab of Purbeck marble, bearing a sculptured trefoil inclosing hands holding a heart, with the legend: 'Ici gist le cœur Maude de.' Time has spared, no more, and we are left to vainly speculate as to the personality of the fair lady thus commemorated. Still less communicative was the plain leaden case, discovered by a workman, in a niche in one of the pillars of Christ Church, Cork, and found to contain a heart preserved in salt, weighing seven and a half ounces; while another find at Gareley church, Huntingdonshire, only brought to light an empty box, that had evidently once held a heart—whose, none can tell.

Many examples of hearts honoured with separate sepulture might be cited; but, having purposely limited ourselves to native instances, we have but to mention two more, and we have done. In 1700, Sir William Temple, by his last will and testament, decreed that his heart should be inclosed in a silver box or a china basin, and buried under a sun-dial in his garden at Moor Park, over against a window from whence he used to contemplate and admire the works of God, after he had retired from worldly business. The most famous of Irish agitators might have been expected to have left his heart to the care of his countrymen: O'Connell, however, desired that it should be sent to Rome; implying thereby, unless we mis-read the meaning of heart-bequests, that he was a Catholic first, and an Irishman afterwards.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD COACHING-DAYS.

PEOPLE of middle age are privileged with recollecting the old coaching-system, just when it came to perfection, and was suddenly superseded by the introduction of railways. In a national point of view, the change has been advantageous beyond all calculation. In some other respects, it is matter for regret; for, by the old way of travelling, there was more cheerfulness in driving along the highways, as well as more safety, than in being dragged on the rails at a speed sometimes fearful, and often disastrous. It is needless, however, to moralise on this point. The change was inevitable, and has been effected. All we can do as a matter of sentiment, and for the sake of young persons, is to call up passing memories of a system of road-travelling now gone for ever.

A hundred years ago, stage-coaches drawn by four horses had established themselves on all the great routes. They were an improvement on the more ancient stage-wagons, but were still very defective. What with frequent stoppages, and the execrable state of the roads, a journey by them was tedious and expensive. In contrast with what had gone before them, they were called flying-coaches, but their flight was by no means excessive. At the utmost, they did not on an average make out more than eight miles an hour. In going from Manchester to London, two nights were spent on the road. Yet, these flying-coaches were not to be despised. They were the precursors of a great reform in transit, effected, by a man of singularly energetic nature, in 1784. This was John Palmer, a person of substance, who established and conducted a theatre at Bath. Palmer had often occasion to desire the assistance of actors from London, but was balked by the dilatoriness of the transit of post-letters and the slow method of travelling. For example, a letter sent from London on Monday did not reach Bath till Wednesday. Business could not be carried on with any degree of satisfaction with such intolerable delays.

Smarting under these difficulties, Palmer travelled all over the country, and found everywhere the same insufficiency. He memorialised the government; he took means to spread information; and clearly shewed how easy it would be to effect vast improvements. For a time, his efforts were vain. He was set down as a half-crazed enthusiast. The office authorities were against him to a man. He was only through the enlightened judgment of the public that he was able to commence that system of mail-coaches which lasted up to the days of railways. The first mail-coach in accordance with Palmer's plan was one from London to Bath, which started at eight o'clock in the morning on the 8th August 1784, and reached its destination at eleven at night. This was thought marvellous. In a few years, Palmer's mail-coaches, as they were at first called, were established on all the great roads; the mails being carried with an economy, precision, and despatch hitherto unknown. The benefits to the public became quickly too manifest to be denied; but mark how Palmer was treated! The government had entered into a regular contract with him, engaging to give him two-and-a-half per cent. upon the saving effected in the transmission of letters. It was speedily shewn that this saving amounted to twenty thousand pounds a year. Parliament, however, would not vote for the fulfilment of the bargain, and arbitrarily extinguished Palmer's claim with a grant of fifty thousand pounds.

In the early years of the present century, the mail-coaches originated by Palmer had superseded nearly all the old conveyances; their success being considerably promoted by the great improvements effected on the roads by Telford and Macadam. As the mail-coaches began, so they ended. They had a peculiar compactness and neatness. Each vehicle, drawn by four well-matched horses, was painted a sober brownish-red colour, bearing the royal arms and the words 'Royal Mail.' Inside, there were seats for four persons; outside, in front, was the box-seat for the driver, and space for one passenger beside him. Beneath their feet, was the front boot, for holding the passengers' luggage, the

amount of which was very limited—thirty pounds to each—also any small parcels carried for hire. Behind the box-seat, on the front of the roof, was a seat for three outside passengers. Such was the whole accommodation—four in and four out sides. Behind, was seen the single seat for the guard, fixed on iron supports over the hind boot, which held the mails. The guard, who might be called the main-spring and director, sat with his face towards the horses, commanding a view of the whole equipage. Usually imposing in appearance, with a jolly red weather-beaten face, he was a man of trust and importance. His duty as guard was by no means nominal. When the passengers had arranged themselves in the seats booked for them, it might be days previously, and when the driver had taken his seat on the box, out came the guard from the office, placing the way-bill carefully in his breast-pocket, with the gravity of a soldier going to battle. He is dressed in the royal uniform—a capacious scarlet surtout, trimmed with gold lace, hat with a gold band, a pair of pistols hung in a belt round his neck, and a blunderbuss in his hand. His horn, a long tin trumpet, is already stuck on the coach near his seat. Mounting up, he arranges the pistols and blunderbuss in a longish box with a sloping lid on the hind part of the roof, so as to be ready for action in case of an attempted attack by highwaymen. With a blast of the horn, off goes His Majesty's mail—yet not off altogether, for as he is driving it drives to the post-office, to get the bags put into the hind boot; and this being but the work of half a minute, the machine is at length fairly off, everything giving way before it on the street or road.

Such is our recollection of the starting of a mail-coach on its journey in 1814, when the system was at all its glory. The coaches were the property of the government, which accordingly regulated the hours of departure according to the exigencies of the mail-service; from all the large towns there being ordinarily a morning and evening departure. The horses were hired by contract. His Majesty's mails had one grand show-off day in the year. It was the 4th of June, the king's birth-day—we speak of the reign of George III.—when the coaches, renewed or furnished up, the horses with freshappings, and the guards and drivers in their new scarlet coats, were paraded through the streets of London, and drove off in style from St Martin's-le-Grand on their several ways, amidst a concourse of spectators. On a lesser scale, there were similar exhibitions in the larger provincial towns. With what delight did the youngsters regard these splendid cavalcades!

Altogether, the mail-coach system was a creditable national effort. It was the utmost that could be done, according to the means at disposal. Unfortunately, it depended on animal exertion. The horses required to be changed at a posting-house every ten miles at most, and although the process of changing was latterly effected with remarkable celerity, time was lost, and the rate of speed did not ordinarily get above ten miles an hour, including stoppages, if so much. In a few cases, where the roads were smooth and level, or with very slight ups-and-downs, to vary the pull of the horses, a speed of ten and a half miles was effected. When the journey to be performed could be managed in about four hours, there was nothing serious to complain of. Very different was the

case of a journey of four hundred miles between Edinburgh and London, which, by the greatest effort, could not be effected in less than fifty-two hours, involving two nights in succession on the road. In a ride like this, the cold suffered by the outsides in winter was, of course, dreadful; the insides at the same time being worn out by sitting in a cramped position, and enduring a variety of privations.

Charming was the drive outside in a fine day through a new and interesting country, and if not too protracted, it left many pleasant remembrances. Night-travelling on the long journeys was the crucial test, as, for example, in crossing Shap Fell at midnight. A continued snow-storm was awful—outsides, driver, and guard muffled up in huge greatcoats and comforters, doing their best to keep warmth in them, amidst the pitiless storm; the poor toiling horses plunging in the snow; the lamps in the vehicle half-battered up, throwing a feeble light over the wild desolate heath. Sometimes the coach stuck in the drifts; and there were cases in which the guard, with a noble fidelity to duty, fought his way forward on foot, with the mail-bag on his shoulders, to the nearest town, leaving the coach and passengers to be rescued by such assistance as he was able to procure.

Viewed in their best aspect, the mail-coaches were insufficient for the traffic. For a time, they absorbed the business of the older-fashioned stage-coaches, but these rallied under better management, and at length they formed the principal reliance. How could it be otherwise? The limited passenger accommodation offered by His Majesty's mail was wholly inadequate for the growing traffic of the country. There were six times more travelling than the mails could accommodate. The mails in themselves got through their work with difficulty. Such was the increase of letter-bags, that the hind boot no longer sufficed. Large bags were piled on the roof under tarpaulins, destructive of all symmetry, and forming an obstacle to transit in the event of snow-storms. Still keeping their ground, and to the last reckoned the gentlest thing by which to travel, His Majesty's mails could make no head against the crowd of spirited interlopers, whose sole object was to carry large numbers of passengers at an accommodating scale of charges.

With this growing accession to vehicular conveyance, recollections now assume a new phase. All over the country there are flying stage-coaches, pretentious in their name and character—the Regent, the Blucher, the High Flyer, the Rob Roy, the Wellington, and so on, each warranted by advertisement to be more expeditious than anything ever heard of. These coaches went far beyond the mail in point of accommodation. Each carried six inside, and as many as twelve outside passengers. Luggage was more freely taken; and at certain seasons, such as at Christmas, there was an immense addition to the packages and baskets, which clung all around like clusters of bees. Where there was so much trade, something like a guard or supercargo was necessary. Each stage-coach of an affectedly high class was therefore provided with a guard, so called, who wore a scarlet tunic—usually a smart fellow, who sat among the hind outsiders, and on entering or leaving the town was so gracious as to play popular airs on a keyed bugle. Very gay affairs were some of these

stage-coaches, as they drove off from the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, the Belle Sauvage in Ludgate Hill, or some other crack office in London. In every town there must be lingering traditions of their sprightly doings.

As will be seen, there was a dash of fun and romance in the old mail and stage coach system. It had, however, independently of what was sometimes suffered from cold and fatigue, two drawbacks—the hurried way in which meals had to be taken; and the incessant demand for fees by coachmen and guards. Twenty minutes were allowed for dinner; but often the articles produced were ill-cooked, or not ready on arrival, and the meal was little better than a means of extorting money for nothing. Sometimes, under a sense of being cheated, when the horn blew, and all had to take the road before the dinner was half eaten, the enraged passengers did themselves justice in a rude way, by carrying off roast-fowls and other articles from the table, to be eaten at leisure on the journey. Of an incident of this kind we were on one occasion a witness. Whether the meals were well or ill served, waiters or waitresses did not fail to ask for the customary fees. On several routes there were grand-looking inns where the coaches stopped, but no provision at any of them was made for the pressing discomfort of the much tired passengers. The whole process of accommodation at these stopping-places was simply organised plunder. Landladies of a knowing turn had a knack of turning the penny by selling articles for which the locality happened to be reputed. The hostess of the inn at Stilton, for example, was an adept at palming off Stilton cheeses, in which, from the number of coaches that stopped at her house, she may be said to have carried on a considerable trade.

The outrageous thing, on which passengers expended no small degree of temper, was the taxing by coachmen and guards. At certain stages, on resigning the reins, the coachman came round, touching his hat with his finger, hinting as to his fee. Most of the passengers got off by giving him sixpence, others gave a shilling. The guards went farther on the journey, and expected half-a-crown. Of the wrangling and grumbling about these fees, which certainly were not included in the contract, there was literally no end. And no wonder. After paying several pounds for your seat from one place to another, it was very hard to have to pay perhaps half as much more in the course of the journey to coachmen and guards, whose services ought to have been directly compensated by employers. This beggarly custom of exacting sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns all along the road was an infamy of which the railways have happily rid the process of modern travelling. If, against all remonstrance, the public recur to the reprehensible practice of giving *backsheesh* to guards, they will have themselves to blame for the consequences.

One of the effects of distribution of money among the drivers and guards of coaches was to make them obsequious and overbearing, as well as extravagant in their expenditure. The coachman was often a very pompous personage, priding himself on his waistcoats, his cravats, and his jewellery. We remember seeing one of these pulled-up gentry who wore a greatcoat with buttons of half-crowns, and every button on his waist-

coat was a sixpence—a piece of vulgar wastefulness, designed to add to his dignity. Coachmen of this order were pampered by young gentlemen who took a fancy for the box-seat, and the pleasure of 'handling the ribbons,' for which indulgence they of course imparted 'a consideration.' It is not a very high aim in life to be a coach-driver; but in these times, a seat on the box, with reins and whip in hand, and gossip about horses, formed an object of supreme ambition. Some of these amateurs gained proficiency in driving the stage-coaches, but the practice was hazardous for passengers, and it occasionally led to an overturn. Cambridge scholars, as we learn, attained celebrity for their skill in driving. A book has lately been written by one of these gentlemen coach-drivers, Mr Reynardson, giving a lively account of his experiences on the box in old times.

Where is now all that wide-spread and highly appreciated system of travelling?—annihilated, gone, only lingering fragmentarily in small patches of country, to which the rail has scarcely ventured to intrude. Its abolition laid low a great 'interest,' for which no one ever expressed any particular pity. Nor was any pity deserved. The systematic sanctioning of pillage by coachmen and guards, contrary to all decency, was an outrage which deprived the coaching proprietary of any commiseration. The ruin which overtook the roadside inns by the withdrawal of the coaches, was not unregretted; for extortionate as many of these establishments had been, they were useful as resting-places for ordinary travellers, and their general extinction is, doubtless, a public loss. Having had its day, coach-travelling has been superseded by a system infinitely more stupendous, and through the agency of which—with all its faulty management, arising from human infirmity—the country in the space of forty years has advanced centuries. The mail and stage coaches of our young days were picturesque, with many points of interest and convenience, but in the background there was much that was rude and offensive, not the least odious detail being the infliction of frightful cruelty on animals. With the improved travelling of our own day, there can be no comparison. The railway train is science, wealth, progress, civilisation. w. c.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXIX.—TO THE RESCUE.

No longer discomposed by any apprehensions of the nature of his reception, since it was clear the vessel was tenantless, Walter yet hesitated to set foot on her deck. Some spectacle—he knew not what—might be awaiting him in that silent ship, which it was better for him to die than see. He had read, in history or romance, of Saltee rovers—pirates of the Mediterranean—and the wild fancy struck him, and chilled his blood, that some catastrophe might have happened to—to those on board (he did not dare say, even to himself, to Lilian), such as had been common half a century ago, though even then not close to the shores of Sicily. The idea was monstrous; but the fact before them—a ship in full sail, but empty, with her boat towing at her stern—was monstrous too, and had to be explained on reasonable grounds. While he still stood sick at heart, half resolved, half

disinclined to know the worst, Francisco settled the matter for him. 'She will be ashore in five minutes, signor,' he cried, 'if we do not drop her anchor.' And with that, he sprang on board, and Walter followed, to assist him. The lad's gestures were eloquence itself, and, besides, by this time Walter had acquired some considerable knowledge of the island tongue.

Having succeeded in bringing the yacht to a stand-still, the two young men proceeded to make a thorough investigation of her. The deck was clean, and the neat coils of rope were in their proper places, shewing no traces of any struggle. The brass-bound steps that led to the little saloon, and the brass rails beside them, shone bright in the pale moonlight, and bespoke the latest and most scrupulous care. On the table were the remains of a luxurious dessert, with wine and glasses—one of the latter of which was broken. A knife was lying beside the fragments of it on the floor. Of the three chairs that had been so lately occupied, one was also overturned. Besides these, there were no traces of disorder. The door, however, at the extremity of this apartment shewed traces of having been battered in. It opened into the stern-cabin which they had already examined through the window, and which had evidently been used as the ladies' boudoir. An harmonium stood open with a music-book upon it; and on a sewing-machine was a small phial containing oil, and standing in an upright position. Here, then, Lilian had sat, and worked, and played but, at most, a few hours ago, and until the moment when some mysterious fate befell herself and all the other occupants of the little vessel. The broken panels of the door were an indisputable proof of violence, but from whose hands? was a question as unanswerable as ever. On board an English yacht upon a pleasure-cruise, the idea of mutiny was not to be entertained for a moment; moreover, the ship's boat would have been used by the mutineers to get to land. The attack, then, if attack there had been, must needs have come from without. Judging from what they saw, the resistance must have been small, which, considering that the crew consisted of four British sailors beside the captain, was unlikely to have been the case, unless the thing had been effected by surprise. No other cabin shewed any signs of hurry of departure on the part of its inmates; but in Lilian's own little bower—Walter entered it with a sensation of sacrilege—the door of a species of wardrobe stood wide open, as though some article—probably a shawl or cloak, of which there were several on its shelves—had been snatched from it in haste. Save the above indications, all below-stairs was just as it might have been in Palermo harbour. Upon deck, however, a second examination revealed some blood-stains close to the tiller, which marked the place, perhaps, where the steersman had been struck down by some unseen or unexpected foe.

'Great Heaven! there has been murder done!' murmured Walter hoarsely. Was it possible that the butchery had been wholesale, and that the bodies of the victims had been cast into the sea? His knees trembled, and a sharp spasm shot across his heart at this frightful thought, which was, however, dismissed almost as soon as entertained. Strong men fighting for their lives, even though unarmed and taken by surprise, would have left more evidences of their cruel fate than this. In-

deed, save for that one bloody token, it was difficult to believe that any act of violence could have been committed, so neat and orderly was the ship, so peaceful the fair scene in which it lay. The dark-blue sea was without a ripple, save where the broad silver pathway of the moon made inequalities on its surface visible; the shore, close to which they were, was fringed with orchards, and the mountain sides beyond were richly cultivated.

'Francisco,' exclaimed Walter, 'for Heaven's sake, speak a word to me, or I shall go mad! What has happened? What can have happened? This is your own land—not mine. I feel like one in a hideous dream, where all is unreal and monstrous. Have you any explanation of this frightful thing to offer? Have you any hope to give me; if not, at least tell me your fears.'

Francisco looked furtively towards the shore, and laid a finger on his lips. 'Yes, signor, I think I know what has happened,' answered he in his soft musical tones. 'Come down here into the cabin; there is no knowing who may be watching us up here, or whose sharp ears may be listening.'

'Well, well, what is it?' inquired Walter impatiently, when they had descended the stairs. 'You would never look like that, if my friends had been murdered, surely.'

'O no, signor; there has been no murder,' answered Francisco quietly—'that is, unless there was some absolute necessity for it. Milord and the signora in any case are safe; I will stake my life on that. Look you, the "yat" was becalmed and close in shore; and these gentlemen of the mountains—'

'What! the brigands?'

'Hush! Yes; they doubtless came out in boats, and captured her by surprise.'

'But who ever heard of brigands turning pirates?'

'No one, signor, up to this moment; but the circumstances, you must allow, were very uncommon. Milord's departure was a most serious disappointment for them. They took it—it is no wonder—much to heart, and clung to hope to the last. They had scouts all along the shore, or, perhaps, they watched the vessel from their own woods up yonder, and descended when the opportunity offered. I don't know that it was so, but to me, who am acquainted with the captain, it seems probable.'

'The captain! What captain?'

'Corralli.'

'Great Heaven! Do you think, then, that my countrymen have become his captives?'

Head, eyes, and fingers all combined in giving a most unmistakable 'I do.'

'But the signora?'

'She is doubtless in his hands, but only for the present. He will send her back, since the troops will be called out, and she would impede his flight. But he will keep Milord.'

'They will not injure the young lady in any way?' asked Walter imploringly, as though it had been in Francisco's power to prevent them.

'Certainly not. There are women in the band: the captain's sister, Joanna, is always with him, and has power; the signora will doubtless be placed under her protection.'

Walter shuddered. How horrible was the idea of Lilian needing such a chaperon! How horrible, and how incongruous! Could he be really

talking about the same girl whom he had seen surrounded with the conventional attributes of wealth in London; serene and quiet, in her garden at Willowbank; gracious at her father's table; and whom he had last met among that commonplace crowd in the garden of Regent's Park! And now it was more than probable that she was held captive by a lawless bandit among yonder hills! The very means by which he had become acquainted with the fact—the little Sicilian dictionary he held in his hand, and without which, half of Francisco's communication would have been lost upon him—was an element in this incongruity, and helped to give a grotesqueness, which, however, was very far from being laughable, to this mysterious drama.

Walter had listened to his companion's words with enforced attention, but now that the information had been obtained—now that he had something to go upon—he became all impatience for action. Every moment in which he was not engaged in promoting Lillian's release seemed a waste of time, and a reproach to his loving heart. 'Our best plan, I conclude,' said he hastily, 'is at once to return to Palermo, and give notice of what has occurred to the police.'

'To the police? O no, signor!'

'To the soldiers, then?'

'Nay; that would be worse still. Your best hope to see mildred again is to communicate with—his banker.'

Walter was astounded; it seemed to him that Francisco was humouring British prejudices, in making a commercial transaction out of this abominable outrage.

'Indeed, signor,' continued the other quietly, 'that is your best chance. If you can get the ransom before the government stirs in the matter, your friends may be released at once; but, otherwise, the transaction will be forbidden; the soldiers will be sent out, and there will be danger. Not to the signora,' he added hastily, perceiving Walter to change colour. 'I cannot but think that she will be sent home in safety. But, to her father—— If Corrali is now disappointed of a plot he has so long calculated upon, he will be capable—it is idle to deny it—of any atrocity.'

'But how shall I know what is the sum demanded?'

'There is no fear upon that point,' answered Francisco, smiling. 'To-morrow, or the next day—so soon as he considers himself in safety, Corrali will send in his terms.'

'But, in the meanwhile, we are losing precious time,' broke in Walter impatiently. 'If we were in Palermo now, for example, a pursuit might be organised, and these brigands forced to give up their prey.'

'It would be the height of imprudence, even then, signor,' replied Francisco confidently; 'but we are not in Palermo, nor could we sail there in this calm under six hours at quickest.'

'But we could go by land in half that time.'

'The signor can go, if he wishes it,' was the stolid reply. 'For myself, I have seen Captain Corrali face to face already; I do not desire another interview. It is true he may be in the mountains by this time; but his people are everywhere, and on the road to Palermo to-night, above all places—you may be sure of it—to intercept this very news.'

A look of contempt came into Walter's face, but instantly died away. This had good reason to shun the brigands, whether his fears on this occasion were well grounded or not. He was not in love with Lillian, nor interested in saving the money of Mr Christopher Brown. It was unreasonable, therefore, to despise him—who, moreover, had a father who loved him as the apple of his eye—for refusing to risk life and liberty on such an errand.

'Francisco,' said Walter gently, 'take you the boat at once back to Palermo, and give information of what has occurred, if I have not already done so. Should you not find me at home, go straight to Sir Reginald Selwyn, at the *Hôtel de France*, and tell him what has happened. And now, put me ashore.'

Unmistakable compassion looked softly out of Francisco's eyes. 'The way is long,' he said—'twelve miles at the very least; and it is doubtful whether at any village the signor will find a conveyance.'

'No matter; I can run the distance in three hours. The road goes by the coast, does it not, and cannot be mistaken?'

'The road is straight enough, but—— Is the signor quite determined?'

'They had reached the deck by this time, and Walter's only answer was to step into the boat which was fastened alongside the yacht. The muffled dip of the oars alone broke the silence of sea and shore; the hills, the woods, seemed steeped in slumber; through the orchard trees the white road could be seen empty and silent.'

'Keep in the centre,' whispered Francisco, pointing towards it, 'and do not stop for a shot or two. They do not shoot well, flying these gentlemen. But if they once capture you, make no attempt to escape, or they will kill you to a certainty—that is a point of honour with them.'

Here the boat touched land, and Walter leaped lightly upon the shore.

'Good-bye, Francisco, till to-morrow morning,' said he cheerfully. 'I shall beat you by three hours, for a ducat.'

'Good-bye, signor; and may the blessed saints protect you from all harm!'

The next moment, the boat had shot into the bay, and Walter was pushing his way through the little orchard that lay between the sea and the high-road.

CHAPTER XXX.—ON THE ROAD.

Rapid motion of any sort is detrimental to human thought, and especially that of one's own legs. As Walter's feet beat quickly on the hard road, something seemed also to beat within his brain; the ideas in it were jostled together, and if one of them got uppermost for a brief space, it was soon usurped by another. At first, fear was dominant—fear, not upon his own account at all; when a man is hopeless, he feels no fear. If Lillian had ever been within his reach, or even if she had promised herself to him in the case, however improbable, of her father giving consent to their union, life would have been inexpressibly dear to Walter, and he would have shrunk from losing it. As it was, Captain Corrali, or any other gentleman of his calling, was welcome to it, or seemed to be so. So far as he was personally concerned, it was a pleasure to be thus risking it for her sweet sake; it was but a

poor thing, and scarcely to be counted as a sacrifice; but it might be valuable just now to *her*, and therefore it behoved him to preserve it. He looked, therefore, sharply to right and left, and kept the middle of the road, as Francisco had advised him to do.

On the left was always rising ground, which by degrees reached mountain height, with its summit but rarely visible; on the right, were sometimes orchards, or cultivated plots of ground, and sometimes only the sea-beach. There was no sign of life on any hand. There is nothing so wearisome as indolence, and hence the Sicilian retires early; still, the evidence of man's labour convinced him that he could not be very far from some village, or at least a human habitation. When one is running, one's aspirations are limited, and to find an inn with a horse in its stable was the summit of Walter's ambition for the present; that would enable him the more quickly to reach Selwyn, whom for the last fortnight it had been his constant endeavour to avoid. Everything in the world is by comparison—which accounts, perhaps, for so much of it being odious—and what had been his bane, he now longed for. The embarrassment, the humiliation, which such a meeting would cost him, the imputations which it would necessarily lay him under—all these had sunk out of sight, and left Lillian's deliverance alone visible. He was not much moved by Francisco's arguments against employing force in the matter; the lad had doubtless inherited some timidity from his father, and his own captivity by the brigands, when he was but a boy, had given him, probably, an undue impression of their courage and tenacity of purpose. He thought that if the government would only send out troops enough, the scoundrels must soon be surrounded, and compelled to deliver up their prisoners. In the meantime, it was their interest to treat them well; and, thank Heaven, the night was warm and dry, and Lillian, delicate though she was, might take no harm from her temporary captivity. It was impossible, at the rate he was going—though he took care not to press the pace too much, since it might be necessary at any moment to 'put on a spurt'—to look below the surface of things; moreover, it was above all things essential to keep a sharp eye on the road. Though using as much caution as he could, his footsteps rang out in the silence, and must needs give notice of his approach to any one on the watch. Presently, he heard another sound from the hilly ground which was in that part covered with scrub—low trees with a thick undergrowth; a sharp hissing or kissing noise. He stopped a moment to listen, and it was repeated farther on, and therefore less clearly. It might very well proceed from some bird, or even insect, with the nature of which he was unacquainted; yet it startled him, and he mechanically increased his speed, keeping more to the orchard side of the road. In this he erred, for at that moment a man clothed in sheep-skin, and with a gun in his hand, sprang out from it, exclaiming something, which was probably an equivalent for the old British 'Stand, sir!'

Walter had been an idle man at college, but had learned something from an outside professor, who taught Self-defence, and especially the useful art of hitting out quickly from the shoulder. No sooner had this wolf in sheep's clothing thus addressed him, than, seizing the barrel of the gun

with one hand, he knocked him down with the other. At the same moment, the low wall on the other side of the road became a parapet for gun-barrels—one, two, three, four; he could count them, as they shone dull and cold in the moonlight; and again the warning cry, 'Stand, sir!' rang out, as it seemed, from half-a-dozen mouths. Walter's reply was to bound forward like an antelope. 'They do not shoot well, flying, these gentlemen,' were the words that rang in his ears, with a storm of bullets. One of them stung his cheek, and he could feel the hot blood running down it; but it only acted like a spur. Never, even when he carried off 'the Pewter' in the university flat-race, two years (it seemed two centuries) ago, had he ever laid foot to ground so nimbly. Perhaps the guns came from Birmingham, but, in any case, they were not breech-loaders, nor double-barrelled; they had advanced all the لندن arguments they had to urge, and he had got clean away for that time, at all events; only, what troubled him was, that that soft sibilant noise—even at that supreme moment it struck him how like it was to kissing—was repeated, and repeated again, far, far in front of him, as though the whole hillside had been tented by ardent lovers. He guessed rightly—though the fact was not revealed to him just then—that it was the system of telegraphy used by the brigands.

This attempt to intercept him had been made within a few hundred yards of a large village, which a turn of the road now revealed to him. The houses were of tolerable size, and mostly built of stone; and since in every case the shutters were closed, and the absence of glass in the windows was not observable, the place looked as well to do as any petty provincial town in England. Walter took it as a matter of course that herein he would find succour and sympathy, even if he should be unable to procure a vehicle to carry him the remainder of his journey. But either the inhabitants were unanimous in their habits of early retirement, or what, after a few applications with his fist at a door or two, he began to think the likelier, the noise of the brigands' guns had induced them to shrink into their shells and simulate slumber. Not a single reply did he extract in answer to his repeated summons, till he reached the principal inn, where, in an up-stairs window, a light was still burning. Here the master of the establishment was so good as to come out to him in person, appearing in a large white cap, in which he might either have been cooking or sleeping, and but little else in the way of garments. There was no ment in the house, he observed with great volubility, and without giving Walter time to name his wants; nothing, indeed, to eat but macaroni. If the signor did not require food, so much the better; but seeing him to be an Englishman, his mind had naturally flown to meat.

'Have you no eyes?' interrupted Walter impatiently. 'Can you not see that my cheek is bleeding? I have just been waylaid by brigands.'

'Heavens! Is it possible? Brigands!'

'It is quite possible, as one would have thought you could believe, since it happened just outside your town. However, I want nothing from you but the means of getting away from it. I must have a carriage of some kind, in which to get to Palermo. These scoundrels have captured an

English lady and her father, and every moment is precious. Just give me a basin and some water, while the horses are being harnessed!

Walter would not even enter the house, but stood at the door while he washed his wound, which turned out to be little more than a scratch.

'Now, when is that carriage coming round?'

He had seen one in the yard that adjoined the inn.

'You are welcome to the carriage, signor; but, alas! we have no horses, nor do I believe that there is one in the place. Two gentlemen have just stopped here with a tired pair from Termini, which we were unable to replace.'

'From Termini? Why, that is the way I have come! Did they not meet any molestation?'

'No, indeed, signor,' answered the innkeeper with a smile of incredulity, that seemed to say: 'Young gentlemen get scratches from other things beside musket-balls! They certainly did not mention that they had been shot at.'

'Well, I have been shot at,' observed Walter with irritation; 'and I must get on to Palermo—those two things are certain.'

That his host was indisposed to offer him any assistance, and anxious to get rid of him, there was no doubt; and what Bocari had told him of the fear inspired in the villages by the brigands, convinced Walter of the reason.

'You do not seem very hospitable, my friend,' said he severely; 'and I shall make it my business, when I reach my journey's end, to let the police know how you have treated me. Where there is a carriage for hire, there are mostly horses!'

'There are none here,' interrupted the landlord sulkily; 'but if the signor can make good use of his legs, he cannot fail to catch the vehicle of which I have spoken, since the road is hilly, and it can scarcely move out of a foot-pace.'

The suggestion was not inviting; but as there seemed no alternative, Walter turned upon his heel, with an exclamation, which, being in pure Saxon, let us hope the innkeeper imagined to be a farewell blessing, and recommenced his journey. He had recovered his breath, and felt altogether 'like running.' If any Sicilian eyes were watching him through the closed shutters, as he moved lightly up the street, they would have seen what was probably a rarity to them—an English athlete in 'good form.' For boxing, though he could, as we have seen, give a well-delivered blow enough, Walter's frame was too slightly made; but for speed and endurance, few amateurs could touch him. He ran 'clean,' without that 'loppety' motion from which even professional runners are seldom free; and he knew how to husband his resources, while appearing to be putting forth his utmost powers. If the village landlord had told him the truth—a very improbable 'if,' it must be confessed, in any case, and, moreover, his words had had to Walter's ear a tone not only of sarcasm, but of malignity—he had little doubt of getting a lift on his way—of overtaking this carriage with two tired horses upon a hilly road; and even if there was no carriage, he was game to keep up his present pace to the gates of Palermo. The road, though it turned inland, was now much more open; he could see not only around him but before him; and presently he beheld, just disappearing at the top of a steep hill, some slow-moving vehicle.

What description of conveyance it was, he had not time to make out; but the sight of it gave wings to his feet. Even if it was but a laden cart, he might bribe the driver to let him take the horse out of it, and thence reach the city half an hour earlier. At the top of the hill, a most splendid spectacle awaited him: the whole Bay of Palermo, even to Cape di Gallo, lay stretched beneath his gaze; the full height of Mount Pellegrino stood up black, except where the moonlight crowned it with silver; while before him was a defile winding between woods of spruce fir, through which, crossed by a stone bridge, leaped down white water to the sea. What delighted him most, however, was the sight of a wagonette and pair, with two men in it, which had just passed the bridge, and was making its way up the opposite hill. As he ran down towards it at the top of his speed, he fancied he heard once again the distant kissing noise run, like some light substance that rapidly catches fire, along the fir upon the left hand; but it might well have been the noise in his ears produced by his rapid progress; and, at all events, with help so near, there was no occasion for giving attention to it. The occupants of the carriage seemed to have heard it too, for, to his great joy, he saw it stop, and one man stood up in it, as if to look behind. Walter had no breath to waste in calling, but he drew out his white handkerchief as he ran on, to attract attention; and in this it seemed he had succeeded, for he saw the man making gestures to him; and in a few minutes more, he found himself panting and exhausted by the door of the wagonette.

Two Sicilians, not of the upper ranks, as it seemed to him, though they were somewhat profusely decorated with chains and jewellery, were its occupants, and he who had been standing up addressed him in courteous tones.

'Do you want a lift, signor?' inquired he.

'Indeed, I do,' said Walter, not waiting for a more formal invitation, but at once climbing up into the nearest seat. 'I am pursued and in trouble. Pray, tell your coachman to drive on, and I will tell you all as we go along.'

At a word from the man who had addressed him, the driver touched the horses with his whip, and off they went, though at a rate so slow, that a London cabman taken by the hour would have been ashamed of it.

While Walter was recovering his breath, he took an observation of his companions. The general impression which his first hurried glance had given him of their 'dressy' appearance was more than confirmed; if they had been Londoners, he would have set them down as belonging to the swell mob, or, rather, they were more like the representatives of that class in farces. They wore billy-cock hats, rather taller in the crown than those commonly seen in England; shooting-jackets of a burnt sienna colour—so it seemed by the moonlight—with enormous pockets both inside and out, such as poachers and gamekeepers use. So far, their dress was 'quiet' enough; but their waistcoats, which were of blue cloth, were covered with gilt buttons, sewn on like those of pages, not for use, but shew, and positively festooned with gold (or gilt) chains. To the shooting-jackets were attached a sort of hood, to throw over the head in case of rain; and round each man's waist was a broad belt, with a shot or cartridge pouch depending from it.

Under the seat opposite to Walter was a long gun, and he conjectured rightly that its fellow lay beneath him. Upon the whole, he came to the conclusion that these men were small tradespeople, who had gone out for a holiday in which sport—or what they thought to be so—had formed a principal feature. They had probably been shooting tom-tits.

'If you could get your coachman to drive a little quicker,' said Walter, 'I should feel more comfortable while telling you my story; first, because it is of the utmost importance to me to get to Palermo as soon as possible; secondly, because, as I believe, we are upon dangerous ground.'

'Dangerous ground!' laughed he who seemed to take the lead as a superior mind. 'When did that come into your head, Signor Inglese?'

'I am perfectly serious, gentlemen,' said Walter gravely; 'and not only did the circumstance happen which I have described, but a whole band of these rascals have boarded an English gentleman's boat in the bay over yonder, and carried both himself and his daughter into captivity. My object is to give the alarm as soon as possible, that measures may be taken for their release.'

'Naturally,' answered he who sat on the same seat with Walter, 'if the Englishman is a person of consequence, they will probably send the troops after him immediately.'

'Just so: that is the plan I hope will be adopted. But, in the meantime, I repeat, I wish we could move a little faster. I would gladly bear the whole expense of the wagonette, if I might be allowed to have my way in this particular.'

'That is impossible, Signor Inglese,' answered the other with a courteous inclination of his head.

'We are proud to be able to do you this small service. And as for brigands, there are none so near Palermo as this—I do assure you.'

'And yet I could almost swear I heard them signalling to one another not five minutes ago, down there,' argued Walter, pointing towards the bridge. 'It was a cry like this; and he proceeded to imitate it, not, it must be confessed, with great success. The attempt, however, excited the boisterous mirth of his companions.'

'The signor must have heard the nightingales,' said one.

'Or the echo of his last parting from his mistress must have been still ringing in his ears,' observed the other. 'As for the brigands, what have we to fear, who carry guns. Would the signor like to take one for himself?' and he motioned to that which lay under the opposite seat.

Nothing loath to be armed in case of the worst, Walter stooped down to pick up the gun, when a heavy weight fell violently upon his shoulders, and he found himself face foremost upon the floor of the vehicle. He struggled violently to free himself; but the space was too confined for him to throw off the man who had leaped upon him; and in less than a minute, his confederate had attached a rope to his outstretched wrists, and fastened them firmly behind his back. When he was suffered to rise, the carriage had stopped, and the steps were already let down behind.

'Scende,' said one of his captors sententiously.

'Coachman,' cried Walter, 'you will bear witness what these men have done, and where they did it; they are brigands.'

Here something cold touched the tip of Walter's

ear: it was the muzzle of a pistol. 'If the signor speaks again, he dies,' said the voice that had addressed him so often. It was still quiet, and even courteous, but very firm.

Walter called to mind Francisco's advice about submission, should he fall into brigands' hands, and was silent. It was not likely where deeds were impossible, that words should avail him. The driver, too, it was now plain, was either in league with these men, or was afraid to oppose their wishes in any respect; he had never once turned round, so as to shew his face, and now he drove away, leaving his three fares in the road, with the same precaution. Walter had seen no more of him from first to last than Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., saw of the fat traveller. Ere the noise of the departing vehicle had died away, one of his late companions put his thumb and forefinger to his lips, and, whistling shrilly, produced the identical sound which had that night so often created his suspicions. It was at once replied to from the adjoining spruce woods, in half-a-dozen places, and as many men sprang out, each with a gun in his hand, and approached Walter and his captors.

'Your name?' inquired the man who had taken the lead in the wagonette, while the others stood round in an attitude of respectful attention.

'My name is Walter Litton; my profession, that of a painter; I am an English subject. To what money I have about me, you are welcome; and I swear that I will never give evidence against you, if you will only let me go free. Otherwise, this outrage will not pass unpunished.'

'The young cock crows loudly,' observed the other, laughing.

'Well, signor, you have told me your name, and now I will tell you mine. If you have heard it before, it will teach you what to expect, and how idle are all these ridiculous menaces. If you have not heard it, you will soon come to know me—I am *Il Capitano Corrali*.'

SOME BROKEN LIVES.

THERE is always a peculiar fascination about stories of literary struggle; and that fascination was seldom, if ever, more powerful than it is in the six biographical sketches which Mr Henry Curwen not long ago composed.* The subjects of his sketches may well be called examples of 'broken lives.'

On Wednesday, January 31, 1861, a notable funeral took place in Paris. Behind that lamented celebrity who was being carried to his last home, followed three thousand persons, bareheaded, and one hundred carriages; and amongst the mourners, or rather attendants, the Ministers of State and Public Instruction were all represented, as well as the Academy and the other learned bodies. No wonder a fair stranger from the provinces turned wonderingly to her neighbour, and inquired: 'Is it the funeral of a millionaire?' 'No, madam,' was the reply: 'it is the funeral of a pauper poet.' It was the funeral of Henry Murger, 'a poet whose poems were published for the first time upon the day of his death, and who died, just as his talents were becoming duly recognised, at the age of thirty-nine, from the effects of the want and misery of the unaided struggles of his youth.'

* *Sorrow and Song: Studies of Literary Struggle.* By Henry Curwen. Henry S. King & Co.

Next day, they opened a subscription to erect a handsome monument to Murger's memory. Long ago, he had asked for bread; now they gave him a stone of the costliest! No doubt, it is very sad; but it is a question whether indignation, on that account, can be righteously vented against society, or any particular portion or individual of it. When a young man, listening to the promptings of genius (which, so far as material prosperity is concerned, is so often an evil genius), forsakes his own sphere, rejects his natural labour, defies the world, and becomes a law unto himself, the principal consideration, if he have really genius, is, whether he be strong enough to bide his time. There is no sort of doubt about this: that, if Henry Murger had been constitutionally strong enough to bide his time, he would have had his due reward; fame, honour, and riches, or, at anyrate, competence, were ready for him. Such men as he deserve just the sympathy we feel for the young soldier who succumbs to the hardships of a campaign, and cannot last until the time has come to gather the fruits of victory.

Henry Murger was born in Paris on the 24th of March 1832; and his father was *concierge*, or porter, of the house, Rue St. Germain, where the birth took place. How much the boy was indebted to his mother for his future misery and his future fame, cannot be accurately measured; but, inasmuch as she, with a quick motherly instinct, not unmingled with personal pride, was bold enough to declare that 'her darling was no common child,' but 'destined to become a *moniteur* (gentleman), not a mere tradesman,' it is probable that he owed to her a great deal of both. And when we consider how many mothers have the same notion concerning their darling boys, of whom very few come so near to justifying the prediction as Murger did, there is reason to wonder that the world—which already abounds with literary aspirants as needy and miserable and pretentious as Murger, but devoid of any particle of his genius—does not positively swarm with them. Murger's father, on the other hand, would, apparently, have liked to bring up the boy in such wise that he might ultimately have earned an honest, but not at all luxurious livelihood, by combining, after the paternal manner, the dignity of a door-porter with the utility of a tailor. The maternal flatteries are said to have been seconded by a 'voice that whispered: "Son of a tailor, thou shalt be a poet! The Parisians shall sing thy verses, as the fishers of Sorrento those of Tasso. Thou shalt be one of the chosen whom women crown with roses, and men with laurels. Thou shalt be loved and applauded. Go onward, child, to glory; onward towards love!"' The owner of the voice, however, either forgot to whisper anything about misery and starvation, and neglect and sickness, or thought that, the whole history of literature bristling with such warnings, it would be quite superfluous. And so Murger became one of the Bohemian brotherhood, who adopted for their motto, 'The Academy, the hospital, or the Morgue!' He was one also of a small society of young men, who called themselves *Deuxiers d'eau*, or 'Water-drinkers,' not by any means because they were teetotallers, but from the glass of water that each member drank when he took the pledges of the society. And at the moment when Murger began to be known, what had been the fate of the rest of the fraternity?

Two 'had died in the hospital; a third had gone to his native town, to beg the bread he could not find in Paris. Karol, the kindest of all, had expired in Constantinople, without a friend or friend to aid him in his extremity, after months of starvation in his futile endeavours to get pupils for French; Jules de la Madeleine was dead; Gérard de Nerval had, like Chatterton, grown weary of the struggle, and, seeking a like escape, had perished in his pride.' There is not much here to encourage young knights of the quill to throw up steady employment, and rush headlong into the lists of literature with a shout of 'Vive la Bohème!'

Of Novalis, it is almost certain, the ordinary English reader knows little or nothing. There is a vague echo of the name, perhaps, pervading many memories, and that is all. Not every one of those to whom the name has a sort of familiar sound, is aware that it was assumed for purposes of concealment, until, by force of fame, it completely absorbed the real name of Friedrich von Hardenberg, son of Baron von Hardenberg, director of the Saxonian salt-works. Nor, though Novalis may assuredly take his place in a category of broken lives, is there in the story of his short career anything of that terribly real and universally appreciable misery which startles and impresses one in the case of the literary Bohemian, and which goes straight home to the heart of whoever is liable to sordid wants, and whoever has a dread of starvation and the dead-house. Novalis 'passed away on the 26th of March 1801, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, leaving to us all a reputation full of promise and fragmentary works, that in their ruined splendour say something of what he might have become to Germany, and to the world of students that bow to German thought.' It was early for the golden bowl to be broken, and for the silver cord to be cut; but the drama of his life offers none of those appalling scenes which can rivet the attention, and enlist the sympathies of the least as well as the most refined combatants in the battle of life. Novalis was at one time assessor and law-adviser to the salt-mines of Thuringia, at another a chief-engineer; and, 'poet-prophet' though he was, he was 'very industrious in the duties of his office, attending to all things with willingness, and regarding nothing, of however little importance, as insignificant.' He did not go forth to fight the world, taking for his battle-cry, 'The Academy, the hospital, or the Morgue.' He was content to snatch what time he might from the ordinary work of men for his literary labours; and soft as well as sad are the incidents which, in his case, exercise over us a fascinating influence. There was no fierce struggle for daily bread, no half-tragic and half-comic experiences; he loved and lost, and he was cut off in the early flower of his age; we mourn with him at the grave of Sophie Kähler, and we mourn for him, as he wastes away with consumption before his futile brain has been matured; we acknowledge the fascination of his story, but it affects us with only a gentle melancholy.

An extraordinary career, a veritable struggle, was the life of Alexander Petöfi, 'for his first twenty years a wandering vagabond—runaway schoolboy, idle student, common soldier, strolling player—often near starvation; outcast and very wretched, yet full still of vast ambitions and of an indomitable courage; then, in the five following

years, the idol of his country, and its greatest poet; . . . the popular orator; the party leader; the almost mythical hero of the battle-field; Alexander Petöfi (or Petrovics) was a Hungarian, born near Pesth, on the first day of the year 1823. His family, in 1838, were completely ruined by the overflowing of the Danube; the father was compelled to fall back entirely upon his manual skill as a butcher, and the son was sent to the Lyceum at Schemnitz. But the boy, as is not unusual with poetical boys, found the discipline of school intolerable; ran away, and almost died of sheer hunger in the streets of Pesth, which he managed to reach; was inspired by some strolling players with a longing for a grand histrionic career, which he commenced in the unpromising capacity of a *super*, and which was prematurely closed by the arrival of his father, who captured him, took him home, and kept him for a while in bondage. Young Petöfi, in a short time, however, was offered a chance of going through the usual course at the university of Cötenburg; but no sooner had he arrived and 'walked round and round the building,' than with more than the alacrity shewn by S. T. Coleridge under somewhat different circumstances at Cambridge, and by E. A. Poe under stress of hunger, he inquired the way to the military dépôt, enlisted as a trooper, and, nobody will be surprised to learn, found that, if school-life was a purgatory, yet military discipline was truly infernal. He, like Coleridge and Poe, relieved the tedium of soldiering by literary composition; 'many of his popular songs were written with a piece of burnt stick upon the white-washed guard-house walls . . . and were recovered by him from the lips of his rough comrades, and written down on paper long after they had been effaced—as he thought, forgotten.' He was rescued from his military misery by a kindly surgeon attached to the staff, who, thoroughly understanding his case, procured his dismissal. Once more, a course at a university was proposed to him, and accepted; and, once more (after a short trial, this time), he fled from the abode of academical learning, and entered upon that 'grand histrionic career,' as a *super*, which had been so ignominiously cut short some years before. But his histrionic success did not reach quite to the level of grandeur; indeed, unpretentious as were the parts assigned to him by the 'common rogues and vagabonds' who made up the companies to which he attached himself, he was invariably jeered by the gaping rustics, who gathered in booth or barn; he was dismissed from company after company, though his wage was hardly bread enough to keep him from starvation, the laughing-stock of actors and public alike; and so, thinking that literature could not well prove a more unkindly calling, he halted at the outlandish town of Kecskemet, and, hiring the orthodox garret, at once set up in business as full-fledged man of letters. Then came the period, usual with the true children of 'sorrow and song,' of cold and hunger and every sort of privation. The bitter storm was weathered in the ordinary way—by sheer endurance, by the scanty aid of friends, by the pitiful wages of a literary hack. But his hour was to come; and one day 'he awoke to find himself the most popular of Hungarian poets. He went nowhere but he heard his songs; when he retired to rest, they were the last voices of the

evening; when he left his bed, they were the first strains of the morning.' And he was still only twenty-three. Before long, he became a politician, nay, a leader of politicians, and a man of war—not exactly a soldier, for even Bem had no power to make him wear the regulation stock; and at last, in July 1849, or it may have been in August, he lay sleeping his last sleep amongst a heap of Hungarian patriots, whose bodies had been huddled unrecognised and unknown, into one enormous trench, upon some green heights, far from the Pusztá that he loved so well. He had fallen in a charge against the Russians; but 'for years the peasantry refused to believe that their hero could be actually dead . . . and, while they sang his songs, they talked of his return, as the old Welsh harpers of the coming back of Arthur, as the Portuguese of King Sebastian.' His was truly a broken life, for he was but twenty-seven when he fell on the field of honour. His fame raises him to the regions of the sublime, his vanity sinks him to those of the ridiculous. It is almost incredible that he should have done the things he did. On board of a steamboat he encountered a nobleman who either did not or would not see him. Petöfi, after vainly endeavouring to attract his attention, halted dead in front of him, and exclaimed: 'Sir, I cannot possibly be unknown to you! You should have saluted me at once. I am Petöfi the poet! What an instance of morbid vanity! There is a possibility of being great poets without common-sense.'

The life of Honoré de Balzac was broken at the somewhat advanced age, for a child of 'sorrow and song,' of fifty; for he was born at Tours, on the 16th of May 1799, and he died on the 18th of August 1850. Still, he went through many a hard scene, and, as Victor Hugo said in his funeral oration at Père la Chaise, 'his life was short' (when we consider what he might have accomplished, had he reached the span of seventy), 'but full—fuller of work than days. This powerful and unwearying toiler, this philosopher, this thinker, this poet, this genius, has lived amongst us that life of storm and struggle, that life of quarrels and combats, common in all times to all our greatest men!' According to Mr Curwen, 'few men have been written about so much' as Balzac, and 'fewer still to poorer purpose,' for 'some score of so-called biographers' have told us 'of little but his vanity, his schemes, his extravagances, his debts, his hair, his cane, and his trinkets.' But, at anyrate, he belonged to the *suffering* brotherhood of literature. He, having made some small success, rather nominal than substantial, became a mark for what are called the vampire publishers, one of whom is sketched in bitterly lively fashion by one of Balzac's friends. We will not repeat the scandalous imputations that a publisher pays a writer not according to his ability, but the depth of his poverty. Balzac commenced his career obscurely. He became famous in the literary arena. When he died, it was thought an honour to bear his pall by Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, and M. Baroche, Minister of the Interior.

In the case of Edgar Allan Poe, a truly broken life in every sense, Mr Curwen seems to have been actuated by a desire to whitewash, as far as possible, a character which, in its blackened condition, is by no means unfamiliar. The possibility, however, was, apparently, very small. Edgar

Allan Poe will most likely be always regarded as an instance of genius in its most admirable and most hideous form, the strangest intermixture of good and evil. Two reasons there were why he could not rise superior to the ills of life: he had no moral ballast, and he indulged in alcohol. It is all very well to say that one glass of wine would 'upset' him; he would not have come to much harm, if he had stopped at that amount of upsetting. If his life do not offer much that is worthy of imitation, his death is full of warning. In the early morning of the 5th of October 1849, in or near Baltimore, a policeman stumbled over something lying by the roadside. It was 'merely the body of a drunken man.' There were no papers, there was nothing to tell its name; and it was taken to the hospital. 'A drunkard suffering from *delirium tremens*,' said the students. On the 7th of October, 'the drunkard' was dead; and he turned out to be Edgar Allan Poe, who might have made fortune as well as fame, if he had not had 'a screw loose.'

Very violently broken was the life of André Chénier, a poet and a political martyr. He had published but two short poems up to the time of his death; nevertheless, he was acknowledged by all who knew him to be possessed of the rarest genius. And, a quarter of a century after his death, the judgment of those who knew him, including the most fervent of his admirers, Châteaubriand, was justified; for his works, then published, achieved a sudden, widespread, and lasting reputation. André Chénier was the victim of political vengeance; he had thrown himself, at the time of the terrible French Revolution, into the vortex of political life with a reckless daring; and, in the thirty-second year of his age, on the 25th of July 1794, he mounted the scaffold at the command of Robespierre. Three days after this, at this same Place de la Révolution, perished his murderer, Robespierre. But three days only, and André Chénier would have been saved! As Chénier walked up the wagon-steps, he 'gave one last regret to his broken life. "To die, to die! and yet I had something there!" he cried, striking his forehead with his hand. "It was the Muse," says Châteaubriand, "who in this supreme hour revealed to him his genius."

And what more, if any, is to be drawn from these few broken portions of broken lives? The 'practical' will, no doubt, draw an easy moral from each; but, fortunately, or unfortunately, the young literary aspirant, whatever may be his peculiar bent, is eminently impractical, and to him, the romance of a certain career will, until he tries it, seem to make up for everything else. Besides, there is the posthumous fame, about which everybody does not think as Falstaff thought; there are, probably, still amongst us men who would willingly die on the scaffold, if it would insure the publication and appreciation of their poems a quarter of a century afterwards. How much the manner of Chénier's death had to do with the attention ultimately bestowed upon his works, it is, of course, impossible to say, but it is pretty certain that to have been a 'political martyr' would be calculated rather to attract than to repel the public. Political martyrdom is, in its tragical form, scarcely possible nowadays, at any rate in this country; but social martyrdom, notwithstanding what has been written and said

about the disappearance of the miseries of Grub Street, is still open to the 'free lance' of literature. It should be remembered, however, by youthful genius, that social martyrdom, in our times, meets with very little respect or sympathy, and that a publisher prefers to deal with talent which is not in absolute want of ready money.

ABOUT SPIDERS.

NATURE rewards with a bountiful hand all who earnestly worship at her shrine. Even to her humbler votaries, who leave the great highways of knowledge to wander along one of her secluded by-paths, she dispenses liberal favours, unfolding to their view many hitherto hidden beauties, in her endless variety of animal and vegetable life. Suppose we take a quiet stroll down one of these unfrequented by-ways, and see how much entertainment may be derived by studying the habits of that familiar but unappreciated little animal, the spider. This may be done without continually using scientific technicalities.

Rendering important services to man, and combining in her character many of those attributes reckoned admirable in others—patience, industry, courage, and a wonderful architectural skill—she is too often the victim of a prejudice as unreasonable as it is ignorant and unjust.

Perhaps none of the numerous spider family offers so many facilities for the accurate observation of her life and habits as the common garden-spider (*Lepista diadema*). Fixing her dwelling between the branches of the smaller bushes and shrubs, or between the railings of the garden, or, better still, in a sly corner in front of some convenient window, she affords easier opportunities for daily observation than any other variety. She is not at all particular which side of the window is selected, as she seems to thrive equally well whether inside or out, only losing, when inside, that brightness of colour which distinguishes the open-air dweller. Constructing a beautifully formed circular, or, as it is sometimes called, geometric net across a pane of glass, her every movement can be studied with advantage. From the centre of the work run radiating lines like the spokes of a wheel, attached at the outside end to long and much stronger lines, usually of a triangular shape, stretching from one side of the woodwork of the pane to the other. These radiating lines are again crossed by another set of concentric circular threads, at gradually widening intervals; making altogether, when finished, a piece of work of a more delicate texture than any dainty lady's embroidery. So wonderfully fine, indeed, are the materials of which it is made, that a thread only just visible to the naked eye has been proved, by some of the best entomologists, to have been spun out of a thousand different strands issuing together from the spider's spinnerets and tubes; the comparatively coarse threads of the house-spider containing about four hundred united strands. From the centre of the

web of the garden-spider, to her hiding-place in one of the upper corners of the window-pane, runs a strong cord-like gangway or passage, only connected with the main work in the middle. With her feet resting on one end of this connecting rope, she feels the slightest vibration of the net when a fly is caught, rushes to the centre, feels with her feet on which of the strands the fly is entangled, darts at once to the place, and soon finishes her victim. This spider is evidently guided to her prey more by touch than sight :

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Unlike the common house-spider (*Aranea domestica*), which rushes straight at her prey, and drags it at once in her month into her den, to be killed and eaten in darkness, the geometric-spider, even if a fly be caught near her hiding-place, runs first to the centre, to discover the whereabouts of her prey. Unlike the house-spider, too, she kills the fly on the web where it is caught ; the rapid death of the victim shewing the virulence of the spider's poison, which is distilled into the wound through hollow fangs like those of a serpent. If the fly be a small one—say a midge—and lies perfectly still when caught, the spider will feel all the strands in the centre round and round two or three times, before finding on which part of the net the little tit-bit lies. When a wasp is caught, if the spider cannot see her way to a safe blow, she will either weave her enemy in a stronger mesh, and wait till the wasp is almost dead by exhaustion, or, if her network be in danger of being all broken up by such a strong intruder, she will cut the threads that hold it, and let her dangerous customer go. There is a little black fly, shaped like an ant, but smaller, often caught in one of these circular nets, which frequently escapes by wriggling itself clear. Whether it is furnished with some sharp weapon of defence, or has the power, some beetles are well known to possess, of emitting a pungent essence against its enemies, would be difficult to determine ; but the spider soon beats a retreat when she finds she has caught a Tartar, and either allows it to wriggle itself free, or waits at a convenient distance until the fly is completely exhausted by its struggles.

Unless the fly killed on the open web be a very small one, the garden-spider does not carry her prey to her den in her month, but wraps it up in a bundle in a kind of sling, and runs to her lair with her victim hanging down behind her—cleverly preventing the loosely hung bundle from getting entangled on the way. Depositing the booty at the entrance of her tunnel-shaped home, she quietly enjoys her meal, sucks the body dry, usually removing all traces of her recent slaughter. When another spider appears upon the scene, however, her demeanour is very different. Gathering as many strands of her web as possible in her saw-like claws—which, when magnified, look proportionately much more formidable than those of a lion—she gives them a violent shake, when the intruder generally 'cuts' and runs. If the invader declines to move on when thus warned, but shews fight instead, it is curious to mark the cautious way they approach each other, evidently conscious

the encounter means death to one or both. Spreading out their legs on each side, as if to guard against a side-attack, and reaching as far as possible with their fore-legs, they open wide their jaws, and look very formidable indeed, each presenting to the other a 'horrid front.' It is a duel in which the one that can plant the first well-directed blow conquers. Once let the fangs of the one be planted in the other's body, and the one seized will curl itself up and quietly yield to an inevitable doom.

It is a question if, in their personal encounters with each other, these cunning creatures do not fight with a full knowledge of how to use poisoned weapons independently of their fangs. When approaching one another for that final gripe both seem to dread, they will stop, and place in their mouths first one, and then the other claw of the long fore-legs, with which it is part of their strategy to overreach each other. For what purpose ? Is it to dip the claws in their poison-bags or glands, knowing that a single scratch inflicted on the body of an adversary by a poison-tipped weapon will eventually prove fatal ?

The spider is surely the very Ishmael of insects ; from the time, in early spring, when, bursting the strong yellow bag or cocoon in which the parent spider had deposited her eggs, the young ones take their solitary way through life, with their hands, as it were, against every one, and every one's hand against them. Even their matrimonial alliances, requisite for the propagation of their species, are formed with unusual precautions, not altogether unnecessary, when the bride, the larger of the two, not unfrequently finishes the honeymoon by devouring her luckless husband. The patience he shews in hanging about the residence of his intended, sometimes on the outskirts of the web, at others, on a few lines of his own, just outside, often for days together, without a bite to eat, is as exemplary, as the method he adopts to lure her from her cell, when she is in an amatory mood, is singular and amusing.

The circular web is perhaps better adapted to the fly-catching business than any other, as the proprietors drive a roaring trade, and soon wax fat, especially after the apparently painful process of casting the skin has been successfully accomplished, a process that leaves them for two or three days very weak, and devoid of their usual animation. After peeling off the skin, the legs are clear, and almost transparent, not unlike a piece of amber.

Towards evening, the garden-spider leaves her lair, and takes up her station in the middle of the web, with her feet resting on the radiating threads, ready on the slightest vibration to pounce upon her prey. Evening, too, is the time usually selected for gathering up her broken strands ; though Kirby and Spence, in their admirable *Introduction to Entomology*, evidently go too far when they assert that the concentric circles of the geometric nets are *all* renewed every twenty-four hours ; the patchy appearance of the structure, after being some time in use, being in strong contrast to its beautiful regularity when first constructed, which a *total* renewal would naturally restore.

The spider is never, apparently, off her guard, and is always either 'fishing or mending the net'—the proverb about catching a weasel asleep, being equally applicable to this wide-awake featherless fly-catcher. She is not a bad barometer either, for when rain is threatened—especially those warm,

summer showers that fill the earth with fragrance, and set the blackbird's rich contralto carolling through the air—this spider may be seen busily engaged arranging her 'parlour' for her welcome guests, the flies, whom she invites to 'walk in,' knowing that the coming rain will drive them for shelter to the nearest bush or building.

In striking contrast to the jolly open-air life of the garden-spider, is the dismal existence, that can hardly be called life, passed by many common house-spiders. Constructing a web of strong cloth-like texture, slung like a hammock, in some out-of-the-way corner, her life is spent in a state of chronic semi-destitution, waiting for the infatuated fly that may accidentally drop in. Her powers of endurance must be something wonderful. When hunger can be borne no longer, this spider—a determined cannibal, when nothing better can be had—will start on a hunting expedition after other spiders of a smaller kind, exercising in the nefarious quest a good deal of cunning.

The house-spider passes the winter in both the egg and perfect form. The writer, on the 10th of February, roused a large torpid house-spider from its sleep, which slowly, and with much difficulty, made its way up the wall to a crevice in the ceiling, evidently thinking with the sluggard, 'You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again.' On the same date, February 10th—a cold frosty day—a cocoon that was observed to be turning darker-coloured than others, was opened, and found to be full of perfectly formed young spiders, nearly black. Some of them began to move, and one fell out of the nest on to some paper beneath, when, on moving the paper, the young sluggard was found hanging to it, four or five inches below, proving, that, as soon as spiders are hatched, they have the power of attaching themselves to any object they touch, by a line of their own making, strong enough to bear them. They evidently knew it was too early to separate, for, on being left to themselves, they were soon after found huddled together in a round heap, each in the shape the old ones assume when simulating death.

One of the prettiest, as it is certainly one of the most entertaining of our native spiders, is a small jumping species, called by naturalists *Salticus scenicus*, which, almost any sunny day in summer, may be seen dodging about on the window-sill, to get within leaping distance of some unconscious fly, on which it will spring, like a diminutive tiger, with fatal precision. Beautifully marked with black and white or black and brown stripes, this active little hunter manages to pick up a living without the trouble of manufacturing a web. The extraordinary manoeuvres practised by it are extremely amusing, and, to any sportsman fond of stalking his game, a quiet study of this little creature's method of getting near its prey without being seen, might repay itself.

Perhaps the smallest of our native spiders, as it is also the most handsomely shaped, is the active, ever on the move gossamer (*Araneus diadematus*). As the principle of the diving-bell was known to and utilised by an aquatic species of spider ages before its adoption by man, so the art of flying through the air without wings was regularly practised by the tiny gossamer-spider long before Montgolfier and the earliest aeronauts constructed their first balloons. Running to the topmost point

of a garden gate or railing, it will elevate its abdomen, and shoot out a streamline line until it is long enough to bear the weight of its small body; when it will spring into the air, and go floating on the current, with the gauzy thread gleaming in the autumn sun. Some entomologists affirm that this mysterious little animal, that has so long been a puzzle to them, has the power of shooting out its thread towards any object it pleases. It is hardly possible, however, that such an impalpable filmy substance, so exceedingly fine as to be quite invisible except when flashing in the sunshine, can do otherwise than go with the prevalent current of air.

Though they are occasionally met with during the summer, it is only towards the end of autumn that they appear at all numerous. Whence come they in such immense numbers some years, compared with others, covering our fields and lawns at dewy eve with an invisible network, which the morning sun transforms into a brilliant veil, clothing the earth as with a garment of silvery gauze, studded with liquid gems, until the dew evaporates, and leaves them again at liberty to resume their aerial flights?

Besides the varieties already noticed, there are other wanderers that might be studied with both pleasure and profit. There is, for instance, the long-legged shepherd-spider, that may be seen any time in summer, particularly in the hay-field, always apparently in a desperate hurry to be in time either for a feast or a fray. When that blessed millennium arrives when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, the shepherd-spider and our old friend, daisy-long-legs, will, no doubt, make a capital pair, and forgetting their previous mortal feud, will live long together, and be as the story-books say, 'happy ever after.' All our native spiders are comparatively harmless to man, except one found occasionally in cellars, which causes a painful swelling by its bite, though this has been doubted by some careful observers. In some tropical countries, however, the bites of certain large spiders are considered very painful, if not dangerous; and Madame Merian's pathetic picture of a large spider killing a humming-bird, dragged from its nest, often doubted, has been confirmed by later travellers. Alas, poor humming-bird! In danger of extermination not from bird or beast of prey, but from the dictates of a heartless fashion, by which thy joyous life is sacrificed, that thy bright little body may adorn my lady's headgear!

Perhaps enough has been written about spiders to induce some of our readers to shew a little more consideration towards these useful, but often persecuted creatures. If some of their characteristics are calculated to inspire aversion, they, at anyrate, fill their allotted part in the economy of nature. They assist materially—along with other destroyers—in keeping down hosts of flies, that would soon become intolerable. The fecundity of some species of flies is so prodigious, it has been computed that three and their progeny would eat the carcass of a horse sooner than a lion would! Cowbols, as they are called, may be offensive to people of a tidy turn, but, as Southey quaintly remarks, 'the more spiders there were in the stables, the less would the horses suffer from flies.' As the sluggard is commanded to 'go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise;' so, in considering the ways of

other tiny beings, equally interesting, if not so popular, may we have wisdom enough to profit by their lessons of patience, vigilance, and industry.

THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

'TALKING of that,' said Mr Wilson, getting up and poking the fire vigorously, 'reminds me of a little incident that occurred to me in my young days.'

The scene is the best parlour of the *Wallsend Arms*, at Cossop on the Sore, where there is a snug meeting of the Commissioners of Public Sewers for the district. The small silver-headed old gentleman who is poking the fire is a retired surgeon of the town; his colleague is Colonel Bowster of Cossop Priory, a tall, grizzled, ex-cavalry officer; and the red-faced, merry-looking man in the corner is a local lawyer, the clerk to the Board. Wine and biscuits are on the table. There is nothing particular to be done, but they are bound by act of parliament to sit till two o'clock, and it is now barely one.

'It wouldn't do to smoke, I suppose?' says the colonel, looking dolefully out of the window; a wet dripping day, a High Street deserted of passengers, depression prevailing everywhere. 'It wouldn't do to smoke, eh?'

'Well,' replies the lawyer doubtfully, 'perhaps it wouldn't be quite regular, eh?—What do you say, Mr Wilson?'

'Personally, I haven't the slightest objection,' replies Wilson; 'but whether public opinion would quite sanction the members of a public Board—on public business——What do you think, colonel?'

'No, no; I see that—I quite see that,' said the colonel, relinquishing his hold of his cigar-case, and yawning dolefully.

'Try a pinch of snuff, colonel,' said Wilson, producing a little horn snuff-box, and tapping the lid with his knuckle. 'Public opinion can't object to snuff!'

The colonel stretched out his hand for the snuff-box, took a pinch, and then examined the box in a listless way.

'That box,' went on Wilson, 'is connected with a curious incident in my early life.'

'Well, let's hear it, Wilson,' said the colonel, good-naturedly; 'anything's better than sitting here doing nothing.'

'Well, when I first joined the medical school of St Joseph's,' began Mr Wilson, seating himself by the fire with a glass of sherry in his hand, which he sipped now and then in the pauses of his narrative—'when I first joined the medical school, and made my acquaintance with the dissecting-table, there was a person in the habit of frequenting the dissecting-room whose position and calling were for a long time a puzzle to me. He was a fine tall man, well dressed, generally in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, a canary-coloured waistcoat, white kerseymere trousers, and Hessian boots; quite a buck, in fact; and he would walk up and down the room dandling a great bunch of seals that hung at his fob, and gave himself as many airs as a Queen's physician. The professors seemed to know him well, and treated him with a sort of sarcastic deference; he would often be called out, and closeted with the authorities of the school. Altogether, he held an important, although unrecognised position at St Joseph's. The elder students,

when I asked them about him, only mystified me; and at last my curiosity became so strong, that I determined to satisfy it at the fountain-head. So, one day, when I happened to be alone with him in the dissecting-room, I said to him: "Mr Blackstock" (that was the gentleman's name), "I see you here a great deal; pray, excuse me for asking you what is the exact position you occupy in the medical profession?" He turned rather red, and looked down upon me in a haughty kind of way. "Sir," he said, "I am Purveyor-general to the Faculty!"

'Purveyor—exactly,' said the colonel, as Wilson paused to sip his wine. 'Had 'em in the Crimea, I recollect—provided medical stores, and so on. Ah, your friend was a purveyor, then, Wilson?'

'Aha! not that sort of a purveyor, colonel. Perhaps you might make a guess at his particular line. Give it up, eh? Well, sir, they were subjects—subjects, as we called them; in plain terms—bodies.'

'Body-snatcher, eh?' cried the lawyer. 'Ought to have been hanged.'

'Well, I don't know whether that wasn't his eventual fate; but there were many worse fellows than Blackstock. I'll tell you a little incident that illustrates his kindness of heart. I think I may almost say that he saved my life.'

'I must tell you that Blackstock had a little dog, called Bingo, the most extraordinary dog you ever saw. He was a yellow dog, of a sickly, unwholesome yellow, without a particle of hair on his body but a tuft at the tip of his tail. He was always with his master.'

'I mention Bingo,' said Wilson, with a low chuckle, 'because he's necessary to my story; and I may remark, that notwithstanding his repulsive appearance, there was something very intelligent—I might almost say human—in his expression. And yet, he was morose in disposition, attached to medical students, whom he recognised with marvellous instinct, but to the rest of the world, sullen and defiant. But to proceed. One evening, or, rather, I should say one morning, at a very early hour—between two and three—I happened to be returning with a friend, one Jackson, from some scene of gaiety, to my rooms in Marylebone. On our way we passed the church of Saint Giles Overreach. Perhaps it wasn't Saint Giles, for my memory is not always accurate on these minor points, but, anyhow, a church with a large churchyard about it, that was surrounded by a high wall, on the top of which was a very spiky *chenue de frise*. The public footway ran close beside this wall, hardly a foot in width; and the road was very bad just then; in fact, at that season of the year—mid-winter—an impassable slough or quagmire. It is not yesterday I am talking about, mind you; in fact, it was before the time of street gas-lamps. The road was dimly lighted with an oil-lamp that swung in a bracket from the churchyard wall, and the next light was round the corner, quite out of sight. Well, my friend and I were pushing along at full speed, in a very cheerful mood, laughing and singing; but when we came to the foot of the church wall, all looked so gloomy and ghost-like, the black dank wall, the sullen lamp throwing a sort of sickly gleam on the sea of mud below, that involuntarily we grew silent and came to a stand. "Here goes, Jack!" cried my friend, and scampered hastily along the footpath, whilst I followed

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THE OLD-CHINA MANIA.

ON visiting, some years ago, at a house in a fashionable quarter near Hyde Park Corner, we were struck with the high estimation which was shewn for various articles in old china. We had noticed the appreciation for old teapots, and tiny teacups and saucers, which were stuck about on tables, in parlours and drawing-rooms, as great curiosities. This we took for a passing weakness, but were mistaken. The old teapot and teacup mania gathered force. Other objects, such as porter-jugs, dinner-plates, vases of different dimensions, and so on, were included, till, at length, dwellings which aspire to distinction partook to a certain extent of the character of crockery-shops. In the drawing-room into which I was ushered, a large round dish, set in a frame, hung on the wall like a picture; while a mantel-piece mirror was envied by a row of lesser-sized dishes, very much as you would see them set up for sale in a shop-window.

This was my introduction to exhibitional china on what is deemed a fashionable scale. Inquiries in London brought out some curious facts as to this extraordinary craze, which goes beyond what we read of regarding the tulip mania. Porcelain of genuine Chinese origin does not appear to command so much respect as old Wedgwood ware possessing certain particular marks known to the connoisseur; Dresden and Sèvres ware being scarcely more appreciated. A piece of true majolica—something like a coarse brown dish with figures—which, to look at, does not seem to be worth twopence, is likewise immensely run after. We can, however, only obtain a proper idea of the sums lavished on these articles by visiting the auction-rooms at the height of the season.

A thousand pounds for a pair of small vases to stick on a chimney-piece is thought nothing of. We hear of ten thousand pounds being paid for a couple of such articles. Two or three hundred pounds for a cup and saucer are not at all out of the way. Pictures by old masters continue to be a good investment, but in point of price they

are rivalled by old china, distributed in various parts of the country. Any one who wishes to make money, has only to pick up the right kind of old china, and he will get a hundred per cent. on his outlay. Catches may here and there be made, but, after all, London is the best market, for thither the dealers in the small country towns resort for their supplies; and the writer of this article has often been amused at meeting in the country old friends in china which had been sold at a London auction-room at a moderate price, but had very largely advanced in value as they travelled northward beyond the Trent. As specimens, however, of the bargains which have been made in the good old times, we will instance the following—and they are all taken, it must be remembered, from one sale, that of the Bernal Collection, which was dispersed in London about twenty years ago. Lot 2076, 'a circular dish on a foot, with a lizard in the centre, and a rich border,' a specimen of the old Palissy ware, had been bought in Paris, in a broken state, for twelve francs. It was cleverly mended, and sold by a London dealer to Mr Bernal for four pounds; and at Mr Bernal's sale it was bought by one of the Rothschilds for one hundred and sixty-two pounds. This was at any rate not a bad investment of money on Mr Bernal's part! Again, a pair of flower-vases enamelled on brass had been found behind the wainscoting of a house at Chelsea. They had undoubtedly belonged to Sir Thomas More, for they are represented in a portrait of him which still exists at Hampton Court. However, they came into the hands of a dealer, who sold them to Mr Bernal for twenty-five pounds; and at the sale of Mr Bernal's collection, they were purchased by the Duke of Hamilton for two hundred and thirty-two pounds. To take another instance: A broken crystal globe which, there is every reason to believe, was of the tenth century, and had belonged to Lothaire, came into Mr Bernal's hands in the following manner. He happened to be in Mr Pratt's place of business in Bond Street when a box of antiques arrived from the continent, and amongst them this crystal, which had come out of

the Abbey of Vaso on the Meuse, and had been originally bought for ten francs. Mr Bernal paid ten pounds for the treasure, and took it home, and at his sale it fetched the extraordinary sum of two hundred and sixty-seven pounds. Again, one more example, and we have done with this part of the subject. At the South Kensington Museum, in the large gallery of pottery and porcelain (and all who are interested in the ceramic art will do well to spend many careful hours in studying that magnificent collection), will be found a majolica plate, with the following unostentatious description, 'Plate: a majolica painter in his studio, painting a plate in the presence of two persons of distinction; on the reverse, a monogram.' The thing, which was from the Bernal Collection, cost one hundred and twenty pounds. Now, one hundred and twenty pounds is thought to be not an excessively large sum to pay for a genuine majolica plate; and a great interest was excited in this one by the assumption that the figures upon it were contemporary portraits of Raffaele and the Fornarina. Still, to shew how greatly the price of old china has risen of late, we may mention that at the Stowe sale, a few years before, this very plate had only fetched four pounds, and Mr Bernal had bought it subsequently for a five-pound note.

Now, we by no means give these figures as an encouragement to amateur collectors to go and speculate wildly in that fever of china-mania which prevails so extensively just now all over the country; and which brings London dealers down to run up prices at any sale within a couple of hundred miles of the metropolis where a few pieces of good old china are brought to the hammer. Amateurs would probably only burn their fingers in the attempt, and pay dearly for their whistle in the long-run. The age of great bargains, alas! is gone. There were special circumstances attendant upon the Bernal sale, which contributed to raise the prices of the china and antiquities sold there. In the first place, Mr Bernal was well known as a collector of consummate taste and knowledge. His collection was a magnificent one, and had no ballast of rubbish; for Mr Bernal would admit nothing into it that was not good of its kind. The South Kensington Museum, too, had just then begun to purchase for the nation, and was desirous of acquiring many of the finest specimens in this collection, to place under the shadow of the Brompton boilers. And lastly, the world of dealers generally were by no means unwilling that an impetus should be given to trade, by paying even imprudently large prices for good things at this notable sale.

There are certain popular fevers of taste which seem to run their course for a time, and then die out of the system of society; and the taste for old china is one of these. We do not mean that we anticipate a time when good old china will diminish in value. In a rich and cultivated society, there will always be connoisseurs who know what they are about, and who will be ready to give fair prices for good specimens. But just now, there seems to be setting in just such an enthusiastic fever of fondness for china-ware as that which prevailed in Queen Anne's days, and in the time of the early Georges, and which Hogarth and Pope both ridiculed, the one with slashing pencil, and the other with caustic pen.

The 'mistress of herself, though china fall,' and the caricature of the inflated belle, who has just returned from the Christie's of that day, with her spoils of 'crackle' and Japan lacquer-ware, which her black page carries in a basket, while he grins delightedly, is just as applicable to the fashionable young lady of our own day, who fantastically hangs the walls of her boudoir with china plates for pictures.

But when such a fancy as this prevails amongst wealthy people for old-fashioned things, and when there is, necessarily, a limit to the number of old-fashioned things in existence, it follows, that there are unprincipled people in the world who will be always ready to supply the market with modern antiques, manufactured for the purpose. Given your rich and somewhat ignorant purchaser, why, of course, in a manufacturing and commercial country, you have your needy and clever producer, who will supply what that purchaser wants. And china-ware forms no exception to the general rule. We will undertake to say, that one-half of the so-called 'old china' which is sold in London and elsewhere has been manufactured within the last dozen years, to meet the demand of the London market for such things. According to taste, the manufacturer moulds his clay and paints his porcelain; he turns out either a Chelsea shepherdess, or a square-marked Worcester teacup, or a lustre-ware majolica dish, as the public taste inclines in either direction.

There has lately been a run in popular favour upon old Worcester china; china that has a beautiful dark-blue ground, and is painted with exotic birds, and which bears the square mark of the middle of the last century. Undoubtedly, this is a very charming production of the ceramic art; and dishes and cups of this ware are well worth the ten or twenty or thirty guineas which they cost in the auction-room. But the price has tempted modern imitators, who turn out an article (square mark and all) not very inferior to the original, for two or three guineas. In fact, we believe that the Worcester manufacturers themselves are now producing very beautiful cups and saucers of this ware at a guinea apiece; though, to their credit be it said, they refuse to put the old square mark upon these cups, which would make their wares exceedingly more valuable. But there are potteries, nevertheless, both in England and France, which are not so scrupulous. And we may inform the wealthy amateur that many a case of very beautiful square-marked Worcester has been of late transmitted to England, which, filtered through auction-rooms and the shops of dealers, will, some day or other, adorn his shelves, and be admired by his family, and envied by his friends, until the inevitable day comes that these specimens go to the hammer—the property of a gentleman parting with his collection'—and then their real value or worthlessness will be only too disappointingly evident.

It may be taken as an axiom, that there are excellent forgeries extant of all valuable china. Inimitable lustre majolica is being at the present time, we believe, manufactured largely at the potteries of Doccia, near Florence. Blue delf, of which you will see an auction-room full at one time, is now made in great quantities, and sent over from Holland. Colebrookdale has a bad pre-eminence for the uttering of most beautiful

Sèvres, Chelsea, and Worcester ware, all properly marked and well painted; although the paste and gilding may be a little inferior to the original. Nay, shall we venture to say that we have heard it whispered that there is more old English china made at Sévres than of 'Sèvres' itself! Is there, then, no safety for us? asks the anxious amateur, desirous to invest in some pretty china, wherewith to adorn his rooms, and finding the ware even more 'frail' than it has been proverbially held to be. If you buy china, we reply, and are mistrustful of your ignorance, purchase specimens of some ware that does not happen to be fashionable at the present moment. You will pay less for it, in the first instance; it will probably be equally pleasing to the eye, and there is a much greater likelihood of your getting it genuine; and then it may, as likely as not, grow into favour in the course of years, when your venture will be really a profitable one.

Let us impress this advice on the would-be old-china maniac. At present, there is a little very pretty old Derby china, painted with flowers—and the Derby flower-painters were very skillful men—still to be had in the market at prices which are not prohibitory; and the old Derby blue, we may remark, of the Japan pattern, is almost as beautiful as old Worcester. But if you wish to be a really successful china-buyer, as a mere speculation, you must by all means choose a speciality, and stick to it. This is, in fact, the great secret of success in all modern English business-life; that is, you must not only choose a certain kind of ware as your speciality, but you must select a certain portion of that ware which shall be your hobby-horse, on which you may trot or canter to eminence in matters ceramic. A friend of ours, for instance, buys nothing but old Wedgwood medallions, when he can get them; whilst another buys up all the old Staffordshire busts he can lay his hands on. Some of these days, their collections will be famous and valuable. But that the general reader may not be quite ignorant in these matters, when he finds himself in the auction-room, or goes into the dealer's shop, we will, in another paper, enter more fully and explicitly into the esoteric mysteries of old pottery and porcelain.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXI.—OUTDOOR LODGINGS.

WALTER LITTON had great courage; but a cold chill swept for an instant across his heart when he heard into whose power he had fallen. A hundred stories of the cruelty of the brigand chief, which he had heard while in Palermo, not only from Baccari, but many others—for among the poorer class this man's crimes were the favourite topic of talk—and which he had disbelieved and laughed at, now returned to him with terrible force. There was a house in the town where the clin and gray beard of an old man were shown, which Corrali had sent in to his family as a token that he would 'not be trifled with,' which was his phrase when a victim either could not or would not pay the price that had been fixed upon as his ransom. Up to this moment, Walter had discredited that ghastly trophy—which was on exhibition for money—but he did not feel so sceptical now. A rich man was

comparatively safe from death and torture; it was the poor whom Corrali persisted in believing rich, who suffered, and Walter himself was poor. Those upon whose account he had fallen into this trap, were sure to be released (as he concluded), as soon as the extent of their captor's demands was known; but for him, there was no such surety. All the money—at all events, all the available money—he had in the world was some seventy or eighty pounds, which was in his lodgings at Palermo. He had no credit at any banker's, nor was he known to a single influential person. The precautions he had taken to conceal himself were like to bear bitter fruit indeed. It was only too probable that he would be butchered up in yonder mountains, without so much as a single fellow-countryman being aware of his sad fate. Even if Sir Reginald—the only man who could at present help him—were informed of his danger, it was doubtful if he would stir in the matter; doubtful even whether he would ever let Lilian know that, for her sake, he had suffered captivity and death. Once again Walter gazed—but with what infinitely greater interest than before—upon his late companion in the wagonette, upon his present master, and disposer of his life and fortunes. He was a man of middle size, and quite young, perhaps thirty at the most; fair for a Sicilian, and by no means ill-looking: he had blue eyes, not soft, as eyes of that colour mostly are, but stern and steel-like; he had a long and curling beard, which he was now stroking irresolutely with his dirty but jewelled hand.

'Your wrists will be unbound, Signor Inglese,' said he, in courteous tones, 'because we have to make a rapid march, but you will be none the more free on that account. On the first symptom of an attempt to escape, or to speak with any whom we may chance to meet, you will be shot through the head. I never speak twice upon this point, so lay my words to heart. You can run, I know, but not so fast as a bullet flies.—Santoro, Colletta!' At these words, two of the tallest of the band came forward. 'You have heard what I say, and are answerable for this gentleman's safety.' The two men ranged themselves one upon each side of Walter, and at the same time the rope was cut that bound his wrists. Then Corrali pointed to the mountain before them, and said 'Forward!'

Bonds to the free man are what dependence is to the noble mind; other outrages—a blow or an insult—rouse indignation, audacity; but not these; they render their victim apathetic, hopeless. No sooner did Walter find himself master of his own wrists, than he felt another man again—himself; and therefore he at once began to think of others. Perhaps he was going to be taken to Lilian—to share her captivity; it might be even, to shew himself of use to her, notwithstanding his apparent forlorn condition. This put new blood in his veins. A broad ditch intervened between the copse into which they were about to enter and the road; the brigands began to scramble through it; but Walter took it in a bound, then, fortunately for himself, halted on the other side. A couple of sharp clicks informed him that his guard had cocked their guns.

'Do not waste your energies, young man,' exclaimed Corrali in a cynical tone; 'you will require all your strength before you reach home to-night.'

At the time, Walter did not attach much meaning to these words; the ease with which he had outstripped his pursuers, after leaving the boat, and the inability of his present companions to leap the ditch, gave him no very high idea of brigand agility; but what they wanted in spring and swiftness, he soon found out was more than compensated for by their powers of endurance. Their rate of progress, though not very rapid, had something of 'that long gallop, which can tire the hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire,' which is the attribute of the wolf; they never halted, nor seemed to require rest or breath. On and on they pushed, through woods, through fields, and presently up the sides of the mountain; and though they often looked behind them and about them, it was without any abatement of their speed. Walter was, to begin with, at a great disadvantage as to physical exertion, since he had had no sleep, whereas, the brigands rest in the day, and only move, unless closely pursued, at night-time. He was too proud, however, especially after what the captain had said, to own himself fatigued, and he hurried on with the rest without a word. But how, thought he, had it been possible for these men—or rather their confederates, for, if belonging to the same band, they could hardly have been the same individuals—to carry off Christopher Brown and his delicate daughter? It was torture to him to think what hardships she must have undergone, if the circumstances of her capture had been in any way similar to his own. Had Corrali himself been present at it? he wondered; for that well might be, since his carriage had been coming from the direction of the yacht; and if so, to whose guardianship had she been now deputed? Upon such a matter, it was idle to ask any questions, and it might also be injudicious. His best plan seemed to be to remain silent, and to acquire all the information he could by observation.

Throughout that rapid march he beheld but two individuals, shepherds in sheepskin, but each with a species of greatcoat furnished with a *capote*, like those worn by the brigands. He was hurried rapidly by them; nor did they so much as look up as he passed, being, probably, as anxious to avoid recognition from him as his captors were to keep him from their sight. The whole circumstances of the case were evidently as well understood on one side as on the other. This incident took place when they had almost reached the top of the mountain, by which time Walter was quite exhausted, as much by famine as fatigue, for he had eaten nothing since he left Palermo, in the early evening.

At last the spot was arrived at which Corrali had intimated from the road three hours ago. It was in many respects admirably fitted for a brigand camp, for not only was it the highest ground in those parts, so that the whole country lay like a map around it, but it sloped down steeply into woods on all sides, so that retreat and concealment were made easy. There was a level plateau of turf upon the summit, with just enough trees to screen its tenants from the observation of those below. The panorama was magnificent, and ranged from the snow-capped top of Etna on the one hand, to Palermo and the sea upon the other. Santoro, a man with thoughtful features, that would have been handsome but for a deep scar

that ploughed one side of his face, pointed out the view to his prisoner with great politeness, just as an English host might draw a guest's attention to his home landscape.

'It is beautiful, is it not?' said he. 'As the signor is a painter, he will appreciate it.'

'There are three things, my friend, that interfere with my admiration of it,' replied Walter: 'I am cold, I am hungry, and I want to go to sleep.'

Santoro checked off these wants upon his fingers, then exclaimed: 'Canelli.'

The youngest brigand of the band answered to this name: he had, as afterwards appeared, joined it but a few days ago, having killed a man in a quarrel, and was employed for the present as their *fag* and errand-boy. He was not sixteen, but as tall as the tallest of his companions, and his sharp olive face had a fierce hunted look, like that of a wild beast at bay.

'Food and a capote,' said Santoro, and pointed to the forest from which they had just emerged. It seemed to Walter as though he might just as well have demanded a carriage-and-four, so far as any likelihood of his wishes being fulfilled was concerned; but without a word of question, the lad darted like an arrow down the steep, and in a few minutes returned with a complete sheepskin, in the hood of which, as in a basket, were a huge hunch of brown bread and a piece of clotted cream (called *raccolta*). The bread was bitter, and the cream sour, but Walter enjoyed both amazingly, rather to the disapproval, as it seemed to him, of his two attendants. The fact was, as he subsequently discovered, they argued from his relish of this sort of food, which even they were aware was far from choice, that he had not been accustomed to dainties, and was probably, therefore, by no means rich; and the conclusion they drew, as it turned out, was not without its advantage to him. As a general rule, it took thirty-six hours of life in the mountains (which means semi-starvation) to bring a rich prisoner down to *raccolta*. The capote was very grateful to Walter, to whose limbs the night-breeze upon the hill-top came piercingly cold; but at the same time, to one who is not born a brigand, a stolen greatcoat is not so acceptable as stolen kisses are said to be.

'I am afraid,' said he, 'Santoro, that this coat was taken from one of those poor shepherds whom we met as we came through the wood.'

'It was bought, signor, at a just price,' answered the other with some haughtiness. 'It is not brigand custom to rob the poor. There are few shepherds who are not willing to sell their capotes for thirty ducats.'

'Thirty ducats!' exclaimed Walter, thinking five pounds for a sheepskin rather dear. 'Do you mean to say you gave all that money?'

'Certainly; that is, upon your account, signor. It is merely an item added to the ransom you will have to pay. The captain will settle that little matter with you to-morrow. The bread and cream cost only a ducat.'

'It seems to me that your hotel bills on the mountain are a little extravagant,' remarked Walter.

'That is true, signor, as to the provisions,' answered the other naively; 'but, then, consider you pay nothing for your sleeping accommodation. Here is a dry place out of the wind.'

Walter threw himself down, and the two brigands followed his example, lying so close to him that he could not move a limb without their observing it. At first, this was far from displeasing to him, since their proximity helped to warm him; but presently he became aware that brigands do not use Eau-de-Cologne—nor even common water. The keen air was, in fact, powerless to purify the atmosphere of that *al-fresco* dormitory, in which some twenty men were his companions. The four sentinels, two at each end of the little avenue of trees that fringed the hill-top, who kept watchful guard over all, seemed to have had their orders to admit not even the ventilation.

Corralli, with two or three of the band, had withdrawn elsewhere, but a perfect discipline was maintained in his absence. Every two hours, these sentries were relieved by others, who, in addition to their guns and knives, were furnished with field-glasses, with which they swept the distant roads and fields. Not a movement of theirs was lost on Walter, who in vain endeavoured to sleep. Those about him seemed to sink into slumber as soon as their limbs touched the ground. The watchful sentinel became an inanimate lump before the man who had succeeded to his post had paced three times his narrow beat. Conscience might make cowards of these men, but it certainly did not interfere with their repose: the young homicide, who lay on the other side of Colletta, breathed as softly as a child. Not only were all Walter's conventional notions of morality outraged and upset, but the strange and unexpected circumstances of his position rendered his mind a tumultuous sea of thought; retrospect, reflection, and expectation were all jumbled together. Now he was with Jack Felter, speculating upon the fate of a new picture; now with Lotty, an unwilling witness to her husband's tyranny and coldness; now at Mr Brown's table, listening to his early struggles after fourpenny-pieces; now watching the yacht as it yawed and drifted without its helmsman; now praying the brigand chief upon his knees to release Lilian, and now clutching him by the throat in fierce revenge because she was dying on his hands. Of all the scenes that floated before his mind, plucked from the past or present, or suggested by the future, she was either the central figure, or they gradually dispersed, and left her in the frameless space. Where was she? How was she being treated? Was she ailing? Was she gone? Were questions he asked himself a thousand times, but to which there could be no reply. Nothing was clear to him but the tree-tops against the moonlit sky, and the slow-pacing forms of the brigand sentinels. The astounding change that had befallen him—the sense that he was no longer a free agent, but that his very life was at the mercy of a reckless robber—confused his judgment. Above all, since nothing was within his own control, he could make no plans to succour either himself or others; he was not even a portion of a machine, like a soldier in warfare; not even a waif upon the sea, which, at least, has tides, and the winds, whose direction can to some extent be calculated. He could not make even a guess at the thoughts that lay beneath the broad hat of Captain Corralli, who had obtained the sole dominion over him, and by whose gracious forbearance he was, for the present,

permitted to draw breath. And so he lay unrestful, till the stillly dawn began to glow upon the mountain's peaks, and birds and beasts and creeping things began to awake to the liberty that was denied to him.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE CAPTAIN AND HIS CAPTIVE.

Unless brigands are pursued, they are not apt to be in a hurry, any more than other fine gentlemen who have time to spare, and no wretched mechanical profession; and the morning was far advanced before the camp on the hill-top began to bestir itself, and think of breakfast. This was a great advantage to Walter, who had fallen asleep at last under the warm rays of the sun, and was dreaming that Mr Christopher Brown was his father-in-law, a relationship which involved even still more satisfactory conditions of existence. When he awoke, he found *Il Capitano* Corralli sitting on the ground at his feet, with pens, ink, and paper placed on the turf before him, and with quite a business-like expression of countenance.

'I have a little matter to arrange with you, signor,' said the captain affably: 'it will only demand a scratch of your pen.'

'What! before breakfast?' inquired Walter jocosely, for he had already discovered that it was well to fall in with brigand humour.

'As you please,' replied the other.—'Boy!' He made some gesture signifying food, and the youthful homicide was beside them in an instant with a cabbage—apparently frost-bitten—some garlic, and a sausage, black, and of an intense hardness. There did not happen to be any bread in the encampment, and the coffee was represented by some melted snow, which had been found in a sort of natural ice-house on the hill-top. Walter's teeth were excellent, his appetite keen, and, moreover, he wished to appear much at his ease and without apprehension. The captain watched the sausage disappear with a gloomy brow.

'You take matters easy, signor,' said he softly; 'doubtless, you are pretty confident of soon returning to your friends.'

'I have no friends to return to, in this country,' Captain Corralli, answered Walter frankly; 'but, as to my cheerfulness, there is a proverb that a man with empty pockets is not cast down by falling among thieves.'

'That may be so in England, signor,' returned the captain gravely; 'but with us brigands it is different: when we cannot take a man's purse, we take his skin. Now, listen, and be sure you do not tell me a lie. At what hotel are you staying in Palermo?'

'At no hotel; I cannot afford their charges. I have been residing for the last few weeks at Signor Baccari's, on the Marina.'

'A very good house,' remarked the captain.

'That is as people think.'

'Oh! doubtless, you are accustomed to much better lodgings in England, where they give large sums to artists for pictures. You live on the fat of the land, and sleep on down—there is no doubt of that.'

'I am sorry to say, you are mistaken, captain. It is possible that some day I may win a name, and command good prices for my handiwork, but at present I am ill off enough; I have not even, what every Englishman of property possesses when

he comes abroad—a banker. You may find out that for yourself. All the available cash I have in the world is in a table-drawer of my bedroom at Signor Baccari's. It is about eighty pounds—not five hundred ducats.'

'Bah!' answered the captain incredulously. 'You are down here'—he pointed to the paper—'for three thousand; and I seldom make a mistake in my valuations. This is the place for your signature.'

'I cannot sign what I have not read,' said Walter quietly.

A very ugly look indeed crossed the captain's face, a look that gave an insight into the nature of the man, between which and his prisoner's eyes had hitherto been kept up a screen of courtesy and affected good-humour. 'Do you know,' he began, in a harsh grating voice, 'that you are just the sort of person one sometimes burns alive?—Well, read it.'

Walter took the paper, on which was written, in a sprawling hand, a few words of Sicilian, so ill spelled that he found it very difficult to discover in his pocket dictionary for what they were intended:

'I am in the hands of Corrali; he requires three thousand ducats for my ransom, which, if not sent within a few days, I shall be in danger. The sum must be paid in gold, and in such a manner as you shall be informed of. If my life is dear to you, hasten this.'

'I have no objection to sign the paper,' observed Walter calmly; 'but I give you my word that I have not this money, nor any means of procuring it.'

The captain smiled incredulously as he put the pen in his hand, and Walter wrote his signature in the place indicated.

'You told me you had no friends among your fellow-countrymen here, signor; had you not better reconsider that statement? Do not lie to me twice—it is sometimes for the second lie that I shoot a man.'

'I am not in the habit of lying, Captain Corrali,' answered Walter firmly. 'I told you I had no friends "to return to," and that is true. There are four English persons in Sicily with whom I am acquainted; but, as it happens, they are not even aware of my having left London. You can verify this for yourself, if you have a mind; for two of them are, I believe, in your custody. When I was taken up by your carriage on the road yonder, I told you as much.'

'I thought you might have forgotten it,' said the other coldly. 'It is not every one who has so good a memory about trifles. It is unfortunate that half your acquaintances should be in the same boat as yourself. Now for the other half. Who are they?'

'I am acquainted with Sir Reginald Selwyn and his wife, who are at present stopping at the *Hôtel de France*, on the Marina, but who go to-day by the steamer to Messina.'

'Not they,' said the captain, smiling. 'However, this looks like truth. I should have been sorry to have had to kill a lad like you. It was touch-and-go, though, let me tell you; for my temper is but short, and I was getting angry. Well, then, instead of addressing this little note to your landlord, it will go to Sir Reginald Selwyn; he is rich, and will never let a fellow-countryman be put under

ground before his time, for the sake of three thousand ducats.'

'Captain Corrali,' cried Walter earnestly, as the brigand stooped down to write, 'I adjure you not to do that. This gentleman, although he is acquainted with me, is not my friend; nay, worse—he is my enemy. I would rather die—if death must be the alternative—than make appeal to such a man.'

'How droll!' exclaimed the brigand coldly, finishing the address. 'You would rather be shot than ask a favour, would you? Well, I have nothing to do with these fine feelings, you see; though, at the same time, I admire them. This English milord will perhaps pay for you, out of spite, and in order to put you under a humiliating obligation. I am sorry, but I have only to look to my own interests and that of my comrades.'

'He will not pay one ducat for me,' said Walter confidently.

'Then I shall be still more sorry for myself, and also for you. This is no child's play, signor, that I am proposing,' added he, with sudden ferocity. 'I will have your gold, or your blood. I mean it. This letter will reach Palermo before sunset; and if within ten days—'

'Look yonder, captain; the soldiers!'

It was the sentinel who spoke, and at the same time handed his field-glass to Corrali.

The high-road on which Walter had been captured on the previous night, could be seen winding like a narrow ribbon at their feet, though at a great distance; in one part of it could now be seen, with the naked eye, like ants upon the march, certain small dark masses moving.

The next instant, Walter was thrown violently to the ground, face foremost.

'Do not stir, or you are a dead man,' whispered a stern voice, that of his guard Colletta, in his ear. All the other tenants of the encampment had prostrated themselves; those who were near the edge of the hill were talking rapidly to their companions, probably giving them notice of what was passing; but they spoke in some sort of *argot*, which, for Walter, had no meaning. The others answered with oaths and curses. No one seemed alarmed, but every one transported with fury. Even Santoro—the mildest of the gang—looked towards his captive menacingly.

'If your Englishman has done this, sir,' cried Corrali, white with passion, and pointing to the troops, 'you are right, indeed, to deem him your enemy; for if harm should come of it, he has signed your death-warrant and that of others also. I have never yet shot a woman, but there is no knowing to what one may not be forced.'

Walter knew that this wretch was referring to Lillian, and his heart sank low within him. Was it possible that Heaven could permit such a deed? But, alas, were there not martyrdoms in the world now as of old; tyrannies, oppressions of the gentle by the strong; sufferings of the innocent, inexplicable to the believers in dominant Good! If such a horror should take place, Walter felt that he should have but one thing to pray for—to be one minute alone with her murderer, that he might pluck him limb from limb with his hands. At the very thought, the rage of a wild beast possessed him, his teeth met together, and struck fast, his eyes became too large for their sockets, his fingers crooked themselves like the talons of a bird.

'If your gentleman moves, Santoro,' observed the captain grimly, to whom such indications of passion were probably not unfamiliar, 'blow his brains out.'

These ebullitions of bad feeling on the part of the brigands manifested themselves, for the most part, within a very short space of time, and lasted only so long as the cause of them—namely, the soldiers—remained visible. As these latter pursued their eastward march, and disappeared along the road, the general excitement became allayed. The troops were obviously not in sufficient force to surround the mountain (even if they had known the position of their enemies), and to cut off the band from their supplies, and this was the only danger the brigands really dreaded. Those who were not on guard proceeded with their morning meal, or, having finished it, began to gamble. What the game was, Walter could not quite determine; it seemed a sort of 'odd and even' of the simplest kind, but the stakes were considerable—indeed, there was nothing played for under gold coin—and the voices and temper of the players were at least as high as their stakes. Every moment, Walter expected to see knives out and blood drawn, but the dispute never went beyond big words and black looks. Corrali alone—though, as he afterwards shewed himself, a most desperate gambler—took no part in their amusements, nor gave any signs of returning good-humour. He was for ever turning his field-glass in the direction which the troops had taken, although it was scarcely possible, by reason of the configuration of the country, that they should again come into view. Walter acquitted him of any apprehensions upon his own account, and rightly concluded that his anxiety was excited for the safety of the other portion of the band, in whose custody were his more valuable prisoners. Impeded by Lillian's company, it was probable, notwithstanding some hours of 'start,' that they had not attained a position so safe and advantageous as the camp upon the hill, which, indeed, had not been reached without great toil and trouble.

Presently, after long and apparently deep cogitation, the captain shut his glass, and joined the throng of revellers. His brown face, if no longer smiling, had at least lost its scowl; and the voice that could be so short and fierce, was once more courteous in its tone as he addressed his prisoner: 'You know this English milord and his daughter, it seems?' he said.

'I am acquainted with them, although, as I told you, they are not even aware of my presence in this country.'

'You must have a deep regard for them, however, to run twelve miles of road, in order (as you foolishly imagined) to bring them succour by calling out the troops.'

'I have a deep regard for them, Captain Corrali.' Which involves your knowing their private circumstances,' observed the captain quickly.

'Not so. I know, of course, that Mr Brown—he is no milord at all, but a plain merchant—is a wealthy man; but as to the actual extent of his means, I can say nothing.'

'Or will not, eh?' replied the other incredulously. 'You are an obstinate lad; but I have known others equally determined, whose mouths I have found means to open. Otherwise,' he added

with a terrible look, 'when a man will not speak, I cut out his tongue.'

'I am quite aware I am in your power,' said Walter calmly; 'but I can only tell what I know.'

After a long pause: 'What is a ship such as the *Syphide* worth?' asked Corrali abruptly.

'I am a landsman, and can give you no information on that head for certain,' replied Walter. 'Perhaps twelve thousand ducats.'

'The income of a man who keeps such a vessel for his amusement must therefore be very large—ten times that sum at least.'

'It is very unlikely. There are not many men, even in England, who possess such a fortune as that.'

'If a man gives that sum for a pleasure-boat, what would he give, think you, for a ransom for his daughter?' asked Corrali slowly.

'He would give all he had to spare, no doubt, so long as she was alive; but if you kill her—it is no matter whether by accident or design; so delicate a creature might perish of one night's exposure to the cold.'—A shadow flitted across Corrali's face; and Walter felt that the arrow he had aimed at a venture had gone home. 'I say, if she died upon your hands, not only would such an atrocity raise every man's hand against you, mine for one—yes, I say, in that case, you had better kill me also, Captain Corrali, for should any evil happen to her' (the picture thus drawn by his own imagination of Lillian's possible fate was too much for Walter's patience; rage had got the better of diplomacy), 'I swear to Heaven I would never rest till I had avenged it.'

'Let us confine ourselves to business, Signor Litton,' answered the captain coolly. 'Emotions are out of place here; and as for the luxury of revenge, that is not for captives, but for him who holds them at his mercy. We were speaking of Milford Brown and the ransom.'

'Yes; I was about to say that if his daughter's health should give way, by reason of this rough mode of life, you would miss your mark, besides raising the whole country against you. Existence would not be worth purchasing to the old man, if you once deprived him of his child.'

'You think it would be killing the goose with the golden egg, do you?' said Corrali thoughtfully. 'Perhaps you are right. It is better to look at these matters from all sides. I suppose this young lady, being so rich, has had a first-rate education; knows foreign languages—Italian, for example?'

'I believe so. She told me on one occasion that she had studied it.'

'And her father?' This question was put with an indifferent air, but Walter noticed that the captain's eyes here regarded him with particular intensity.

'I should think Mr Brown knew little of Italian—much less of Sicilian. Indeed, I may positively state that he is unacquainted with any tongue beside his own.'

The captain frowned, and looked perplexed. 'Corbana!' cried he, after a minute's thought, and beckoned to the man who acted as his lieutenant. This was an ill-looking, stunted fellow, with a bull neck, and arms as long as those of an ape. He had been unlucky at his 'odd and even,' and, as he rose sullenly to his feet, cast a look at Walter, as though he would like to make his prisoner's skin pay for his own ill-fortune. The captain and

this worthy conferred for several minutes in low tones, the former pointing once or twice eastward, in the direction of the sea, and then Corrali, taking his gun from the place where the arms were stacked, went down the hill alone. Whether he was gone, or on what errand, Walter, of course, could only guess, but he felt pretty certain that his departure was connected with Lillian and her father. The questioning to which he had just been subjected gave him extreme anxiety, for why should the captain have inquired as to Lillian's knowledge of Italian (since he had certainly been in her company), unless she were too ill to speak? Would he have been so moved, too, by Walter's hint at the delicacy of her constitution, unless she had already shewn some signs of its giving way? As to his inquiries about the old merchant, it was probable that Corrali had suspected him of pretending ignorance of the language, in order to avoid debate upon his ransom. Upon the whole, was it not likely that he (Walter) should be employed as an interpreter between the brigands and his captives? Even in the evil case in which he stood, he felt his heart beat high at the thought of his seeing these companions in misfortune. If he could only be of use to Lillian—if his late advice should in the end obtain her freedom—it would not seem so hard to die.

A VISIT TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

SAILING in a south-west direction from San Francisco, we, at a distance of two thousand and eighty-one miles, arrive at a group of islands, reckoned to be the most beautiful in the whole Pacific Ocean. The Sandwich Islands, as these are called, lie in latitude twenty degrees north of the equator, and are, therefore, tropical in character, with a climate so charming, that in our northern regions we can hardly form an idea of the enjoyment which it confers. These singularly interesting islands, as is well known, were discovered and visited by Captain Cook not quite a hundred years ago. In one of the islands, Hawaii, he met his death at the hands of savages, 14th February 1779. Since that time, the aborigines have been, in a way, civilised and Christianised, and changed considerably in a social point of view. For this change, they are, we believe, principally indebted to Americans from the United States, with which country, though at a good way off, the islands may be said to claim a connection.

Lying apart from general traffic, few travellers think of visiting the Sandwich Islands. Only for some special purpose are they sought out and explored; and hence not much is known about them, further than that they maintain an independent existence under a native king, who reigns in a kind of constitutional manner, and form an agreeable place of residence. No doubt, there have been several books written about these islands, but they are mostly old, and treat mainly of a condition of things that no longer exists. On this account, we propose calling attention to a recent work on the subject, by Isabella L. Bird, entitled *Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands*. Miss Bird did not make a hurried or perfunctory visit. She was six months in the islands, and deliberately travelled about, walking, boating, or on horse-

back, making herself acquainted with the varied scenery, the people, and their habits.

Miss Bird, as we learn, landed first at Honolulu, the capital, situated on the island of Oahu, one of the more northern of the group, and considerably less in size than Hawaii, which lies on the extreme south. Honolulu is an enterprising little town, and from its natural beauty has been called 'the Paradise of the Pacific.' It is built literally in the midst of a garden. Every house has its piece of ground attached, and so luxuriant are the plants amid which each dwelling is embowered, that it is often difficult to distinguish what is house and what is vegetation. The houses are built of frame, of cream-coloured coral conglomerate, of *adobe* or sun-baked bricks, or of grass or bamboo. The last are chiefly occupied by the natives, are very neatly constructed, and mingle in picturesque contrast with the more imposing dwellings of the white residents. Every house has its deep veranda, hidden beneath a marvellous profusion of trailing plants, glossy-leaved, bright-blossomed, and ever-fragrant, passion-flower, hibiscus, and the gorgeous flame-coloured bougainvilliers, mingled with familiar fuchsia, jessamine, and geranium. The town nestles amid a grove of tropical trees, coco and date palms, bread-fruit, bamboo, caoutchouc, orange, candle-nut, fan-palms, bananas, and the beautiful papaya; and in the shade of this perennial greenery, the people live. Through the breaks in the dense leafage, glimpses are caught of the white coral reefs that girdle the islands on every side, with the wavy line of surf breaking upon them; and beyond that, of the wide blue Pacific, sleeping still and dream-like, or ruffled white by the brisk trade-winds. All day long is heard the low, rhythmic beat of the surf washing on the coral barrier. The people of Honolulu, as of Hawaii, generally are kind, friendly, and hospitable in the extreme. Americans predominate among the foreign residents, and give the prevailing tone to society. On this account, English visitors, finding the social customs of the white population in Hawaii somewhat strange, and not staying long enough to become accustomed to them, sometimes leave the islands with an impression less favourable than would have been the case after a more intimate acquaintance. Miss Bird, being already familiar with American customs, and appreciating many of them, at once found herself at home in Hawaiian society, and was everywhere received with the kindest welcome.

The home-life of the foreigners is at once simple, genial, and refined. Female domestic servants are rare, and the ladies do much of their house-work themselves, one consequence of which is that they enjoy excellent health, their household duties affording them sufficient exercise during the mornings, while leaving the after-part of the day free for recreation and the interchange of hospitalities. There is nothing of the stiffness, constraint, and formality which seem inseparable from life in older and colder lands. There are no such things as door-bells, no announcements of visitors by servants, no 'not-at-homes.' After six o'clock supper, people take their lanterns, and visit their neighbours, and are met by them either in the verandas or in the cheerful parlours that open upon them. Miss Bird deems the gentlemen happy in that they possess no 'evening dress,' and we are not sure but that she is right. The hours

of work being necessarily much shorter in Hawaii than in colder climes, there is greatly more leisure for recreation, and the foreign residents use their advantages in this respect to the full. An air of graceful ease and refinement pervades the household arrangements and the general tone of society. The people give much time and attention to amusement and the entertainment of each other, but underlying this there is a real friendliness, a sincere cordiality, and the most considerate and sympathetic kindness to strangers. The blemish in Hawaiian society seems to be an intense love of gossip.

From Honolulu, Miss Bird went to Hilo, in the island of Hawaii. For natural beauty, Hilo surpasses Honolulu, and our author seems to have preferred it as a place of residence to any spot in the islands which she visited, and there were many which she found most congenial. The object of most absorbing interest in Hawaii is, as many are aware, the burning mountain of Mauna Loa, the largest active volcano in the world. Miss Bird went through some not altogether pleasant experiences in order to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but was rewarded by witnessing the Kilauea crater under especially favourable conditions. While confessing her utter inability to reproduce what she saw, she nevertheless attempts it, and her description is exceedingly vivid, perhaps the most graphic piece of writing in her book. But it must be read in its entirety, for it suffers by abridgment. The crater, we are told, is one huge pit in the flank of the Mauna Loa mountain, five hundred feet wide at its narrowest part, nearly half a mile at its broadest. Within this abyss, boils and seethes, and throbs and roars, a vast sea of lava, surging against the rocky barrier which surrounds it with a sound like an angry ocean breaking upon an iron-bound coast. From the centre of the lake, over and anon leap up crimson fountains of angry flame, whose fiery effulgence dyes the heavens blood-red. The whole spectacle is one of indescribable force, commotion, terror, glory, and mystery, not unmingled with an awful and imposing beauty. Once again, during her stay in the islands, Miss Bird visited the crater of Kilauea, on which occasion its appearance had entirely changed. The crater was now greatly more active; all beauty had gone from it, and the only impression left upon the mind of the on-looker was one of awe and horror. To stand for a moment on the brink of the pit, and catch a hurried glimpse of the terrible abyss, wallowing in frightful confusion, with a roar as of thunder, and volleying forth stifling clouds of sulphurous gases, was in truth 'to snatch a fearful joy.' Miss Bird ascended from the crater 'sore, stiff, bruised, cut, singed, grimy, with my thick gloves shrivelled off by the touch of the sulphurous acid, and my boots nearly burned off.' These unpleasant experiences notwithstanding, she would not have willingly missed the awful sublimities she had witnessed; and a day or two after, she was able to accomplish the ascent to the summit of Mauna Loa, three miles above the sea-level. Only once before had the ascent of Mauna Loa been made by a lady, and the journey proved one of extreme fatigue and difficulty. But the adventurous traveller and her male companions were sufficiently rewarded by the view which they obtained on the summit of the crater of Mokuawewewo, the circum-

ference of which measures six miles. Unlike that of Kilauea, the crater of Mokuawewewo presents a spectacle of supreme beauty only; a symmetrical fountain of clear golden fire playing up from its midst to a height of two hundred, three hundred, and sometimes six hundred feet, the reflection of which may be seen at a distance of a hundred miles.

Miss Bird wandered freely through the beautiful island of Hawaii, and its neighbours, Maui, Kauai, and Oahu, exploring their remotest recesses, and traversing their most secluded cañons. The cañons or glens form a marked feature in the scenery of the Sandwich Islands; deep ravines or gulches leading from the mountains to the ocean, and widening as they approach the sea. It is here that the tropical vegetation is seen in its greatest luxuriance, here that nature puts forth her supremest efforts. Miss Bird's descriptions of these cañons, with their cool dark depths, their trees of matchless grace and beauty, feathery palms of every variety, draped and stem-hidden by trailing ferns and mosses, and brilliant-tinted, fragrant-blossomed creepers, through whose leafy screens the sunlight penetrates only in trickling rays, are very vivid and skilful. Through all these gulches water flows, sometimes in still clear streams, sometimes in broad rushing rivers, a mile and more wide as they near the sea. Their secret recesses are silent worlds of beauty, where nothing breaks the hush of the noon-tide, save the whir of some scarlet bird as it flashes for a moment through the darkling greenery. But again and again our author despairs of ever being able to convey an adequate idea of the varied loveliness of Hawaiian scenery.

While in the island of Maui, Miss Bird visited the crater of Haleakala, the largest extinct crater yet discovered. The whole of the top of the mountain of Makawao has in some bygone age, and by some volcanic agency of inconceivable power, been actually blown off, and the huge cavity thus formed has a circumference of nineteen miles. New York might be easily contained within it; Edinburgh, four or five times over; the rocky peaks interspersed throughout its area, singly or in groups, are many of them equal in bulk and height to Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh. The whole extent of the crater can be taken in from the same point of observation in the space of a few moments.

Miss Bird's book is by no means confined to descriptions of the natural sights of Hawaii, nor to the kind of life led by the white population. She saw quite as much of the native life as of that of the foreign residents, held frequent intercourse with the people, and sometimes passed days among them alone. She seems to have taken pains to make herself thoroughly acquainted with their character, and her statements regarding them may, we think, be received with confidence in their smallest details. It is satisfactory to get such accurate and carefully acquired information as this author supplies us with, for the reports brought back by passing visitors regarding the natives of the various Pacific islands have sometimes been of a very conflicting and perplexing kind. The natives of the Sandwich Islands are on the whole a quiet, orderly, kind-natured, unsuspicious people. A sufficient proof of this is, that a lady may travel alone through the length and breadth of the islands, and never meet with a

discourteous act. More than once Miss Bird found herself the only white woman amid a score of natives of both sexes, but though her dark companions would watch her motions with intent curiosity, they were invariably obliging, kind, and good-natured. The natives have few vicious traits of character, but among many amiable ones some that are not so satisfactory. Devoted to mirth and pleasure, they are, in certain ways, careless and volatile. They read the injunction of being not 'careful for many things' most literally. Even the shrewd and intelligent among them regard the trouble which white people give themselves about what they consider little matters, with astonishment, that sometimes verges upon scorn. For all mishaps, crosses, and difficulties they have one unvarying antidote, which is embodied in a single phrase, corresponding to our 'What's the odds?' This species of philosophy they adjust to every contingency of daily life. If to be communistic is to have as much affection for our species at large as for our own immediate connections, the natives of Hawaii are thoroughly communistic. Their social ties are strong, their family ones weak. Kind, helpful, and generous to each other and to strangers, they are careless and indifferent in their domestic relations. A mother will part with her children with perfect equanimity, and a child will sometimes pass through so many hands that its real parentage at last becomes forgotten. The droll thing is, that a woman who has given away her own baby is quite willing to receive somebody else's if desired, and will treat it with kindness and attention.

The Hawaiians live in a land where little toil is needed to produce in abundance the necessities of life, and these are all they desire. They have no ambition beyond the day, no wish but that of perpetual holiday-making. Though the men are capable of extraordinary efforts in the way of horse-riding, lassoing, and surf-riding, it is only under occasional circumstances that they indulge in such vigorous exercises. Generally speaking, they are exceedingly indolent, and this, we think, more than anything else, is proving fatal to them as a people. The Hawaiians are a vanishing race, and have been such ever since the introduction of civilisation among them. It is the old story, which we have seen so often reproduced. The white man comes, and the dark man vanishes. In the case of the Hawaiians, however, there has been no struggle of races. The white population have always mingled on the friendliest terms with the natives, and treated them with sympathy and consideration. The king of the islands is still a native. All the efforts of the white man have, during recent years at least, been for the social and moral improvement of the native inhabitants. Still, the fact remains that, since the introduction of civilisation and Christianity, the native population has rapidly diminished. It was estimated by Captain Cook at four hundred thousand; when the last census was taken in 1872, it was forty-nine thousand. At the present rate of diminution, it will not be very long before there is not a single native Hawaiian in the islands. A sad physical blight has fallen upon the people in the shape of leprosy. Strict government measures are being taken to check this fell disease, but whether these will succeed in eradicating it is still doubtful. And this is only one of several causes that are in opera-

tion to diminish the race. Would it have been better, therefore, had civilisation and Christianity never come to Hawaii? Few, we fancy, who know all the facts of the case, will be disposed to answer in the affirmative. Fifty years ago, the Hawaiians were half-naked savages, living in a gross and sensual heathenism, worshipping gods who demanded frequent human sacrifices, and whose altars reeked with human blood, engaged in continual civil strife, and bondsmen to their feudal chiefs. Now, they are a gentle and law-abiding people, fairly educated and equitably governed, the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live. If it is destined that the Hawaiians are to become an extinct race, better, surely, that they should pass away having attained to their present measure of civilisation, than that they should have lived on in a condition of the darkest barbarism. That they should have reached a high tone of morality, according to our standards, was hardly to be expected in a nation so lately emerged from heathenism; but it is much to say that, in the space of little more than a generation, they have really advanced from barbarism to civilisation and Christianity. Many are disposed to attribute the decay of the Hawaiians mainly to the immorality which still prevails among them, the inherent taint which in heathen peoples longest resists the influence of teaching and example. This is no doubt one chief cause; and another is, we are inclined to think, the increasing indolence of the Hawaiian natives.

This account of matters is exceedingly suggestive. Here are islands of matchless beauty, with an unsurpassable climate. All around is a perpetual summer. The land, favoured by sunshine, is so fertile as scarcely to require culture. Nature yields a spontaneous bounty. What more, out of paradise, could be desired? Happy land! Happy people! Yet with all this happiness, and nothing to embarrass politically, the native population are dying out, and will ere long be gone for ever. Herein consists a biological problem: An abundance of food, an agreeable and healthy climate, no necessity for hard work, nor even for thinking, an abundance of time for amusement—and yet the people die out, as if they were ground by the bitterest slavery. How is all this, so contrary to ordinary conceptions, to be accounted for? Simply by the very circumstances which are considered so favourable. Employment such as we are accustomed to in England secures mental and bodily health, long life, and a due increase of population. Idleness, usually represented under the fascinating guise of recreation, is substantially vacuity of thought and abasement; we might almost say national extinction. Nothing could more widely mark the danger of indifference to industrial occupation, and the want of any obligation to think as regards ways and means, than the present and prospective condition of the too happy Sandwich Islanders.

Gradually dying out, the natives will at no distant day disappear, and leave the management of affairs to American settlers; but will even an Anglo-American race maintain its ground in this seeming paradise, where the obvious tendency is to give no thought to one thing or another? Apart from this problem, it is doubtful if annexation would in any way be beneficial to the United States. Miss Bird does not go into the philosophy

of these questions. She dwells on the salubrity and pleasurable quality in the climate, about which there can be no mistake. The difficulty she eludes is how, all things considered, an intelligent community is to be perpetuated. Already, the finances of the little kingdom are in an unsatisfactory condition. There is an increasing expenditure, and a yearly augmenting national debt. In short, the political state of affairs is rotten, and things cannot go on long as they are. We may join Miss Bird in the wish that the islanders may enjoy peace and prosperity under King Kalakaua. But good wishes, it is to be feared, will not alter the destiny of Nature!

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS.

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the labours of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, which, for a period of five years, has been investigating the public and private collections, with a view to the discovery of papers of historical or literary interest. Rich has been the reward. It was, of course, known that many families had ancient correspondence and documents among their papers; but the most enthusiastic advocate for the appointment of the Commission could never have dreamed that such a mine of manuscript-wealth remained to be worked. Hidden away in muniment-rooms, charter-chests, and other receptacles for family papers, thousands of deeds and autograph letters—many of them throwing considerable light upon disputed points of history—have been found, and described in the four bulky Reports issued by the Commission; and, as far as we can judge, as many more will be required to describe other collections. The last of these—the most recently issued, and most bulky of the series—containing no less than eight hundred and fifty folio pages, we shall notice in the present paper.

It would, of course, be impossible, in the space at our disposal, to do more than indicate the contents of this Report; and we think the best plan will be briefly to allude to the documents of the mediæval period—to the end of fifteenth century—and notice at greater length those of a later date.

The miscellaneous documents at Westminster Abbey contain interesting references to disputes between the Abbot and Archbishop of Canterbury and suffragans respecting the jurisdiction of the latter, between the monks and heralds about perquisites at royal and other funerals, indulgences for visiting shrines and relics, management of the monastic estates, the pecuniary difficulties of the monastery, and also those of the king. The statutes, bulls, and manuscripts of early Scotch and Irish missionary bishops were at a subsequent period incased in bronze or silver caskets, for their better preservation; and such relics were given to certain families, who became their hereditary keepers. A manuscript in the Bredallane collection relates to the *quisgrich*, or staff of St Fillan (who founded a monastery at Glendochart in the eighth century), to which cer-

tain rights were attached. Mr Gilbert, in the Report, describes a Latin Psalter on vellum—said to be written by St Columba—in a curious metal casket belonging to Sir R. O'Donnell, Bart., his ancestors being its custodians. The Trinity College Library is rich in early Irish manuscripts—such as the Books of Kells and Durrow, and the Garland of Howth—which are described by Mr Gilbert, together with other manuscript treasures in that celebrated library. The muniments described in the English universities are exceedingly curious.

A document among the manuscripts of the Countess of Rothes shows the importance attached to seals in the middle ages. It appears that the first Earl of Rothes, in 1460, lost his seal for a night and a day, and fearing that it might have got into the hands of some person who would take the opportunity of executing documents therewith, he went to the market cross at Edinburgh, and gave notice that all such writs should be produced on a certain day in the church of St Katherine's, in Cupar of Fife, and be either ratified or condemned. He also said he should have an alteration made in the seal from that time.

Mr Knowles has discovered in a manuscript in the possession of Colonel Towneley the interesting fact, that Edmund Spenser, the author of the *Faerie Queene*, was educated at Merchant Taylors' School. The Report is very rich in notices of historical documents of the seventeenth century, and also in those which throw light upon the social life of the period. Of the section of the manuscripts of the House of Lords relating to the reign of Charles I., the discovery of the long-sought papers relating to 'the Incident' is the most important. The alleged attempt, in October 1641, to seize the persons of the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earls of Lanark and Argyll, is known in history under that title. Charles I., who was then in Scotland, was believed to be privy to this; and in consequence of the disappearance of the original depositions of persons examined before a committee of the parliament of Scotland, his connection with it had never been known. These depositions have now been found, and the monarch's character in relation to this transaction completely cleared. Archbishop Laud's 'Visitations' also appear in the Report, and shew the trouble he took to enforce what we call ritualism upon the cathedrals. The authorities at Salisbury, 1634, reported that they had no copes—rich vestments like cloaks—and that the money collected formerly for them was now appropriated to the repair of the building. Laud—who, through his secretary, annotated the replies—writes: 'I think the fabrick was repayed before y'; and the coape money may returns to the proper use, and supply them in tynde.' In the same church it is stated: 'The seates in the nave granted not long since to the maior and corporation for their convenience to heare sermons, are now lately forsaken by a great parte of the company, who are of the faction agst the church, and now the seates doe rather pester than adorne the assembly.' In lieu of deacon and subdeacon, the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury substituted 'two cornerets and two sackbutters.' In Bristol Cathedral, it seems to have been the practice, if the mayor arrived before divine service was ended, to break it off; and if he did not arrive at its termination, the congregation remained, and all waited his coming before the sermon commenced.

The letters of the Marquis of Hamilton to Lord Fielding, 1636-41, show that Charles I. took every opportunity of securing works of art on the continent. In this he was sometimes forestalled by the Earl of Arundel, who, we learn from one of these letters, by means of an agent heard of pictures and statues to be sold. If any one else wished to purchase them, the earl directed so large an offer to be made, that the monarch should be driven out of the field; and then, knowing that Englishmen did not stay long in Italy, the probability was that, by waiting, he afterwards secured them at a lower price.

Lady Denbigh's letters to her son, Basil, Lord Fielding (afterwards second earl), are extremely interesting, as they shew the divisions in families caused by the civil war. Her husband remained loyal; but her son, to her great grief, declared for the Parliament. At Edgehill, father and son appeared on opposite sides, the one in the king's guard of horse, the other fighting under Essex!

A letter from E. Newburgh to the Earl of Middlesex, gives, under date August 29, 1637, an early version of a well-known fact: 'The Bishop and Dean of Edinburgh attempted to bring in the discipline of the Ch. of England in the Cath. Ch. there, putting on the surplis, and beginning to read the prayers as they were directed in the church books; but, as I heare, they were by the women beaten out of the church with their little stooles (which it seems their custom is to sit upon), and in their return home in the streets saluted with so many stones as endangered their lives; but what resolution will follow upon this is not yet known.'

The Breadalbane manuscripts are described as 'full of authentic and graphic illustrations of Highland history, modes of life, lines of thought, feuds and sports,' containing glimpses of the old Celtic tenures, and the customs of adoption and fosterage. It will be remembered that Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochaw (created Lord Campbell by James II.), the head of the house of Argyll, in 1432 gave the barony of Glenurquhy to his third son Colin, the ancestor of the Campbells whose scion in this century was created Baron and then Marquis of Breadalbane. The household books shew the hospitality of the laird, and the inventories of 'graitth' or furniture in the mansion are extremely interesting. One of the latter shows the 'geir left by Sir Colin not to be dispoit upon,' and made up by Sir R. Campbell in 1640. The jewels include 'ane targett of gold sett with three diamondis, four topases or jacinths, aine rubie, and aine saphire, enamelled, given be King James the Fifth of worthie memorie to aine of the Laird of Glenurquhay his predicesontris; item, aine round jewell of gold sett with precious stones, containing twenty-nine diamonds, and four great rubbies, quhilk Queen Anna of worthie memorie, Queen of Great Britaine, gave to unquihile Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurquhy; and uther four small diamonds quhilk the said Queene Anna of worthie memorie gave to the said Sir Duncane; item, aine fair silver bretch sett with precious stones; item, aine stone of the quantitie of half an hen's eg, sett in silver, being flate at the aine end and round at the uther end, lyke a peir, quhilk Sir Coline Campbell, first Laird of Glenurquhy, woir quhen he fought in battell at the Rhodes against the Turkes, he being one of the knyghtis of the Rhodes; of

great gold buttons, sixty-six.' In the same collection are about *three thousand letters*, which, at present, appear to have been imperfectly examined.

Among the papers of the Erskines, Earls of Mar, is the original will (1602) of Annabella Murray, Dowager Countess of John, Earl of Mar (died 1572), who, among other bequests, leaves her grandson, John Erskine, 'my oy aine tablet with the piktur of aine agget inammallit with reid, green, and quhyt, with four tablle diamondis, and aine knoip of seven perillis, left be my gude doghter his mother to him. Sic lyk I lave to him aine tablet representing aine adamant, and twa hammeris pressand (bot in vaine) to brek the same, desyring him to keip this jewell as aine pledge of my love and earnest cair quhilk I have to his honour and wellfair bayth in saul and body, exhorting him maist lovinglie at all tymes to remaine aine constant servand to God, continewing in the trew religione, presentlie professit within this realme. And last, to declair and expres his reverent obedience to his father and parent, laving heirwith to him this my motherlie counsell, that gif evir any pres to withdraw him thairfra, he nevir zeild thairto for na occasione earthlie can occur, bot evir remembering this my advyse, that lyk as the *pressing hammeris can nocht brek the adamant*, na mair he sullir his oblist affectione and deutie to his God, his prince, and parent to be battirit or ouercomen, and that for na feir, plesur, proffit, or preferment that is abill to provok him thairto; and this, my deir hairt, fail nocht to do, as cuir ye will luik for God his blessing and myne.' The passage we print in italics refers, doubtless, to the absurd idea that a true diamond could not be broken by a blow. Many a fine stone has been ruined by attempting to prove it by this ordeal.

In the same collection is a document signed by the Duke of Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond in England), the Earl of Mar, and other noblemen—a bond by which they agree not to wear clothes decorated with 'pasements,' or embroidery; which indicates a wish to alter the fashions to more plain attire at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

We have an amusing instance of the way James I. attempted to check criticisms on sermons. He says, in a letter dated Theobalds, April 19, 1624, among the Rattray manuscripts, that he 'is credibile informed of the presumptuous carriage of certayne of the burgh of Edinburgh in presuining to censure the doctrine of som of their ministers. We have given direction to certain of our counsel, exactlie to try the business with the circumstances, and to inform us punctuallie of the same; and because we wold be ioth that by the misbehaviour of aine indiscreet multitude, such worthie pastors should be discouraged, we have thought good by these presents to require you in our name to certify them that we will not in any wise suffer such a presumptuous abuse to escape unpunished, but will cause such exact order be taken therewith as shall terrifie others to attempt the like in any time coming; as, likewise, ye may assure them that an assistance shall not be lacking to them, in anything which may encourage them to go forward in that good cause wherein they now are.'

We observe, from a manuscript in the collection of the Marquis of Bath, that Pepys, the

diarist, nearly got into trouble because Lord Shaftesbury was believed to have seen an altar and crucifix in his house. The House of Commons, February 10, 1673, ordered two members to ask his lordship if such were the case. He replied, that he had never seen an altar in Pepys's house, but that he believed he had seen a crucifix. It was probably some work of art the old gossip had purchased, and we hear no more of the matter.

Among a number of papers at St Catherine's College, Cambridge, are three bills for Dr Eachard's funeral, the items of which may be noted for illustrations of prices; he died July 7, 1697: 'Fine crape burying suit, 16s.; 3 yards broad allommed [*à la mode*] 6s. a yard; for a scarf, 18s.; one yard ribbon for a byer [*byer*], 4d.; 4 dozen, 3 pairs mens best whit kidd, 22s. dozen, L.1, 7s. 6d.; forty rings, weight 3 oz. 16 dwt. 14 grs., at L.4 per oz., L.15, 6s. 4d.; fasion [*fashion*] at 2s. per ring, L.4; for the coffin, L.2, 5s.'

The manuscripts of Lord Hailes, in the possession of C. Dalrymple, Esq., contain some very interesting letters of Boswell referring to Dr Johnson. We quote three of these, written to his lordship: 'July 2, 1763—I am now upon a very good footing with Mr Johnson. His conversation is instructive and entertaining. He has a most extensive fund of knowledge, a very clear expression, and much strong humour. I am often with him. Some nights ago we suppt by ourselves at the *Mitre Tavern*, and sat over a sober bottle till between one and two in the morning. We talked a good deal of you. We drank your health, and he desired me to tell you so. When I am in his company, I am rationally happy. I am attentive and eager to learn, and I would hope that I may receive advantage from such society.'

A fortnight later, he says: 'On Wednesday evening Mr Johnson and I had another *tête-à-tête* at the *Mitre*. Would you believe that we sat from half an hour after eight till between two and three. He took me cordially by the hand, and said, *My dear Boswell! I love you very much*. Can I help being somewhat vain. He advises me to combat idleness as a distemper, to read five hours every day, but to let inclination direct me what to read. He is a great enemy to a stated plan of study. He advises me when abroad to go to places where there is most to be seen and learnt. He would have me to *perambulate* (a word quite in his own stile) Spain. He says a man might see a good deal by visiting their inland towns and universities.'

July 23, 1763—'Mr Johnson did me the honour to sup with me at my chambers some nights ago. *Entre nous*, he said that Dempster, who was also with me, gave him more general displeasure than any man he has met with of a long time. He saw a pupil of Hume and Rousseau totally unsettled as to principles, and endeavouring to puzzle and shake other people with childish sophistry. I had infinite satisfaction in hearing solid truth confuting vain subtlety. I thank God that I have got acquainted with Mr Johnson. He has done me infinite service. He has assisted me to obtain peace of mind, he has assisted me to become a rational Christian. I could give you pages of strong sense and humour which I have heard from that great man, and which are treasured up in my journal. And here I must inform you that he desired me to keep just the journal that I do, and when I told him that it was already my practice,

he said he was glad I was upon so good a plan. Last night, he and I suppt in a room at the *Turk's Head* coffee house. He was happy that I had such a friend as you, and he said, an hour's conversation with such a man may be of use to you through the whole of life.'

Horace Walpole writes, January 1772, to Lord Hailes: 'My reading has been very desultory and accidental, and though I have searched into a few points, which may have given me an air of learning, what I have acquired is extremely superficial; which I had rather confess than impose upon anybody, especially on you, sir, who have distinguished me much more than I deserve. I grow old and very idle, and have scarce any literary ardour left. As the time advances for my leaving the world, I find my attachments to it loosen, and I rejoice they do. At all events, it is too late for me to lay plans for anything in futurity, and having finished the last volume of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which only wait for the plates, I have not the least thought of undertaking any new work. Voltaire alone has courage to engage in volumes of *Encyclopedies* on the step of his tomb. I am not, however, grown so indifferent, sir, but I shall see with pleasure even Law and Statutes when enlivened by you. You may plant briars, but they produce roses, and though I have none of *Amænon's* joviality, I shall be very glad to crown my head with them.' The great *virtuoso* was then fifty-five years of age; he died twenty-five years after.

We select the following from a letter of Lord Monboddo (born 1714, died 1799) to Mr Harris, author of *Hermes*, preserved at Monboddo: 'I am meditating great things in the literary way, but I am not sure that I shall ever execute anything. I have one work in view, which I think would not make a bad second part, if it were well executed, to your *Hermes*; I mean a work shewing the origin and progress of this most wonderful of all the arts of man—the art of speech. What sett me upon this train of thinking was the study of some most barbarous and imperfect languages spoken in America, from grammars and dictionaries which I got out of the King's library when I was last in Paris. Besides the curiosity of seeing the progress of so wonderful an art in tracing the progress of language, you at the same time trace the progress of the understanding; and I think I have already collected material from which a very good history of the human mind might be formed, better, at least, than that which Mr Locke has given us. This, if I had leisure, I would make part of a much greater work which I project—viz. a History of Man, in which I would propose to trace him thro' the several stages of his existence; for there is a progression of our species from a state little better than mere brutality, to that most perfect state you describe in ancient Greece, which is really amazing, and is peculiar to our species. But the business of a laborious profession will, I'm afraid, prevent me from executing this and several other projects which I have in my head.'

Mr Horwood, in his notice of the manuscripts of Colonel Maccanley—which consist of the correspondence and papers of John Wilkes—supplies a hint to those interested in that vexed question, the handwriting of Junius's letters. He says, from the letters from Junius to Wilkes compared with those of his other correspondents at the

same period, he concludes that the general character of the writing of the Junius letters was common at that period; and from the uniform nature of the writing, it is probable that Junius employed an amanuensis.

LANCASHIRE RECREATIONS.

THERE is much of what we call character in Lancashire—energy, independent thought, self-reliance, diligent industry, but also an untiring love of amusement, fun, and joking. While the more affluent classes take to billiards, cricket, horse-racing, betting, and field-sports at the appropriate season, the humbler members of society, the roughs, as they are called, have generally a taste for dog-racing, rabbit-coursing, feats of pedestrianism, wrestling, pigeon-flying, and clog-fighting. There was a time when bull-baiting was a favourite recreation; that is now over, for it is a branch of sport no longer tolerated. When it was in vogue, young dogs were specially trained in the art of catching and holding on to a bull's nose, or, indeed, to the nose of anybody. On one occasion, a father and son set out on a ramble with a young dog, in quest of such sport as might cast up. The father having crept on hands and knees into a drain in search of vermin, was followed by the dog, which unceremoniously caught him by the nose. 'Call him off,' shouted the old man; 'he has got my nose in his teeth.' 'Never mind, feyther,' gleefully responded the son; 'let him hold on; it will be the making o' the dog.'

Excluded from enjoying the pleasures of bull-baiting, the Lancashire rough falls back on dog-racing or some similar sport which admits of betting; and to acquire suitable dogs, large sums, equal in amount to several weeks' earnings, will be expended, only too probably at the expense of wife and family. The staple of the rough's amusement is to a certain extent localised; Manchester and its environs being the headquarters of the rabbit-courser; Oldham, Wigan, and the colliery districts generally, of the dog-racer, pigeon-flyer, and wrestler. Foot-racing is common to all parts. In the outskirts of nearly all large Lancashire towns are to be seen inclosed grounds, devoted solely to those recreations of the lower classes in which the rough delights. A public-house is almost invariably attached to an inclosure of this kind.

Perhaps the most exciting sport within these popular arenas is that of rabbit-coursing. The ostensible object in view is to ascertain which, of two dogs, can catch the most out of a given number of rabbits, under certain conditions; but, as in all the rough's sporting enterprises, the real end of all parties concerned is pecuniary gain, to be derived from wagering on the result. We will suppose, by way of illustration of the sport, that Bill Brown of Chowbent has matched his black bitch, Bess, against Jack Bragg's brown dog, Nimble, of Royton, to run the best of twenty-one courses at rabbits, sixty yards law, for twenty-five pounds a side, and that the affair has to be decided at the Royal Retreat Grounds, Cottonopolis, on such a date.

Articles have been duly signed by the contracting parties, setting forth the terms of the match, stipulating who shall be stakeholder, who referee, in what instalments the fifty pounds at issue shall be put down, and the hour at which the match

shall begin, with various other items unnecessary to particularise.

Messrs Brown and Bragg are colliers, and each has a select circle of acquaintances, interested—pecuniarily—in his well-doing, by whom he will be accompanied to the scene of action, the Royal Retreat Grounds, Cottonopolis, on the appointed day. We will enter with them. Paying our sixpence at the entrance, we make our way into the Royal Retreat, and immediately find ourselves in very low company. Several hundred coarse-featured, roughly attired fellows are congregated within the rails, not necessarily as spectators of our coursing-match, for the afternoon's programme includes several other events, but to 'assist' at whatever sport may be provided for their delectation.

Most of them are accompanied by dogs, and if not occupied by holding a leash, each man has his hands deeply buried within the recesses of his trousers pockets. There is a similarity in the attire of the majority of these men. Most of them wear close-fitting gray cloth caps, gray overcoats—for it is winter-time, and the day is chilly—drab or pale yellow woollen cord trousers seem to be fashionable amongst them; and the feet of nearly all are incased in the murderous clog, in the use, or rather the abuse of which, as an offensive weapon, the majority of them are, it is to be feared, but too skilful.

Beneath the stand is a refreshment bar, the counter of which is thronged by many applicants for strong drink, and at the door of this an itinerant purveyor of sandwiches has stationed himself. Outside, close to the palings, in the thickest of the crowd, is a row of stools, and on every stool, note-book and pencil in hand, stands a fellow of evil aspect, with face of brass, and lungs of leather. These are the bookmakers, or professional betting-men, who, despite recent legislation, still continue to pursue their disreputable calling without let or hindrance from the law. Just now, the bookmakers are roaring out the odds on the coming coursing-match, and if we observe narrowly, we may see money handed to them by the gray-capped colliers, and printed tickets, in acknowledgment of the bets, passed in return. But now there is a stir among the crowd, and two men, carrying a long shallow hamper, containing rabbits, pass through a wicket-gate in the palings, cross the running-track, and deposit their burden on the green. The sport is about to begin.

Presently, Messrs Brown and Bragg appear at the wicket, each leading his dog, and attended by a couple of satellites, whose services will be required, and the party stations itself on the margin of the green. With the exception of representatives of the press, none else is allowed to enter the inclosure.

The referee, a pleasant, good-humoured looking young fellow, son of the proprietor, is already at his post. Over his Cardigan jacket he wears loose sleeves, one white, the other red. We shall know the meaning of this peculiarity presently. He is talking to the owners of the dogs. 'This,' says he, raising his red-sleeved arm, 'is for Bess; t'other's for Nimble.' And now the dogs—miniature greyhounds in appearance—are stripped of their clothing; the 'slipper' takes his post, holding each by the neck; while the referee, plunging his hand into the hamper, brings out a rabbit,

trembling and shrinking, poor little creature, with some ill-defined apprehension of coming woe.

Holding the rabbit carefully, lest in its struggles it should escape, the referee runs into the green, until he reaches a certain indicated spot, sixty yards out. Here he drops his scared and bewildered burden. On the instant, the straining, impatient dogs are slipped, and the course begins. A moment's hesitation, and the frightened rabbit strikes off to the right, across the green, with the dogs, swift as arrows, in pursuit to intercept it. Bess, with the pace of the other dog, leads the way, and amid shouts from the assembled spectators of 'Th' black un has it! th' black un has it!' a dozen rapid, lengthy strides bring her alongside the quarry. For a moment the result seems a foregone conclusion for Bess. Not so, however, for, in a vain attempt to avoid its impending fate, the rabbit, with a sudden double, eludes its pursuer, who, unable to check herself, shoots blindly past. Now is Nimble's opportunity. The rabbit has swerved towards him; in an instant he is upon it; a snarl of the eager jaws, a crunch, and its struggles are ended. Shouts and yells of 'Th' brown un! th' brown un!' mingled with wild exclamations, arise from the excited crowd without the palings; the referee throws up his white-sleeved arm, in token of Nimble's success, and the first course has been run and won.

After considerable running about, and the use of much strong language, the dogs at length permit themselves to be caught; and after five minutes for rest, the second course is run. This results in favour of Bess, who, going straight for the rabbit, runs it down and kills in even less time than was occupied in the first course. The third rabbit turned out, being bigger and stronger than his predecessors, shews more sport, and by dint of much active twisting and doubling, at length finds himself close to the palings, through which he bolts. Not that this avails him. He is still within the boundary-walls of the grounds; the dogs follow, and he is run into and killed in less time than it takes to write or read the story of his death.

The course, however, does not score towards the match, being what is styled a 'no go,' or undecided, as the capture was not made within the limits of the circumscribing palings. And thus the game goes on, with varying fortunes to one or the other party. Much money is won and lost on the several courses, much bad language is used, and many angry passions are roused in the breasts of those interested in the result. At length, Bess, having caught the required eleven out of twenty-one, is declared winner of the match. Her owner thus becomes entitled to the stakes, such bets as he may have made, and the dead rabbits, for which Mr Bragg will have the pleasure of paying, in addition to the loss of his money. And so ends our match. Such matches, varied by an occasional leg or sweepstakes, are of almost daily occurrence throughout the year. As to the stakes contended for, these range from five to fifty pounds a side; and in this way thousands of pounds change hands in the course of each year. In defence of the sport, nothing can be said—it is horrible; and we only describe it to shew what goes on and is tolerated in England. Of course, it ought to be put down by the strong hand of the law, but it is not. Recently, indeed, attempts have been made by the

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to obtain convictions against the proprietors of certain grounds where rabbit-coursing is practised; but, hitherto, these attempts have failed, owing to the apparent difficulty of bringing the sport under the head of either beating or hunting. Clearly, it is as cruel and demoralising as cock-fighting, which has long since been declared illegal. We earnestly hope that the law, which interferes to prevent the slaughter of rats in a pit by dogs, will, ere long, interpose on behalf of the rabbit, and effectually put a stop to the disgusting scenes which may now be witnessed, almost daily, in the outskirts of nearly every town throughout Lancashire.

The rabbit-coursing being over, we turn to the next amusement, the great match between Bill Shuttle and Dick Spriggs, alias the Flying Cobbler of Oldham, who are to run a 'level quarter' (that is, a quarter of a mile on equal terms) for twenty-five pounds a side. This is indeed an important event, for is not Shuttle champion of the world—that is, of the British Isles—at this distance; and do not even stand aghast at the temerity of the Cobbler, in thus daring to encounter the redoubtable Bill upon level terms, without the advantage of a start, which he might probably have had for the asking? The affair has caused quite a furor of excitement among the denizens of that lower sporting world in which we, for the nonce, are moving; and a glance around us shews a vast increase in the numbers of the crowd behind the palings. The grey-capped men are now decidedly in the minority; and although the bulk of those present bear the visible imprint of the rough in their faces and persons, it is the rough of the town, not of the colliery village, who now predominate.

Here and there in the throng may be seen a fashionably dressed individual, who, without doubt, a strong hankering after sport of any kind, has found his way to the Royal Retreat, attracted hither by the fame of Shuttle, and the growing repute of his daring rival, Spriggs. With the crowd mingle a number of young fellows, whose jaunty bearing, closely cropped heads, and highly polished clogs, bespeak the crack professional runner. Sporting publicans, fast-looking tradesmen, racing-men, bookmakers, all are here, for, though the rough proper affects pedestrianism hugely, he has by no means a monopoly of the sport, which, in its higher branches, is patronised by men much weightier in the social scale than he.

A slight bustle among the crowd, a murmur of many voices, 'That's him! that's Shuttle!' and two men pass through the wicket gate to enter the enclosure. There is no mistaking their identity. The shaven face, short hair, and springy gait, all mark the trained athlete, to say nothing of the heavy wraps and the inevitable clogs. His companion is a flashily attired man, whose heavy watch-guard, showy rings, and horse-shoe breast-pin, seem to indicate comfortable, if not wealthy circumstances. This is the champion's 'master,' a well-known sporting publican, by whom, as is the custom in the pedestrian world, he is maintained without working, who finds the money for his matches, who backs him, and according to whose orders he wins or loses his races, as may be most profitable.

Another stir among the people, another murmur of voices, and the Cobbler, with the individual

who, in his case, unites the double offices of trainer and chief backer, passes into the inclosure, to go through the never-to-be-omitted ceremony of pacing over the course. Like his antagonist, the Cobbler is carefully muffled up, and, though a smaller man, the salient features in his *personnel* are closely akin to those of the great runner. He too has been under the hands of both barber and tonsor, and he too wears the well-blackened clogs, without which the equipment of the north-country pedestrian would be incomplete. His mentor, though sufficiently well dressed in a suit of dark tweed, lacks the ornaments and appendages that adorn the outward man of Shuttle's patron, and, indeed, is altogether of another stamp—quiet and unpretending of aspect, yet with a keen professional air, nevertheless, as is but seeming, for, although now a licensed victualler, was he not in his day a champion among champions, and does not his fame survive and flourish in the annals of the fleet of foot?

To make the circuit of the course—over one-third of a mile—requires some time, and, meanwhile, the leathern-lunged bookmakers are loudly proclaiming a desire to do business on the pending race. Shuttle is favourite in the betting; and the shouts of 'Six to four on Shuttle! Does anybody want to back the Cobbler? I'll lay six to four against this Spriggs—six to four! six to four!' are positively deafening. It seems, however, that nobody does want to back the Cobbler—at any rate, not at so short a price as six to four; so, in despair of finding customers on these terms, the men on the stools, making a virtue of necessity, concede a point, and 'Seven to four!' is now the cry. This is better; and Spriggs now finds supporters, who think seven to four against his chance worth taking, as, after all, he *may* win, and there is always the chapter of accidents to trust to. By this, the runners have accomplished their march round, and now retire to the disrobing-rooms, to prepare for action. Half an hour (profitably employed by the bettors) elapses before they reappear at the wicket, stepping gingerly on their toes, for spiked shoes are not pleasant to walk in. Each is enveloped in a long greatcoat, is attended by his backer and a professional friend, and proceeds forthwith to the starting-post, on the far side of the ground. Here the ceremony of tossing for choice of position is gone through. The Cobbler wins, and takes the inside of the track, which will give him an advantage at each bend in the course, provided he can get the lead and keep it so far. The race will end opposite the stand, and here, breast high, a worsted thread is stretched across the track. This is the 'tape' to be breasted by the winner; and here the referee, a shrewd, sharp-looking man, proprietor of the Royal Retreat, will presently take his post. Just now, he is at the starting-point with the competitors. And now, all preliminaries completed, the men removing coats, and stripping off flannels, stand revealed in racing trim—nude save for a pair of scanty drawers about the loins. The finishing touches, in the shape of a brisk rubbing of the legs and bodies, are administered by the attendants, and the athletes step forward on to the 'mark' (the leathern-lunged ones are now bawling, 'Two to one on Shuttle!'), while the starter, pistol in hand, places himself in the rear. Each with arm outstretched and leg advanced, the runners poise themselves, steady as

rocks, on the mark. A moment's breathless pause—a tiny puff of smoke—a sharp crack—a hoarse roar of many voices, 'They're off!'—the white motionless forms spring forward simultaneously into life, and the race has begun. Twenty pair of keen eyes have been straining for a glimpse of the puff of bluish smoke from the pistol, and with its appearance a score of stop-watches have been started by practised hands, to 'time' the duration of the struggle just begun.

The Cobbler, on the inside of the track, makes the running at a tremendous pace, and dashing at once to the front, leads by three or four yards round the first corner. At the next bend, he is yet farther in advance, and as he enters the 'straight' five yards ahead of his opponent, his supporters wax loud and jubilant, and a storm of shouts, cheers, and yells bursts from the excited multitude. 'Th' Cobbler wins! th' Cobbler wins! It's all over! Shuttle's licked!' &c. &c. The friends of that wary veteran, however, not confidently one to another, knowing well that their man is running to orders, and is merely biding his time. And so it proves, for, a hundred and fifty yards from the goal, the hero of a hundred contests, for the first time letting himself fairly out, races up to the doomed Cobbler, already faltering in his stride, shoots past him like a flash, and, easing slightly towards the finish, dashes through the tape, a winner by half-a-dozen yards. The yelling mob, wild with excitement, surges over the palings, and disperses over the green and running-path; hats are thrown up by gleeful owners; pigeons are released, to carry the news into remote villages; the victorious Shuttle is borne to the dressing-room on the shoulders of his triumphant partisans, while the exhausted Cobbler—whose 'vaulting ambition hath overleaped itself'—with his coat hastily flung upon his back, is led away, to swallow the bitter pill of disappointed aspirations, and to reflect at his leisure upon the vanity of human wishes.

'What ha' they dun?' says a fellow at our elbow, with a glance at the stop-watch which a companion is about to return to his pocket.

'Fifty-one and a half' is the reply; from which we learn that the conquering Shuttle has run the four hundred and forty yards in fifty-one and a half seconds—fast time, but by no means the 'fastest on record' for the distance. And now, the race over, bets paid and received, the majority of the spectators are departing; so, not being greatly interested in what are to be the next doings, we depart, making some reflections on the phase of human life that has come under our notice.

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ANIMAL VOLUNTEERS.

IN the course of duty, I have several times a day to pass a cavalry barrack gates, with an entrance to the hospital on the opposite side of the road. Not long since, I observed a rather handsome-looking shaggy terrier standing beside the sentry who was posted at the gate of the latter. At the first glance, one might have concluded that the animal belonged to the soldier on guard, but as he is relieved every two hours, it could not be the property of them all. Still, he remained for several days together, except at brief intervals, when, I suppose, it was needful to seek refreshment. At last, I inquired of the sentry if he knew whether the dog had a master in the regiment.

'No, sir,' replied he; 'but I'm thinking he wants to enlist. Dogs often come to us in this way.'

Whether that particular candidate for a military course of life had his wish gratified, I cannot say, for I lost sight of him. There are also instances of dogs which quit the service of a private owner, and enter that of the public, of their own free-will and accord.

A soldier's wife once appealed to an officer for the price of a shoulder of mutton, which she said his dog had stolen from her. 'I assure you, my good woman,' replied he, 'that dog has never once been in my quarters for the last six months, nor has he taken the least notice of me. He was well fed, and comfortably lodged; but as he prefers to be on his own hook, I really cannot be answerable for such a vagabond's doings.' This was literally true. For the sake of liberty, the animal chose rather to put up with a precarious kind of living among the children, or the chance of a feast, now and then, by predatory means, than submit to the restraint of confinement, to which it would have been to a certain extent subjected by its owner. By way of extenuation, however, let me say, it was currently reported, that instead of claiming the value of a shoulder of mutton, it should have been the 'remains' of one, and no great loss either, it was generally believed.

When the 'Spankers' were in the Crimea—they were light dragoons in those days, and not hussars, as at present—a large dog, I don't exactly know of what breed, but universally admired for beauty and intelligence, attached himself to that particular corps. Wherever the regiment marched, he invariably accompanied the troopers. Several times he went into action, and was once seriously wounded with the point of a lance. It would have been universally regretted had poor Luffin's wound proved fatal. One of the farriers undertook to dress it, so that, with a little care, he soon got well again. Where the dog came from, or who was his original owner, nobody knew. He would never follow an individual soldier beyond the barrack gates, however kindly he might be invited; but when the men were in full dress, whether mounted or on foot, provided they went out in a body, Luffin insisted on taking up his proper position. One thing was very remarkable—he had sufficient discernment to enable him to distinguish a 'church parade' from any other. He never shewed any desire to attend public worship.

At the beginning of his military career, he had to pick up his living as best he could. He was accustomed at meal-times to go from hut to hut, or amongst the tents, when the men were under canvas. In some of these habitations he met with good treatment, and a supply of food; but from others he was not unfrequently summarily and ignominiously ejected. However, Luffin in course of time was allowed regular rations at the regimental expense, towards which all the members of a corps contributed a share, from the colonel to the drummer. The noble animal must have been aware of his promotion, for it was observed that he never went 'a-begging' after. One of Luffin's marks of high intelligence I cannot personally vouch for, but I have been assured of its truth. It was said, and generally believed, that he was in the constant habit of visiting the sentries during the night, especially in the Crimea, to see if the men were at their post, and on the alert. The reader must be told that, during a campaign, the troops are often so

much harassed and fatigued that sentries will occasionally fall asleep as they stand—an act, however, which is looked upon as one of the gravest of military offences. If Luffin found a man asleep, he sat before him in silence; but the slightest sound of approaching footsteps was sufficient to make him apprise the sleeper of the danger to which he was exposed. He would then trot off to the next post, where he scarcely halted if convinced that all was well. I am glad to be able to record the fact, that his faithful services, in due time, obtained for Luffin the respect of every member of the corps. It would have been a high misdemeanour to offer him any indignity.

Much that I have said in praise of Luffin may be properly applied to another Crimean hero called Jerry, belonging to the King's Royal Irish Hussars, whose services were estimated so highly, that a medal was bestowed upon him as a just reward, and invested with which, he afterwards ordinarily appeared in front of the regiment. When that gallant corps, on its return to Ireland, was publicly entertained by the citizens of Dublin, some doubt was expressed as to whether Jerry was eligible to become a guest; upon which the men declared, that unless their canine comrade made one of the party, they themselves would not put in an appearance. So, in the end, he shared the honour of a public banquet. Subsequently, this faithful animal went out to India, and accompanied the regiment through all the dangers of the great mutiny; but, during one of their marches, the poor fellow strayed into a jungle, and was never heard of afterwards.

Princess Charlotte of Wales's regiment had once a poodle whose hind-quarters were shaved once a week, and its whole body submitted to the process of being pipe-clayed, which gave the animal a clean and smart appearance. It seems, however, that the dog's particular attachment was to the band, with which it always marched, and was at all times on terms of amity with the white coats, especially the drummers, who were privileged to take all sorts of liberty in their treatment of him; at the same time, he would countenance no liberty whatever on the part of the red jackets, whether officers or men.

Many years since, the Princess of Wales's (Yorkshire) Hussars possessed a regimental dog which joined them at Ripon, and regularly marched to York for eight days' training, during which time he attended every drill and went daily to the field, where he charged in front of the squadrons with as much smartness as could be exhibited on the part of the best yeoman in that famous corps.

The gallant Welsh Fusiliers, as was noticed by us twelve months ago, are noted for a white goat which accompanies the regiment. The goat that was with the corps in Ashantee having there died, Her Majesty made a present of another animal of the same description. We may be sure the gift will be highly prized, and popularly appreciated in its military capacity.

The Queen's Own Hussars have a goat—or at least they had very recently—which curiously enough seemed to prefer the vicinity of the hospital to the barrack-yard. Billy, though a general favourite, was occasionally troublesome. For instance, in hot weather it is necessary that the doors of the barrack church should be left open for the benefit of ventilation. At such times he had a decided opinion that he should be allowed to join the congregation. Now, had he been quiet, there would have been no strong objection to his being indulged so far; instead, however, of behaving with decorum suited to the occasion, he would walk about on the wooden floor, which caused a considerable clatter. If by chance he came in the way of a trooper against whom he might have had a grievance, he would butt at him, causing thereby such disturbance as made it necessary for him to be forcibly ejected. Instead of taking such a rebuke, which was usually accompanied with sundry cuffs and blows, in a proper spirit, he would deliberately walk round to the officers' entrance, and go into the church again as coolly as if his previous manners had been most praiseworthy.

'Orderly,' said the adjutant at the close of the service, 'see that the goat is shut up on a Sunday morning for the future.'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'It's my opinion,' said one of the men, when the parade was dismissed, 'that Billy attracted more attention than the chaplain.'

'I could hardly keep my countenance,' observed another.

On one occasion, Billy attended the funeral of a soldier belonging to the regiment, with the band, who played the *Dead March*, and a firing-party, to discharge three volleys over the grave of the deceased at the close of the burial service. There, in strong contrast with his behaviour at church, it was quite affecting to observe how serious he was in manner and deportment. He seemed to take an intense interest in the whole proceeding, and walked to the edge of the grave, into which he peered for some time, as if pondering on the common end of mortality. Billy was a genuine volunteer. He followed the regiment of his own accord whilst on the march through an Indian village, and continued on the route for some hundreds of miles. Embarking with the troops when they left for home, he has never deserted the regiment from that hour to this.

During the Crimean war, a goat was sent to the 8th Hussars, for the purpose of being slaughtered, and served out as rations to the men. They however preferred to be on short commons for the day, in order that the animal's life might be spared; and under the circumstances we can readily conceive that, as it was a gentle, playful creature, great care and good treatment were bestowed upon it by all hands. It came with the troops to England, and remained with the depot during the absence of the regiment in India, lived to witness its return, and is with it, I believe, to the present hour.

A battalion of the Rifle Brigade had formerly a pair of beautiful gazelles, which I have frequently seen at Windsor marching in front of the band with perfect military precision of step. They looked quite proud of their position, for they carried their heads as erect as any smart young

subaltern could do, and affected, like him, to be unobservant of any passing admiration. The ready manner in which they went through their duty, in the absence of the slightest restraint, shews how kindly they must have taken to the service.

The 7th Hussars, on their last return from India, brought with them a fine antelope, which, though faithfully attached to military life, I am sorry to say did not manifest a very amiable disposition towards society in general. Whilst he never molested a soldier in uniform, he would sometimes make attacks on civilians and even officers belonging to the regiment, when in plain clothes. I never heard that he committed any serious injury. The climate of England was unfavourable to his constitution. When last I saw him he frequented the ante-room of the mess-quarters, in order to bask in front of the fire. Our winters were too cold for my Indian-bred friend, and so, to the sorrow of the regiment, he fell a victim to consumption.

Elephants have a decided liking for military life. Various regiments whilst serving in the East have had such an animal, which often rendered good service to corps to which he might be attached. The King's Rangers at one time were in possession of a fine male of enormous size, which for many years was never once absent from parade. As soon as the bugles sounded he would walk majestically to the place of muster, and take up his position at the right of the column. If the mahout or driver presented himself, the elephant would lift him on to his shoulders by means of his trunk, and evidently without the slightest effort to himself; but, if left to his own unaided intelligence, he obeyed the ordinary word of command without ever making a mistake, such as: 'Right face?' 'March?' 'Mark time?' 'Halt.' He insisted at all times on giving help to the men whenever they were engaged in loading or unloading baggage, and was evidently pleased to be allowed to make himself generally useful. When the wagons were impeded on the march, as it not unfrequently happened, Jock was duly sensible of his own importance, for by his enormous strength he would push a heavy load up a steep declivity, which six or eight oxen failed to do without his assistance.

It happened that the Rangers were suddenly ordered to embark for China, and there was no accommodation for taking Jock on shipboard. To the great disappointment of the men, the authorities decided that he should be left in India. He was however permitted to accompany the regiment as far as the quay, to watch the troops as they went on board, many of whom had a parting word of kindness for their old comrade. 'Good-bye, old nan!' 'Poor old Jock!'—were repeated with many variations, both by officers and men. Meanwhile the animal watched the proceedings with great apparent interest, as if wondering when his own turn would come to go on board. But when the vessel steamed off and left him ashore, he became frantic with rage and disappointment. It had been proposed that he should be transferred to another corps, but he most persistently refused to have anything to do with it. Neither the coaxing nor the threats of his mahout were of any avail. Though he had previously manifested the gentlest disposition, he now threateningly withstood all kindly advances on the part of his would-be comrades, and at length, so savage did he become, that it was deemed expedient to place him in con-

finement. Even the mahout himself was several times placed in a very awkward predicament, and on one occasion barely escaped with his life. No means could be found to assuage the grief or to calm the anger of this faithful creature, who so constantly mourned the loss of his friends. But in little less than two years the Rangers came back to their old quarters, and were informed of the melancholy change which had come over their old comrade.

'No go near—no touch, sah!; he strike hard,' said the mahout; 'he kill.'

'Why, Jock, my boy,' said a young officer, formerly one of his special friends, 'why, what's the matter?'

The animal pricked up his ears, and instantly recognised the voice, which was proved by his manifesting unmistakable signs and sounds of joy. It was quite affecting to see, when once more he was permitted freely to repair to the parade-ground, with what kindly recognition he embraced many of his companions, placing his trunk tenderly on their neck and shoulders. I need hardly say he was at once reinstated in his old regimental post, the duties of which he recommenced to discharge, as if no interruption had taken place.

The most singular creature I ever knew was a bear, a special pet amongst the 'Jolly Birds.' It was excellent fun to see him at play with the band boys, who would often get into his kennel, and keep him outside by means of a shutter, which slid up and down, whilst some of their companions would dodge about, as if joining with him in the game of 'hide-and-seek.' With some of the men, he would stand on his hinder feet, and pretend to box or wrestle, but all in good part, for, considering that he was really a bear, he was remarkably good-tempered. One night after watch-setting he managed to slip the staple from the post which held him fast, and wandered at large about the square, dragging his chain after him.

It happened at the same time that some recruiting sergeants were quartered in the same barracks. One of these came in with a pass at half-past eleven o'clock, that is to say, he had permission to stay out until that hour. He had been 'beating up' recruits for the service, so no one took any notice of his being slightly intoxicated. He was admitted at the gate, surrendered his pass to the sergeant of the guard, bade the sentry good-night, and proceeded towards his quarters. Being an Irishman, he had as rich a brogue as could be desired. He had not gone far before he came to an instant halt, and cried: 'Who goes there?' A dark figure was seen, like that of a man crawling on all-fours in the distance. 'Spake!' shouted the sergeant, 'or—I wouldn't mind if I'd my rifle and a ball cartridge in it. Spake, I tell ye, or I'll fire!'

Suddenly, the figure stood erect but a few yards from him, and displayed an appearance which, to his imagination, seemed like that of a mysterious personage from another sphere.

'That,' said he afterwards, 'was a fresher for me. It put out the fire of drink in my brain just all at once. But gorry,orra! I thought it was my end that was a-coming. It is I, I took Pat O'Conlin's baccey, I'll restore it to 'im in the mornin' wid an ounce more for the use of it.'

During this time, he had been dodging 'the foul fiend,' as he called it, along the piazzas, and

cutting round the columns, to elude pursuit from the enemy.

The animal at length seized him, and gave him some ugly grips, at which he shouted 'Murder!' at the pitch of his voice.

Fortunately, a sentry, who had been accustomed to the animal, came at that moment to the rescue, to the great relief of his Irish comrade. He was not so much hurt as one might expect. His sides by his own account were very sore, but he went about his work the next day, when there was a good deal of amusement at his expense.

'Have you returned O'Conlin his baceey?' demanded a comrade.

'Indeed, I haven't, sir; for, when I came to think of it, I remembered I never took it at all!'

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—BRIGAND DISCIPLINE.

It is only the old to whom 'the clouds return after the rain,' to whom misfortune is but the prelude to misfortune, and no sunshine illumines the interval; with the young, the sun is always shining, ready to take advantage of the passing cloud, or to pierce through its less heavy folds, even as it intervenes. Within one hour of Corrali's departure, Walter Litton had his sketch-book out, and was pencilling the picturesque surroundings of his prison, not without some sense of pleasure in the employment. Curiously enough, the brigands had robbed him of nothing, but only convinced themselves that he carried no weapons of offence. He knew that this forbearance was not usual with them, that, in ordinary cases, his watch and chain would have at once been added to the profuse adornments of his captors' persons; and that this had not been done, gave him additional disquiet, for it shewed that Corrali & Co. were bent upon some great *coup*, in which all minor considerations were merged, as of no account. That this project could not be connected with himself alone, was certain; for even if the amount which the chief had set his ransom at could be forthcoming, it was but a small sum, as ransoms went; and, indeed, that would have been only another reason why they would have taken all they could. He had an idea, too, that, considering their slender expectations from his capture, he had been treated with unusual tenderness and consideration. However, now that he was at work with his pencil, all these reflections were in abeyance; he was only thinking what a fine model Colletta would have made in Beech Street, where he could not have shifted his position three times a minute, as he was now doing, as he leaned up against a pine tree and watched the gamblers. He was a magnificent fellow, with a long pointed beard, and, except for an expression of interest now lighting up his soft black eyes, as the gold clinked, might have been elder brother to Francisco. He was by far the tallest of the band, and probably, except Corbara, the most physically powerful; but he had a delicate skin, and that was why he kept rubbing himself, as cattle do, and I believe for a similar reason, against the pine. It would have been a satisfaction to Walter, had he not been in their immediate neighbourhood, to reflect that all these scoundrels were overrun with fleas, and worse.

'It is wonderful!' said a musical voice (redolent of garlic) beside him; 'I have seen nothing like it since I beheld the altar-piece at Termini.'

The speaker was Santoro, who, peering over his shoulder, was regarding his little sketch with a look of intense admiration. Walter did not think very much of provincial altar-pieces in Sicily (judging from what he had seen of those in its metropolis), but this natural incense was acceptable, nevertheless.

'It would be better worth your attention if your friend would stand still,' said Walter, smiling.

'Why does he not join the game, like the others?'

'We are forbidden—he and I—to do so.'

'Oh, I see; for fear I should give you the slip.'

'Yes, signor; you see' (this apologetically) 'one is obliged to obey orders. Would it be asking too much, when you have done with Colletta, if you would do a picture of me?'

'By all means,' answered Walter good-naturedly.

'Never mind Colletta; if you will stand quiet, or, better still, sit down, I will do it at once.'

'I must trouble the signor to sit down also,' replied the other hesitatingly. 'You see, one is obliged'—

His sense of duty, struggling with the desire to conciliate, was most amusing to behold; nor did it escape Walter's quick eye, that, in taking up his position, the brigand took care to present his face in profile, so that the scar which disfigured one half of it was scarcely to be discerned.

'This portrait is for your lady-love, I presume?'

said Walter.

'Yes, signor; for Lavoeca,' answered the other, in grave low tones, and with an uneasy glance over his shoulder at his companions.

'And who is Lavoeca?' asked Walter, not so much from curiosity, as to secure a good sitting; he had now guessed the reason of Santoro's exceptional reserve and silence—for when they were not absolutely menaced with danger, the brigands, as a rule, were as noisy as boys just let loose from school; this gentleman was consumed by the tender passion.

'Lavoeca is the attendant of Joanna, signor, and her dearest friend.'

'And who— Hold your head a little less stiffly, my good fellow.' Here the thought struck Walter, that the last person whom his pencil had sketched—alas, how different, and under what different circumstances!—was Lillian, and somehow the reflection made him feel a kindness for this poor sufferer, charged with the task of shooting him, if he ran a yard, and yet, who had tender hopes of his own, with perhaps as slender chances of their fulfilment as himself. 'And who is Joanna?'

Santoro opened his dark eyes to their full stretch. The question was evidently as extraordinary to him as though some benighted being, on hearing mention of the pope, had inquired: 'And who is the pope?'

'Joanna—surely the signor must have heard—is the captain's sister: the handsomest woman I ever saw—save one; but'— Here he threw his hands up, instead of finishing the sentence.

'Ah, with a devil of a temper, I suppose?' said Walter. 'Some handsome women are troubled in that way.'

His tone was careless, but in reality he had become greatly interested; for, from what Francisco had told him about this woman, it was probable

that Lillian herself might at this moment be in her custody.

'Temper, yes. Why, the captain himself is at times afraid of her. How Lavocca can put up with it, astonishes me; but she says her mistress has a good heart; indeed, she is both kind and generous; and there is no doubt that she has been cruelly tried. When one is young, and things go hard with one, that makes the blood run wrong for the rest of one's life, you see!'

'It is too likely, Santoro. But would you mind telling me her story?'

'Lavocca's story, signor?' inquired the other with simplicity, and a blush upon his dishonest cheek.

'No, no; I would not venture to be so inquisitive. I wish to hear about Joanna, and this captain of yours, of whom everybody knows the history, it seems, but myself.'

'Well, the captain—though you would never imagine it from his grand airs—was at one time but a poor farm-servant. Much intercourse with gentlemen such as yourself, and even great nobles, who have been his guests from time to time, as well as his own high position—here the brigand drew himself up, as though he too, if not the rose (which, in the literal sense, he was most certainly not), was near the rose—'have made him what he is; but at nineteen he was just a farmer's boy, such as one may meet any day in the fields down yonder, except that he had a noble soul.'

'That is a fine thing to have,' observed Walter dryly.

'True, signor; it makes one independent of everything: a man who possesses it is a king, and knows himself equal to kings. Whereupon, it came about that Rocco Corrali fell in love with his master's daughter. He was not to blame for that, you will allow; if he had been of the same rank, nobody would have blamed him; but as it was, complexities arose. The brothers of the girl fell upon him with their knives, and left him for dead.

'What! merely for being smitten by their sister's charms? Is it not possible that they may have led him into some imprudence?'

'Perhaps,' returned Santoro, with a judicial air; 'it must be confessed that that has been said. His body was taken into the church, to be left till morning; but in the night he revived, and dragged himself to the mountains, where there were some fine fellows like ourselves, who received him gladly. Among us, there is a field for merit, and the best man is nearly certain to come uppermost.'

'Corbara, for example,' said Walter slyly. 'Do you think yourself a worse man than Corbara, or less fit to govern? I am quite sure Lavocca does not.'

'Well, well; of course, everything is not perfect even up in the mountains! Please Heaven, Corbara will be shot some day, and it will be better for such as you, signor, when it happens.'

'Corbara is a brute, I suppose?' observed Walter carelessly.

'Yes, indeed; or if he is a man, he has no heart. He would always rather have blood than ransom. As for me, I have no cause to love him, since I owe him this; and he touched the scar that furrowed his left cheek from eye to chin. 'It was a fair fight enough—we had a duel—but then one can't forget such things.'

'And yet you must obey him, or men like him,' said Walter softly, 'and be a witness to his vile brutalities. Now, supposing it were possible that I could procure your pardon, as well as fill your pockets'—

'It is useless, signor,' interrupted the other coldly; 'such propositions have been made to me before to-day. You are about to propose some scheme of escape.'

'No, indeed; I have no such intention: I merely wished to know if the opportunity of living another sort of life—with Lavocca—should offer itself to you'—

'It never will, it never can.—Thousand devils! why should we talk of such matters?' broke in the brigand impatiently. 'We were speaking of Corrali. Well, in course of time he became captain of the band. It was not in that year, nor in the next, but however long it was, he had not forgotten upon the mountain what had happened down yonder. One Sunday morning, when the folks were all in the village church in which he had been left for dead, he descended with his men, and surrounded it. The congregation were made to file before him. Two of the brothers of Carmina (that was the girl's name) were among them; those he slew with his own hand, and three others who had crouched behind the altar were shot down. Then he went to the house of his old master, and stabbed him to the heart; and carried off the girl with him into the mountains.'

'What an infernal monster!' ejaculated Walter. The brigand shrugged his shoulders. 'It was unfortunate that the family were so numerous, but it was necessary to be revenged. However, Carmina never took to him, in consequence of what he had done; and after a few months—it is sad to think of it, considering how fond they had once been of one another—he shot her, in a fit of exasperation.'

'It was with difficulty that Walter restrained himself from expressing his abhorrence not only of this narration, but of the narrator himself, who could speak of such things with such calmness and indifference; but he made no comment beyond a gesture of disgust. 'And what is the story of Joanna?' inquired he.

'Well, Joanna's case was, as it were, the reverse of Carmina's; she, too, was in farm-service, and solicited by her master's son, whose affection she did not return. Some say she stabbed him, but Lavocca, whom I believe before anybody, denies that it was so. It was more probably the captain that did it, whom Joanna had informed of her persecutions. At all events, she joined the band, and Lavocca, who was her inseparable companion, did likewise. They did not come, you must understand, signor, as women mostly do, who take of their own free-will to our mountain life, after their lovers.'

'I see. Joanna could not well have come without Lavocca, who, to keep her company, sacrificed her own prospects "down yonder"?'—Walter had already fallen into the brigand's habit of describing all scenes of civilised life by these two words. 'It is no wonder that she is Joanna's friend.'

'Indeed, she has a right to be so considered, signor, even though Joanna is a great lady. Talk of merit. There is a woman for you! She can shoot and swim, run like a deer, cook like an angel, and is wistful so beautiful! Should anything happen

to Corrali, I, for one, should range myself under her command—not this one's, and he jerked his finger contemptuously towards Corbara, who was still shrieking curses against his ill-luck.

'And notwithstanding all these accomplishments,' inquired Walter, 'is Joanna womanly and tender towards those persons who fall into her brother's hands?'

'Well, she has an eye for a handsome fellow, it is said, whether he be bond or free,' answered Santoro, laughing; 'but that is what men are sure to say in any case.'

Whether this man had wilfully misunderstood his question, being unwilling to give Joanna the cruel character she might deserve, or whether any other sort of tenderness than that he referred to was altogether out of Santoro's consideration, Walter could not determine. The information he had received was indeed but vague and general, but with that, for the present, he thought it prudent to be content. To exhibit curiosity was, in brigands' eyes, Francisco had once told him, to be plotting, and though Santoro seemed friendly disposed he had a stolid sense of professional duty, and it would be dangerous to excite his suspicions. 'If Joanna likes handsome men, Santoro, you give her this,' said Walter gravely, handing his companion the little portrait which he had now finished.

The delight of Santoro at this counterfeit representation of himself, as he probably considered it, though it must be confessed Walter had taken care to flatter him, was extreme, and could only be likened to that of a savage who first sees himself in a mirror: his expressions of admiration were so loud that they attracted not only his mate Colletta, but the gamblers themselves, who came crowding about him, like children at a peep-show.

'Wonderful!' 'Fine!' 'Excellent!' One would have thought that no one had sketched the human figure since Michael Angelo's time.

'What is all this about?' broke in the rough tones of Corbara. He plucked the portrait from the hand of its original, and made as though he would have torn it in pieces.

'Stop!' cried Santoro in a voice shrill with passion; his musket, fortunately for his foe, was not within reach, but his hand sought the knife in his girdle. The next minute, a blow from the lieutenant's pistol-stock levelled him, stunned and bleeding, to the ground. If the onslaught had been less violent, and Santoro had been able to take his own part in the matter, it is possible that he might have gained the victory over his superior, for the feelings of the great majority of the band were clearly with him. They had even supplemented, as it were, his 'Stop!' with several cries expressive of disapprobation at Corbara's meditated act of vandalism. But now that the man was down who might have proved their ring-leader, authority was paramount, and neither tongue nor finger stirred in rebellion against it. Only Colletta quietly brought a handful of half-melted snow, and, kneeling down beside his fallen comrade, proceeded to wipe the blood from his unconscious face. Nevertheless, it seemed to strike the bull-necked lieutenant that discipline had been sufficiently vindicated, and that even some sort of apology might be expected of him.

'This rubbish here,' said he, still holding the sketch in his left hand, 'is either worthless or

dangerous. If it resembles the man, it is clear that it may be used to identify him, should this English dog ever gain his liberty. Would it be for your advantage if he took a portrait of every one of you, and stuck them up in Palermo, so that the soldiers should know you wherever you moved? If, on the other hand, it is not like him, it is of no value to any one.'

The logic might have been incontrovertible, but it waked no sound of approbation; for the fact was, that every one of the party had been privately bent on getting his own portrait done in the same style.

'What you suggest might have had some sense, Corbara,' observed Walter boldly, 'had I intended to keep the sketch for myself; but I had given it to Santoro, and am willing to do the same for any one else who has a fancy for having his portrait taken, and a mistress to whom to send it.'

He rightly guessed that it was a point of honour with these gentry that each should suppose himself, or at least have it supposed, that he was the object of some young woman's devotion; but in this case he had unconsciously hit a particular nail on the head, and sent it home. It was well known among the band that the lieutenant was an unsuccessful snit for Lavoeca's affections; and Walter's speech at once suggested to them that Corbara's wish to destroy the picture, as well as his subsequent arguments, had arisen from jealousy; a passion in regard to which they themselves were as tinder to flame, but which amused them, when manifested in another, beyond everything.

'Come, come, lieutenant,' said one, 'what the signor says is reasonable enough; we need only show the pictures to whom we like—and who like us.'

'Yes, and when shall we have such another chance?' pleaded another. 'It is not as though we could go into the towns, and get our pictures taken by the sun for half a ducat, like those who live down yonder.'

Walter did not trouble himself to listen to these arguments, or to the lieutenant's reply to them; he had found it hard enough to give the man the few civil words which he had bestowed upon him, with that spectacle of his brutality—the prostrate form of the unlucky Santoro—before his eyes. Now, he had knelt down by the side of Colletta, and was assisting him in his simple ministrations to the wounded man. His impulse had been to spring at Corbara's throat, and do him such mischief as a moment's fury could effect; but he had mastered it, and wisely. It would have been a Quixotic act indeed to bring death upon himself (for Corbara would to a certainty have killed him), and perhaps fail in saving others, because one rogue was brutal and unjust to another. Still, Santoro had been friendly towards him, and he was not going to withhold the hand of sympathy from him, for fear of this insolent bully. As it happened, therefore, it was upon Walter's pitying face that the eyes of the poor brigand first opened upon his regaining consciousness.

'The picture!' murmured he. 'Where is the picture for Lavoeca?'

'You shall have it, or another,' said Walter comfortingly.—'Have you brandy?' inquired he of Canelli, whom the condition of the wounded man appeared to interest, not from tenderness of heart, but because blood had a natural attraction for him. 'It will be the best medicine for your friend.'

'I have a little,' returned the juvenile homicide stolidly—'about as much as I want for myself. He shall have a drain of it, however, if you will draw my picture.'

So it seemed that Lieutenant Corbara had taken off his embargo upon art, and had graciously permitted his men to sit to Walter.

This permission was of no slight advantage to the prisoner, both immediate and remote, for not only did it put him on amiable terms with his patrons, but when the hour for the mid-day meal arrived, and with it only loaves of black bread, without even the *raccolta* of the previous evening, he found his loaf had been filled by some grateful hand with pieces of broiled kid. It was a contribution, Colletta whispered to him, from his sitters generally, but of which he was to say nothing, because of Corbara, who would otherwise have deprived him of it; and he enjoyed it hugely, and none the less because he gave a share of it to Santoro. The poor fellow was little the worse for his maltreatment—the blow had fortunately fallen upon his skull—and seemed in no way to resent it. Punishment under authority, as Walter had more than one occasion to observe, was not looked upon as an indignity among brigands, though they were quick enough to avenge an insult.

After dinner, the disadvantages of open-air life became very perceptible, in the shape of a driving rain, from which, in their elevated situation, there was but little shelter. It was intensely cold, and yet the brigands dared light no fire, for fear of announcing the position of the camp to the soldiers. Nothing was to be done but for all (save the sentinels) to wrap themselves up in their capotes, and huddle together as close as sheep frightened by a dog. His companions, accustomed to sleep in the daytime, and move at night, soon forgot their discomforts in slumber; but Walter was not so fortunate. He lay for hours listening to the sough of the wind, the swish of the rain, and had, as it seemed to him, only just fallen asleep, when a kick on the leg awoke him, accompanied by a rough order to 'get up.' It was fine overhead, though by no means clear, and the moon was rising, by the light of which—though the manner of his summons would have sufficiently established the man's identity—he perceived Corbara, his musket sloped over his shoulder, and evidently prepared for departure.

'Santoro,' said this worthy, in tones that he endeavoured to make conciliatory, 'you are still an invalid, it seems' (and indeed the poor fellow, with his broken head, bandaged with a napkin, through which much blood had flowed, looked by no means able-bodied); 'so you will be excused from your attendance on the prisoner, and command in camp in my absence. Canelli will take your place upon the march.'

'Pardon me, lieutenant,' answered he firmly; 'I am quite well now, and have received my orders direct from the captain; and I mean to obey them. Strike me again'—for Corbara was already feeling for his pistol, the barrel of which seemed as familiar to his fingers as the trigger doubtless was—and you will have to settle with him the *Who-shall-be-Master* question a second time.'

Even by that dim light, Walter could see the lieutenant turn yellow with rage: the allusion was evidently a very bitter one, and yet one which he dared not resent.

'I shall have a word or two to say to the captain about you, my fine fellow,' was his sole rejoinder.

'Just so; that is one of the reasons why I intend to accompany you, lieutenant. It is only right he should hear both sides.'

'I believe you to be half a traitor,' answered Corbara fiercely. 'You are quite unfit to be trusted with the care of a prisoner, you who receive gifts at his hands, and make yourself his friend. You require some one to look after *you*, and Canelli shall do it.'

At these words, the young recruit stepped up, gun in hand, with a malevolent grin, and stationed himself on Santoro's left. It was an indignity, as Walter could perceive, which touched his old body-guard to the quick, who, next to Corbara, was the senior member of the band; but he said nothing. About a dozen brigands had been selected for the expedition, the rest remaining in camp. At the word 'March!' given in quite a military style, they set out; but there was not much marching, in the ordinary sense. The ground did not even permit of a foot-pace; it was so steep that they had to run, except where the brushwood was so thick that they could make way through it with difficulty. Their course was eastward, but also, as Walter fancied, towards the sea. Under the circumstances, some straggling was absolutely necessary, and but that Canelli kept always close behind, and within striking distance of him, it would have been easy, with Santoro's connivance, to have made his escape. In any case, however, as he judged, this connivance he would not have obtained. That Santoro detested his present leader, and was burning with indignation against him, was probable enough; nay, even that he was favourably disposed towards his prisoner; but, nevertheless, Walter felt that, had he made an effort to flee, this man would have drawn trigger on him as quickly as any of his fellows, nay, perhaps all the quicker, because his fidelity had been called in question. That he was correct in this opinion, was shown by a trifling circumstance. After they had gone a mile or two, they crossed a small stream, at which every one stooped to drink, for streams are rare in Sicily, and they had had nothing hitherto to quench their thirst, save melted snow. Walter took the opportunity to wash his hands and face, which he had not done for twenty-four hours: his delay was not of half a minute's duration, yet the purpose of it being misconstrued (and perhaps unintelligible, for brigands never wash), it almost cost him his life. 'Get on, or I shoot!' cried Santoro, in a voice from which all friendliness had given way to a certain fierce ring of duty; and this was accompanied by the ominous click of three guns. Walter made some laughing remonstrance, and though the incident dashed certain vague hopes he had begun to cherish, did not permit it to interrupt his amiable relations with Santoro. Nor did the latter appear to treat it otherwise than as a matter of official routine, such as no person holding a commission from Il Capitano Corralli could have dispensed with.

'Can you guess, signor,' said he, in a low voice, when they chanced to be crossing what was, by contrast, a piece of level ground, 'why the lieutenant was so civil just now as to make me his deputy in his absence, if I would have accepted the honour?'

'To make up, I suppose, for his brutal attack upon you yesterday.'

'No, no, signor; he is not one to eat his words nor to repent his deeds. He wished to keep me from seeing Lavecca. He wanted to have her all to himself.'

'So we are going to join the ladies, are we?' inquired Walter, with a carelessness that he could ill assume. The thought that he was about to behold Lillian, filled him with a wild delight, in spite of the sad circumstances under which their meeting must needs take place.

'Yes, I am sure of it. I saw that Corbara had put his rings on.'

This statement was quite unintelligible to Walter, and an accession of speed on the part of his companions—for they used level ground as though it were a race-course—prevented any explanation. Presently, however, a halt was made for refreshment, and then he saw Santoro produce from his pockets a number of little tin boxes, containing various articles of jewellery, with which he proceeded with much gravity to adorn his person; just as a serious young man with us puts on his go-to-meeting coat, and makes his face to shine with yellow soap, before he goes a-courting. Walter guessed, from these preparations, that they were near the termination of their journey; but, for the rest of the way, the party moved much more slowly, and with exceeding vigilance. They had now got 'down yonder,' where honest people were to be found (in moderate numbers), and even people whose mission it was to put down brigands: a large and fertile valley, through which ran a high-road, that they crossed with the most elaborate precautions, sending scouts to left and right, and then fitting athwart it with the swiftness and silence of a shadow. Here was another mountain to be climbed, not so steep as that whose summit they had lately occupied, but much more wooded and difficult; and ever and anon they stopped, as if in doubt, and as though the place was new to them. At these times, it seemed to Walter that he could hear the soft murmur of the tideless Mediterranean; but when he expressed that belief, Colletta jeered at it, and told him the coast was not within five leagues of them. Walter had by this time discovered, however, that, notwithstanding Captain Corrali was so exacting from his captives in the way of truth, this was the very last commodity to be expected from the members of his band: they lied to their prisoners, they lied to one another, and if they gave themselves any trouble to prove to their own minds that they had any justification for their mode of life, they most unquestionably lied to themselves; therefore, Walter stuck to his opinion as respected his proximity to the sea. It somehow pleased him to think that it was so. To be taken inland, was to be removed farther from the hope of escape, and, as it seemed to him, from the neighbourhood of Lillian. He conjectured that it would have been impossible for the brigands to have carried her very far from the coast, and the course of the present expedition had corroborated that conviction. The dawn had now broken, fair and calm, yet so woody was the mountain on whose slope they were, that it seemed still dusk. Again and again, Corbara put his fingers to his lips, and whistled the brigand note, and waited for a reply in vain. But at last he was answered. Sweet and

low, the kissing call stole down from the summit of the mountain, so mellowed by distance, and rendered so harmonious by time and place, that Walter hardly recognised it for what it was.

VISIT TO GARIBALDI.

IN the course of last summer, when GARIBALDI was living in his home at Caprera, a small island lying off the northern part of Sardinia, he was visited by a Scottish lady, accompanied by her husband, Rev. Robert Wallace, in the course of a tour through Italy. The lady having given an account of her visit in a letter to her father, we have been favoured with a copy, which will be perused with a certain degree of interest. The letter is dated from Rome, 11th May 1874.

'Our visit to Caprera was the great event in our Italian tour. Last Wednesday, we started from Rome for Civita Vecchia, whence we sailed the same day at 2 P.M. by the mail steamer for Madalena, where we arrived on Thursday at half-past 4 A.M., after a pleasant voyage. At Madalena Hotel we breakfasted, and at eight we hired a small boat to Caprera, where we arrived at nine. There was a slight rain, but the sea was fortunately calm. We sent one of the boatmen with the three letters of introduction first, and waited his return from the house, which was about a quarter of an hour's walk from the coast. When the man came back with the message of welcome, we all set off for the house, which is seen at a great distance from the steamer. General Garibaldi's secretary, Signor Basso, a good-looking intelligent man, received us cordially, and shewed us into the dining-room. He conversed with me in French, and informed me that the general was in bed, suffering acutely from rheumatism, and had been confined thus for some time, but that he would see us. You may imagine how grieved I was. Meantime I learned that his son Minotti and his wife were in Rome, Ricciotti in London, and his daughter Teresa with her husband, Signor Canzio, at Palermo.

'Signor Basso said he had lived with the general for thirty years, and had accompanied him in all his campaigns, and was one of those who bore him on his shoulders from the battle-heights of Aspromonte, opposite Messina, when he was unfortunately wounded, as also Minotti. During the general's visit to London, he resided with him at Stafford House (the Duke of Sutherland's), and spoke of his enthusiastic reception there, which quite turned his own head, as well as that of the Londoners. The general himself, he said, felt it keenly, and his love and admiration for the English and Scotch are unbounded. After sitting nearly half an hour, the secretary signified we could now see the general, and shewed us into his bedroom, which was across the entrance-hall, vis-à-vis to the dining-room. My feelings can be better imagined than described when I entered the presence of the great liberator and hero—the Wallace of Italy. He lay to the left on entering, close by the door, his head slightly propped up with pillows, and looking ill and pale. Notwithstanding the simple and unostentatious surroundings, there was a dignity in his very simplicity most touching; and his countenance is the handsomest I ever saw, especially in the beauty of his eyes which are very striking, with a kindness of

expression most attractive, evincing great benevolence, and an intense love of the human race, for the freedom of whom he has truly sacrificed his all. There was also a fascination in his very voice, which was soft and pleasing. My heart was at my mouth when I approached him, and on his holding out his hand, which was doubled up with rheumatism, I kissed it, which his deep humility would scarcely permit. He then introduced me to his wife, who appeared to be a very amiable and agreeable lady; and indeed such was the case, for during our visit she did all in her power to make us comfortable. I never experienced anywhere such kindness and attention.

After some conversation, the general remarked to me: "You are English." I said Scotch. "Oh," he replied, "I am very fond of the Scotch, of whom I have many warm friends, especially in Glasgow; and you must remember me kindly to your father, Mr M'Adam, and Mr M'Tear, and all my friends in Glasgow, and in Scotland, who remember me?" I said we regretted he had not gone to Scotland when he was in London. He replied it was also a great disappointment to himself; but various circumstances had prevented it. I said I trusted he would yet honour us with his presence, and should he visit Glasgow, he was to make your house his home. "That is indeed kind," he added, "and I shall certainly see your father if there." He then spoke kindly again of Mr M'Adam and Mr M'Tear.

General Garibaldi's house is the only one on the island. Around it are olive, fig, and orange trees, and outside the window of the general's bedroom are lemon-trees thick with fruit, which, on remarking, he sent his little girl to bring me some. She brought in three lemons, which I shall keep as a memento. Mr Wallace, on the spur of the moment, gave her a five-franc note, but her father decidedly told her not to take it. Turning to Mr Wallace, he said: "You see I have got your namesake, Sir William Wallace, above my head." It was a simple engraving of the Scottish hero in his helmet. In the course of conversation, Mr Wallace said he looked as if he was in the prime of life, and were it not for the rheumatism, he might be going about active and vigorous. "I am sixty-seven," he replied, "and as it is, I am obliged, when out of doors, to be wheeled about in a perambulator." There was a very neat one in the entrance-hall. Mr Wallace then remarked that he saw occasionally notes from him in the newspapers, and trusted soon to learn from some of them of his perfect recovery. "Oh!" he said, "I am like an old ship, obliged to go in for repairs occasionally, to prop it up, and inform the journals accordingly." I alluded to what he had done for Italy and liberty, and though not recompensed here, a far higher reward than aught earthly awaited him above. I then spoke of being acquainted with some of his faithful adherents whom I had met both in Italy and Sicily, who had shared his toils and battles; he replied: "I have known so many in my career I cannot recall them individually. I am a cosmopolite, devoted to liberty everywhere." The general then spoke of Caprera and how much he liked it. The island is the wildest-looking place I ever beheld. It is of considerable size, but one mass of rugged rocks and huge boulders, with wild shrubs, just now covered with a most beautiful white blossom,

issuing from almost every crevice. A few patches of ground near the house serve as pasture for his cattle, about eight or ten in all. There is also a fine white horse, probably one of his favourite chargers, two donkeys, a few goats, two pointer dogs, and a great number of hens. All the animals are well fed and carefully attended to. Although Caprera is wild, there is a grandeur about its rocky heights, and it commands a fine view of the islands surrounding it, especially from the terrace of the room we had the privilege of occupying.

The general lost a very lovely girl when he was in France at the late war. Her name was Rosa, and her death caused him great grief. She is interred in the olive garden, on a little rising ground, and a very handsome monument in pure white marble is erected to her memory. In front of the tombstone, which is high, is an exquisite marble sarcophagus of large size, where, I could not help thinking, the general would one day lie. The rest is paved with tiles, very chaste; and flowers adorn the whole, which is inclosed by an iron railing. The whole was sent from Nice; no doubt a present from a friend.

Many a pilgrimage may yet be made to it, as the resting-place of the hero, which I trust may be far distant. Fearing to fatigue the invalid, we made this interview as short as possible, which was kept up in French and English; in French chiefly, as he said he knew that language better. He seemed pleased when I told him you envied my visit to him. On ascertaining that we had our carpet-bag with us, he invited us to stay, with many apologies that it was not as he would like it to be for us in point of comfort. I said the honour of being under his roof was enough for me. A very fine *liquor*, something like *noyan*, was presented to us at his request; and after we had been shown to our bedroom, Signora Garibaldi returned with a bottle of old cognac, a plate of fine dates, and a crystal jar of Caprera honey from the general. I then said to her that I had brought a coral scarf-pin from Naples, which, being so trifling, I had not courage to present it to the general in person. She admired it exceedingly, and hastened to give it to him; came back and told us how much pleased he was, and it was so beautiful. I begged her not to mind us, but to remain with her husband, to whom she is so devoted, as we could amuse ourselves by taking his advice and perambulating Caprera. Accordingly, we walked about for some time; and between one and two o'clock, Signora Garibaldi came and invited us to dinner. It was indeed a substantial repast. Besides the viands, there were on the dining-table two very large bottles full of the finest wine, the same on the side-table; gifts, we were told, from friends. The party consisted of Signora, her daughter, her two brothers, Signor Basso, Mr Wallace, and myself. Signor Basso remarked that this was their daily routine, and that when the Duke of Sutherland visited Garibaldi, which he did occasionally, he sat down with them in the same primitive fashion. I remarked, I would rather partake of bread and water at the board of such a man, than be at the table of luxuries where there was no heart, and where pride and ambition reigned. We again strolled to Rosa's tomb; and in the evening another entertainment awaited us, which we were unequal to after such a dinner. Signora Garibaldi asked us to accept of a little cheese of Caprera, also one of the general's

Garibaldian costumes; both of which I politely declined, when she laughingly threw it over me. Signor Basso said, much as we liked their cheese, it was not to be compared to the Cheshire cheese, which the general, as well as himself, was so fond of.

'On entering the dining-room next morning there was a large fire of wood, which made it very cheerful, especially as there was a cold east wind blowing outside, and an excellent tea-breakfast awaiting us, by the general's orders, as the English, he said, "did not take wine in the morning." On the table also, cold roast-beef, fowl, poached and boiled eggs—enough for a dozen; such kindness, such unbounded hospitality, as if enough could not be done for us. Wine was also pressed upon us, but declined. After breakfast, all the party, except the general and his secretary, had a walk to the olive ground and the tomb; and then the boatmen arrived from Madalena, to take us back as soon as we were ready, as the wind was so high and the sea so boisterous, that if we waited till mid-day, as the general had appointed, it would be impossible for a small boat to go across.

'The general again sent for us, and on our entering the room, what was my delight to see him so much better than he could sit up in bed. He gave us a cordial welcome, and had put on his Garibaldian costume, a kind of black and white checked woollen garment. It is like a long broad scarf, with a slit in the centre to put the head through, letting it hang loosely down round the person. A very beautiful velvet smoking-cap with rich gold embroidery adorned his head, and, to my intense pleasure, my coral pin was fastened in front; a most graceful delicate compliment to me. I pointed to it, thanking him for accepting it, and the honour he conferred on me by wearing it. He said: "It is very beautiful, and I shall remember you all my life, and wear it for your sake." How proud and happy I felt then! Mr Wallace and I were struck with his handsome face and noble appearance. Like myself, Mr Wallace thinks it is the finest countenance he ever saw. At my request, the general presented me with his photograph and his name written on it, saying: "This is the last one I possess;" and Signora gave me one of her little girl, and one of Rosa in her bier, with herself sadly looking on her dead child. The general again repeated all his kind messages to you, to Mr M'Tear, and Mr M'Adam, and then bade adieu, I again kissing the hand of the great liberator. I once more thanked him for his great hospitalities, and Signora's extreme kindness and attention to us, and he replied saying: "My wife desires me to say how delighted she is to have made your acquaintance."

'The sea was so frightfully rough, that instead of going to the village of Madalena, the three boatmen rowed to the nearest point across, about a mile, and we walked to the hotel, from two to three miles. The same steamer that we went by returned from Sardinia in the afternoon, and at six p.m. we sailed, arriving in Civita Vecchia at half-past eight next morning, after a most boisterous passage.

'All our friends in Rome are surprised at our courage in visiting the abode of this greatest of men, but it has given me a pleasure and satisfaction utterly indescribable. To have touched the hand that has opened prison doors, trodden down

tyranny, made the tyrant king and his minions flee, leaving him master of the field in Naples, where he had but a handful of adherents, placing Victor Emmanuel on the throne of a united kingdom where he himself might have continued dictator, was alone sufficient to have made one proud of the honour. Added to all this, freedom of thought and religious toleration were among the grand results of his mighty deeds. He who might have possessed royal palaces and treasures, sacrificed his all for the love of liberty alone, living a life of obscurity in his humble island home, with no other reward than the homage of his nation, and of all who know his worth, his noble heroism, and self-devotion. No wonder I rejoiced at grasping the hand of such a deliverer, and listened to the voice that proclaimed liberty to a trampled-down nation, and raised it to the dignity of freedom and enlightenment! What a lesson it teaches of noble self-sacrifice and divine humility! I do hope you will yet see him and have him as a guest under your roof.

'I may mention that in our bedroom, which formed part of the wing of the house, were many English books, Shakspeare among the rest, all of them presents. Several pictures were hanging in the various rooms, chiefly connected with his own eventful career.

'Of the photograph you may remember giving me of "Garibaldi being carried off the Field of Aspromonte," he has two copies left, one of which Signora offered to me, but I told her I had already got one from you.

'I think I have now given you all the details of this most interesting visit, and I shall only add my apology for the length of the letter.'

LANCASHIRE RECREATIONS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

Of all athletic displays, the collier-sportsman—for with him we are now chiefly concerned—clearly loves a wrestling-match, or, as he in his vernacular styles it, 'a wrestle;' and from this trait in his character, the uninitiated might perchance draw favourable inferences as to the manliness of his disposition. Such inferences would nevertheless be hasty, and altogether unwarranted by facts. True it is that the collier loves wrestling; but it is not of the manly and, we may say, scientific character that is to be witnessed in some parts of England.

As a rule, the Lancashire wrestler is a rough among roughs. With, perhaps, the exception of a dog-race, nothing attracts the collier so powerfully as a wrestling-match, which few can have any idea of. The scene is one of the inclosures already described; the situation, the outskirts of a populous town, a few miles distant from Manchester; the occasion, a match between Bob Stubbs, alias Stiffun, of Hindley, and Jem Bullock, otherwise Jumping Jem, of Glodwick, who have signed articles to wrestle the best of three back-falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can, at seven score seven pounds weight (the wrestler always reckons his weight by the score), for fifty pounds a side. The Wellington Grounds—the scene of action—in their

principal features, nearly resemble the Royal Retreat we have so recently quitted, and the general description of the one may be equally applied to both. The occasion is important; for, in addition to the fifty-pound stake, the wrestlers are to contend for the middle-weights' Champion Challenge Cup, presented by the proprietor of the Wellington Grounds, and now in the keeping of the Stiffun, who thus bears the proud title of champion. The number of spectators is consequently large—upwards of two thousand—for the most part 'coolers,' with a sprinkling of factory operatives and mechanics, and—dare we write it!—a few young women, sweethearts, doubtless, of some of the colliers present. Strange as it may appear, here they are. Quite at home they seem among the roaring crowd; and very gay they look in their holiday attire, though we should fail to recognise them, were we to see them next week working at the pit mouth in semi-masculine dress of trousers and petticoats reaching only to the knee. The 'rough' element decidedly prevails in the throng, which is not of so composite a character as the crowd at the Royal Retreat, and, as already intimated, consists mostly of colliers. Dogs innumerable are here; and here, as a thing of course, are the bookmakers, in the full exercise of their unhalloved vocation.

We have arrived in the very nick of time, for, see! the wrestlers are already in the ring, and the contest will begin almost immediately. And now, while the principals are receiving the final touches at the hands of their seconds, let us say a few words anent the sport. The object of the Lancashire wrestler is to place his antagonist on his back, and in this style of contest no throw may be counted unless both shoulders of the fallen man fairly touch the ground. To achieve this, the desired end, almost any means and nearly any kind of rough usage are permissible; so that, to the uninitiated spectator, a display of this sort seems to be a mere pulling and hauling match, in which there is little visible science, but much gross violation of established rules of fair-play and manly forbearance.

But now all eyes are turned towards the ring, and, their preparations finished, the heroes of the hour step forward to begin the strife. As the holder of the cup, Stabbs is the favourite, and the shouts of seven to four on him are many and loud. While they come forward, divest of all attire but socks and a scanty covering for the loins, we have time for a rapid survey of the personal characteristics of the wrestlers. The men are much alike. Of sturdy build, below rather than above the middle height, with powerful limbs and swelling muscles, each has a massive neck, a bullet-head—the light hair on which is cropped as short as scissors may cut it—and features of a low intellectual type, with heavy jaw and mean forehead.

Advancing each from his corner to the middle of the ring, they cross hands slightly, in token of amity, and at once get to work, feinting and dodging for a favourable opportunity to close. The Stiffun takes the initiative, and after several ineffectual attempts to seize his antagonist by the thighs, grapples with him, when, after a brief struggle, both come to the ground.

Bullock falls undermost, but, quick as thought, rolls over on his breast, while the Stiffun, bestriding his prostrate form, strains and heaves in efforts

to turn him on his back. In vain, however, does he strive; Jumping Jem resists every attempt; and although his face is pressed forcibly into the muddy grass, and his naked body is bleeding from abrasions and scratches, inflicted by the rude hands of the energetic Stiffun, he resists successfully. Foiled in his endeavours, Stabbs now essays to drag his man bodily backwards; but no sooner has he raised the Jumper to his knees, than the latter, with a sudden twist, breaks the hold, and leaps to his feet. Again the pair close; again they come to earth with the same result as before; and again they writhe and struggle, minute after minute, in the mud, greeted with shouts, cheers, derisive yells, and execrations—for the collier is fertile in expletive. Time after time, the Stiffun, by dint of strenuous exertion, all but turns his opponent over; and time after time, the Jumper wriggles back, and again lies prone on his face. At length, gripping the thigh of the prostrate Bullock with one powerful hand, and with the other arm thrown around the neck in no gentle embrace, the Stiffun, putting forth a gigantic effort, partially raises his fallen foe, and twists him fairly over. The wrestlers now retire to their corners, pitiable objects.

'Time' is soon called, and again the men face each other in the middle of the ring. Betting is now two to one on Stabbs, whose supporters are exultant; while the partisans of the Jumper are somewhat depressed, and not quite so noisily demonstrative as heretofore. Again the wrestlers grapple, and again go down to writhe and grovel on the muddy field. Presently, Stabbs, the more skilful as well as the more powerful of the twin, seizes the luckless Jumper in a terrible grip, known to the initiated as the Full Nelson. After nearly twenty minutes' severe exertion, the Stiffun, fixing his man in a position from which there is no possible extrication, forces him on his back, and rises the winner of the match, and holder of the Champion Challenge Cup for another term of months. With rugs thrown over their scratched, bruised, and soil-begrimed bodies, the wrestlers retire from the scene of action; the spectators straightway fall to wrangling and fighting over their losses and gains; and the great match between Bob Stabbs and Jumping Jem becomes a thing of the past.

What! more sport? Certainly, for we are now to 'assist' at a dog-race; and the colliers—having, by virtue of many oaths, much personal and abusive language, and sundry passages of arms, in which the clog plays a prominent part, at length come to amicable arrangements of their differences over the wrestling-match—are already turning their attention to speculation on the forthcoming event.

Dockum's black and white dog Cripple, of Royton, and Fogg's white dog Tippler, of Oldham, are going to run two hundred yards for twenty pounds a side; and even now, half-a-dozen rough-looking fellows are hastening up the 'sprint'-track, over which the race will come off, accompanied by the contending animals. There is the usual betting, for a dog-race offers as good a medium for speculation as any other event; and, to a thorough-paced gambler like the Lancashire rough, it is a matter of indifference whether he risks his money on a man, a horse, a dog, or the turn of a coin. Meanwhile, the party

has reached the starting-post, where the dogs are stripped of their clothing, and placed on the mark, each held by a man, who kneels on the track, grasping his charge by the neck and tail. Two hundred yards away, down the path, the referee has already placed himself at the winning-post, indicated by a line drawn across the cinder track; and in front of the dogs stand their owners, each holding a white cloth, to induce his animal to follow when the pistol is fired. All is now in readiness: the starter, watch in hand, steps to the rear, while the runners-up hurry down the course, trailing their cloths, and shouting and whistling, to attract the dogs. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten seconds, counts the starter; bang! goes the pistol, and the straining dogs are released by the slippers. The roughs behind the palings madly shout and yell; the dogs, straining at the leashes, bark, whine, yelp, and howl, adding their quota to the infernal din that breaks forth as the contending animals flash past. The runners-up, as they near the winning-post, turn and urge on the rapidly approaching dogs with discordant cries; a chorus of voices, 'Th' white un! th' white un wins!' and Tippler shoots across the line past the referee, winner by a bare yard; and the race is over. More wrangling, abusive language, and appeals to arms, follow the referee's decision; and, in the midst of the turmoil and uproar, we leave the Wellington Grounds, disgusted with the scenes we have witnessed within its walls.

Besides his matches, the conduct of which we have endeavoured to depict, the rough has his handicaps, foot and dog, and at the latter he comes out in his strongest force. Of all this we say nothing. Enough has been told to shew the coarseness and depravity which prevail in the lower order of Lancashire recreations. The picture is so revolting, that we have ventured to speak of it, only with the view of drawing attention to a social condition which ought not to exist in England, and against which all moral agencies should be brought. Knowing that such a condition of things is tolerated—without, as far as we know, incurring reproof or obstruction—who can feel surprise at the terrible cases of kicking, wife-beating, and other deeds of personal violence which are constantly falling under the cognisance of the police in the thickly populated parts of Lancashire!

WHAT WE EAT.

WHEN the original grasses, which we call corn, were reclaimed from a wild state, and made to furnish daily bread to successive generations, can but be matter of conjecture. In exploring the pre-historic Lake Dwellings of Switzerland, we find that their former masters, even those of the Stone Age, possessed wheat, barley, and millet. South of Lapland, no island or mountain tract in Europe has been found of which the natives were unable to grow a meagre store of oats, rye, and the coarser varieties of barley. To give an exhaustive history of bread alone, a bulky volume would be required. Very gradually, for five centuries past, has wheat supplanted, in the west and centre of Europe, the inferior grains which, with pulse (introduced from the East during the Crusades), nourished the bulk of the population; in the middle ages, or in

what may be styled the transition times of the Tudor and Stuart reigns, the quality of the bread consumed was a fair test of social standing. The delicate manchets, made of fine flour, often bolted, and of snowy purity, were for countesses and dames of high degree. At the table of some mighty merchant or potent woolstapler were white loaves. Prentice and journeyman had to be satisfied with wholesome brown bread, into which entered an admixture of barley. The crust of rural Hodge was of rye, or of rye mixed with red wheat or barley.

Even in feudal days, local inequalities prevailed to an extent which in some districts seemed almost to level the distinctions of rank. Contrary to present practice, England south of Trent fared better than the northern counties. There was porridge in Cumberland, but there was frumenty in more fertile Somerset. The Kentish franklin could afford to feed his sturdy hinds on wheaten bread and corned beef, while the family of a Derbyshire farmer were content with oat-cake and butter-milk. The fenny shires to the east derived a real benefit from the great flocks of wild-fowl, swans and cranes, ducks and geese, snared and smoked for winter provision; and the dwellers on the outskirts of the royal forests were believed not to be ignorant of the taste of venison. Fish, and eels in especial, were held in high esteem, as eking out the meagre supply of fresh animal food obtainable at a time when houses were victualled with salt meat, as ships are now, and when horned stock and sheep could not profitably be kept alive during winter.

Within recollection, there was a growing dearth of bread, which told heavily on the less affluent classes. The population was increasing beyond the capacity of the corn-growing lands. Grain and flour were imported only under heavy duties, with a view to protect the interests of native producers, on the ground that such protection would be beneficial to the nations at large—in other words, it would be an excellent thing to raise the price of bread for the benefit of a comparatively few individuals. Thanks to the energy displayed by free-traders (who have never been properly thanked), the iniquitous exclusion of foreign grain was abolished, and now bread-stuffs to the value of about seventy millions sterling are introduced free of duty annually. The plain meaning of this is, that but for free-trade in corn, the price of the four-pound loaf would, instead of sixpence or sevenpence, be at least two shillings—perhaps more, for the gold discoveries in Australia and America have greatly tended to raise the prices of all articles in general consumption. The strangest fact of all is, that the lands producing food in Great Britain, so far from being ruined by free importation, bring higher rents than ever. What a triumph for the principle of free-trade in corn! We have had nothing to match this within the memory of the living generation. Just look at the immense change that has latterly taken place in the food of the

English peasantry. Rye-bread and pease-pudding exchanged for wheaten loaves. A startling change, but not greatly different from what has occurred in France, where, with the abuses of the Bourbon rule, an end was also put to the semi-starvation of French tillers of the soil. Black bread is now almost as much a rarity in France as it is on our side of the Channel; while barley in Wales, oats in Scotland, and the potato in Ireland, are no longer the food-staples that they were.

To Asia, and probably to India, where wild chickens yet abound under the designation of jungle-fowl, we owe our domestic poultry. The distribution of this useful bird is indeed strangely irregular. Throughout the negro kingdoms of West Africa, for instance, fowls are plentiful, while in more civilised Abyssinia and Arabia, they are comparatively scarce. Persia abounds in poultry; while in Turkey, few domestic birds, except the sacred pigeon, are to be seen. To Asia, too, belong the fallow-deer and the gorgeous peacock, while to her, also, we owe all our vegetables, with the brilliant exception of the potato. It is difficult to conceive the poverty, so far as vegetables were concerned, of the England that passed under the sway of Norman and Angevin kings. Some hardy varieties of the cabbage did indeed exist, and were supplemented by long-forgotten herbs, which have since been deemed only suited to the rabbit-hutch. The peas and beans brought in by returning Crusaders were presently eked out by carrots; but down to the reign of Elizabeth, the garden yielded little tribute to the kitchen. A 'corrody,' or life-pension in a convent, such as was so often purchased for superannuated gentlewomen, or quiet elderly persons of either sex, before the dissolution of the monasteries, gave the right to a diet which appears to us to have been painfully monotonous. Those platters of beef and carrots, that white loaf, those diurnal tankards of single ale, were repeated again and again, winter and summer, through long years. The Friday fast, which entailed the substitution of 'pottage,' and of fish from the river or the abbey stew-ponds, must have been a welcome change from the wearisome sameness of roast-meat and boiled roots. The great question then was, how to insure a sufficiency of food, and quantity was more considered than quality by the providers of the feast.

A free breakfast-table of Elizabeth's time, or even during the more recent reign of Charles II., would contrast oddly with our modern morning meal. There were meats, hot and cold; beef and brawn, and boar's head, the venison pasty, and the Warden pie of west-country name. There was hot bread, too, and sundry cakes which would now be strange to our eyes. But to wash down these substantial viands, there was little save ale. The most delicate lady could procure no more suitable beverage than the blood of John Barley-corn. The most fretful invalid had to be content with a mug of small-beer, stirred up with a sprig of rosemary. Wine, hippocras, and metheglin, were potatoes for supper-time, not for breakfast, and beer reigned supreme. None but home productions figured on the board of our ancestors. Not for them were seas traversed, or tropical shores

visited, as for us. Yemen and Ceylon, Assam and Kathay, Cuba and Peru, did not send daily tribute to their tables, and the very names of tea and coffee, of cocoa and chocolate, were to them unknown. The dethronement of ale, subsequent on the introduction of these eastern products, is one of the most marked events which have severed the social life of the present day from that of the past.

Many dishes of old renown have long since been utterly discarded among us. It is probable, indeed, that no one ever enjoyed the leather-like flesh of the peacock, although the beauty of that royal bird's plumage rendered him a central ornament at princely banquets. But the swan was unquestionably an especial favourite, and it may be added that the supply was incomparably greater than it could possibly be in our own age. The well-watered Britain of Plantagenet times must have boasted of mores and rivers white with swans, to judge by the numbers that figured at every notable feast. The wild boar, too, is gone, and the tall deer are too few to allow venison still to be a valuable auxiliary to butcher-meat. But of game, other than wild-fowl and such aquatic birds as the snipe and woodcock, which were easy to snare, our forefathers made little use, for the simple reason, that they found it no easy matter, with bow, arblast, or the clumsy snapshance, to bring down the partridge or to slay the hare. Somewhat of this state of things survived until the alteration in the old laws which prohibited the sale of game. There must be many yet alive who can remember when a hare was charged in hotel bills under the quaint name of a 'lion,' and when partridges were vended as 'feathers.' Game thus illegally bought and sold was at that time artificially scarce and dear.

We have little cause to envy those who went before us the raw material of their over-plenteous banquets. Our beef is certainly far superior to any that ever smoked on a mediæval board, our poultry better than the best of their capons, our fish more fresh, our fruit and vegetables finer, than theirs. It is probable, however, that their mutton, at least in an upland district, where thyme and crisp herbage were the nourishment of the mountain flock, was sweeter, if leaner, than ours can well be. But, as a rule, our markets are better supplied, and from a far wider range, than were those of our predecessors, with whom winter, despite the merry-making at Yule-tide, was but a dreary season of privation, during which the ailing or the weakly were cut off from many comforts which are now reckoned as the merest necessities of life.

In one respect, we are decidedly worse off than our remote progenitors. The rise and progress of adulteration has attained to dimensions so prodigious as almost to take rank among the industrial arts. Doubtless, at all periods, there were rogues who dipped their prehensile fingers over-deeply into their neighbours' pockets. The vintners of three centuries since were as soundly rated for their lined sack and ropy ale as are the licensed victuallers of to-day for the sophistication of their beer and strong waters. But such groceries as there were, the flat cakes of sugar from Cyprus, the saffron, the spices, bought from turbaned traders, the candles of yellowish wax, the oil squeezed from the olives of Provence or Italy, were pure enough. The wine was in nearly the same

condition as when the butt was shipped at Bordeaux or Cadiz, and if a few gallons of water had been added to the original contents of the cask, at anyrate drugs, cider, and ardent spirits were not systematically mingled with the honest grape-juice. As it is, the gigantic expansion of trade has not proved an unmixed blessing. Some articles, in a state of absolute purity, cannot be procured, even by experts indifferent to cost or trouble. Others have been so habitually falsified, that the sham product has come to seem to us more genuine than the real one would do. Where health is not weakened, or life endangered, we can perhaps afford to view such practices with a tolerant disapproval; but it appears hard that not food alone, but medicines also, should be by custom largely mixed with inferior ingredients.

It has somewhat ingeniously been surmised that the national skill in the difficult art of cookery is in an inverse ratio to the excellence of the viands in any given country. Thus, the stringy mutton and lean beef of France have been held to have called forth the inventive powers of her matchless cooks; while the merits of our own meat are held responsible for the slovenly fashion in which our dinners are dressed. The theory, however, reposes on too narrow a basis of facts, since in Greece, Spain, and Southern Italy, the inferiority of the raw materials has by no means stimulated the adaptive powers of the native professors of the culinary science.

Nothing can be more laudable and natural than the desire to reap a legitimate profit from the introduction of animal food, cheaply produced on South American savannahs, or on the boundless plains of Australia, into crowded countries like ours. If ice, or the more potent aid of freezing mixtures, if antiseptics or packing *in vacuo*, will enable Buenos Ayres and Sydney to undersell the graziers of the United Kingdom, the great mass of consumers will be directly benefited by the success of the experiment. It has for some time been evident that the cheap and easy expedients by which American lobsters and salmon were timed for the European market, would not answer for the supply of antipodean meat. To win public confidence, it is necessary that entire joints, or, perhaps, quarters of sheep and oxen, should be imported in an uncooked condition, and in a sufficiently attractive state to please the eye, often more fastidious than the palate. The difficulties which have hitherto supervened are not greater than those which have impeded the completion of nearly every novel undertaking, and the scheme itself is one which assuredly meets a great and growing want of this our epoch, when the flesh-consuming classes are so largely recruited by those who once lived on a lower diet.

One thing is certain. However the demand for preserved provisions may increase, the tinned products of America and Australasia will always be rejected by those to whom the higher cost of home-grown and fresh animal food is a matter of slight moment. No skill in packing, and no promptness of transit, would render the lean beef from the Pampas, or the wiry limbs of Australian sheep, comparable to West Highland sirloins and spare-ribs, or to mutton fed on the South-down ranges, and sold with what is technically called 'the bloom' upon its plump surface. Whoever would reform the dietary of a nation, must reckon

on coming into collision with prejudices, all the harder to conquer, doubtless, when, as in this instance, they happen to rest on a substratum of fact.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

EVER since ventilation was first talked and written about, it has been a more or less obscure and uncertain subject; a subject on which it was easier to shew what ought to be than what could be. We have, therefore, the more satisfaction in calling attention to a paper by Dr François de Chaumont, of the Army Medical School, Netley, which lays down definite principles of ventilation, and will enable any observant person to decide whether a building is properly ventilated or not. The paper in question—'On the Theory of Ventilation: an attempt to establish a positive basis for the calculation of the amount of Fresh Air required for an inhabited Air-space'—was read at a meeting of the Royal Society, and has been published in their *Proceedings*, and is thus available to all who desire to make use of it.

The basis taken by Dr François de Chaumont is 'the evidence of the senses,' but with 'proper care and precautions.' The poison in impure air, he remarks, is organic matter, either suspended or in the form of vapour; and it is this poison which imparts to air that disagreeable quality commonly described as 'close.' This closeness can be remedied only by diluting the confined air with a quantity of fresh air, and to determine this quantity is one of the steps in a theory of ventilation. Observation shews that the 'amount of organic impurity bears a fairly regular proportion to the amount of carbonic acid evolved by the inhabitant in an air-space. This being accepted, and general diffusion being admitted, we can easily calculate the amount of fresh air required to bring down the carbonic acid to some fixed standard. If, now,' continues the doctor, 'we adopt as our standard the point at which there is no sensible difference between the air of an inhabited space and the external air, and agree that this shall be determined by the effects on the sense of *smell*, our next step is to ascertain from experiment what is the average amount of carbonic acid in such an air-space, from which we can then calculate the amount of air required to keep it in that condition. But as the sense of *smell* is very quickly dulled, each air-space to be examined ought to be entered directly from the open air.'

By observations in hospitals and barracks in different parts of the country, Dr François de Chaumont has arrived at conclusions, and obtained data on which to base his theory. Under the several heads: Fresh—fair—not close—close—very close—extremely close, he records his observations in a way which will enable any one interested in the subject to test them for himself. The conditions laid down in the paper as 'the standard of good ventilation' are, that the temperature should never be very much below sixty degrees—Vapour ought not to exceed 47 grains per cubic foot, at a temperature of sixty-three degrees, or 50 grains at a temperature of sixty-five degrees—Humidity (per cent.) ought not to exceed seventy-three to seventy-five—Carbonic acid: respiratory impurity ought not to exceed 0.0002 per foot, or 0.2000 per thousand volumes. Another point established by this

inquiry is that, where disease prevails, more fresh air is required than in health; hence, hospitals demand more pure air than barracks.

As Mr F. J. Bramwell said in his annual address to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers: Do we in our applications of power make as much use of wind, water, and waves as we ought, remembering that their power may be transmitted to a distance? 'Do we,' he asks, 'resort to any large extent to sources of power in nature other than coal? Is it not the fact that mechanical invention has gone back in these matters rather than forward? And do we utilise that primary source of power, the heat of the sun, the current heat from year to year—making the most of barren hill-sides, as it seems to me we might do, by planting quick-growing trees, which, fostered and matured by the sun, would yield large quantities of wood to be used as fuel for domestic purposes? Are we estimating at their full value the deposits of peat, and are we not tempted to pass by this large store of fuel, because its use is attended with difficulties? Is it not true that we use coal in the most grossly wasteful manner? How much of the fuel goes up the chimneys of our furnaces unconsumed, in the form of visible carbon, or in the worse, because less readily detected form of invisible carbonic oxide?' In the face of such facts and errors, Mr Bramwell argues that it is the duty of mechanical engineers, 'by precept, practice, and example, to do all that lies in their power to cause all to respect and understand the value of that which they have too long lightly treated and grossly abused.'

At the Bute Docks, Cardiff, the machinery for lifting out ballast and putting in coal is so efficient, that it is now not uncommon for a steam-collier of fifteen hundred tons to enter the basin at high-water of one day, discharge her ballast, take in her cargo of coal, and leave at high-water the following day, the entire operation having lasted less than twenty-four hours.

Sir David Salomon has invented a method of signalling on railways which, as he believes, will prove effectual in preventing mistakes and accidents. Electric apparatus and bells are to be fitted on the engine and in the guard's van with inter-communications. A light continuous bar or rail, insulated through its whole length, is to be laid down between the rails, not to bear weight, but only that a light wheel connected with the engine may run upon it. This continuous bar may be connected with signalling-apparatus in all the stations; and thus while the electric wheel of the engine touches the bar, and connection is made with the electrical apparatus, signals can be sent from the engine to the stations, from stations to signal stands, and from one locomotive to another. Collisions, as Sir David states, could not happen, because when a train comes within a certain distance of another, either before or behind, a bell rings, and warns the engine-driver. From these particulars a general notion of the method may be formed; but it is difficult to understand without diagrams. A model is, however, in course of construction, which, when finished, will demonstrate the capabilities of the mechanism and of the method.

The oft-expressed wish, that glass would not break, seems about to be realised, for a manufacturer at Pont d'Ain has discovered a means by which glass can be made almost, though not quite malleable. It is to a peculiar method of annealing

that the increased strength is due, and the amount of strength may be judged of from the fact, that a pane of ordinary window-glass annealed by the new process remains unbroken when a five-franc piece falls on it from a height of six feet. Already, as we hear, a company has been formed to manufacture this new glass on a large scale.

We learn from the Utah journals that a measuring pillar, after the manner of the Nilometer, has been set up on the brink of the Great Salt Lake. This has long been wanted, for the rise and fall of the waters of that lake are extraordinary and mysterious, and physicians have often urged the erection of some means of recording the amount. The valley was first settled in 1847. During some of the years there were small fluctuations in the level of the lake; but from 1862 to 1868 the water rose twelve feet, and this increase, with occasional up-and-downs, it still maintains. For years the road to the salt-pans has been twelve feet under water, and an observer on the spot remarks, there seems to be 'an irrepressible determination of the waters to rise. The mountain streams are steadily enlarging. The humidity of the atmosphere annually increases as the area of cultivation in the valleys becomes greater, and, as a consequence, the evaporation less. Tens of thousands of acres of farming, meadow, and pasture lands have been submerged along the eastern and northern shores of the lake. Many square miles of valuable lands as yet available and occupied by the farmer, skirting the lake, would be completely drowned, should the rise continue.'

Is the patient really dead or not? is at times a very anxious question. A medical practitioner of Cremona proposes a simple method by which the question may be answered with certainty. It is, to inject a drop or two of ammonia beneath the skin, when, if death be present, no effect, or next to none, is produced; but if there be life, then a red spot appears at the place of the injection. A test so easily applied as this should remove all apprehension of being buried alive.

It has been remarked that certain Tartar tribes who drink freely of *koumiss*, or fermented mare's milk, are free from that distressing malady, pulmonary phthisis. This fact has led to trial of the experiment whether the disease could be cured by doses of koumiss artificially prepared; and with a satisfactory result. The artificial koumiss, composed of ass's milk and cow's milk, is a lively sparkling beverage, not very palatable; but in three or four days the patients tolerate it, and then unequivocal signs of amelioration set in, the appetite returns, vomiting ceases, flesh is gained, and good sleep is enjoyed. More on this subject may be found in the *Bulletin de Thérapeutique*, 1874.

A conclusion important to agriculturists has been worked out on a farm in New England, U. S., by Professor Storor. It is full of instruction for those sanguine cultivators who believe that anything can be done by manure. The farm in question belongs to an Institution founded for the promotion of agriculture; and the result of some years of trial is that the land 'has a certain natural but limited capacity to profit by the application of manure'—that, 'under the conditions which now obtain, the land is totally unfit for any system of high farming'—that, 'in order to be farmed with profit, it must necessarily be given over to some system of low farming, in which the expenditure

for labour, tillage, and fertilisers shall be small, and the crops proportionally light.'

On the other hand, a German agricultural chemist shews that where all the conditions are favourable, a 'normal crop,' as he calls it, may always be reckoned on. The favourable conditions, besides food, are standing-room, plenty of light, heat, air, and moisture. By attending to all these, Professor Hellriegel 'has succeeded in growing, year after year, upon a tolerably large scale, examples of the several grain crops, much larger, healthier, and more perfect in every respect, than have ever been met with in field-practice. He has been able, moreover, to produce at will plants of determinate size and weight, by varying the conditions aforesaid, though the supply of food (that is, fertilisers) was unchanged, and to obtain repeatedly the same results when operating under like conditions.' Readers interested in Professor Hellriegel's experiments will find an account of them in the *Chemischer Ackersmann*, 1863, and subsequent years.

The supply of coal in the United States is enough for the whole world, which may be regarded as a comfortable prospect for posterity. And to that great coal-supply must be added the reservoirs of petroleum, from which enterprising Americans—sometimes not very honestly—put fortune into their own pockets. The extent of the oil-bearing region has not yet been ascertained; but it appears that in some places in Pennsylvania, lakes or rivers of petroleum exist at a depth of about eleven hundred feet. Bore a hole deep enough, and the oil flows out of itself. Some of the wells, as they are called, flow without interruption; others clog up, and must be swept out once a month. Among the wells in Armstrong County (Penn.), there is one that pours out gas in quantities so prodigious that they are reckoned as equivalent to one hundred tons of coal per week. Indeed, so powerful is the outrush of gas that it will lift the boring implement in the hole some twenty or thirty feet. This implement with the rope attached weighs two thousand pounds.

The working of deep coal-mines (mentioned in last *Month*, March) would appear to be facilitated by a method of raising coal by atmospheric pressure, which has been tried for some time in the Creuzot mining district in France. An air-tight iron tube is fitted from top to bottom within the shaft of the mine. In this tube a piston works. To this piston a cage is attached, in which the tubs of coal to be raised are placed. Air is then admitted beneath the piston, and it rises to the top with the coal; and at the same time more than seventy thousand cubic feet of foul air are discharged from the mine. Valves and doors are made in the tube for regulating the supply of air, and running the tubs in and out; and it will be understood that the same apparatus which raises and lowers the tubs will also raise and lower the miners. And we need scarcely point out that for each discharge of foul air from the mine, there is a corresponding inrush of fresh air from the surface. The *Transactions* of the North of England Institute of Mining Engineers, vol. 23, contains full particulars of this important mechanism, with diagrams. It seems almost incredible that the long heavy ropes and the hauling machinery can be dispensed with.

The colonists on some parts of the western coast

of New Zealand have to contend with a formidable enemy—namely, drifting sand, which buries their fields, and converts fertile districts into a wild and trackless desert. Nothing stops it: fences, hedges, trees, are all alike swallowed. It was thought that the inroad might be arrested by building a fence across the sand itself; but the stream was observed to halt a few feet in front of the fence, then to pile itself slowly up, until it became higher than the fence, when the drift recommenced, and speedily buried everything in its course. Some of the settlers are now aware that endeavours to fix the sand must begin on the edge of the sea, and communications on the means to be adopted have been published in the *Transactions* of the New Zealand Institute, along with lists of plants known to be useful in preventing sand-drifts. That the drift can be staid has been abundantly proved on our own coasts, on the shores of the Netherlands, and particularly in the Gulf of Gascony, where thousands of acres of loose sand have been converted into excellent pasturage.

The colonists are asking another question—how to utilise the prodigious heaps of sawdust that accumulate round all their saw-mills. They would be grateful to any one who would shew them a process by which their waste dust might be converted into fuel, as readily as the Duke of Sutherland converts his peat-hogs into fuel for his steam-engines. On a late occasion, in an article on Waste Materials in this *Journal*, we mentioned that sawdust had been successfully employed at Edinburgh in the manufacture of 'fire-lighters'—articles for which there is an extensive household demand.

During the cruise of the *Challenger*, in August last, eleven natives of Api, who had been working a three years' term in Fiji, were conveyed gratuitously to their home. They were put on shore at Api; and Professor Wyville Thomson and some of the officers landed, but did not venture far from the boats, because of the menacing look of the natives, who were almost entirely naked, and bore a very savage and forbidding aspect. 'One of them,' says Professor Thomson, 'was manifestly greatly superior to the others, and appeared to exercise a considerable influence over them. He wore trousers, and a shirt, and a felt hat, and could speak English fairly. He recognised me at once as having seen me at the sugar-plantation in Queensland, where he had been for the usual three years' engagement, and shewed me, with great pride, a note from his former employer, saying that the bearer was anxious to return to his service, and that he would willingly pay his passage-money and all expenses in case of his being given a passage to Brisbane. I had been paying some attention to the South Sea labour question, and had formed a very strong opinion of the value to the inhabitants of these islands of the opportunity given them by this demand for labour, of testing their capacity to enter into and mix with the general current of working-men, and thereby possibly avoid extermination; and I was greatly pleased to see the result in this instance.' Some of our readers may feel interested in this incident, as an example of the favourable side of the labour question.

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STORY OF JAMES ANNESLEY.

ARTHUR ANNESLEY, second Viscount Valentia, an Irish peer, was created a peer of England, in 1661, as Baron Annesley and Earl of Anglesey. At his decease in 1686, he left James, his successor in these titles; a second son, created Baron Altham; and a third son, Richard, Dean of Exeter. Baron Altham died in 1699, leaving an infant son, who did not long survive, and the honours of this branch of the family devolved on Dean Richard Annesley and his descendants. Dean Richard, third Lord Altham, died in 1701, leaving two sons, Arthur and Richard. Arthur, the elder son, who of course became fourth Lord Altham, was married to Mary, a natural daughter of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and died childless in 1727; when his brother Richard took possession of the title and estates, to which was subsequently added the earldom of Anglesey, on the decease of his cousins. As fifth Baron Altham, and sixth Earl of Anglesey, Richard's right of inheritance was not unchallenged. In 1743, James Annesley, a young man, appeared on the scene as a claimant of the Altham and Anglesey peerages and properties. Now begins the romance of the story, which we will try to tell in as simple a way as possible, commencing with the legend usually believed on the subject.

On making his appearance after a long exile from the country, James Annesley gave an account of his adventures, and stated the nature of his claims. He said that it was not true that Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and his wife Mary died childless, for he was their son, and had been defrauded of his inheritance. Of his mother he had no recollection, because, while he was still an infant, the baroness, on account of maltreatment, had been compelled to leave her husband, and take refuge with her father in England. The baron was a wild spendthrift who had run through his immediately available means, and in his emergency granted certain leases of lands, to which, however, his son, if known to be alive, would have been an obstruction. There thus arose a necessity for getting rid of the boy, and spreading the intelli-

gence of his death. For this purpose, when about nine or ten years of age, he was removed from a public academy, and sent to an obscure school at a distance. Here his school-fee ceased to be paid, his fare was coarse and scanty, his clothes were worn to rags, and he was forced to perform the most menial offices. There was no one to pity him. He retained recollections of his father, and of being brought up in luxury, but he could not tell where his father was, or why he should have been so neglected. Considering that he could not be worse treated than where he was, he ran away, and wandered he knew not whither. Friendless, hungry, and wayworn, he arrived at a town, where, for the first night, he slept in a church porch. Some poor persons having noticed him, he received succour, and was employed to run errands, by which he gained a subsistence. At length, a benevolently disposed woman took him in charge, and ascertaining who he was, wrote to his father, imploring compassion on his son. The letter brought a visit from the boy's uncle, who in a rough manner represented that this unfortunate child was an illegitimate son of his brother, and that the best thing that could be done for him was to send him to be educated at St Omer's in France; and this would be attended to. There was here something like a hope of better days for the poor lad. Uncle Richard, however, had not the remotest intention of sending his nephew to St Omer's, or anywhere else in Europe for his education; but of packing him off to the plantations in America, there, on arrival, to be sold as a slave, and never more heard of. Carried off on the pretence of being sent to St Omer's, James Annesley was kept concealed till he could conveniently embark for his destination; and was in due time—being then about twelve years of age—put on board a vessel for the plantations. The boy only learned when he was at sea what was to be his unhappy fate, and some altercations on the subject took place between him and the captain, but without any prospect of advantage. On being landed in Pennsylvania, he was sold to a planter named Drummond, a hard and inexorable

master, by whom he was subjected to a painful course of outdoor labour. We have not space to follow the narrative of severities to which the youth was said to have been exposed for a series of years at the hands of Drummond and the masters to whom he was successively transferred. At length, after an exile of twelve years, he was so fortunate as to make his escape, and, undergoing various hardships, had the good-fortune to reach the British fleet, commanded by Admiral Vernon, which was lying off Puerto Bello, on the northern shore of the Isthmus of Panama. This was in 1739, when Annesley was about twenty-four years of age. Having told his strange tale, that he was the son and heir of Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and that he had been cruelly kidnapped and sent into compulsory servitude, Admiral Vernon furnished him with the means of proceeding to England, where he arrived safely, and went to lodge at Staines, in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

Such, in a condensed form, is the legend, monstrously incorrect in various particulars, regarding the earlier part of the life of James Annesley, as was made first generally known in the thirteenth volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and latterly given by Sir Bernard Burke in his *Romance of the Aristocracy*, under the title of 'Memoirs of a Young Nobleman.' As the case was one of the most extraordinary on record, we shall endeavour to unravel it, by going to the fountain-head of information—namely, Howell's *State Trials*, in which ponderous work it occupies, in its various phases, at least five hundred pages.

There can be no doubt that, whatever were the vicissitudes to which James Annesley had in his early life been exposed, he landed in England about 1740, and, as stated, went to reside at Staines. What at this time were his means of livelihood are not specified. Probably he followed the occupation of a 'labourer,' for so he is designated in an indictment brought against him for the crime of murder. Pursuing, as we imagine, a rather idle kind of life, he one morning went out with a gun to shoot small birds, and while so employing himself, he was requested by a person named Redding, a gamekeeper, to assist in capturing a net with which a man of the name of Egglestone was illegally fishing. Annesley was so imprudent as to take part in the affair; a scuffle ensued; his gun went off, and Egglestone was mortally wounded. The explosion was certainly accidental, but it was not so treated by the authorities, and at least required to be dealt with according to law. Annesley was placed in confinement, and tried for murder at the Old Bailey. As participator in the act, Redding was tried along with him. The trial took place in June 1742. On the ground that the death was accidental, or a matter of 'chance-medley,' Annesley and Redding were acquitted.*

What strikes one as something remarkable is, that James Annesley, on landing in England, should have loitered away his time at Staines, instead of at once going to Ireland, and prosecuting his claim to the Altham and Anglesey peerages and estates, to which, in default of any direct heir, Richard Annesley had succeeded, on the death of his brother in 1727. Liberated at the conclusion of his trial, and free from any reproach

on his character, James Annesley still abstained from assuming the dignity to which he considered himself entitled. For this neglect he was perhaps excusable, from his defective education and want of intelligent friends. He, however, talked to various acquaintances of his claim, and at length went to Ireland, with a view to do something in the matter. What he did was doubtless by legal advice, but it was of a marvellously oblique character. Instead of raising an action to have his legitimacy declared, he began to grant leases of certain lands and messuages on the Altham estate to a farmer named Campbell Craig, as if his claim to the property was unchallenged. This short way of going to work naturally roused the indignation of the proprietor in possession, Richard Earl of Anglesey, who with force of arms abruptly ejected Craig from the farm on which he had settled.

Now commences the tug of war. Craig, the lessee, raises an action of damages for ejectment against the Earl of Anglesey, in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland. The trial, which was by jury, began November 11, 1743, and with adjournments lasted to the 25th of the same month. There was a great array of lawyers, and upwards of ninety witnesses were examined. In the course of proceedings, the ejectment, or ostensible ground of trial, hardly received any attention. The real question at issue was, whether Lord Altham had a legitimate son. Such being the case, there was a painful ripping-up of family affairs, and we are furnished with a far from pleasant glimpse of the manners which less or more prevailed in Ireland a hundred and sixty years ago.

The evidence given is mostly by domestic servants, and hangers-on of various qualities. There is little coherence in their statements. They so flatly contradict each other as regards matters of fact, that the trial is a maze from beginning to end. One says that 'my lady' was about to have a child, when she was driven distracted by 'my lord' breaking into a passion, and throwing down the cups and saucers, on account of there being certain figures on them which he disliked—the expected child, of course, vanishing, and my lady very ill, notwithstanding the broths and jellies prepared for her. There must, we think, have been some truth in the smashing of the cups and saucers, for other witnesses allude to this domestic uproar. However this may be, my lady was again visibly about to present the family with an heir. Dennis Redmond solemnly deposes that my lady was brought to bed at Dunmaine, and he could not be mistaken, because he was sent for the midwife, whose name was Shiels, and that the child was christened when he was three weeks old by Lord Altham's chaplain, and named James. The nurse of the infant was Joan Landy, who was preferred because she had the best milk. My lord and lady often went to see the child at Landy's cottage. At the end of a year, the child was brought home to Dunmaine, and put in charge of Joan Laffan. Unhappily, in 1717, my lady was forced to go away on account of Mr Thomas Palliser, and the lady had the child in her arms when seated in the chariot, but she had to give it up. That the child had a gold lace on his hat, and was dressed like a nobleman's child. As for Landy's child, it was born some months before my lady was brought to bed, and died at the age of three or

* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xvii. p. 1094.

four years, of the small-pox. Mary Doyle corroborates Dennis in some of these particulars. She deposes that she lived with Lady Altham, three months before she was brought to bed, and was in the room when my lady was delivered at Dunmaine; Mrs Shiels being the midwife.

Other servants of the family give similar evidence, but none, as regards minutiae, is so notable as that given by Joan Laffan. She states that she was a chamber-maid in Lady Altham's service, and was employed to attend my lord and lady's child, who was called Master James Annesley when he came from the wet-nurse, and that he was kept like a nobleman's child. That my lord and lady were very fond of the child; and my lady used to send for him up in a morning, and take him into the bed, and generally called him 'my dear.' Then, she describes certain distressing circumstances connected with my lady and Mr Palliser, which threw my lord into a frightful rage, in which state of frenzy he cut off one of Palliser's ears, and turned off my lady, who, forthwith went away, and after living some years in Dublin and elsewhere, she went back to her father.

James Cavanagh, who was acquainted with the late Lord Altham, says he has often seen him with the boy, and that he appeared particularly fond of him. 'One day, my lord, the child, and deponent were walking in my lord's garden at Carrickduff, and deponent taking notice of the young gentleman, said: "My lord, master is grown a fine sprightly boy; I hope your lordship takes good care of his education;" to which my lord said, that he had a tutor in the house to instruct him, and declared to deponent, that if that boy lived, he would one day or other be Earl of Anglesey.' James Dempsey, a schoolmaster, follows up this evidence, by giving a variety of particulars as to having, at Lord Altham's request, taught the boy when he was about seven years old; that he wore a scarlet coat on holidays, like the son of a nobleman. On being requested to look about the court, to try whether he could recognise his old pupil, whom he said to be Lord Altham's son, he pointed to Mr James Annesley. We now turn to what was said in defence.

Here, there is an overturn of nearly all that had been previously stated. Lord and Lady Altham never had a child, nor the least prospect of having one. This is deposed with a singular degree of boldness and decision by Mrs Mary Heath, who had come from England with my lady in 1713, and lived with her as a confidential attendant till her death, never being absent from her for more than a single week during a period of sixteen years. On being asked if my lady had a child at Dunmaine, she says: 'A child! never had, nor never was with child. I never had reason to think she was with child all the while I lived with her.' In answer to other questions, she says: 'She always dressed my lady, put her to bed, and attended her at her rising in the morning; that when the unfortunate separation took place, she went with her, and that Lord Altham never saw her ladyship again.' Being asked who were the servants in the house at Dunmaine, she gave their names, specifying one in particular, Joan or Juggy Landy, a kitchen-maid, a woman of loose character, who was turned off, and shortly afterwards had a child, a boy, whom she saw when he was six weeks or two months old. Asked—'Did you ever hear or

know of anything of this same boy, that you say was Joan Landy's child, from the time you left Dunmaine?'—'No, I never troubled my head after him.' Asked—'Did you ever hear he was in Dublin?'—'I had heard that my lord had took him, but I knew nothing of him.' Asked—'Was there any child brought to take leave of my lady, when she went away?'—'O no! no child indeed.' Asked—'Was there ever a child either christened or living at Dunmaine when you was there?'—'No, never.' Then follow many other questions, all of which are answered with apparent honesty. In not one, however, does she support the idea of Lord and Lady Altham having had a child. She concludes by stating that she lives with her daughter in London, maintaining herself respectably on the interest of seven hundred pounds, and by occupying herself as a sempstress and clear-starcher. Her evidence remained unshaken by any cross-questioning.

Considering that much hinged on the possibility of James Annesley being the son of Juggy Landy, it surprises us to find that, though summoned, and at the time in Dublin, she was not examined as a witness. Towards the termination of the trial, she is often referred to; one witness stating that, by common rumour, the father of Juggy's son was my Lord Altham.

The evidence for the 'claimant' was lamentably defective, notwithstanding the host of witnesses brought forward in his behalf. It is shewn that no public notice had been taken at the time of the birth of a lawful son and heir to Lord Altham. The birth was not entered in any register. There was no record of the baptism of the child, nor of who were the sponsors. The birth was announced in no newspaper. There were no letters intimating the birth to friends and relations. There were no papers to shew that Lord and Lady Altham had been congratulated on the occasion. No persons of a good rank in society were produced to say they ever saw or heard of Lord and Lady Altham having a son. In a word, all the ordinary tokens of legitimacy were wanting. There was likewise nothing to shew that from the time Lady Altham separated from her husband she ever made any inquiry about her child; the inference to be drawn from such neglect being, that she never had a child at all. Unquestionably, Lord Altham for some years shewed a degree of fondness for a boy, whom he took with him to Dublin, there put him to school, and allowed him to use the family surname; but no satisfactory proof was advanced that this was his legitimate son and heir. Sometimes he spoke of him as being entitled to arrive at family distinction; but this seems to have been done with a view to annoy his brother, and heir-presumptive, with whom he was at feud. It is shewn that the boy was somewhat erratic and incoherible, and occasionally received severe chastisement from Lord Altham, who, pursuing a dissolute course of life in Dublin, fell into straitened circumstances, and began to neglect and ill-use the unfortunate child. At length, under female influence, his lordship turned the poor boy, whom he had cherished and boozed up with notions of dignity, out of doors, leaving him to wander about the streets, homeless, friendless. As Lady Altham was still living, she could hardly fail to hear of her husband's cruel behaviour to the child.

and if that child was her own, we may suppose she would have endeavoured to rescue it at this unhappy juncture. No notice was taken of it by her ladyship; nor did the child appeal to her for succour.

In his houseless state, the boy might have perished, but for some acts of kindness shewn to him by John Purcell, a butcher, who kept him for a time, but took no steps to bring his case under magisterial interference. Beyond this, we do not hear how James Annesley contrived to live for two or three years in Dublin. It is not improbable that during at least a part of the period he gained a scrambling subsistence as a 'shoe-black,' for by this epithet he is afterwards, as will be seen, contemptuously spoken of by Richard, Earl of Anglesey.

An important event in this strange drama now requires to be cleared up. It is the transportation of the youth to the plantations. The possibility of so disposing of the boy will not appear strange to those who are acquainted with the kidnapping system which prevailed in the early part of last century. It was a common practice to pick up children, and despatch them for sale as a commercial speculation to Pennsylvania. It seems, also, that lads offered themselves as apprentices to go abroad; that occasionally, from the pressure of poverty, parents would bring a boy to be enlisted for this desirable kind of employment; and that magistrates handed over all vagrant youths troublesome to the community who fell into their hands; by which various means, the exporters carried on a lively trade, which does not seem to have been held as particularly infamous; though, it is certain, they did not scruple to make up their cargoes by the felonious abduction of boys, and disposed of the whole as articles of merchandise. The case of Peter Williamson, who at nine years of age was stolen from Aberdeen in 1740, and sold as a slave in Pennsylvania, is so well known as not to need repetition. It, however, verifies the nature of the traffic.

There can be no doubt that James Annesley was transported to the plantations, and we have to explain how it took place in one of the forms above specified. What is stated in the legend as to his being smuggled out of the country on the pretext of being sent to St Omer's, is altogether imaginary. Neither do we perceive that there is any truth in the statement that Lord Altham's brother Richard was concerned in the transaction. It is distinctly shewn in the trial that James Annesley expatriated himself as a voluntary emigrant. Like many friendless beings in like circumstances, he indentured himself as an apprentice to go abroad. In plain language, he sold himself into that species of slavery in the plantations to which we have drawn attention. The indenture was formally executed before the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The person with whom the arrangement was made was Mr Stevenson, a merchant in Dublin, who carried on this kind of trade. Stevenson was part proprietor of a ship called the *James*, Thomas Hardy, master, which was to sail with a cargo of young men and women, who, in requital for immediate subsistence and a free passage, engaged to serve for a certain number of years with the planter to whom they might be respectively assigned on arrival in Pennsylvania. There was nothing clandestine in the affair. The indentures were executed in duplicate,

one being kept by the exporter, and the other being despatched with the master of the vessel. In the list of men and women composing the precious cargo on board the *James*, stands the name of James Annesley. As arranged, Annesley left the quay in a boat, and was put on board the *James*, which crossed the bar of Dublin on the 30th of April 1728. Andrew Comrie, who had acted as clerk to Stevenson, deposed that he accompanied James Annesley in the boat, and saw him go on board the ship with his free consent.* At the time of his departure, Lord Altham had been dead several months; but during that interval no one attempted to indicate that his lordship had left a legitimate son and heir. Lady Altham, who was still alive, was equally quiescent. Consequently, the brother of Lord Altham, as a matter of course, succeeded to the title and estates.

The general bearing of the evidence in this long and perplexing trial, as it appears to us, was against the claimant; but the jury thought otherwise. In their verdict, they found for the plaintiff, with sixpence damages, and sixpence costs; the meaning of this being that James Annesley had acted rightly, as lawful heir of Lord Altham, in granting a lease of the lands to Craig. The decision may be presumed to have elated the claimant, and to have caused no little consternation to the Earl of Anglesey. Strange to say, however, James Annesley took no steps to oust his lordship from the honours and estates of which he had taken possession. On the contrary, matters settled down as if nothing had happened. The evidence that had been given by Mrs Heath was, however, resented. In February 1744, she was prosecuted for perjury at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, Ireland. In the trial, which lasted a whole day, Mrs Heath repeated her averments as to Lord and Lady Altham never having had a child, and from this testimony nothing could shake her. The jury found her 'not guilty.' The decision, so contradictory to what the jury on the previous trial had arrived at, adds confusion to the whole affair.

There was still another trial, and one which could not have been looked for. It was the trial of Richard Earl of Anglesey, Francis Annesley, Esq., and John Jans, for an assault on the Honourable James Annesley, Daniel MacKercher, and Hugh Kennedy. It took place at Athy in the county of Kildare, before the second Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, August 3, 1744. The charge was such, as we presume, never occurred in an English court of justice. James Annesley and the two friends named went to amuse themselves at the races on a broad plain known as the Curragh of Kildare. While standing in a group on horseback, they were assailed by the Earl of Anglesey's coachman, who, driving a carriage with six horses, tried to ride them down, and hunted them wherever they moved, at the same time using the most opprobrious language, and calling out to James Annesley: 'There he is; there's the shoe-black.' MacKercher, not relishing this treatment, waited on Lord Anglesey to complain of the rudeness to himself and another gentleman, Mr James Annesley. 'Upon that, my lord observed: "A gentleman, sir! a blackguard shoe-boy! I won't turn off my coachman for any abuse either to him or you; and you are a rogue and villain; and he's

* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xvii. p. 1414.

a bastard, the son of Juggy Landy, by my brother." And thereupon Francis Annesley, a relative of my lord, gave Mr Mackercher a stroke over the head with his whip.* There was much more to the same purpose, too painful to quote. The jury on this wretched trial found that Francis Annesley was guilty of the assault, but acquitted the Earl of Anglesey, whose language, however, was clearly most intemperate and unjustifiable.

Even after the public insult that had been offered to him, James Annesley remained passive. The very circumstance of having been denounced as a shoe-black or shoe-boy, and the son of Juggy Landy, was enough, one would think, to rouse him to maintain what he believed to be his rights by all the means competent to him in law. He did nothing of the sort. To the surprise of everybody, he quitted Ireland, and dropped tamely into the obscurity of private life. What could this mean? Was he conscious of the infirmity of his claim, and apprehensive of prosecuting it to a practical issue? Was he bought off from undertaking further proceedings? Did he feel incompetent to undertake the rôle of a nobleman and land proprietor, and was glad to retire on some assured competence? No one can satisfactorily answer these questions. Unless we make him out to have been an utter poltroon, the probability is that the conflicting evidence at the trial, and, more particularly, the acquittal of Mrs Heath on a charge of perjury, had shaken his confidence in the claim he had pertinaciously put forward, and that he was fain to give up the contest.

In shuffling away from the high attitude he had assumed—in deserting the battle he had ostentatiously provoked—James Annesley may be said to shrink from public notice with a certain degree of odium. All circumstances considered, the general belief will be, that he was *not* the legitimate son of Lord Atham. Such is our own opinion. We would not, however, rank him in the category of those vulgar impostors who wickedly try to impose themselves on the world for what they know they are not. The impression left on our mind is, that he was the victim of a delusion, and, from early and ill-conceived recollections, fancied himself to be the heir to an inheritance to which, as an illegitimate child, he had no valid claim. It seems, also, that, from the time of his arrival in England, and his trial at the Old Bailey, he was environed by a set of low and interested parasites, on whom he probably relied for substantiating his visionary claim—in short, that he was as much sinned against as sinning. Altogether, the tale of his sufferings and the downfall of his hopes is truly piteous. If any wrath is to be expended, it must fall on Arthur, Lord Atham, an inconsiderate and worthless personage, who was the author of all the troubles that ensued.

It would have been pleasant for us, in the ordinary fashion of novelists, to skip over difficulties, and end our story by installing James Annesley in the honours and possessions of his ancestors, amidst a blaze of rejoicings like that which welcomed Harry Bertram to the old mansion of Ellangowan. Regard for historic accuracy obliges us to conclude in a less hilarious strain. Abandoning the doubtful results of judicial conflict, and perhaps not a little disconcerted with his

experiences, Annesley took up his quarters at Blackheath. There, after passing a few years, though in what position we know not, he died on the 6th January 1760, leaving a son who died an infant, and a daughter who married, and whose children died young. His line was therefore extinct.

As far as we are aware, this is the first time that, apart from law treatises, the singular story of James Annesley has been drawn up from authentic documents. All the remarkable facts which we have been able to glean from the *State Trials*, are usually left out, possibly with a view to sustaining the sensational effect conveyed by the original and imperfect legend. The reflection occurs to us, that the teachings of truth may at times be quite as interesting as, and bear a higher moral value than, the most ingenious conceptions of romance.

W. C.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—FIXING THE PRICE.

ON hearing the answering cry from their comrades, the party pushed up the hill, and presently came upon a level lawn, surrounded with fine trees, each a leafy tent, since their branches descended to the ground, so as to form shelter from rain or sun; a brook babbled down its centre, and by its side were tethered sheep and goats. Nor did this pastoral scene lack more romantic elements, for, beside the sheep, instead of shepherds, lay, wooing the morning sun, the main body of the brigand band, some thirty men, scarcely any of whom had yet reached middle life, and bedizened in such finery as only children or savages could elsewhere have found a pleasure in wearing. The pistols stuck in their gay scarfs, and the muskets piled in the centre of the lawn, suggested a company of amateur actors rehearsing some exquisite *tableau vivant*, after *Salvator Rosa*, rather than what they really were—a band of bloodshedders and ruffians. They jumped up with a shout of welcome, as the new-comers made their appearance, and crowded around Walter with signs of great excitement, and a continuous chatter, of which he could make nothing, but which was probably concerning his market-value in ducats. Then some one cried out, 'Il Capitano,' and these inquisitive gentry melted away from him as if by magic, and Conrall himself stood before him with outstretched hand.

'Welcome, signor, to our country-house,' said he, smiling. 'I cannot say that I hope to see you long here; but while you are with us, you shall have no cause to complain of our hospitality.'

Walter's mind and eyes were wandering from tree to tree, in speculation as to which might form the bower of Lillian; but he made shift to make some civil response to this greeting—the courtesy of which he set down at its just value. It was evident that the brigand chief required something of him beside his ransom.

'Your friends in Palermo?'—
'I have no friends there,' interrupted Walter quickly.

'Well, well; those, then, who miscall themselves your friends, have been very injudicious: but for their having sent out the troops, mildred and his daughter might by this time have been on

* Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xviii. p. 202.

board their yacht again. As it is, there is no knowing when that may be—if ever.' And at these last two words, which were uttered very sternly, that ugly look came over the brigand's face, which seemed to reveal the character of the man behind it.

'Where is milord, as you persist so wrongfully in calling him?'

'You shall see him in a few moments. I have sent for you here, indeed, for that purpose. Look, sir; what you have told me of yourself and your slender purse may be true or not.' Walter was about to speak, but the other stopped him with a gesture. 'Let us suppose it true, then; it is my rule that cannot be the same as will not; and when the ransom is not forthcoming, I kill the captive. Your life is therefore forfeit. I might say much more than your life, but I do not wish to proceed to extremities with you even in the way of menace. You may save your skin, without the loss of a ducaat, if you will only be guided by good sense.'

Walter bowed his head. 'What is it you require of me, Captain Corrali?'

'I want you to teach reason to this fellow-countryman of yours, whom I have in my power.'

'And his daughter, where is his daughter?'

'She is safe enough. No harm will happen to her, from us, at all events.'

'That means that she is dying,' answered Walter hoarsely. 'If the damp and cold should kill her, you are none the less her murderer than if you had slain her with your hands.'

'I will settle with my own conscience for that, signor,' returned the other contemptuously. 'What we are both concerned about at present—and you much more than I, believe me—is this ransom. The old man is a fool, and can be made to understand nothing. He does not comprehend that I shall burn him alive, skin him alive; he thinks he is in London, and has to deal with a mere pickpocket. I protest that he offered me one thousand ducaats—not a week's living for the band. It made my fingers itch to shoot him down; only, that that would have been letting him off too cheaply.'

So furious was the brigand's passion, that the foam flew from his lips, his eyes glared like those of a wild beast, and his fingers roved from knife-handle to pistol-butt as though they had been the keys of a piano.

'What is it exactly you wish me to do?' inquired Walter.

'To convince him that I mean what I say, that what I threaten I will perform; and, worse, that if this money I demand is not forthcoming—all of it—that he shall die, and be days in dying; that he shall pray for death a thousand times, and in vain.'

'And what am I to gain, if I am successful in persuading him, Captain Corrali?'

'Life, liberty! His ransom shall cover yours, which is but a flea-bite. If you fail, beware, young man, for you shall share his fate. Now, follow me.' With these words, delivered in a most menacing tone, Corrali turned upon his heel, and led the way to a large beech-tree, the branches of which swept the ground, and moving them aside, revealed to Walter's eyes the recumbent form of Mr Christopher Brown, wrapped in a capote, and pillowed on one of the cushions stolen from the cabin of his yacht.

The old merchant had not been sleeping; anxiety and discomfort had banished slumber from him; but as he rose upon his elbow to regard his visitors, he rubbed his eyes, like some newly awakened man, who doubts whether he is not still in the land of dreams.

'Why, that's not Mr Litton, surely?'

His tone had no displeasure in it, such as Walter had apprehended; the danger and strangeness of his position forbade his entertaining the ideas which might naturally have occurred to him under ordinary circumstances; he did not recognise in Walter the man whom he had dismissed from his own house for deceit, whom he suspected of plotting to win his daughter, and whose presence in Sicily at the present moment he might well associate with the pursuit of the same forbidden object; he only beheld a friend and fellow-countryman, dropped out of the clouds, and, as he vaguely hoped, with power to succour him.

'Why, who would have thought of meeting you in this den of thieves!' continued Mr Brown. 'Do you bring any good news?'

'Indeed, sir, no,' answered Walter sorrowfully; 'I am only this man's prisoner, like yourself.'

'Yes, yes; all mice in my trap,' put in Corrali, understanding by Walter's manner what was meant, and gesticulating triumphantly with his fingers. 'Two were caught first, click, click! and then this one came to look after them, click!'

'What does the wretch say?' inquired Mr Brown.

'He is telling you how it happens that I am here. I had discovered you were captured, and on my road to give the alarm, I got taken prisoner myself.'

'I am sorry that we have done you such a wrong,' said the merchant with feeling.

'I shall not regret it, Mr Brown, if only I may be the means of being of advantage to you,' answered Walter. 'At present, our position is very serious. The troops have been called out, which has enraged the brigands, and—'

'But surely, then, we are certain of rescue?' interrupted the merchant eagerly. 'The soldiers must needs make short work of such scoundrels as these.'

'If they could only catch them; but that is not so easy. And if they did so, they would not find us alive. It is this man's invariable custom to kill his captives, if he cannot keep them.'

'That is what he has been trying to persuade me all along,' said Mr Brown; 'but I am not going to believe such nonsense. We are British subjects, and the thing is incredible, Mr Litton. I would have dared him to do his worst, had it not been for dear Lilian.' Here the old man's lip began to quiver, and a tear stole down his white cheek.

'She was weak and ailing, when they took her, and though I have reason to believe she is better lodged than I have been, and attended by persons of her own sex, I tremble for what may be the effects of such rude treatment. O Mr Litton, what an ass and idiot I was, to listen to Sir Reginald's advice, and leave old England for such a country as this! How long do you think it will be before we get out of it?'

'It is impossible, my dear sir, to guess at that. What I would implore you to persuade yourself is, that your position is a matter of life and death, in which no sacrifice can be considered too great a

one. I am instructed by this man to treat with you concerning your ransom.'

'Yes, yes,' cried Corralli, pricking up his ears at the familiar word; 'now, you are coming to it at last. It is well you should make milord come to reason.'

'What I would advise, Mr Brown,' said Walter, 'is, that you should be firm on one point, namely, to pay nothing whatever until your daughter is placed in safety with her sister.'

'How much does he say?' exclaimed Corralli impatiently. 'I should like to hear him come to the point. Will he pay me my six hundred thousand ducats?'

'You must be mad, Captain Corralli,' exclaimed Walter, in amazement. 'There is no man alive, unless you caught your king himself, who could pay such a sum as that.'

'You mean no Sicilian; but there are plenty Ingleses. They are made of gold; I know it. Nothing is good enough for them, and nothing too dear. A man who has a pleasure-ship of his own too! My demands are too moderate: if anything is amiss with them, that is it. You tell him what I say. Six hundred thousand ducats, or he is a dead man.'

'This man says, Mr Brown, that you must pay him a hundred thousand pounds, or he will kill you.'

The old merchant started to his feet so quickly, that Corralli drew back a pace, and laid his hand upon his knife. 'A hundred thousand grandmothers! Did any one ever hear of such a sum except in the Bank cellars! If you were to sell me up to-morrow, I could not command the half of it. I will not give him a hundred thousand pence.'

'Ay, the bank, put in Corralli cunningly, again recognising a scrap of what was said; 'now, that is like coming to business. He is talking of Gordon's bank at Palermo, is he not? That is, of course, where the money will come from.'

'Indeed, he is talking of nothing of the kind,' said Walter calmly. The excitement of the merchant, which had certainly testified to the extravagance of the demand as strongly as any words could have done, had not, as he fancied, been thrown away upon the brigand chief. 'He was saying that no private person, even in England, could command such a sum as you propose. He has not got it to give, nor yet the half of it.'

'Then, by Santa Rosalia, he shall die!' cried the brigand, 'and you along with him.'

'It may be so, Captain Corralli, for it lies within your power to kill us.'

'Ay, and to do more, look you—to roast you, to skin you!'

'Just so; you mentioned all that before. It is in your power to do anything to us that you are wicked enough to imagine; but it is not in this man's power to pay the sum you propose. We shall die sooner or later, at all events—then you will be left, as you say, with our skins—they will not be worth much, and, in the end, you will be taken, and hanged for it. If you consider such a course of conduct advantageous, you must pursue it. For my part, if I were in your place, I would be a little more reasonable.'

The brigand's face was black with rage; he looked more like a vulture than a human being, as he gazed on the unhappy merchant, as though longing to fall on him with beak and claw.

'You do not know me, Signor Inglese, or you

would not dare to speak to me thus,' said he to Walter. 'Are we lawyer and client, that you give me advice of this sort, and cross my will when I have expressed it?'

'I would not cross it, if I could help it, Captain Corralli; but your demands are those of a madman, of a man who wishes to have our blood, by demanding of us an impossibility.'

'It is possible that you may be speaking the truth,' answered Corralli after a long pause. 'If this man has really but three hundred thousand ducats, with that I must be content. But if he does not possess them, then let him prepare for death, since, for a less sum, he shall never escape alive out of my hands. And let him come to his conclusion, "Yea" or "Nay," within ten minutes, for my patience has reached its limit.' As he said these words, the brigand produced one of the various watches that adorned his person—a gold one, incrustated with jewels, the spoil, probably, of some native milord—and placed it on the ground before him, where it formed a spot of sunshine in that shady place.

Walter translated this ultimatum to the old merchant, and added an expression of his own belief that nothing less than the sum now named would suffice the brigand's greed.

'Fifty thousand pounds!' cried the old man in an agony. 'Why, that will be ruin, Mr Litton—beggary!'

Walter did not believe that this was literally true. It was quite possible that such a sum was as great as even the merchant's credit could have realised in ready money, so far from home; but it could surely not be his whole fortune; and in his heart he wondered how, for an instant, considering the position of Lilian, her father should have hesitated to give in to terms that, however hard, were yet practicable. He did not know how dear is wealth to those who have much of it, especially when it has been acquired by their own hands; how one's ducats and one's daughter, if not rated at the same value, bear yet some proportion to one another, in such a man's mind, as they had in that of the Jew of Venice. Moreover, he did not take into sufficient account the natural incapacity of the owner of Willowbank, Regent's Park, to believe in the menaces of their captor. Mr Christopher Brown had, probably, never read M. About's *King of the Mountains*, nor that matchless tale of M. Dumas, wherein he describes how the banker in the hands of brigands is charged a hundred thousand francs for an egg, not particularly fresh, and at a similar rate for all other necessities of the table, till his bill for board equals the ransom he has declined to pay; and if he had read them, he would have taken them for romances, as void of foundation as a fairy tale. He was scarcely, in fact, more capable of realising his present circumstances, than he would have been of imagining them, if they had not occurred. And though he saw himself fallen among thieves, and wholly in their power, he found it hard to believe that they would venture on such extremities as Walter had foreshadowed. The London cry, 'Where are the police?' was a sentiment that he could not eradicate from his mind. In this matter, the brigand chief (who had, doubtless, had the opportunity of observing such workings of the mind in others of his captives) had gauged the merchant with considerable accuracy.

'No,' persisted Mr Brown; 'let the scoundrel do his worst; his sickle shall never reap all the harvest of my life of honest toil. I will die rather than submit to it!'

'Alas, sir, it is not a question of dying, if what we have heard of this man's cruelties is true,' urged Walter, 'but of far worse than death; and, moreover, it is not your life nor mine that is alone at stake. Consider what your daughter must be enduring, and how every moment of delay and haggling may be fraught with peril to her.'

'Consider!' echoed the merchant with irritation. 'Do you suppose, then, that she has escaped my consideration? I am only thinking whether she would thank me for saving her, since it must needs be done at such a sacrifice to her of wealth, position, comfort, and all that makes life worth having. Three hundred thousand ducats! It is monstrous, it is incredible! Two thousand pounds a year for ever, in return for two nights' involuntary lodging upon a mountain-side. I will never give it!'

The very force and passion of these protestations, however, suggested to Walter that the merchant was at least wavering in his stubborn resolve.

'The question is, Mr Brown,' observed he, with earnestness, 'Is it within your power to command so vast a sum, or not?'

'I have a good name on Change, sir!' answered the other, with an assumption of dignity that at any other time would have been amusing to note; 'and a good name there is good everywhere else.'

'Then, for Heaven's sake, use it!' exclaimed Walter passionately. 'Why, if you died, sir, under this man's tortures, and Lillian died'—for, in the stress and strain of their common misfortune, he spoke of her thus familiarly, and her father listened without reproof—'what would Lady Selwyn say? Would she thank you, because your obstinate resolve had enriched her by the sacrifice of a father and a sister?'

'True, true,' answered the old man, as if talking to himself: 'all would in that case go to Lotty, which would mean to *him*.'

By chance, Walter had hit upon an argument more convincing than any which logic or common-sense could have suggested. 'Well, well, Mr Litton, it is a hard case; but I will be guided by you.'

'The ten minutes are over,' observed the brigand, taking up his watch, and throwing away the end of the cigar with which he had been beguiling the time. 'Has milord come to his right mind?'

'Mr Brown will pay the money, Captain Corrali—that is, if so huge a sum can be raised in Palermo upon his credit—on one condition. His daughter must be set at liberty on the spot; indeed, the letter of authorisation must be delivered to the banker by her hand. It would otherwise be valueless, since he would conclude it to have been extorted by force.'

'That shall be done,' answered the brigand quietly; 'we have no wish to retain the signora. It is a pleasure to me, I assure you, to reflect that we are to remain good friends. The sooner she is away, doubtless the better for her. Here are pens, ink, and paper, for the authorisation; and once more the chief produced from an outside pocket these business materials, which were almost as much the implements of his trade as the knife and the musket.

'My friend must see his daughter before she goes,' observed Walter quickly. 'There was something in the brigand's manner that had aroused his suspicions. Was it not possible that that phrase, "The sooner she is away, doubtless the better for her," implied that she was dying?'

'That is impossible,' answered Corrali coolly, 'since milord does not speak Sicilian. No word is allowed to pass between a prisoner about to be released and one who is still retained captive, unless in our own language. The signora will take the authorisation—which will be read by a friend of ours who is acquainted with the English tongue—but we must take care that she has no secret instructions. I regret to forbid an interview so naturally agreeable, but the precaution is one which will recommend itself to milord's good sense.'

The Tartar, which had been so visible when Captain Corrali's skin had been scratched, was no longer visible; the wound was healed; he was once more, in manner, the Chesterfield of brigand chiefs.

'But for all we know, the signora may be'—Walter hesitated; he could not bring himself to speak of Death in connection with his Lillian—'unfit for travel, too ill to bear the journey; or, under that pretence, you may not let her free, after you have promised to do so.'

'The signor should remember, that without her personal presence at the banker's, as he has just observed, the ransom could not be obtained,' answered Corrali blandly. 'If the assurance of her being alive is all that is required, the signor can see her himself—since you both speak our language—but not milord.'

When this was communicated to Mr Brown, he did not make the opposition to this harsh announcement that Walter had expected; the fact was, that though he loved his daughter with all the strength of a strong nature, he was singularly free from sentiment as such; in this matter, as in professional affairs, he looked to the main facts, and provided that he could feel assured that Lillian was safe in her friends' hands, he could forego that parting caress which to some men would have been worth the ransom he was about to pay. Moreover, it must be added, that he conceived that all difficulties in the way of his own freedom would be at once removed, and that the next day, or the one after next at farthest, would see him once more on board the *Sylphide*, never to touch land again until they reached the British soil.

'Go and see her, Mr Litton,' said he. 'Give her my fondest love, and tell her how it is that I am debarred from bidding her good-bye. Bid her hasten matters with the bankers all she can. Since I must pay this money, the sooner it is done the better; and if you can do so, without being overheard, tell her that large as the sum is which has been extorted from me, she will not, nevertheless, have to beg her bread—do you understand!'

Walter understood very well, though he wondered greatly how Mr Brown could comfort himself with such reflections at such a time, much more recommend them to others.

Then the merchant drew out the authorisation—he had become quite himself again at the prospect of a business transaction—in brief and concise terms. It was unnecessary to dilate upon his necessitous position, since all the world of Palermo was by

this time acquainted with it; but he was careful, at the chief's suggestion, to add, beside the usual formula, that all the ransom must be paid in gold. His name was well known to the bankers, to whom he had been duly recommended; and there was his son-in-law, Sir Reginald, to vouch for him. The general sympathy of the commercial public and of his fellow-countrymen would doubtless also be of some advantage in such a crisis; and, upon the whole, he did not doubt that the money—which in London he could have produced in a few hours—would be forthcoming in a day or two at the farthest. He did not comprehend—nor, indeed, did Walter—that the raising of the money was only one of the difficulties that might interpose between them and freedom.

'There!' said Mr Brown, when he had signed the document, and the other two had witnessed it; 'I have chopped my arm off; I feel better.'

To sign away so huge a sum seemed, indeed, to him like the lopping away of a limb; but when once it was gone, he wiped it off the books of his mind like a bad debt, and commenced the business of life again, under new conditions.

'And now, gentlemen,' said Corrali, who had at once possessed himself of the document, 'the sooner we get on with this little business the better for all parties.—Santoro!'

At the sound of his name, Walter's body-guard at once made his appearance; he had decked himself out even more splendidly than before, having been lent some personal ornaments by his friends to go a-wooing with; just as a young lady will sometimes borrow a necklace or a bracelet for a ball from her mother's jewel-case.

'I see,' said the captain, addressing his follower, with great good-humour, 'that you have made up your mind to see Lavocca, and, as it happens, the opportunity now offers itself. The signor here is to be conducted to the cavern.'

'The cavern!' exclaimed Santoro, as though he could hardly believe his ears.

'Yes; did I not say so? Colletta and yourself will be answerable, as before, for his safety, and he will be intrusted to you two alone.—If you have any last words for milord, added he, addressing Walter, 'you had better say them.'

'Mr Brown,' said Walter, 'I am going. Have you anything to add to what you have already said, as respects your daughter?'

'Nothing, but my love and blessing, Mr Litton. But, as respects yourself, I would wish to say, in case anything should happen to either of us ere we meet again, that I am deeply sensible of the good-will towards me and mine, which has caused you to share our misfortune. I confess that I behaved ill to you at Willowbank, and that my first impression of your character was the true one.' Walter's only answer was to hold out his hand, which the other took and pressed warmly.

'You will tell me the truth about my Lillian,' faltered the old man; 'you will conceal nothing from me. It's uncommon hard, because a man only speaks his mother-tongue, that he mayn't say good-bye to his daughter. But, after all, it will be only for a few days, will it? We shall be on board the yacht again before the week's out, eh?'

'Indeed, sir, I hope you will,' said Walter earnestly; but since it was Thursday even then, he doubted it.

'If Lillian gets to Palermo this afternoon, you

see,' argued Mr Brown, 'the money can be collected before night, and sent up here the first thing in the morning. I assure you it is not so pleasant sleeping under these beech-trees, that I should wish to try it a third time. At all events, I do trust the people at Gordon's will take care that we don't spend our Sunday in such society as this,' and he pointed to the members of the band, who, with characteristic interest in any excitement, had already gathered round to see Walter and his guards depart upon their expedition. The picture of the honest merchant, as he stood without his leafy tent bidding adieu to him in such sanguine words, and denouncing the unconscious speculators, was fated often to recur to Walter's mind, in days to come, with a sad sense of contrast.

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IN a former number of this Journal (No. 485, April 1873), in an article entitled 'Wonders of the Deep,' we drew attention to the vast strides that had then recently been made in our knowledge of the physical conditions of the ocean; and from a work then just published, *Depths of the Sea*, by Professor Wyville Thomson, we gave a sketch of the explorations of the ships *Lightning* and *Porcupine*. We now propose to take up the subject, and, in the course of a few articles, describe what has been done since, more particularly with reference to the voyage of the *Challenger*, which vessel had at that time lately left our shores; and in doing this, we shall add such other incidents connected with the voyage as we believe will interest our readers.

In our article 'Wonders of the Deep,' we casually mentioned the name of Professor Edward Forbes as having, by his perseverance and industry, made a great advance in marine discovery; he succeeded in dredging in two hundred fathoms; and in the prosecution of this, his favourite work, in the Mediterranean, this truly great naturalist was taken from us, all too soon, but not before he had established a reputation, as much for his amiability and kindness of heart, as for his deep research and knowledge as a naturalist. Forbes has had many successors, and worthy ones too. Harvey did much both in England and Australia, but his researches tended more to develop the forms and limits of vegetable, than of animal life; and it has been stated by him and others, that at the depth of fifty fathoms, vegetable life is extremely scant; whilst it entirely disappears before the depth of two hundred fathoms is reached. So that, as appears from the *Depths of the Sea*, it is a question how the animals in the deepest parts of the ocean effect their nutrition; and it is believed, that those inhabiting extreme depths have no special organs of nutrition, but absorb nourishment through the whole surface of their jelly-like bodies; and if this be so, the still more remarkable fact remains unexplained as to what kind of nourishment they imbibe, and how that nourishment is developed, for if some of the animals live on microscopic globigerina, the globigerina themselves must be fed.

The means at command of those who were the first to attempt individual measurements of great

depths, were rough in the extreme; and in sounding from a boat, the surface-drift had such effect on the boat itself, that although the line might appear perpendicular for the short distance it could be seen through the water, it could not be confidently asserted that it was so; and it was not until a resting-place for his electric telegraph cables was required, that man was compelled to ascertain the nature of the bottom, as well as the depths of the ocean. As in many other things, our American cousins were the first in the field; but it is now admitted that we have far surpassed them in all that relates to the knowledge of the physical and natural conditions of the great deep.

The necessities of the telegraph cable, then, were the first inducements to a systematic examination of the contour of the ocean-bed; but its object, it must be remembered, was more of a commercial nature than a scientific; and although the small portions of the bottom brought up by the sounding-rod were eagerly sought after by naturalists, it was but the commencement, or the introduction of the thin end of the wedge, from which time was to develop great results.

We owe to the late Captain M. F. Maury, of the United States navy, a debt of gratitude for the advantages that have been derived from his researches in connection with the physical conditions of the ocean, especially as regard its prevailing winds and currents; and we may safely say he has been the means of immensely increasing the commercial prosperity of his fellow-men. Our subject, however, treats more particularly of under-surface phenomena.

The cruise of the *Lightning* extended over a period of only six weeks, and that at the latter end of the season; the examination was therefore confined to the space between Scotland and Faroe, and four to five degrees to the westward; and although the weather at that late season of the year interfered with very successful work, the results gave great encouragement for further research. Dredging was effected at a greater depth than had ever been attempted, namely, six hundred and fifty fathoms, and a series of observations of the temperature at different depths obtained, that enabled Dr Carpenter to define the limits of the cold area or arctic water moving south, and the warm area where the stream of that arctic water is intercepted by islands. Within these areas, which differ twenty degrees in temperature, distinct races of animals were found to exist.

Next year, the *Porcupine* had a more extended voyage. The vessel left the Thames on her first cruise in the middle of May, and commenced operations between the parallels of Cape Clear and Slyne Head on the Irish coast, where she carried out a series of soundings six hundred miles from the shore, and dredged in the then unprecedented depth of one thousand five hundred fathoms, yielding curious results, and bringing animals to the surface with well-developed eyes.

In the next cruise, bolder attempts were made with the dredge, and a quantity of globigerina (the dead bodies of a species of animalcule) mud was brought from a depth of two thousand four hundred fathoms, or nearly three miles; the soundings were also carried farther out to the west and south of Ireland, and the action on the thermometers was well tested; and by comparing them with those used the year before, a scale of cor-

rection was obtained for them that enabled Dr Carpenter to utilise the numerous observations he had made.

The last cruise of the season was spent in a further examination of the Faroe Channel; and by means of a simple contrivance devised by Captain Calver, important additions were made to our knowledge of animal life at great depths: it was found that on the gravel bottom the dredge came up empty; but by teasing out some ordinary rope-yarns, forming them into tangles, and attaching them to the arms of the dredge, they came up teeming with animal life, and proved beyond a doubt that animal life was as prolific in the cold area, where the temperature was below the freezing-point, as in the warm area, where the temperature was considerably above it.

In 1870, the *Porcupine* could not be spared from her other duties until June; and on the 4th July she left Falmouth with Mr Gwyn Jeffreys, accompanied by a son of Dr Carpenter, who conducted a series of analytical observations to ascertain the amount of chlorine contained in seawater at different depths. On this cruise the *Porcupine* proceeded in a south-westerly direction, dredging in from four hundred to eight hundred fathoms; and by the help of the 'tangles,' a rich harvest was secured. In one of the casts of the dredge, seventy-one species of Mollusca were obtained, that were either entirely new to science, or never before described. Proceeding along the coast of Portugal, the vessel reached Gibraltar, where Dr Carpenter took the scientific charge, Mr Gwyn Jeffreys returning to England. The examination of the Gibraltar Strait was then commenced, and a cruise made into the Mediterranean; the results were of considerable importance in connection with those obtained in the Atlantic, and on which Dr Carpenter has founded a theory not intended to be discussed in these pages. The Mediterranean was found considerably less prolific in animal life than the Atlantic, but a fine collection of corals and shells was obtained.

The next year, Dr Carpenter further investigated the Gibraltar current, and, by means of a current-drag, observed the direction and force of the water at various depths.

Although the observations made in these four years were intermittent, and somewhat straggling, the endeavour being to collect as much information as possible in the limited time, they nevertheless proved of great value; so much so, that when collated and the results laid before Her Majesty's government, and the advantages of a systematic examination of the ocean pointed out, government at once yielded to the suggestions of what may be termed 'the scientific world,' and agreed to fit out a vessel of such size, and for such an extended voyage, as the important nature of the subject demanded.

The vessel selected for this extended voyage of exploration was the now well-known steam-ship *Challenger*, of 1460 tons, and 400 horse-power engines. From her having a main deck, she was well adapted for the purpose, as much space was required for the scientific staff, and the various stores necessary for such a voyage. The guns were removed, with the exception of two or three on the upper deck, which were retained, more for the purpose of signalling, than for warfare. Cabins were erected on both the main and lower decks,

to accommodate the savants who were to accompany the ship; cabins were also required for a chart-room, analysing and photographing rooms, a chemical laboratory, and a capacious bath-room.

The powder-magazine was converted into a spirit-room, with several hundred gallons of alcohol stowed therein, almost as dangerous a cargo as its more natural one—gunpowder. There were also stowed away thirty tons of iron sinkers, and thousands of fathoms of sounding and dredge line, made from the finest selected Italian hemp. Dredges were supplied of the most approved patterns, and every conceivable contrivance for catching everything, from whales to marine infusoria. Fortunately, no parsimonious economy stinted the supply of every article likely to be of service during the long voyage.

The command of the *Challenger* was intrusted to Captain George S. Nares (since appointed to the government arctic expedition, his successor being Captain Frank T. Thomson), an officer who had already distinguished himself in the arctic regions, and had more recently commanded a surveying vessel in the Mediterranean. The second in command, Commander J. P. Maclear, is the son of the talented astronomer of the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Thomas Maclear. Three lieutenants and a navigating lieutenant, surgeon and assistant-surgeon, paymaster, four sub-lieutenants, the usual staff of engineers and assistants, and one hundred and fifty seamen and marines, formed the complement.

The charge of the scientific staff was most judiciously given to Professor W. J. Thomson, F.R.S., who, as a man of science, is well known to be one of the highest order, and whose genial disposition well fitted him for the task, in a social point of view—a point of no mean consideration on an extended voyage such as that of the *Challenger*. Professor Thomson's staff consisted of Mr J. Y. Buchanan, M.A., of the Chemical Laboratory of Edinburgh University, as chemist; Mr H. N. Mosely, M.A., Dr Von Willemsen Suhm, and Mr John Murray, as naturalists; and Mr J. J. Wild, of Zurich, as secretary and artist. A corporal of the Royal Engineers, well skilled in photography, was also appointed.

For the purposes of dredging and sounding, donkey-engines were fitted on the upper deck, and large stages erected at the sides, for receiving the loaded dredges.

For the purposes of hydrography, a large supply of instruments was furnished, to meet all the requirements for surveying ports and harbours; but the greatest attention was naturally devoted to the most important object of the voyage, namely, deep-sea exploration; and as the ascertainment of the temperature at various depths was one of primary importance, the necessity of having a reliable self-registering thermometer was apparent. The Six's thermometer, that had previously been used in all deep-sea observations, was found by experiment to be so yielding under pressure as to make the observations taken with it unreliable; and it was also found that the error was due to the compression of the full bulb; even the strongest that could be made yielded, causing an error of ten or twelve degrees at a pressure equal to two thousand fathoms. To remedy this, Dr W. A. Miller, F.R.S., proposed covering the full bulb with an outer bulb: this was done, and it

effectually relieved the inner bulb from the pressure that caused the error.

Thirty-six of these protected thermometers, made by Mr Casella, were supplied; and in addition, a 'differential thermometer,' devised by Mr Seimens, F.R.S., for ascertaining from the ship the temperature at various depths, was placed on board; but depending, as it did, on two insulated wires and the indication by a delicate galvanometer, it was found inapplicable for use on board ship when there was any motion; and as the protected thermometers were found to answer their purpose, the loss of the other was not so much felt.

Since the *Challenger* sailed, another form of self-registering thermometer has been devised by Mr Negretti, the optician, which has this advantage over the Six's thermometer, that whereas, if the latter passes through a warmer current of water than the surface-water to a colder, the index registers only that of the warmer current, and not the colder water, to which it has descended; the Negretti thermometer, on the contrary, registers that only at the greatest depth to which the instrument has reached. This is effected in cutting off the mercury at the bulb by a very ingenious contrivance, by the action of drawing the line up, when the instrument takes a complete turn, depositing the quantity of mercury thus cut off in the other arm of the syphon tube, on which is marked the scale for reading the temperature. This has been sent to the *Challenger*, but reports have not yet reached us of its action.

Scarcely of less importance is the apparatus used for ascertaining the depth of the sea. The term 'deep-soundings' has now an entirely different significance from that which it formerly had. No difficulty is now experienced in sounding in any depth, and bringing the sinker with a specimen of the bottom to the surface; this is effected by a lead of about a hundredweight, having a tubescREWED to the bottom. At the bottom of the tube is a 'butterfly valve,' which opens inward like the wings of a butterfly; the water passes through the tube as the sinker descends; but on piercing into the oozy bed of the ocean, and being withdrawn, the wings fall horizontally, and retain the soil contained in the tube. But when the depth is beyond a thousand fathoms, or thereabouts, the difficulties increase in proportion to the depth, and it becomes necessary to have a greater weight of sinkers; and as the increased weight and friction of sinkers and line would prove too much for the line in hauling it up, a contrivance has been devised to detach the sinkers and leave them at the bottom, at the same time obtaining a portion of the soil, as a proof that the sinkers have reached the bottom; hence the necessity for the large supply of sinkers. These sinkers are discs of iron of half a hundredweight each, having a hole through the centre, and made to fit one over the other. The sounding-tube is about five feet in length, the lower end fitted with a butterfly valve, as already described; at the upper end is a sliding-rod, having two small shoulders, which project when the tube is suspended and the rod up; but, when resting on the ground, the shoulders sink within the tube. The tube is passed through the number of sinkers required, and this is regulated by the depth, current, &c. expected; generally three to four hundredweight is used. An iron ring, with stout wire attached to either side, is passed under the

weights, and a loop of the wire placed over the shoulders. Thus, with the tube suspended, the wire and ring support the weights; but the moment the tube comes in contact with the ground, and the suspending line is slackened, the shoulders are pulled down by the weights, and becoming buried in the tube, the wire loop is thrown off, and the tube is drawn through the sinkers, leaving them on the ground. It must be mentioned that the lower nine to twelve inches of the tube is left protruding beyond the weights; this portion is driven into the ground, and secures the specimen of the soil. This instrument is called the 'Baillie Sounding-machine,' after its inventor. There have been many detaching instruments invented, but the one described is the latest, and is considered the best.

The line used is one inch in circumference, and is capable of bearing a steady strain of about fourteen or fifteen hundredweight (it is marked at every fifty fathoms); but, to prevent the loss of leads and lines by the sudden jerks and strain caused by the motion of the vessel, a number of india-rubber accumulators are furnished, each being five feet long, and capable of extension two and a half times their normal length, with a strain of about fifty pounds. About twenty of these are so arranged that when, by the rising of the ship to the sea, the strain comes suddenly, the accumulators take up the strain, lengthening out according to the strain, and contracting as the ship falls. The accumulators are also useful as a dynamometer (strength measurer).

Another mode of sounding has been devised by Sir William Thomson, by means of a drum and piano-wire, with registering dials for the measurement of the depth. One of these instruments was placed on board the *Challenger*, but we are not aware of its having been used.

A PAWNBROKING INCIDENT.

As a pawnbroker in a populous suburb of London, I have had occasion to see painful, and sometimes not unpleasing phases of society. Just to give an idea of what occasionally comes under the notice of persons in my profession, I shall describe a little incident and its consequences. One evening I stepped to the door for a little fresh air, and to look about me for a moment. Whilst I was gazing up and down the road, I saw a tidily dressed young person step up to our side-door. She walked like a lady—and let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten it's the walk, and not the dress, which distinguishes the lady from the servant-girl—and first she looked about, and then she seemed to make up her mind in a flurried sort of way, and in a moment more was standing at our counter, holding out a glittering something in a little trembling hand covered with a worn kid glove.

My assistant, Isaacs, was stepping forward to take the seal, when I came in and interposed. The poor young thing was so nervous and shy, and altogether so unused to this work, that I felt for her as if she had been my own daughter almost. She couldn't have been above eighteen years old: too frail and gentle a creature.

'If you please, will you tell me,' she said timidly, in a very sweet low voice, trembling with nervousness, 'what is the value of this seal?'

'Well, miss,' I said, taking the seal into my

hand and looking at it—it was an old-fashioned seal, such as country gentlemen used to wear, with a coat-of-arms cut upon it—'that depends upon whether you want to pledge it, or to sell it outright.'

'I am married, sir,' and she said the words proudly, and with dignity, though still so shy, and seeming ready to burst out crying; 'and my husband is very ill—and—and—' And then the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and she sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

'There, there, my dear,' I said to her; 'don't cry; it will all come right in time;' and I tried to comfort her as well as I could in my own rough-and-ready way. 'I will lend you, ma'am,' I said to her at last, 'a sovereign upon this seal; and if you wish to sell it, perhaps I may be able to sell it for you to advantage.' And so I gave her a pound; it was more than the thing was worth as a pledge; and she tripped away with a lighter heart, and many thanks to me, and I thought no more of the matter at the time.

The very next day, the day before Christmas, there came into our place of business a very eccentric gentleman, who had called upon us pretty often before, not for the sake of pawning anything, though he was generally dressed shabby enough too. But he was a collector, one of those men who are mad upon old china and curiosities of all sorts.

'Anything in my way, to-day, Mr Davis?' he said, in his quick, energetic manner, with a jolly smile upon his face, and putting down the cigarette he was smoking upon the edge of the counter.

The Rev. Mr Broadman is a collector of gems, and rings and seals, and, in fact, of any stones that have heads or figures engraved upon them. And I had been in the habit of putting aside for him whatever in this way passed through our hands; for he gave us a better price than we should have got for them at the quarterly sales. 'The fact is, Davis,' he used to say to me, 'these things are invaluable: many of them are as beautiful, on a small scale, as the old Greek sculptures; and some of them even by the same artists. And they are made no longer, you see; for, in this busy nineteenth century of ours, time and brains are too precious to be spent on these laborious trifles.' Now, although I had no stones of the kind he wanted just then, it entered into my head that I would tell him about the seal which had come into my possession the evening before.

I told him the story somewhat as I have just told it to you. He listened attentively to all I said. When I had done, he looked at the seal, and said: 'I observe that it has the heraldic emblem of a baronet.' He then congratulated me upon the way in which I had acted. He asked, too, for this young lady's address, which she had given me quite correct; and then he left the shop without another word.

You must give me leave to tell the rest of the story in my own way, although it may be a very different way from that which the reverend personage employed in relating it to me afterwards.

It seemed that it was a runaway match. A country baronet's son had fallen in love with the clergyman's daughter, in the village where his father lived; and they had run away together, and got married. Then they came up to London, these two poor young things—for neither his father,

nor hers either, for the matter of that, would have anything to say to the match—he full of hopes of getting on in the literary and artistic line; and she, poor creature, full of trust in him.

The project of living by literature did not turn out what was expected. The young fellow, without experience or friends, spent much time going about from one publisher to another, and sending his writings to the editors of the various magazines—which I need not say were always returned with thanks. And then he fell ill; typhus, I fancy, brought on by insufficient nourishment, and bad drainage, and disappointed hopes. The Registrar-general doesn't give a return of these cases in any list that I am aware of. But we see something of them in our line of business, nevertheless.

It was just at this time that Mr Broadman found out Mrs Vincent; for that was the name of the young lady who came to my shop with the gold seal. Cambridge Terrace is not very far from the Angel at Islington, and there, in a little back-street of small, respectable houses, inhabited by junior clerks, with here and there a lodging-house, in one of which Mr and Mrs Vincent lived.

They were rather shy at first of a stranger, and a little proud and haughty, perhaps. People who have seen better days, and are down upon their luck, are apt to be so. But the parson, with his pleasant ways and cheery voice, soon made it all right; and, in a jiffy, he and Mr Vincent were talking about college, for they had both been to the same university. And there was soon even a smile too—a wan smile enough—upon the poor invalid's sharp-cut, thin face, with the hollow, far-away eyes, which looked at you as if out of a cavern. He was the wreck of a fine young fellow, too; of one who had been used to his hunting and shooting, and all the fine country sports, which make broad-chested, strong-limbed country people, the envy of us poor, thin, pale townsfolk.

Mr Broadman came direct to me when he left them. 'I did not live far off; and he thought that I might lend them a neighbour's help.' 'Davis,' said he, 'that poor fellow is dying; I can see death in his eyes.'

'What is he a-dying of?' I replied.

He looked at me steadfastly a moment, and I could see a moisture in his eye, as he said, slowly and solemnly: 'Of starvation, Davis—of actual want of food.'

'A gentleman starving, in London, in Islington, a baronet's son too! Why, it's incredible.'

'Not at all,' said Mr Broadman; 'these are the very people who do die of starvation in London, and in all great cities. Not the poor, who know where the workhouse is, and who can get at the relieving officer, if the worst comes to the worst; but the well born, who have fallen into destitute poverty, and who carry their pride with them, and dive into a back alley, like some wild animal into a hole, to die alone. Mr Vincent wants wine and jellies and all sorts of good things; if help hasn't come too late. No, no, my friend,' he continued, putting back my hand, for I was ready to give my money in a proper cause. 'No, no; I have left them all they want at present, Davis. But I'll tell you what you can do: you can, if you like to play the good Samaritan, go and see them, and cheer them up a bit. Mrs Vincent hasn't forgotten your kindness to her, I can assure you. And I think her husband would like to thank you too, and it would

rouse him up a bit, perhaps.' And then Mr Broadman told me, shortly, something of what these two poor things had gone through—she, loving and trusting him so; and he, half mad that he had brought her to this pass, and could do nothing for her.

Mr Broadman wrote that very day to the baronet: a proud, hard man, I'm told. But the letter he wrote back was soft enough, and melting to read; it was so full of human nature, you see—the father's heart swelling up at the thought of getting back his son; and bursting through the thick crust of pride which had prevented him from making the first advances. And the parson says to me: 'Well, Mr Davis,' he said, 'there are many people kept asunder only for want of somebody to go between them, you see, and make peace.'

And I said, partly to myself: 'Why shouldn't Christianity itself be such a general peacemaker as that?'

'Ay,' replied Mr Broadman, 'if people only believed in it properly.'

That very day we got the baronet's letter, I was on my way, in the afternoon, to Cambridge Terrace, to pay my respects to Mrs Vincent—and I'd had sent in a few bottles of good old port wine from my own wine-merchant—at least as good as can be got for money or love. Well, when I got near the door, I saw an old gentleman walking up and down, a little disturbed, apparently, in his mind at finding himself in such a queer locality, and as if looking for something, or somebody. A short, rosy-faced person he was, clean shaved as a pin, and very neat and old-fashioned in his dress; and with that sort of air about him which marks an English country gentleman wherever he may be. Well, we soon got into talk, for I'd spotted the baronet in a moment, and he was anxious to find out something about his son, as soon as he heard that I knew a little of the young couple.

'And you do not think, sir, that my—that Mr Vincent is *dangerously* ill?' said the old baronet; and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke, and his hand trembled as he laid it upon mine.

'Here is the house, sir,' I said; 'and you will be able to judge for yourself.'

We went in. At least the baronet went into the room, trembling in every limb with the excitement of seeing his son. But when he set eyes on him, the poor old man was so startled, that he could scarcely speak. His son saw him, and tried to rise, but fell back feebly into his chair. 'Dear father,' he murmured weakly, stretching out a thin trembling hand, 'forgive me—'

But the father was on his knees, by the chair, in a moment, clasping his son's head in his arms, and fondling him as he had done when the man was a baby.

'What have I to forgive? You must forgive me for being so hard, my dear boy, and get better soon, Wilfred, my son, my son!'

I too had come into the room; I could not help it, I was so interested and excited. But I saw that in the young man's face which made my heart sink in my bosom like lead.

The young wife saw it too, and gave one, two, three sharp screams, as if a knife had been thrust into her side.

Mr Broadman saw it; and quietly kneeling down, commended to God—as well as he could,

for sobbing—the soul of His servant departing this life.

And I—well, why should I be ashamed to confess it?—I knelt down too, and cried like a child; for the young man had died in his father's arms, at the very moment of reconciliation.

CLUB BOOKS.

EARLY in the present century, a taste, almost amounting to a mania, grew up for securing copies of rare books. Of the originals, there were so very few, and those mostly confined to public libraries, that the only available resource was reprinting. But to attempt reprinting on a large scale was hopeless, for 'it would not pay.' The only means for reproducing the works in question consisted in an association of individuals, each of whom, by an annual payment, would have a copy of every work printed. By such arrangements a very large accession has been made to history, biography, archaeology, and various other branches of human knowledge. It will be understood that the books so produced did not pass through the ordinary process of publication; nor were the volumes of a popular cast. For the most part, the number of copies was strictly limited, each volume, in a stately quarto size, costing perhaps a guinea. Only wealthy persons with an acute fancy for rare productions, could indulge in the whim of being members of these club-book societies.

It will be further understood, that there was much nicety in selecting the works to be reproduced. The members of the society did not want accuracy, according to modern grammar and spelling. They liked to get an exact reflex of a first, and it might be imperfect edition, containing possibly passages that were afterwards expunged; extreme rarity being what was mainly prized. It was also a great matter to see that the original cut of letter was preserved; and for this purpose, types had to be made specially to represent old characters not to be found in any modern printing-office. The thing, it will be perceived, was very much of a craze; but it was a craze of an innocent and creditable kind; and we should be thankful that there were men who went into it with zest and aptitude. They gave their money. The books they reproduced now exist, though in limited numbers, and the world of letters is so much the richer.

A kind of beginning to the club-book mania was given by the sale by auction of the library of John, third Duke of Roxburghe, in 1814. His Grace had been the most energetic and eminent book-collector in the United Kingdom. His library was large and valuable, and the sale lasted over forty-two days. Wealthy collectors assembled in force, and gave high prices for such works as claimed to be rarities. There were 10,120 lots in all, comprising about 30,000 volumes; and the money paid for them by the bidders at the auction amounted in the aggregate to L.23,398. The Duke of Devonshire gave L.1080 for the *History of Troy*, the first book printed by William Caxton in England, in 1471; the bidders were eager to obtain it simply because it was one of a very few copies of that edition known to be still in existence. There were

eleven other Caxtons in the catalogue; and the whole twelve brought L.246 each on an average. But the great struggle was for Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, a copy of the first edition printed at Venice, by Valdarfar. The book was not very choice in any particular except that it *was* the first edition, and that hardly any other perfect copy of it was known. The Duke of Roxburghe had given L.100 for it some years before. At the sale in 1812, the Marquis of Blandford and Earl Spencer alike set their hearts upon possessing it; emulation grew warm; neither one chose to give way to the other; and the earl did not cease to bid till he had gone up to L.2250; the marquis bid another L.10, and carried off the prize for the stupendous sum of L.2260—the highest price, it is believed, ever paid for a single volume.

The principal buyers at the sale did not wish that this famous day, the *Decamerone* day, should pass into oblivion. The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, a celebrated bibliophilist of that age, proposed a dinner. Twenty-four dined together at a tavern in London, including the titled representatives of the Howard, Churchill, Cavendish, Spencer, and Gower families, together with Sir Egerton Brydges, the Rev. Holwell Carr, Mr Heber, and other owners of famous libraries. It was agreed that they and a few others should form a club or society, to be called the Roxburghe Club, in commemoration of the Roxburghe sale, and that they should dine together annually on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the day on which the *Decamerone* was sold. Many years afterwards, Mr Haslewood, one of the members, wrote an account of those dinners, under the title of the *Roxburghe Revels*—most extravagant reveals they certainly were.

If luxurious indulgence had been all, we should not have noticed the Roxburghe Club here. But it was agreed among the members that each should, in turn, print some rare work at his own expense, and give one copy to every member—a copy on vellum to the president. The plan was afterwards altered. The members were to be 40 as a maximum; an annual subscription was paid; the aggregate amount was spent in printing rare and curious old works; 100 copies were printed of each work, two for each member, and 20 to be sold to the public at such prices as the committee might determine. Old histories, chronicles, diaries, household books, topographical sketches, ballads, ecclesiastical and monastic treatises, &c., were published from time to time under these regulations—some from old printed, but almost inaccessible copies, some from old manuscripts. Many of the works were greatly valued; and, owing to the small number of copies printed, a complete set of the Roxburghe Club publications would now command a high price.

From this Roxburghe Club sprung many others, some of which collapsed after a few years; but the majority still remain, distinguished by having brought to light many curious literary treasures which had long been buried in obscurity. The printing-clubs, thus established, are not learned societies or literary institutions in the ordinary sense; they neither give lectures nor read papers, nor do they carry on discussions in a formal manner. They were, as has been stated, simply clubs for printing certain scarce books, each member taking a copy. The members are in some clubs as few as forty or fifty; in one, as

many as seven thousand. In most clubs, the books are regarded as privately printed; in others, an approach is made to the plan of publishing by subscription, extra copies being printed for sale to the public after the members have been supplied. In one club, a certain definite number of books are printed annually; in another, the number varies with the bulk and value of the individual works; while in a third, each member prints some books at his own expense, and presents a copy to every member; and these represent three types of the printing-clubs or societies. The members chosen to form the council are generally such as are known to be well versed in the class of subjects to which the publications of the club mostly relate; and the whole of the members reap the advantages of the gratuitous services of such persons. The result is, the publication of works not hitherto available to the average of literary and scientific men—being either in private collections, or in great libraries not accessible without difficulty. The printing of even a few hundred copies will afford the means of knowing where a particular class of works is obtainable. Dr Abraham Hume points out how useful would be a collated tabulation of all the publications of all the clubs. 'Some one of sufficient leisure and capability may yet, like the setting of a piece of mosaic-work, deduce harmony and beauty from the scattered profusion; and may confirm the fact, so often demonstrated in pure science, that every proposition, however strange, is valuable, if only it can be properly applied. Nor would the task be a contemptible one to reduce to order, in like manner, the knowledge that lies scattered through many formidable volumes of Transactions; to notice what ideas have given way to new lights, the stages and the progress of modern inquiry, the prospects of literature and science in our own times, the obstacles that impede their growth, and the means available for the removal of those obstacles.'

Such being the general characteristics of the associations to which this article relates, we will proceed to illustrate the subject by a few particulars concerning the chief examples—most of which are still flourishing, the rest having on various grounds brought their operations to a close.

One of the first to follow the example of the Roxburgh was the *Bannatyne Club*, founded mainly by Sir Walter Scott in 1823. Its announced object was to print and circulate among its members works illustrative of the history, antiquities, and literature of Scotland. There were about thirty members at first, afterwards increased to a hundred. The club was named after George Bannatyne, a literary Scot of the sixteenth century. The members, who subscribed five guineas a year each, the same amount as those of the Roxburgh Club, received, in the course of years, considerably more than a hundred distinct publications, many of them curious and valuable in a high degree, relating to all kinds of matters connected with old Scotland. The club closed its operations a few years ago; but its publications, though necessarily in few hands, will have permanent value. Complete sets of the works bring a high price at auctions.

The *Maitland Club*, another which we owe to Scotland, came a few years after the Bannatyne, and was, like it, devoted chiefly to the printing of works relating to Scotland, sometimes fine old

manuscripts; in other instances, fine old printed books little known and difficult of access. It was named after Sir Richard Maitland, a bibliophile of the sixteenth century, and had its centre at Glasgow, as the Bannatyne had at Edinburgh. The members, a hundred in number, paid an annual subscription of three guineas. They received copies of all the works, some printed at the expense of the club, others at the expense of wealthy and liberal members. Some of the most interesting of the publications are several volumes of the *Miscellany of the Maitland Club*, a budget of curious odds and ends too small individually to be brought out separately.

The *Oriental Translation Fund*, established about the same time, was virtually a printing-club, founded chiefly by members of the Royal Asiatic Society, for the translation of oriental manuscripts into the languages of Europe, and printing a small number of copies of each. The subscription varied in amount according as large paper or small paper copies were chosen. Those who have the best means of judging, say that the valuable oriental works which this society has printed and published in the course of forty or fifty years, would have had little chance of being brought out in the ordinary course of publishing enterprise.

The *Tona Club*, a short-lived society, was founded for the investigation and illustration of the history, antiquities, and early history of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; and printed for its members a few works on those subjects. Somewhat similar to this, in the limited range undertaken, was the *Manx Society*, relating to the Isle of Man. More taking was the *Abbotsford Club*, founded for the purpose of printing miscellaneous pieces having the same general character as those of the Bannatyne and the Maitland; it was rather a select body in regard to numbers, and the publications form a handsome quarto series, relating to ancient mysteries and legends, romances and ballads, old Scottish family documents, old monastic manuscripts, presbytery and synd records, &c.

The *Surtees Society*, established about the same time as the Abbotsford Club, was an early example of an excellent class. Its self-appointed work was to print and publish inedited manuscripts illustrating the religious, social, intellectual, and moral condition, in past times, of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, forming the present northern counties of England and southern counties of Scotland. It was named after Robert Surtees, author of the *County History of Durham*. All the members are (or were) invited by circular letter to vote for or against the printing of any suggested work; if the vote be favourable, enough copies are printed for all the members, and one hundred for sale to the public. The series form a collection much prized by literary antiquarians. Closely following the Surtees in date was the *Camden Society*, one of the most celebrated of all; founded to render accessible any valuable but little known materials for the *Civil and Ecclesiastical History of the United Kingdom*, by printing them economically. The society was named after Camden, author of the *Britannia*. The subscription being only a guinea, and the range of subjects important, this society has always had a large number of members, reaching as high as twelve hundred. The numerous works printed, considerably over a hundred, have been edited by such

competent men as Thoms, Payne Collier, Wright, Hunter, Halliwell, Henry Ellis, Dyce, Way, Nichols, &c. Some of the publications are printed in sufficient number only for members; others, a surplus number for sale to the public. The *Spalding Club*, following close on the heels of the Camden, resembled in its declared purpose two or three already noticed—namely, the printing of old works and tracts relating to Scotland, chiefly in the Aberdeen district; it was named after Spalding, a noted Aberdeen bibliophile in the seventeenth century, and rendered good service within the range embraced. The *Parker Society*, the *Percy Society*, and the *Shakespeare Society*, all founded in 1840, undertook the publication of curious old works relating to three different classes of subjects; the first (named after Archbishop Parker), the best, but scarce works of old English divines; the second (named after Bishop Percy), old English ballad poetry; and the third, books and tracts illustrative of Shakspeare and the literature of his times. Dublin may claim the merit of not being behind as regards a valuable class of club books issued in connection with the Irish Archaeological Society; the works, produced with much taste, referring to the antiquities and early history of Ireland.

If we were, in a similar way, to go through the list of printing-clubs established in the thirty-five years which have elapsed since 1840, this article would extend beyond convenient limits. It will suffice to name the principal among them, as illustrative of the varied services rendered. The *Oriental Text Society*, to defray the whole or part of the cost of printing standard works in oriental languages. The *Chetham Society* (named after good Humphry Chetham of Manchester), to print old works and manuscripts relating to the topography, biography, and archaeology of Lancashire and Cheshire. The *Sydenham Society* (named after a learned physician of the seventeenth century), to print rare works, foreign as well as English, relating to medical subjects; many of the works, which no publisher would venture upon, are highly prized in the profession. The *Ray Society*, and the *Cavendish Society*, the one attending to rare treatises and tracts in natural history; the other, in chemistry. The *Wernerian Club*, scientific publications generally. The *Hakluyt Society*, old writings connected with the early navigators and maritime discoverers. The *Arundel Society*, engravings and other productions relating to fine and ornamental art. The *Claudian Society*, to print miscellaneous manuscripts of the middle ages. The *Celtic Society*, and the *Ossianic Society*, documents relating to Ireland in the old days. The *Chaucer Society*, printing old manuscripts of Chaucer's time. The *Harleian Society*, publications from unedited manuscripts relating to heraldry and family history. The *Welsh Manuscript Society*, bardic and historical remains of Wales, with English translations. *Musical Antiquarian Society*, scarce works by early English composers. After all that had been done in Scotland by the Bannatyne, the Maitland, and other clubs, something was felt to be wanting. It was a club to gather and print the charters and records of the royal burghs. Hence, the *Scottish Burgh Records Society*, established a few years ago at Edinburgh, and which has already issued several volumes, throwing much light on the old burgh laws, usages, and history.

It will thus be seen that these and similar printing-clubs fill up a place in the literary history of modern times alike creditable to the promoters, and advantageous to the members.

THE LONELY HEART.

[The following pathetic lyric was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, and, though published in his works, is not generally known. For singing, it is adapted to the Irish air *Grammachree*. Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the lyric.]

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

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HORSES AND THEIR TREATMENT.

SOME time ago we made some remarks on the growing scarcity and dearth of horses, as ascertained by the committee called for by the Earl of Rosebery in the House of Lords. Since that time, the tax chargeable on horse-dealers has been remitted, with a view to promote the breeding and sale of horses. It was a move in the right direction, and so was the lessening of the tax generally on the keeping of these animals; but such meliorations have had no marked effect. Horses are getting dearer and dearer, and fewer and fewer in relation to the demand. For this result there may be various reasons. One cause of the dearth, however, is pretty evident as lying at the root of the whole matter. From the vast demand for animal food which has sprung up in the general population, farmers find it more profitable to rear sheep and oxen than horses. Lambs come to maturity and are marketable in a few months, or less than a year. Sheep of good breeds are matured, both as respects flesh and fleece, in two years. Here, then, there is a quick and profitable return; and, by good management, things do not differ greatly as regards calves and oxen. The growth of the horse is a very much slower process. The animal is a sort of pet of nature. It is destined to perform not a passive but an active part in the business of the world, and requires care at every stage in its early life. In hardly less than five years from its birth is it ready for saddle or harness. For these reasons, farmers for the most part do not attempt horse-breeding on a scale worth speaking of; well knowing, as they do, that for one horse you may twice over rear fifty sheep, worth three pounds apiece, and with far less chance of misadventure.

There is another consideration. Only certain lands and herbage are adapted for the rearing of horses. The feet of the colt are tender, and require softish and rich ground. Hard stony land on which sheep may pick up a living, will not do for young horses. Formerly, we alluded to another drawback on horse-cultivation. It is the

extreme difficulty of procuring proper animals to breed from. The perpetuation of qualities in animal life is perhaps more remarkable in the horse than in the dog. Every defect is transmitted from generation to generation. Though this fact be well known, there is much practical indifference on the subject; and horses are produced with all sorts of imperfections—*weeds*, as they are called, not much worth; the prevalence of these unfortunate weeds causing an enhancement of price for really sound and serviceable animals. There appears to be a peculiar knack in the culture of horses, which is attained only on a broad scale in Yorkshire and one or two other quarters of England.

Everything taken into account, it comes to this: The British Islands can no longer keep up a supply of horses adequate to the demand, even at a somewhat higher price than is now given. Other countries must be looked to for horses, just as we now look to them for supplies of wheat. France, it appears, is in a similar predicament, and has begun to import large numbers of horses from Russia. On the great western plains of America, one would think there must be a prodigious scope for advantageously rearing horses for export to Europe.

Considering the value of horses of a superior breed, it is wonderful how little thought is bestowed on their treatment. Mr E. F. Flower, a veteran writer on the horse, has again, in a pamphlet on the subject, drawn public attention to a manifest cruelty which cannot be too soon relinquished—the use of gags and bearing-reins. He points out that while the use of this cruel and mischievous apparatus in its different forms is generally disused by cabmen, and drivers of omnibuses and private carriages, it is still employed to a large extent in the case of what are called fashionable and stylish equipages. 'It is,' says Mr Flower, 'a severe penance to any man who loves a horse, to walk along the fashionable streets or the Park, and to witness the sufferings of horses from this absurd and cruel practice. Little does the benevolent dowager who sits absorbed in the

pages of the last tract of the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" know of the sufferings of the two noble animals by whom she is leisurely drawn along the "Ladies' Mile." She probably fancies that the high-prancing step, and the toss of the head which scatters flakes of foam at every step, are expressions of pride and satisfaction at their task, when in fact they are occasioned by pain, and a vain attempt to obtain a momentary relief from suffering.

The principle of the bearing-rein consists in such an arrangement of straps as to oblige the horse to hold up its head, no matter whether the animal is running on level ground or toiling uphill; thereby keeping it in continual restraint. The object is to give it a certain lofty careering appearance, which is thought to have a fine effect; the idea of consulting the poor creature's comfort not being for a moment thought of. The seat of torture is the horse's mouth, which is peculiarly susceptible to pain. In the ordinary snaffle-bit, and with a delicate handling of the rein, the animal is guided so as to respond to the rider or driver. The least touch, as it may be, checks it or turns it, according as is desired. And by such connection, there is so great a reciprocity of feeling, that the horse and his rider become for the time a kind of united being. With the view to give greater power over the animal, a bit has been so contrived that in pulling the rein a projecting bend of iron rises against the roof of the mouth, causing the most exquisite pain. This species of bit may be aggravated to any extent, the mouth of the horse being almost filled with an iron apparatus, which through a leverage power acted on by the bridle, drives the creature into a state of distraction. Aware of the terrible power that has been gained over it, the horse tries to take this hideous species of bit between its teeth; but here it is circumvented by a fresh arrangement, consisting of a process called a gag, by which the bit is drawn close up to the inner end of the mouth, where there are no teeth. Whether in riding or driving, the use of this gag bearing-rein is truly frightful. Powerless to relieve itself, the horse frets, champs, gapes, foams, in a degree of misery which ought to excite the liveliest compassion, but which among thoughtless fashionables is thought to be interesting and attractive. As for the driver, he perhaps feels that these movements, caused by acute physical distress, deserve a cut from the whip, and when talked to on the subject, he speaks of the horse as being unruly and ill-tempered, when, in fact, it has been only miserable. Such are the sort of infamous exhibitions of cruelty which we may any day witness in that 'Vanity Fair,' the Ladies' Mile; few giving themselves any trouble about them. It might almost be said there is more cruelty to animals perpetrated daily in Hyde Park than in all London.

Against this atrocity, Mr Flower considerably protests. He reminds us that so far from compas-

sionating the lady's or gentleman's horse for being delivered over to the bus-driver or cabman, it is in a sense to be congratulated. The creature has no doubt had its temper ruined, and is doomed to hard work in its new occupation, but it is freed from the gag and bearing-rein, and 'for the first time is it treated with common-sense and humanity.'

Unquestionably, much of the cruelty here referred to arises from pure ignorance and heedlessness. With proper treatment, the horse is not naturally vicious or unruly. On the contrary, it is peculiarly responsive to gentle and considerate treatment: is anxious to please, willing to act on the merest hint, and is to the last degree submissive to its master. Unfortunately, in our complex social system, it is comparatively seldom under the direct guidance of its master or proprietor; but is handed over to a servant—some 'Master Jeames'—whose chief concern, possibly, is to shew off in livery in an enviable splendid 'turn-out.' A reform in this particular, as we imagine, can only be effected by every proprietor insisting on his or her horses being treated with a proper measure of humanity. Let the gag and bearing-rein be instantly disused, leaving the animals to their natural paces, and to exercise a reasonable freedom of action. Why, or by what authority is any one entitled to make them champ, fret, and foam, by remorselessly, and by a repetition of sudden jerks, causing a rough iron instrument to press acutely on so tender a part as the roof of their mouth? The very thought of inflicting such torture on sentient beings, who are unable to offer any remonstrance, is horrible. Docile and willing, we would almost say noble, slaves, ready to minister to our wants, horses were not given to us to be tormented, but to be treated with all proper kindness, even with the most grateful consideration. As was observed by the Baroness Burdett Coutts in an eloquent address on this subject, 'the cruel infliction of the bearing-rein shews a want of information and knowledge of the horse, and a great lack of knowing what are the capabilities of the animal.' It would be well if this timely observation were more generally taken to heart.

Whether, in being relieved from the gag and bearing-rein, bus and cab horses are in all cases to be congratulated on the nature of their employment, will to many appear doubtful. From the reports of police courts, if not from personal observation, we know that cab-horses are sometimes subject to very odious cruelties; not greater, however, than what may occasionally be witnessed as concerns horses yoked to tramway cars. The invention of street tramways is a kind of return to the rudimental railway, before the introduction of locomotives, and a clever invention it is—always providing the streets are level and spacious, which, generally speaking, they are not. A tramway car laden with from twenty to thirty passengers, and drawn by two, three, or even four horses, is wholly out of place in a town built on an irregular surface, with gradients not to be worked unless at the cost of animal suffering. In such cases the choice lies between public accommodation and cruelty to

animals. Which do you prefer? Make your election. Ordinarily, through some strange indifference, no choice is made at all, and humane people find, when it is too late, that the spectacle of cruelty is daily to be presented, as well as that certain street inconveniences are to be endured. And thus is carelessness followed by its appropriate Nemesis.

One looks with a mighty degree of composure, and, indeed, satisfaction, on a tramway car rolling smoothly along a spacious and level thoroughfare, such as that of the Euston Road. The horses trot merrily forward, as if the draught were nothing, and as if they were out as a piece of amusement. With very different emotions do we see a similar vehicle dragged by heavily breathing, perspiring, and grievously toiling creatures, up a steepish rise, lashed and urged, as used to be very much the practice in the old coaching days, when the poor overworked animals arrived dripping wet, panting, and steaming, at their destination. Obviously, the climbing of hills by tramway cars is unreasonable. On stiff gradients, this species of locomotion ought never to have been attempted. The subject is painful more ways than one. It cannot long, we think, escape a measure of reprobation considerably greater than it has yet, in various quarters, incurred. The ultimate issue will probably be, either the removal of tramways from street inclines, or the introduction of some kind of automatic power. In adopting the latter alternative, the tramway, of course, becomes little better than a railway, against which, in the heart of a city, there may happen to be some objections. One thing is certain—there would, so far, be less cruelty to horses.

A want of knowledge of the horse is conspicuous in the construction and management of stables. In France, over which we have travelled a good deal, stables are for the most part a kind of dens, in which, perhaps, half-a-dozen or more animals are tied up in dirt and darkness. We have seen roadside stables of this sort, which, obviously, had not been cleaned out for months, the whole condition of things being barbarous. Throughout Great Britain, stables are on a better footing. They are mostly kept clean, often neat, and there are regular stalls. But for the greater part they are close and dingy. They want air and light. We have never been able to understand why horses should be tied up in a darkened apartment, within a limited allowance of space for movement, with their heads towards a dead wall. The horse loves the light. He has good eyesight, and likes to look about him. And why should he not have this simple enjoyment? Instead of stupidly tying him up to look dozingly on a blank wall, let us treat him with something like commonsense, by giving him a certain freedom of action according to his nature, at the same time affording the comfort of air and light. To these simple boons the animal is clearly entitled. In the opinion of grooms, a stable may be neat and fanciful, but if it is close, through the effect of a low ceiling, and dingy from want of windows, it is not a proper habitation for the horse.

As a sort of amateur, we have tried our hand on stables, and, after some experience, have come to the conclusion, that, except for special purposes, the whole system of stalls and tying up is wrong. It will do very well for horses that have been out

working all day, and are glad to have a place to lie down and rest. But where the animal may have to spend hours or a whole day doing nothing, as is often the case with gentlemen's horses in bad weather, the restriction is disheartening, if not absolutely cruel. Our opinion is, that there is humanity in giving the means of cheerfulness to the horse, letting him enjoy light and sunshine, with a proper degree of social intercourse with his fellows. Just as people who have little to do, take a pleasure in having a friendly gossip with one another, so are horses pleased with being near, nibbling at, and seeing each other. For anything we know, they are able to carry on by signs and sounds a sort of sympathising conversation, the indulgence in which can do nobody any harm, but rather be amusing to observe.

To allow of as much latitude in movement as possible, and to cultivate health and cheerfulness, we have constructed a stable entirely on the loose-box principle. There are no stalls, and no loft overhead. The stable is open from end to end, and lighted and ventilated in the roof, as also over the door. It resembles a spacious well-lighted apartment, with walls and roof plastered and coloured like an ordinary room—the colour a delicate blue, with cornices white. The floor is throughout laid with smooth pavement; fresh water is copiously laid on, and there is effectual drainage. On one side is a passage, and on the other a row of loose boxes, each twelve feet square, or nearly double the ordinary width of a stall. Each box is inclosed with wood to the height of four and a half feet, above which is an ornamental iron railing to the height of two feet. Laid with straw, and fitted up with feeding-places, these boxes are comfortable little apartments. In them there is room to turn and walk about, or to lie down and sleep in any posture that may be preferred. The horse, in short, is made to feel himself perfectly at home, may do pretty much as he likes. Through the iron railings the animals see each other, and indulge in a nibbling and whinnying sort of converse. The happiness they seem to enjoy is delightful to witness; for when is the expression of innocent and simple nature not grateful to the onlooker? When there appears to be any tendency in the horses to misuse their liberty—and such will occur in young animals—they are tied up in the loose box, as if in a common stall.

In large towns, where space is valuable, it might be sufficient if the loose boxes were made not more than eight to nine feet square, according to circumstances. The great advantage of the loose-box system is, that it enables horses to move about and exercise their limbs, instead of being stuck up in a particular position. Plenty light, however, is scarcely less beneficial. Even gas or lamp light is better than no light at all; for what a dreary thing it must be for horses in winter to pass sixteen out of the twenty-four hours in darkness. The stable we have referred to is fitted up with gas brackets, whence the light is diffused by reflectors, and the horses, of course, pass their evenings in a tolerably agreeable manner.

Some fastidious folks may think it absurd to specify matters so homely as the economics of a stable. To our mind, nothing is to be viewed as paltry or ridiculous that points to means for meliorating the condition of so grand an accessory to our comfort and necessities as the horse. Like

the dog, the horse is the friend and companion of man, besides being an invaluable servant. Providence has beneficently made him so. And such, in a spirit of respectful consideration, should be his treatment.

W. C.

A CURIOUS COMPANION.

'WANTED, by a young married lady, a companion to reside with her during her husband's absence in India. A liberal salary will be given, with every home comfort, to any one suitable. Apply, personally, if possible, at No. 240 Upper Berkeley Street, W.'

The foregoing advertisement was despatched by me after considerable cogitation, and I awaited the results of it with some anxiety.

My husband, Major Conyers, had been suddenly ordered to India; and having no sister or any available cousin whom I could invite to stay with me during his absence, I thought a companion was the best thing with which I could provide myself; accordingly, I indited my small paragraph, which I had the satisfaction of seeing placed in a very conspicuous part of the paper on the morning after I sent it. I lived in London, consequently, felt certain that the personal interview would be easily managed; but I had committed an error in not naming any particular hour, as, from eleven in the forenoon until quite late in the day the applications for a personal interview with my unfortunate self never ceased. The first arrival was a very handsomely dressed lady of about fifty, who came, evidently, quite prepared to enter upon her duties at once, and quite overpowered me with a series of questions and statements, without giving me the faintest chance of making any inquiries myself. She had lived with Lady This and the Honourable Mrs That, and one and all had treated her like a sister—she felt certain I should do the same—indeed, she quite knew me already. Home comforts were exactly what she cared for; as to salary, it was no object to her—a hundred a year was all she asked, though dear Lady Golding had said she was never to take less than two.

'I am afraid,' I put in at this juncture, 'that even one hundred is beyond what I intend to give, and I live so quietly'—

'We won't quarrel about salary,' interrupted my would-be companion; 'and as to quietness, it is just what I want.'

A peal at the door-bell emboldened me to still greater determination, so I replied very resolutely for me: 'I do not think we should suit; I am sorry you have had the trouble of coming.'

'So am I,' she rejoined dryly; 'but one ought not to trust to advertisements.'

Hardly noticing my 'good-morning,' she got up and flounced down-stairs, evidently in great wrath at her rejection.

'Another lady to see you, ma'am,' announced my parlour-maid.

A very quiet, sweet-looking, little person came forward, and at the first glance I fancied I had found a suitable companion. But alas! her story was a sad one, and there were reasons which rendered it impossible for me to avail myself of her society. She was married. Her husband was a hopeless invalid, and they were very poor. She had not been educated highly enough to be a governess, and when she saw

my advertisement, she fancied, if the salary was good, she might be my companion by day, and return at night to her own home, which was at no great distance from my house. She looked so thin and so ill, that I was almost tempted to make some arrangement with her, but as I intended leaving town occasionally, second thoughts shewed me it was out of the question. Besides, I could not have borne to think that while she was with me, she would always be in an agony to be with her husband—which, had I engaged her, would most naturally have followed. I told her so as kindly as possible, and, after making her take a glass of wine and some cake—which latter I saw her furtively convey to her pocket, for the sick husband, I supposed—she gave me her direction, and took her departure. I afterwards went to see her, and her tale was sadly verified. But to proceed.

My next visitor was a most pert damsel, without any pretensions to being a lady, who informed me that her pa was dead, and as there were so many of them at home, her ma wanted her to do for herself. I had not much difficulty in dismissing her. And of the legions that followed, I cannot attempt a detailed description. By the afternoon, I was thoroughly exhausted, and had made up my mind to see no more, when, just as it was getting dusk, my servant came up to the drawing-room and informed me that such a nice-looking young lady was in the dining-room; quite the nicest that had been yet.

'Ask her to come up-stairs, then, Ellis; but do not admit any one else,' I replied; and the next minute the drawing-room door was thrown open by Ellis, and 'Miss Burke' announced.

She was dressed in mourning, and, even in the dim light, was, I could see, a pale-faced, rather handsome girl of apparently about four-and-twenty. Her height was over the average, but seemed greater from her extreme thinness, which struck me as almost startling. 'Good-evening,' she said, in a low and rather pleasant voice. 'I am afraid I am very late; it was so kind of you to see me.'

'It is late,' I assented, 'but that does not matter.' 'Thank you,' responded my visitor. 'I came about your advertisement—I saw you wanted a companion, and I am anxious to get a situation of the kind.'

'I have had so many applications to-day,' I answered, for want of something better to say.

'Ah! I can quite fancy it,' returned Miss Burke.

'I fear I am too late?'

'No,' I replied; 'I have seen no one yet to suit me.'

'If you would only try me, I should do my utmost to please you,' she said almost pleadingly. 'I have already been a companion, and I can give you references which may induce you to think of me;' and Miss Burke opened a small black velvet bag, which, until then, I had not perceived, and placed in my hands a monogrammed and coronetted epistle, addressed to herself, purporting to come from a Lady Montacute, whose companion she had been for two years, and who expressed herself in the warmest terms, assuring Miss Burke, whenever she returned from the continent, whither she was just then going, that it would give her the greatest pleasure to answer any inquiries in her favour; in the meantime, Lady Montacute authorised her to make what use she chose of the letter now sent,

ending by saying she was certain, wherever she went, Miss Burke must be a favourite and an acquisition.

Then followed a letter from a Rev. Mr White, from a remote rectory in Cumberland, stating that he had known Miss Emily Burke from her childhood, and could certify that she was not only desirable in all respects, but a most amiable and talented young lady, whose family were both well known and highly respected. Nothing could be more satisfactory; and after reading the two missives carefully by the light of the fire, I raised my eyes towards my visitor, whom I found regarding me in the most eager manner imaginable.

'They are most kind letters,' I said; 'and as far as references go, I am sure I could not do better. Your duties would be very light—it is really only for the sake of companionship that I require any one, as I do everything for myself, but I have been very lonely since my husband went away.'

'I can imagine it,' responded Miss Burke, sympathisingly. 'I should do my utmost to cheer you.'

'You are very kind to say so,' I answered. 'Should we agree as to terms, when could you come?'

'To-morrow, if you will permit me,' replied Miss Burke. 'I am in lodgings, and the expense of them is so great, I should only be too glad to give them up—I am very poor,' she added in a low tone.

I was sorry for the poor girl; and feeling I had been as prudent as possible in perusing her references, and trusting a good deal to her air of quiet respectability, I proceeded to state my terms, which were eagerly accepted. After a little conversation, all was settled, and my companion promised to make her appearance before luncheon on the following day. For the rest of that evening I was unusually meditative; I was pleased, and yet not pleased. She was not altogether my beau-ideal of a companion. Although ladylike, and with undeniable references, there was a certain awkwardness in her manner.

Her room was to be on the same floor with my own; and on the following morning I went in, a short time before she arrived, to see that everything was ready for her. It was October, and the weather was chilly, so I desired that she should have a fire, as I fancied, coming from wretched lodgings, it might be a sort of welcome to her. At one o'clock she arrived, bringing with her a small black box as her sole luggage, which Ellis and the housemaid, between them, carried directly to her room, whither she followed them almost immediately, to take off her things. I accompanied her, and remained for a few minutes, telling her to join me in the drawing-room as soon as she could, lunch being ready.

She presently appeared, very much altered by the removal of her bonnet. She wore her hair in a crop, a fashion I detested; and her figure without her cloak was only redeemed from awkwardness by the well-made black dress, which had evidently been the work of a first-rate *modiste*. She wore no ornaments, except a plain gold ring on the little finger of her left hand, which I noticed was particularly large. I ceased to criticise her after we had been together for a little. She was so pleasant, so chatty, and yet so quiet withal, that ere evening came I had begun to congratulate myself on my own perspicacity in

having engaged her, and was fully prepared to endorse Lady Montacute's opinion, that she was sure to be not only a favourite but an acquisition.

A fortnight slipped quietly away, and in my weekly budget to my husband I gave most charming accounts of my companion, which our everyday intercourse seemed fully to confirm. But about the third week, a something I could not explain made me take a dislike to her. I had not been very well, and her kindness had been unrelenting; consequently, I felt almost angry with myself for indulging in a feeling which, I could not help acknowledging was both unreasonable and childish.

But it gained ground in spite of myself; and one night, as I was standing by the looking-glass in my bedroom, which was in the shadow, I caught sight of Miss Burke, who was leaning on the mantelpiece in the full light of the gas, which burned on either side of it, regarding me with a stealthy and searching glance, which I instantly observed, but had sufficient sense to take no notice of. The expression in her large black eyes haunted me for days, and caused me to say good-night to her on the landing, and in addition, to lock my door, a precaution I had never before thought of taking.

One night shortly afterwards I awoke, fancying I heard a movement outside my door. My room was perfectly dark, and I was convinced some noise had suddenly awakened me. I listened intently, almost too terrified to breathe, until I heard most distinctly the handle of my door cautiously turned. An almost death-like horror seized me, and for an instant I was absolutely rigid with terror; but the spell was broken by another audible effort to open the door, and the hall clock striking three, which made me spring up in bed, seize the matches, and, with trembling fingers, attempt two or three times to strike a light. At last I was successful, and the welcome blaze of the gas which I lit gave me courage to call out boldly: 'Who is there?' But no answer came. I pealed my bell vigorously, and in a few minutes I heard steps approaching, and Ellis's welcome voice asked if I was ill.

'No, Ellis, not ill,' I said, 'but terrified,' as I unlocked the door and admitted her. 'Some one tried my door not five minutes ago.'

'Tried your door, ma'am? surely not!' ejaculated Ellis.

'Yes, Ellis; I am certain of it, and it has given me such a shock. I cannot be left alone again.'

'What is the matter, dearest Mrs Conyers?' exclaimed Miss Burke, who appeared in my room just as I had made the last remark to Ellis.

'I have been frightened,' I answered; 'but do not disturb yourself, Miss Burke; it was probably nothing.'

'It could not have been anything, or I must have heard it,' she said, half to me and half to Ellis.

'Pray, do not trouble yourself,' I responded; 'I am only sorry you got up at all.'

She staid for a few minutes, but getting no encouragement to remain, returned to her own room, assuring me if she heard a sound she would be with me in a moment.

The instant she was safely gone, I turned to Ellis, desiring her in the first place to close and lock my door; and in the second, to prepare to remain with me until the morning; for I was so unbidden by the circumstance, trifling though it was, that to be left by myself was out of the question.

Ellis had been with me ever since my marriage, now three years, and had been well known to my husband's family all her life, consequently, I felt I might trust her, so I said: 'Ellis, I have my own suspicions; but we must do nothing until we are sure. Meanwhile, you must have a bed made up in this room, and we must watch'—

'Miss Burke?' whispered Ellis.

'Yes,' I replied; 'it was she who tried my door.'

'Well, ma'am,' confided Ellis, 'I have been downright afraid of her this some time back—civil-spoken though she is. But what could she want at your door?'

'That I do not know; but we may find out.'

By dint of a blanket off my bed, and sundry shawls, Ellis was made comfortable for the rest of the night on the sofa, and I returned to bed, not to sleep, for I was thoroughly upset, but to lie and wonder how I was ever to get through the ten months that still remained of my husband's absence.

Tired and unnerved, I met Miss Burke at breakfast, and we spent our morning in a very silent fashion. I wrote to my husband whilst she walked restlessly about the drawing-room, constantly asking me how I was, an inquiry for which I did not feel so grateful as I might have done under other circumstances. Lunch came, and afterwards Miss Burke, who was usually most unwilling to go out, asked me if I could spare her for the afternoon, as she wanted to go to see a sick friend.

'Certainly,' I replied, glad to get rid of her. About four o'clock I lay down on the sofa in the inner drawing-room, and must have fallen asleep, for I heard no one come into the room, but I awoke with the consciousness that some one was leaning over me with their face in close proximity to my own. I felt rather than saw them; so close were they to me that their lips seemed almost touching my own, and as I sprang up I came into violent collision with—my companion.

'Miss Burke!' I exclaimed indignantly, but I could say nothing more, for, after all, the crime of leaning over me was not of a deadly nature, though coupling it, as I instantly did, with my previous suspicions, I felt not only extremely angry, but considerably alarmed.

'I was afraid you were ill, dear Mrs Conyers. I do hope I have not displeased you,' she proceeded in a deprecating tone. 'I did not mean to offend you.'

'It is of no consequence,' I answered, rising from the sofa; 'but please do not do so again. I am nervous and easily startled.'

The circumstance was then tacitly dismissed, and we got through the evening pretty fairly. I rather looked forward to a safe night, for I knew Ellis's bed was in readiness for her. I said good-night a little earlier than usual to Miss Burke, but did not inform her that I had indited an epistle to her friend the Rev. Mr White, to ask for further particulars as to her antecedents.

I heard her come up to her room, and when her door closed, a feeling of compassion came over me, for I fancied I had not only unjustly suspected her, but been very cold in my manner, which she had evidently felt. Ellis came after I was in bed, and in a short time I had oral evidence that she was slumbering. It made me feel secure, at all events, though I was certain I should dream of all kinds of unearthly things if the snoring went on all night.

Nothing happened to alarm us, and, next morning, in a subdued and anxious voice, Miss Burke hoped I had not been disturbed, and that Ellis had kept me from feeling nervous—this last remark very reproachfully.

About twelve o'clock, when we were sitting in the drawing-room, Ellis came up and told me that a gentleman wanted to see me on business, but would not give his name. 'Probably about some subscription,' I observed; 'perhaps I had better see what he wants.'

Without a suspicion of what awaited me, I went down-stairs, and on entering the dining-room encountered a short and rather red-faced man, who, bowing profoundly, asked if I was Mrs Conyers. On my replying in the affirmative, he continued: 'May I ask what establishment you have?'

I must have looked astonished, as he explained:

'I am a detective police-officer, madam, and my business here will, I am afraid, be an unpleasant one.'

'Indeed!' I ejaculated; 'in what way?'

'From information I have received, I believe you have a person under your roof who is wanted on a very serious charge. I must ask your permission to summon every one in the house into this room. I have taken precautions to prevent any one leaving it, and if you will kindly accede to my request, I shall get over a painful duty as quickly as possible.'

If my lips had been capable of utterance, the words they would have framed would have been 'Miss Burke,' but I said nothing. I merely rang the bell, which Ellis answered so promptly, I felt certain she must have been behind the door, ready to protect me, in case of an emergency.

'Summon the servants, Ellis,' I said; 'and, and—ask Miss Burke to come down-stairs.' It was almost like a dream to me, seeing my four domestics walk in; and then—suspecting nothing—came Miss Burke.

'Got you at last, sir!' cried the detective, making an agile dart towards my companion.

'Not without some trouble,' coolly responded his prisoner, whose courage was apparently quite equal to the occasion. In my wildest moments I had never dreamed of so desperate a dénouement, and the discovery perfectly paralysed me with horror. It was too dreadful to realise that I had harboured a wretch of a man in woman's clothing not only in my house, but in the capacity of my companion! In less time than I can describe it in, the detective and his prisoner had departed; it was quietly and quickly managed; and though a detailed account of it did appear in the papers, my name was, happily for me, not allowed to transpire publicly.

The pseudo Miss Burke turned out to be a notorious young man, or I may say lad, of the name of Browning, who, having embezzled large sums, as well as stolen a quantity of magnificent jewellery, had been unable, owing to the precautions taken to prevent his doing so, to leave London, or to dispose of his stolen property. Through the agency of a female friend, he had adopted his disguise, and my unlucky advertisement had suggested to him the idea of insuring his own safety, should I be credulous enough to take him upon the recommendations, which, I need hardly say, had emanated from his own pen. Not only had he thought of his personal security, but that of the stolen

goods, which, in the shape of diamonds and bank-notes, were found securely stowed away in the little black box, which I had thought contained the worldly possessions of my poverty stricken companion. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years.

My husband's return was hastened by the illness which the dreadful affair caused me. Since then, he and I have never been separated. However, should I ever be unavoidably left alone again, my past experience has decided me on one point—never to advertise, or to trust to written references, or the result may be—A Curious Companion.

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

AFTER being visited and inspected by some of the Lords of the Admiralty, the Hydrographer (under whose directions the *Challenger* had been prepared), the Council and several Fellows of the Royal Society—the whole of whom were satisfied that everything had been done that practical foresight could suggest—the *Challenger* left Sheerness on the 6th of December, and, by way of a test of her preparedness, at once encountered a storm in the Channel, which caused the loss of a boat, and did other trifling damage, but proved the stability and seagoing qualities of the ship. After repairing damages at Portsmouth, the expedition finally left our shores on the 21st of December, and again encountered a heavy south-west gale, which effectually settled things into their places; but although the movable material, in the shape of crockery, chairs, &c., suffered, as is always the case under the same circumstances, not the slightest injury occurred to any of the delicate and fragile instruments, of which there were so many and great a variety on board, so well were they secured.

Until the 30th, the weather did not admit of sounding; but as the ground over which the ship passed had been well examined, it was not of much consequence. On that day, however, when off the coast of Portugal, the first deep sounding was taken in one thousand one hundred and twenty-five fathoms; but by the line being carried away, all proof of the sounding was lost, and, what was of more consequence, a deep-sea thermometer. The dredge was then put over, and considerable excitement was felt in the first haul. The disappointment when it came to the surface upside down, with, of course, nothing in it, may be imagined; but a second trial proved more successful, and great was the rejoicing over a full bag, containing many bright-coloured star-fishes, and a fine specimen of the *goustrypa*.

On the 2d of January a sounding was obtained in one thousand nine hundred and seventy-five fathoms, but again the line was carried away, and another thermometer lost; and once more the dredge was unfortunate, for it either fouled a rock or the Lisbon and Gibraltar cable; and after seven hours' hard work in the attempt to clear it, the line parted. These failures were disappointments of the moment, but they were not unexpected, as it was well known that some practice would be required to sound and dredge in such depths, with a ship the size of the *Challenger*, before success could be insured; and, indeed, it was soon found

necessary to alter the method of sounding from that which had been practised in smaller vessels. In the smaller vessels, a derrick had been used, which swung over the side, the accumulators being arranged with the upright of the derrick; in the *Challenger*, the accumulators were attached to a pendant at the main yard-arm, and a block to the lower end of the accumulators, through which block the sounding or dredge line was rove. The great advantage of this method was, that it kept the line well clear of the ship; and as, through the greater immersion of the larger ship, she was more readily acted on by currents, still the ship could be kept better over the line, by having it more distant from her side.

On the 3d of January, the *Challenger* entered the Tagus, and anchored off the city of Lisbon, and those who were unaccustomed to the confinement of a ship, were right glad to be on *terra firma* once more. Parties were organised to visit all the places of interest—Cintra, the beautiful monastery and church of Santa Maria of Belem, the Botanic Garden and Natural History Museum, relative to all of which we shall doubtless become better acquainted than we ever have been, when the narrative of the voyage of the *Challenger* becomes *un fait accompli*.

As the king, Dom Luis I., expressed a wish to visit the ship, every preparation was made to receive him with due honour; and although his visit lacked the usual thundering broadside salute of guns, he was nevertheless well pleased with his less noisy reception. His majesty quite entered into the spirit of his entertainers, as they explained to him the various processes of sounding and dredging. After obtaining observations for setting the chronometers, and comparing the magnetic instruments brought from England with those at the Magnetic Observatory, the expedition sailed, or rather steamed to sea, on the 15th.

The dredge having been found to bring up a great quantity of unprofitable mud, which took long in washing and sifting, it was decided to try the trawl. Accordingly, in six hundred fathoms, off Cape St Vincent, the trawl, with a beam fifteen feet long, was let down, and, to the great delight of the naturalists, it proved most successful. Many star-fishes of beautiful colours were brought up, and some delicate zoophytes; some fishes were also netted, and these presented a most extraordinary appearance, caused by their bodies being suddenly relieved from the enormous pressure to which they had been subjected; they appeared swollen almost to bursting, whilst the eyes protruded like globes from the head. Several specimens were also obtained of the beautiful *Euplectella*, or Venus's flower-basket, specimens of which, from the Philippine Islands, are now becoming common in England.

Eight days were spent at Gibraltar, and on the 26th January, the ship left for Madeira, but did not make a straight course for that island, it being necessary to continue a section of soundings on the line between Lisbon and Madeira. When only seventy miles from Cape St Vincent, a depth of two thousand five hundred fathoms, or about three miles, was found. A hundred miles farther west, the depth was one thousand five hundred fathoms; and as there is still shallower water beyond, it is surmised that a deep submarine basin exists, following the chain from the Black Sea and

Mediterranean, with its outlet between the Canary Islands and Madeira.

As the weather was fine, some very successful trawling was made, and several rare specimens obtained from depths exceeding two thousand fathoms.

The arrival at Madeira on the 3d February was a treat, especially to those who had not visited the island before. The contrast with England in December is very marked: the rich foliage of the almost tropical plants, the gardens in a state of great luxuriance, the perfume of myrtles and magnolias—have a charm not easily described. The banana, coffee, pomegranate, sugar-cane, and other tropical plants, were found growing in profusion; but the one that renders the island so famous, the vine, is nowhere to be seen in the neighbourhood of Funchal.

The most was made of the two days allotted for the stay at Madeira, and on the 6th the *Challenger* steamed away for Tenerife, and anchored off Santa Cruz. Here the change was again very great; the almost tropical splendour of Madeira gives place in Tenerife, at a very short distance inland, to a country remarkably wild and barren, with abrupt precipitous rocks and deep ravines, and but few hardy plants and cacti to be seen. A party was organised to ascend the peak; and had succeeded in getting about nine thousand feet above the sea-level, when the guides refused to proceed farther, and the travellers were reluctantly obliged to return.

On the 14th February, the expedition left Santa Cruz, and the real work of the voyage commenced in an oceanic section between the Canary Islands and Sombbrero, a distance of two thousand six hundred miles. In the evening, the snow-white summit of the Peak of Tenerife was clearly seen in the bright moonlight; and at daylight, the island was dimly descried in the distance. The first sounding of the section was then obtained, the bottom being reached with one thousand nine hundred fathoms of line. Several observations on the temperature at different depths were commenced. This is effected by attaching a thermometer near the sinker of a carefully marked line; another, as the line sinks, at an interval of a hundred fathoms, and so on. By this process the temperature of each stratum of water, so to speak, can be ascertained. After allowing the thermometers time to take up the temperature at the depths they have severally reached, the line is carefully hove in, and every precaution taken to prevent unnecessary jarring or jerking, which is apt to displace the indicators. As each successive thermometer comes to the surface, it is removed with care, and its indications at once recorded, together with the number of the instrument, its error, and other circumstances under which the observation has been made: when the last thermometer is in, the operation is repeated, until the series is completed.

As regards the process of dredging, when the ship has reached a position at which it is desirable to sound or dredge, the steam is got up, the sails are furled, and, when the operation is completed, sail is again made for the next position. But it frequently occupies from nine to twelve hours in obtaining and recording all the observations necessitated by a single haul. Hours of very dirty work are spent in washing and sifting the mud brought

up by the dredge, and frequently with but little result; but the arrival of one stranger is hailed by all on board with delight, and the hours of disagreeable labour in obtaining it, forgotten.

A careful and minute record was kept of the ship's daily work, every particular of interest alike to the naturalist, the philosopher, and the sailor being noted. From the *Challenger's* sounding record, kept while the ship's course lay between Tenerife and Sombbrero, we make a few extracts. Beginning with February 15, we find the ship sounding in 1890 fathoms, in latitude $27^{\circ} 24'$ north, by $16^{\circ} 55'$ west longitude; upon that day, the specimen of bottom consisted of ooze, or sediment composed of the bodies of countless myriads of deceased Globigerina animalcules. At the bottom, the registering thermometer shewed a temperature of 35.6° Fahrenheit. Following the ship's course, we find that, on the 18th, the lead struck rock at a depth of 1525 fathoms; and upon the following day, in 2220 fathoms, the line parted. From the 20th till the 28th, between latitude $24^{\circ} 20'$ and $23^{\circ} 10'$, and longitude $24^{\circ} 28'$ and $38^{\circ} 42'$, the average depth attained was 2600 fathoms, the tube bringing up red clay, and the thermometer registering about 35.6° . On March 3, the lead again touched rock in 2025 fathoms; while subsequent soundings, extending to the 14th of the month, shewed the bottom to consist partly of Globigerina deposit, and partly of red clay.

On the 24th February, the *Challenger* was fairly in the tropics, with a balmy atmosphere, clear sky, sparkling sea, and flying-fish shooting from crest to crest of the waves. On the 26th, the deepest dredging that was ever attempted was successfully accomplished, and about a hundred-weight of mud brought from 3150 fathoms. On the 2d March, the first patches of the beautiful Gulf or Sargasso weed was passed, and flying-fish became abundant. On the 4th, an animal was brought up in the tangles attached to the dredge which gave the naturalists great delight. It resembled a small lobster, and was particularly interesting, from the total absence of eye-stalks. This evening, in honour, we presume, of the new discovery, Professor Thomson gave an interesting lecture to the ship's company. 'On some of the Causes which had led to fitting out this Expedition, and what had already been attained; and as the learned professor, in his explanation, adapted himself to the capacity of his hearers, he had a most attentive audience; and Jack unwittingly took in more science than he ever believed himself capable of containing, and felt not a little satisfied in knowing how much he had contributed to the success of what he heard so vividly described.'

On the 14th March, Sombbrero Island was sighted, and, two days after, the *Challenger* anchored in the harbour of St Thomas.

St Thomas bears an ill repute with Europeans; hurricanes, earthquakes, and yellow fever do not convey an agreeable impression; but the place is very much maligned in regard to the frequency of all these evils. Those in the *Challenger* found none of the plagues, but peacefully and in health completed the refitting of the vessel, coaling, and taking in supplies.

On the evening of the 24th March, the expedition left St Thomas for Bermuda, but before proceeding directly north, obtained some soundings and dredgings in the vicinity of the island. In

doing this on one occasion, the dredge fouled in the rocky bottom, and before the ship could be brought up to relieve the strain, the spar, with the leading block, gave way, and killed a boy. The dredging was most successful, and a large quantity of sponges, star-fishes, &c. was obtained. Sail was then made towards Bermuda.

The first sounding after leaving the islands, and when only about eighty miles from them, proved to be the deepest that the *Challenger* had obtained—nearly four miles; and as that great depth was unexpected so near the land, only three hundred-weight of sinkers were attached to the line, instead of four hundredweight, the usual quantity in great depths. They took nearly an hour and a quarter to get to the bottom, and two hours were employed in heaving the line in; the sinkers, of course, being left at the bottom. The two thermometers sent down were broken by the enormous pressure, which at that depth was equal to about 710 atmospheres, or 13,950 pounds to the square inch. The dredge was then lowered, and some very fine sand brought up; the quantity of rope used in dredging in this enormous depth was 4400 fathoms, or five miles. When the sounding, dredging, and serial temperatures were completed, the body of the poor fellow killed the day before was committed, with that beautiful and touching ceremonial used in a ship at sea, to the deepest of known graves. The death and burial of the lad cast a gloom throughout the ship that was not easily shaken off.

On the 1st April, the weather being fine, boats were lowered, and the naturalists with their gauze tow-nets gathered a fine harvest; the sea-weed collected from the surface was found teeming with life. On the 4th, the *Challenger* anchored in Grassy Bay, Bermuda.

At Bermuda, the ship was again partially refitted and coaled; and whilst this was being done, the naturalists worked at their several specialties, seeking in every crack and cranny of the rocks for plants and animals; and all enjoyed the beautiful miniature scenery of the islands, and also the hospitality of the governor, General Lefroy.

On leaving Bermuda on the morning of the 21st, a number of soundings were taken round the group of islands, which proved that they were on an isolated peak rising abruptly from a very small base. Observations were also made on the sub-currents; but the difficulties attending the elimination of data were so great, that the results must still remain a vexed question. When these operations were completed, a course was shaped towards New York.

On the 29th, although it was desirable to sound, it was found impracticable, the sea being so short and heavy; the attempt was made, but a blow on the rudder, by a sea, broke the wheel-ropes. The sounding on the 30th was near the southern edge of the Gulf Stream.

Being in the middle of the Gulf Stream on the 1st of May, every preparation was made for sounding, and four hundredweight of sinkers were attached to the line; but no sooner was the line let go, than the strong current of the stream set the ship away at the rate of three miles an hour; and on her steaming up at that rate to counteract the set, the bight of the line was carried astern. After several ineffectual attempts, they were obliged to give it up, with the loss of eighteen hundred fathoms of line. From some serial tem-

peratures obtained, it was clear that the Gulf Stream is very superficial at this point, for the water rapidly cooled below one hundred fathoms, shewing that the Labrador current was commingling with the warmer water from the southward.

Having reached a position about one hundred and thirty miles from New York, the course was changed for Halifax, where the ship arrived on the 9th of May, and left again on the 19th.

The sounding on the 23d was taken near a bank supposed to have but forty fathoms water on it. The current of the Gulf Stream was not so strong on this section, and bottom was obtained in two thousand eight hundred fathoms; the warm water was found to extend only to the depth of fifty fathoms. On the 26th, in taking serial temperatures, the heavy loss of seven deep-sea thermometers was incurred; the line to which they were attached got between the rudder and the stern-post, and broke before it could be cleared. A few days after, they had the misfortune to lose a trawl and two miles of good rope, by the trawl getting jammed in the rocks. The *Challenger* again anchored in Bermuda on the 30th.

After refitting and coaling, the expedition set forth on a return section across the Atlantic to the Azores.

Nothing particular happened on the voyage, excepting that, at two-thirds of the way across, a small turtle, which had evidently got out of its latitude, was captured; it was covered with barnacles and small crabs.

On the 30th, at daylight, the Peak of Pico was seen, and the *Challenger* anchored in Horta Bay, Fayal; but as small-pox was raging in the island, she left without communicating, and proceeded to San Miguel.

The voyagers give glowing accounts of the beauty of San Miguel. A party was formed to visit the Val das Furnas, a valley of boiling springs, situated near the eastern end of the island, and about eighteen miles from Ponta Delgada. The trip was greatly enjoyed by all. This island is worthy of being more frequently visited by our yachtsmen than it has been; and as a breakwater is in course of construction, which will give good shelter to vessels, it will probably soon become better known and appreciated.

Leaving San Miguel on the 9th July, the *Challenger* reached Madeira on the 16th.

Small-pox again drove our voyagers from this island, and the ship left for Cape Verde Islands, and anchored at St Vincent on the 27th July, remaining there until the 5th August; during this time the ship was completed with coal, and a survey made of the anchorage; few supplies were obtained, there having been but little rain on the island for three years. On the plains, the grass was completely parched, and numerous skeletons of goats and other animals were met with.

A sub-lieutenant joined the ship here from England, and a seaman schoolmaster was also expected to meet the ship on her arrival; he had reached the island before the *Challenger*, and had taken up his quarters at the hotel. One afternoon, he left for a walk, and did not return; and as the next day passed without tidings of him, the landlord informed the authorities and the English consul; when search was made for him, without success. As he had left his desk open, with a letter partly written on it, in which there was nothing to cause

the supposition that he had meditated suicide, a reward was offered, under the impression that he had been murdered. On the arrival of the *Challenger*, Captain Nares increased the reward offered, but in vain. After the *Challenger* left, the body of the poor fellow was found in the mountains; and as his watch and purse were on him, it is supposed that he had ascended the hills to look for his ship, and had either lost his way on returning, or had fallen from weakness, and died.

From the 7th to the 9th August, the ship was at Porto Praya, St Jago Island, and here they obtained a fair supply of beef, vegetables, and fruit. The pinnacle was sent to dredge over a spot on which, it was said, pink coral was to be found; but only a few specimens of the real coral, similar to that found in the Mediterranean, were procured; but it was noticed that the temperature at eighty fathoms—namely, fifty-two degrees—was the same as in the coral-bearing districts of the Mediterranean; and the conclusion from this is, that in other localities favourable for its growth, coral of a like kind may be found where the same temperature exists.

WALTER'S WORD. CHAPTER XXXV.—THE CAVERN.

WHEN Walter left the camp with his two companions, the sun was high in the heavens, and poured down its rays upon a magnificent landscape of wood and mountain, but one which was without a trace of cultivation; not a road was visible in any direction, nor did they come across any pathway, save such as the goats frequented, and which was used by the sure-footed brigands with equal facility. Lofly as was their position, their route still lay upwards, and the summit of the mountain was still hid from their view to the east and north, in which latter quarter, as Walter supposed, lay the sea. He cast his keen eyes hither and thither in hopes of a landmark, and presently, upon his right, rose Etna, its crown of snow shining in the morning light, as though it were one jewel. Colletta, who was walking behind him, marked the quick direction of his glance, and called out to his companion, who instantly stopped, and produced from his pocket a long shawl. He had a dozen pockets, at least, in various parts of his clothing; some for his jewellery, some for his food, some for his ammunition; while the flaps of his shooting-jacket, more voluminous than those of an English poacher, could easily have held not only a hare but a goat. Santoro's manner was so stern, and even truculent, upon exhibiting this unlooked-for commodity, that for an instant Walter imagined that he was about to be strangled *à la Turk*, with a shawl instead of a bowstring, and he drew back a pace mechanically.

'It is useless to make resistance,' said Santoro coldly. 'We have our orders, and must obey them: it is necessary that the signor should be blindfolded.'

'Blindfolded!' echoed Walter; the thought of being shot with his eyes bandaged, suggested by what he had read of military executions, at once occurring to his mind. 'No; you may shoot as I am, and be hanged to you.' This was an illogical speech, since, if the brigands had intended to take his life without his seeing them, it was obvious

they might have done it fifty times over, by simply shooting him from behind; but then the conditions were not favourable for pure logic.

'We mean you no harm, signor,' explained Santoro; 'but the captain does not choose that you should know the way to our cavern yonder;' and he pointed eastward with his finger.

'But it isn't in Mount Etna, is it?' inquired Walter, smiling; 'or I shall have to walk a long way with my eyes shut.'

'That hill yonder is not Etna, signor,' returned the brigand calmly; and then, with his companion's assistance, he proceeded to bind the shawl twice and thrice over the upper part of their prisoner's face, like a turban which has slipped a few inches down. Walter knew that the brigand had lied to him concerning Etna, and made up his mind to detect, if possible, the direction in which they were about to proceed. But this was at once rendered impossible by the simple precaution which children use in blindman's-buff. They turned him round and round three times; then each taking an arm, they led him away, at first down hill, probably retracing their steps, to confuse him, and then again up hill, till the fatigue and heat incident upon his constrained motion and bandaged head became almost insupportable. At last, they came to what appeared to be a high level ground with trees, to judge by the coolness and the breeze upon it, and here they halted. Then the brigand call was given, and returned, as it seemed, from close at hand; a few minutes of waiting, during which he heard a grinding noise, as of stone on stone, and then he was bidden to stoop his head, and follow Santoro, who guided him by his hand. Half-a-dozen paces of cautious walking, during which his disengaged fingers were bruised against what seemed a rocky passage; the grinding noise was heard again, and then a wave of cool salt air broke gratefully upon his mouth and cheek. Santoro had let go his hand, so that he dared not move, since, for aught he knew, he was at the summit of some dizzy precipice; but if his sense of hearing could be trusted, there was a woman's cry of welcome, and then kisses. These lasted for a considerable interval, during which he stood with bowed head and blinded eyes, doubtless in a very ridiculous position; then a woman's smothered laugh broke tinkling out, and Santoro cried: 'A thousand pardons, signor; I had quite forgotten that you were still stooping: you can now hold up your head.'

'But can I take off the bandage?'

'In one moment, signor;' but there was more kissing, and a whispered word or two, and a sound like a slapped cheek, before the shawl was loosened and he was permitted to look about him.

The scene that saluted Walter's dazzled eyes was very surprising. He found himself in a vast cavern, the arch of which, so far from endangering his head, was fifty feet above it; huge stalactites, on which the sunbeams shone, and gave to them the brightness of lit chandeliers, depended from the roof; while the sides of the cave, notwithstanding it was dry and warm, were lined with luxuriant creepers. The floor, a sparkling sand, which would have competed with salt for whiteness, was soft and noiseless to the feet as thick-piled carpet. Of windows this noble chamber could not boast; but through a vast natural opening—by which the light and air were at present freely admitted, but

could be excluded at will by a mat-curtain—the blue sea could be seen far as eye could reach. The sight of it was almost like liberty itself to Walter, and for an instant his gaze rested on it with thankful joy, to the neglect of other objects; then it lit on a young lad, more smartly dressed than any of his late companions on the mountain, but the knife and pistol in whose belt proclaimed him to follow the same lawless trade; he leant against the opposite wall, with his eyes fixed on the sand, and was apparently unconscious of a stranger's presence.

'Why, where is Santoro gone,' inquired Walter, 'and—the lady?'

'Santoro will return in a moment, signor,' murmured the lad. The soft gentle voice struck Walter as familiar, but it was the tell-tale blush upon the cheek, and the shy glance of the eye, which disclosed to him that he was addressing a female.

'Oh, I see,' cried he with some awkwardness; 'you are Lavocca.'

'Yes, signor.' He wondered now how, despite her brigand attire, he could have ever taken her for a boy, so feminine were her looks and tone. It was evident that the mention of her name had revealed to her that he was acquainted with Santoro's love for her, and that the knowledge overwhelmed her with confusion. She stood swaying her foot upon the sand, and playing with the pistol in her dainty sash, as though it had been a flower which she would have picked to pieces. For a Sicilian, she was almost a blonde, and a very pretty one; her hair curled in profusion about her ears and temples, but descended no lower, forbidden, doubtless, to do so by the brigand code; her mouth, though weak in its expression, was a very charming one, and no man who desired to be her husband would probably have wished it stronger.

'But what on earth has become of Santoro?' repeated Walter with curiosity. 'His fingers untied this shawl but one minute ago, and now he has vanished!'

'He is here,' said Lavocca, interrupting, 'and the young signora with him.'

'The signora!' cried Walter, turning eagerly round, and expecting to behold no other than Lillian herself.

'That is the name by which my people honour me,' said a grave sweet voice; 'but I am plain Joanna, sister of Rocco Corrali, at your service.'

The speaker was a tall and strikingly handsome girl—so tall, that even in her male costume her height did not appear insignificant. Her hair, which was quite short and straight, except for a tiny curl at each ear, which had a charming effect, was black and glossy as a crow's wing; her eyes were also black as blackest coal, and though mild and maidenly in their present expression, could perhaps, like coal, give forth flame upon occasion; while her complexion, which had once, doubtless, been olive, like that of the majority of her fellow-countrywomen, had become, by exposure to the sun and wind, of a deep walnut. In woman's clothes, she would probably have looked coarse; but in her jacket, braided with silver buttons, and tied at the waist with a rich scarlet scarf, her full trousers of blue cloth, and small though thick-soled boots, she was as bewitching a figure as ever stepped before the footlights.

It was not in the young painter's nature to have refused admiration to so picturesque an object, and besides, he reflected that Lillian was in this woman's power, and that it behoved him to conciliate her by all the arts he knew. I am afraid, therefore, that he affected to be even more struck by this lady's appearance than he really was, and allowed a certain respectful homage to be perceived in his looks and tone as he addressed her, which were not wholly genuine.

'I am come, signora, from your brother, with a message to the young lady under your protection, as Santoro here' (for the brigand had returned with Joanna) 'has doubtless informed you.'

'Is she a relative of yours?' inquired Joanna in a careless tone, but with a certain quickness of manner that did not escape Walter's notice. He was no coxcomb, but if his appearance had made a favourable impression upon this Amazon, it was his interest—and that of another—to improve it.

'No, signora.'

'Oh, indeed. Then, may I ask how it happens that you have been sent hither instead of her father?'

'Well, for one thing, Mr Brown could only speak English; and it seems that it is contrary to your custom to allow a prisoner who is about to leave you.'

'How do you know she is about to leave us? I mean, how did my brother know?' interrupted Joanna haughtily. 'The lady is in my hands, not his.'

'I know nothing of that, signora,' answered Walter deferentially, 'being, alas, but a captive myself. I am only your brother's mouth-piece. A very large sum has been agreed upon as our ransom, and that cannot be procured unless the young lady applies to the banker in person. I understood, too, that she was far from well, and to an invalid—however admirably such quarters may agree, as one can see they do, with one like yourself, in health—these open-air lodgings must needs be hurtful.'

'The young lady is well lodged enough, as you shall presently see for yourself,' answered Joanna: 'the air that is here admitted so freely'—and she stepped towards the orifice of the cave, while Lavocca gave place to her, and stole to where Santoro was standing, at the other end of the apartment—'is shut out from our inner room. And what was the other reason which you were about to say brought you here?' continued Joanna dropping her voice, so that Walter alone could hear her. 'Was it curiosity to behold, before you returned to your friends, a woman outlawed and unsexed; the companion, and even the leader of outlaws; one who, while still a girl in years, had forgotten not only how to love, but how to pity?' The words were spoken with bitterness, but the look that accompanied the words was far from bitter; it was remonstrant, and almost pleading.

'Indeed, signora, you misjudge me: it was no mere curiosity that brought me here; and if it had been so, I should have expected to see no such being as you describe, for I have heard no such account of her.'

'Then what sort of person did you expect to see?'

'A young girl, whom the tyranny of circumstances had driven to a mode of life that is indeed to be deplored, but who, while embracing it, has

given proofs of kindness and generosity, which would have adorned a far more enviable position.'

'Your informant,' answered Joanna, sighing, but evidently greatly pleased, 'must, I am afraid, have been Santoro yonder, who has his special reasons, as we see, for currying favour with the mistress of Lavocca.'

'He could not have known that I should quote him, signora, since I heard his account of you long before my coming here was arranged. I am well convinced, since the face is the index of the mind, that his praise was well deserved.'

'Ah, signor, you have not seen me in one of my passions,' said Joanna naively. 'We Sicilians are not like your English misses—so quiet, so gentle, like this one in yonder room. But I perceive you are impatient to see her. Come with me, sir.'

Joanna's voice had suddenly altered; her tones, which had been almost tender, became cold and stern. Her very figure had changed; for, whereas she had been leaning against the curtain, and partly hidden in the shadow of it, in an attitude of graceful ease, she now drew herself up, like a soldier on parade, and led the way across the cavern with quick determined tread.

Close behind where Santoro and Lavocca were now standing in earnest but low-toned talk, and where Walter himself had stood, till, at a sign from Joanna, he had changed his place, was a sort of recess in the wall of the cave: it was dark, and apparently of small extent, but, at the touch of Walter's companion, what seemed to be rock, but was, in fact, a door, rudely painted in imitation of its opened without noise, and revealed a second apartment, smaller than the first, but furnished like an ordinary room. There were chairs and a table in it; a thick carpet covered the floor; instead of plants and ferns, the walls were hung with the same kind of matting of which the curtain in the outer cave had been composed. It was lighted, like its fellow, by an orifice that looked seaward, but to west instead of north, and which could be closed at pleasure by a wooden shutter. Close beside it, and yet sheltered from the draught, was a rude couch, covered with rugs and cushions, upon which lay a female form.

'The young lady is asleep,' said Joanna softly.

Walter's limbs trembled beneath him, as he bent down to gaze upon the unhappy Lillian. Her eyes were closed, but there were traces of tears upon her pale cheek, in the centre of which there burned a hectic spot of fever; he could hardly recognise her for even the invalid he had seen carried up and down the Marina. 'Great Heaven, how ill she looks!' was his smothered ejaculation.

'She has suffered from alarm and fatigue,' observed Joanna coldly; 'she has been distressed, too, about the safety of her friends. It will doubtless do her good to see you.'

'Would you be kind enough to break it to her that I am here?' said Walter, stepping back a pace. 'She is not aware that I have been taken captive, nor even of my presence in Sicily. The sudden shock might do her harm.'

'One is not killed by unexpected happiness,' returned Joanna, 'or at least so I have been told by those who have experienced it; but, nevertheless, I will do your bidding. Who shall I say has come? You are not a relative, it seems. Shall I say that it is her betrothed?'

'I am not her betrothed,' answered Walter gravely.

'But you hope to be so,' returned the other quickly. 'I read it in your face.'

'Indeed, I have no hope of the sort, signora,' was Walter's calm reply. He did not feel it necessary to explain to her why he had none; but he had spoken the literal truth. Not only was the difference of their fortunes as insurmountable as heretofore (for he was well convinced that Mr Brown could pay his ransom and yet remain a wealthy man), but there was that in Lillian's look which foreshadowed to him that she would live to be the bride of no man. 'I am her friend, and her father's friend, and that is all. My name is Walter Litton.'

Joanna approached the couch, and placed her hand softly upon Lillian's own. She awoke at once with a start.

'Is papa here?' cried she excitedly.

'Your father is not here, but a friend has come to see you.'

'A friend? Alas! I have no friend except my father.'

'He calls himself so, at all events; he has brought some news for you, but you must not talk of it in English, else you cannot see him.'

'In English! Is he, then, an Englishman?'

'Yes; his name is Walter Litton.'

'Walter!' A low weak cry, in which surprise and tenderness were strangely mingled, escaped her pale lips.

'I am here, Lillian,' said Walter, coming forward, and holding out his hand. 'Do not excite yourself; I bring you good tidings.'

'But how came you here?' She retained his hand in hers, but closed her eyes after one glance of grateful recognition.

'It is a long story, which there is no time to tell you now. Let it suffice that I have been taken captive with your father.'

'Ah, you risked, then, your life for mine.' These words came from the heart, and, like the rest, were spoken in her native tongue.

'You must not speak English,' broke in Joanna.

'Pardon her, signora; it will not occur again,' said Walter. 'She fears that her father's life is menaced.—No, Lillian; he will regain his liberty, if only the ransom which he has agreed to give can be procured. The authorisation for its payment, which you will present at Gordon's bank, is here'—he placed it in her hand. 'When once the money has been received, he will be free.'

'And you?' In those two words were expressed all the tenderest emotions of which a woman's heart is capable. Walter felt that she was aware at once of all that he had believed, contrived, and endured for her sake, from the moment of their last parting.

'I shall be free also in a day or two, at furthest; when we shall be sent back in safety to Palermo. Our only anxiety is, indeed, upon your account. Do not fret yourself as respects us. It is the thought of your condition—the trials, the hardships to which you have been exposed—that wrings your father's heart. Do you feel that you have strength enough to return to the city, where your sister's loving tendance awaits you?—Signora!—here he turned to Joanna—'you said something a while ago of this poor lady being your prisoner, to be dealt with according to your own good pleasure;

but I am well convinced that you will not refuse your brother's wish that she should be set free at once. You see how weak and ill she is. To keep her here, would be to kill her.'

'And what then?' whispered Joanna in his ear. 'Why, then, I should say, that what some folks have said of you (as you told me) was only too true; that you were a woman unsexed, and without a heart.'

'You would be wrong,' answered she, in the same low tones, but without the harshness that had accompanied her previous words. 'Even if I acted as you suggest, I should have a justification. This girl is nothing to me, nay, perhaps worse than nothing. Still, for your sake, here her voice became low and soft, 'all shall be as you wish; she shall be carried to Palermo this very day.'

'Lilian,' cried Walter joyfully, 'the signora has promised to set you free at once; before to-night you will be clasped in your sister's arms! Let that thought give you strength and courage.'

'I will do my best, Walter,' answered Lilian feebly; 'but my brain seems on fire, and my limbs do not obey my will!'

'You hear her, signora!' pleaded Walter passionately. 'Oh, do not let a minute be lost in sending her where aid can be given to her!'

Joanna bowed her head, and glided from the room.

'I shall never see you more, Walter,' whispered Lilian.

'Yes, dearest, yes, you will,' answered he, falling on his knees beside her; 'we shall meet again, and you will once more be well and happy. Hush! she is returning.'

At that moment, Joanna entered, accompanied by Santoro and Lavocca. These two took up the couch, which was, indeed, but a litter upon trestles, and carried Lilian forth into the outer room. Walter would have followed, but Joanna made a sign to him to remain.

'You must stay here, signor,' said she authoritatively, 'or you would learn the secret of finding your way out of prison.'

'I have no desire to learn it,' answered he, truly enough, since his escape at such a time would probably have endangered the merchant's life.

'Ah, you are smooth of speech, Signor Inglese, but I mistrust such gallantry. You have deceived me once already.'

'Not willingly, signora; nor am I conscious of having done so.'

'What! not when you told me that you were not betrothed to that young girl, but only her father's friend! Is it usual, then, in your country for such "friends" to take leave of one another with kisses?'

'It is allowable,' answered Walter with solemnity, 'when we believe that we shall never see one another on earth again.'

'To be sure, that makes a difference,' observed Joanna thoughtfully. 'And I certainly agree with you that it is not probable that the young lady will be long lived.'

To this Walter answered nothing, for, indeed, to him it had seemed as though Lilian's motionless and almost inanimate form had been carried out but to be placed in a still narrower prison-house. He drew a chair to the table, and placing his elbows upon it, covered his face with his hands.

'You would be left alone with your grief,

Signor Litton?' said Joanna interrogatively, and laying her hand upon the door.

'Thank you, yes,' answered he, scarcely knowing what he said.

'Those are his first thanks,' observed she bitterly, as she left the room; 'thanks for my absence. But if Walter heard her words, he did not heed them; he was picturing to himself the English burial-ground at Palermo, as he had seen it a few days ago, and wondering in what part of its beautiful garden-ground they would lay his Lilian.'

CHAPTER XXXV.—JOANNA.

'Come, signor, you must eat,' were the first words spoken, in kind and cheerful tones, that roused Walter from the stupor of sorrow into which Lilian's departure under such sad conditions had cast him. Joanna was standing by him, with a loaf of bread in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the other; she placed these upon the table, and then produced from a cupboard some cold kid and a pot of cream. This solicitude for his comfort did not fail to move the young fellow towards her. The hearts of all his sex are approachable through the palate, and in this case, Walter had every excuse for giving way to human weakness, for he was exceedingly hungry; moreover, he was not so imprudent as not to perceive the immense importance of making friends with the sister of the brigand chief; so he fell to on the viands with honest vigour.

'Have they starved you up in the mountains yonder?' inquired she, watching him with pleased surprise.

'They have not treated me so well as you do, signora. Allow me to congratulate you upon the contents of your cellar. Why, this is more like a liqueur than a wine!'

'It is *lacrime Christi*. The mayor of the village hereabouts is good enough to send us some at Easter-tide.'

'To send us some,' thought Walter, and he felt as the Black Knight might have done had he been more conscientious when the friar of Copmanhurst described how he got his venison.

'Do not imagine it is stolen,' laughed Joanna, reading his thoughts; 'we brigands are not the outlaws that you are inclined to imagine us. We have friends in higher places than you imagine; and as for the poor—when did you ever hear us spoken ill of by a poor man?'

Walter thought of his host on the Marina, confined to a few square miles of ground for life, because of Captain Corrali and Company, but he remained silent.

'I see you are determined to think ill of us,' said Joanna plaintively.

'I think ill of the trade, signora, I confess. See what it has done in my case.'

'Your "friend," the young lady, was ailing before she fell into our hands, put in his companion quickly.

'I was not referring to her, signora, but to myself. Here am I—without any fault of my own, unless the being on a high-road at midnight is a fault—taken prisoner, and put in danger of my life!'

'I hope not; indeed, I could not smile if I thought it probable,' interrupted Joanna. 'You will pay some money, the loss of which you will

not feel, and will then be sent back again to your friends. Your few days of captivity will be an experience with which to entertain them, and amongst other things you will have to tell them is the account of how you met a horrid female creature in men's clothes, who lived in a cavern, and had no heart.'

'Indeed, Joanna' (he had unconsciously dropped the 'signora'), I shall always speak of that incident in quite another way. It is no flattery to you to say that the only pleasant thing that has happened to me during my captivity has been my reception here; your abode and surroundings are a romance in themselves, the interest of which will not easily wear away; your unlooked-for kindness and hospitality I shall never forget; the only thing which distresses me about it is, that you, seeing what you might be, should be what you are.'

'I don't understand you, signor,' cried Joanna, her dark eyes glowing with sudden fire.

'Nay, I meant no offence; but to me it appears deplorable that one so fitted to adorn an honest home, beautiful enough for a princess, sound-hearted, generous.'

'That is because I let the signora go,' observed Joanna bitterly.

'No, indeed; that only shewed you to be womanly. To have retained her would have been cruel, and cruelty is not your nature. I say that it seems to me that, in leading the life you do, you throw yourself away; and in a little while, when the excitement of such a mode of existence begins to flag, you will bitterly repent your choice of it.'

'I had no choice,' said Joanna sullenly.

'You have it now, signora. When this unhappy business is over, you have only to come into Palermo, and I will answer for it that you have made a friend there who will provide for you a better future.'

'And who is that friend?' inquired Joanna, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

'The young lady whom you have just set free: she has a grateful heart, and her father is a man of wealth.'

'I do not wish to be indebted to that young lady,' answered Joanna coldly. 'I would rather be a brigand than a beggar, in any case; and never would I beg of her. Let us cease to talk of my affairs, signor; they may appear to interest you now, but they will not do so a week hence. The memory of all your sex is very short; but that of a rich man like you for a poor girl like me—bah! he only thinks of her while he sees her.'

'You are making several mistakes at once, Joanna,' said Walter gravely. 'In the first place, I am as poor as you are, probably poorer. I should be totally unable to pay even the small sum your brother fixed upon as the price of my freedom, but that he has permitted Mr Brown's ransom to cover mine.'

'You are, however, the betrothed of this rich man's daughter.'

'I again declare to you that such is not the fact; my poverty would, in any case, forbid such an alliance. I am but a penniless painter; this sketch-book is my cheque-book, and Nature the only bank from which I draw my income.'

'Is this really true, sir?' asked Joanna, regarding him with a steady gaze.

'Do I look so false that it is impossible to believe my words?' returned Walter, smiling.

'O no; you look true enough; and you take no vows to the saints, which is also a good sign,' answered Joanna naively; 'but still I cannot believe you. An Englishman, and poor! That is incredible.'

'And yet there are a good many of them in that condition, I do assure you,' said Walter, smiling.

'Well, let me prove you. You say you are an artist—one who makes his living by his pencil; if it be so, draw me.'

'With the greatest pleasure, signora.'

'Do not fear that it will be lost time,' continued she eagerly; 'I have plenty of ducats.'

'Nay, nay; I will not take your portrait except for love—that is, for nothing.'

'What! you call love nothing?'

'No, indeed; that is only our English phrase. The light here, however, is not so good for drawing as in the other apartment. Let us go in there.'

She led the way at once into the larger chamber, which was empty.

'Ah! this is kind of you,' continued Walter. 'You have allowed Lavocca to accompany your late captive on her journey.'

'I thought it would please you that she should have a female escort as far as the next village,' replied Joanna. 'My four men are her bearers, so you have only to kill me to obtain your freedom.'

'But, in the meantime, you have only to shoot me with one of your pistols.'

'No, Signor Litton,' answered his companion softly, 'I have never shot any one yet, and your blood, of all men's, will certainly never stain my hands. You can kill me still, as far as my pistols are concerned,' and, with a sudden impulse, she drew them from her girdle, and placed them on the ground at Walter's feet.

'But how would your death avail me?' argued he, smiling. 'If I were to murder you—which Heaven forbid!—I should still be a prisoner, since I do not know the secret of how to leave this enchanted castle.'

'To be sure; I had forgotten that. You shall never say that I did not trust you. See here.' She picked up a small crowbar that lay at her feet, and placed it in a crevice of the wall of rock; at the touch of it, one of the huge stones of which it was composed turned noiselessly inwards, revealing a dark, low-roofed passage. 'Stoop your head, signor, and follow me.'

Walter obeyed her, and in a few steps found himself in another cave, having a small opening inland.

'Every one knows of this cavern,' said Joanna quietly; 'but of the two inner ones no one knows, save half-a-dozen persons. If my brother found that I had disclosed them to you, he would shoot me without mercy. I have, therefore, placed my life in your hands; and also your own liberty. And now,' added she with passionate energy, 'that pathway through the wood leads to the high-road to Palermo. Take it, if it so please you, and leave me to my fate. Rocco will kill me, to be sure; but you will be happy.'

'Nay, Joanna; in that case, I should certainly not be happy,' answered Walter soothingly. 'Nor do you think so ill of me as to believe it.'

'Alas! I do not think ill of you,' sighed Joanna; 'and I wish you would think less ill of me.' Her voice had sunk very low, and the words were almost inaudible to Walter, whom

the fresh air, and the sense of the opportunity of freedom (though he had no idea of taking advantage of it) was filling with unwonted pleasure.

'And how far is it hence to Palermo?' inquired he thoughtfully.

'Not ten miles. You could reach it on foot within three hours; nor would there be any chance of falling in with my brother's men upon the road.'

Walter had not asked the question with any reference to himself, but with the view of hearing how soon Lillian might be expected to reach the city; but he had the prudence to conceal this. 'It is strange, Joanna,' said he rebukefully, 'that you, who have shewn such a generous confidence, should give no credit to others for even the commonest gratitude. Come, let us go within, lest those who are more jealous of your captive's safety than yourself should return and find him outside his cage!'

As they retraced their steps, Joanna shewed him how the inner chambers of this subterranean home were reached. The exterior cavern had nothing remarkable about it, and, indeed, had at one time been used as a cow-house by the neighbouring shepherds. Any explorer would naturally have given his attention to its extremity, but it was immediately at the entrance, on the right-hand side, that the movable stone was situated; this turned, as it were, upon a pivot, the natural mechanism of which had been assisted by art, and required from without nothing but a gentle pressure to set it in motion.

'You do not regret having confided to me this secret, Joanna?' inquired Walter, as, pencil in hand, he watched her face, preparatory to transferring it to his sketch-book, and noticed how suddenly it had grown pale and grave.

'No; I think not. I am certain you will not betray us. But, in my desire to shew I trusted you, I forgot that I was imperilling the safety of others as well as my own. To some men—poor, as you describe yourself to be—this knowledge would have been a great temptation, since it might any day produce them twelve thousand ducats.'

'How so?'

'Because that is the sum that is set upon my brother's head—and this cavern, when he is closely pursued, is his hiding-place.'

'Well, I am not so poor as to take blood-money,' answered Walter, smiling. 'Your secret is as safe with me, Joanna, as though it had never been revealed: there is my hand upon it.'

She took it, carried it to her lips, and then retained it. It was an embarrassing position for any young gentleman, not enamoured of the lady, this demonstration; and especially so, when he wanted the use of his fingers to take her portrait. Perhaps Walter would not have been so hard-hearted, had he not just parted from his Lillian, ill, perhaps dying, and whose last kiss was still lingering on his cheek; but, as it was, he gently withdrew his hand, and commenced his picture.

Under other circumstances, it would have been a task very congenial to him; for never had painter a sitter more picturesque than his present one. Joanna's charms, striking as they were at first sight, were, unlike those of dark beauties in general, even more attractive the longer the eye rested on them. Her black eyes, when in repose, as now, had a certain blueness in them, not cold,

like that of the sloe, but warm and tender; at the same time, her face wore a certain dignity, for which women are, in general, compelled to use haughtiness as the substitute. Her male attire, from long custom, was worn without awkwardness, and became her grandly; and there were freedom and grace in every movement, when, at the artist's request, she changed the position of a limb. He had been drawing for only a few minutes, when suddenly the shrill moist note, with which Walter's ear had become familiar, was heard without; and she instantly started to her feet. 'Away, into the other room!' cried she.

Walter understood that this was lest he should appear to be a witness to the opening of the secret door, and hastened to obey her. 'Santoro and the others have returned, I suppose?'

'Hush! no,' said she, pushing him quickly out; 'it is Rocco.'

Hardly had he time to gain the inner apartment, when the stone revolved upon its pivot, and Corrali sprang into the room Walter had just quitted.

The attire of the brigand chief was torn and stained with blood; his face scarlet with haste and anger, or both, and covered with perspiration.

'Where are the Englishman and the girl?' were his first impatient words.

'The Englishman is in yonder. The girl has been sent to Palermo, at your request, as Santoro informed me.'

'Let her be followed, and brought back at once.'

'There is no one to do it; all the men went away with her, since she had to be carried on a litter. She is ill; and indeed, as I think, dying.'

'No matter; she shall die with us, not with her friends. People will say else, that we gave her up through fear. The troops have fired upon us, as if that were the way to treat with me and mine. I will have her back, alive or dead. How long is it since she left you?'

'More than three hours,' answered Joanna calmly.

It had not, in fact, been half that time, as Walter, whom not a word of this conversation escaped, though it was not all intelligible to him, was well aware.

'Il diavolo!' muttered the brigand, striking his heel into the sand of the cavern. 'It will be the worse for those that are left. Where is this fellow? Then he strode into the inner room, and confronted Walter.

'Look you,' cried he passionately, 'you think all is well with you, because this old man's daughter has escaped from me. But you will find, unless she sends the money before the week is out, that all is not so well. There are some things that are sweeter than money. These soldiers of yours have done us a mischief; and somebody shall pay for it. Do you understand me?'

'Indeed, Captain Corrali, it is easy to understand that something has put you out of temper,' answered Walter calmly. 'But if the soldiers have attacked you, it is at least plain that neither Mr Brown nor I could have sent them.'

'They came on your account, however; and what has happened goes down to your account.—Bind his eyes, Joanna.'

'What is it you are about to do, Rocco?' inquired the girl with hesitation.

'To take him away with me at once, lest another bird should slip out of the cage.'

'But he is surely safer here than anywhere,' urged Joanna.

'Do as I bid you, or I will make him safe enough at once!' and the brigand touched one of the pistols in his belt. 'Now, fasten his arms behind him.'

'An impediment to your movements, brother.'

'Tush! Do you suppose that I am going to give him a chance of tripping me over a precipice. He will go fast enough with my knife behind him, I'll warrant.'

'What! are you going alone with him? Hark! there is the signal. Santoro and the rest will have returned.'

'So much the better for this gentleman here,' grunted the brigand, 'since he will have his arms loose. Otherwise, I should have waited for none of them.—I am not in a mood to be trifled with, Mr Englishman. It will be a word and a pistol-shot to-day with you, if you do not step out.'

'Don't answer him,' whispered Joanna in Walter's ear. 'He has spilt blood to-day, and is dangerous.'

The speech and manner of the captain were, indeed, like those of a madman. No sooner had those who had formed Lillian's escort entered the cavern, than they were ordered on the march, though two of them at least had done a good day's work in that way already. No other voice was heard save that of the furious chief; but as Walter, with blinded eyes, was quitting the cavern, he felt a parcel placed in the pocket of his shooting-coat, and the pressure of a soft hand, that seemed to bid him be of good courage.

MORAL VALUE OF AMUSEMENT.

ON this subject, the following observations occur in a paper on 'The Relative Morals of City and Country,' in the *Penn Monthly*, an American periodical:

'The love of amusement is natural to the human mind, and like all other natural tastes and appetites, is given to us by our Creator for some wise and benevolent purpose. Proper amusements tend to health of body and mind. The moral nature is benefited by amusement, by preventing it becoming morbid and sickly on the one hand, and by arresting it from low and corrupting tendencies on the other. It is said that before the theatre was established in San Francisco the town was given to the lowest revelry and debauchery, and that brawls and murders were of unceasing occurrence. The reason was, men had no other resorts for amusement than to the low dens of iniquity with which the town was flooded. When the theatre was established, they were attracted to it, were amused and entertained, and the morals of the town rapidly improved. All approval of the theatre must be predicated of a well-conducted theatre, where the decencies and proprieties of life are respected, and where at least a harmless, if not an improving moral tone is blended with amusement. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that in a great community like this we could better afford to spare one of our many churches than one of our few well-conducted theatres. The ill consequences to society in the one case would probably be greater than in the other. Man is held from evil by employment and amusement, as well as by moral teaching, and each must play its part, and supplement the other in the great work of rescuing man from the de-

structive tendencies of sin. And observation, I think, will confirm, that where men and women do not mingle amusement with labour, they either pervert labour to selfish and excessive ends, or become morbid and one-sided in their general views. In the consideration of this question, whatever has been said has been predicated upon an equal number of population, whether of city or country, and is intended to include, as a part of the country, the country towns.'

THE MAIDEN SLEEPS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The maiden sleeps—why mourn ye in this wise,

Ye parents?—Let her rest.

The little face that mid the flowers lies

Speaks to your aching breast:

'My lot is light; oh, wherefore weep?

I lay me down in peace, and sleep.'

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—wearied from play, to rest,

Tired out with happiness.

The doll the little arms had fondly pressed,

The pretty Sunday dress,

Her story-book remembered not—

All, all her treasures now forgot—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—her life was peaceful made,

And light her earthly lot,

A little stream that through the flowers strayed,

With love and music fraught:

No bitter grief the child's heart pained,

Soon was the short fight fought and gained—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—how blest she slumbered in

Her tender Saviour's arm;

That spotless heart, unsoiled, unstained by sin,

No earthly fear could harm;

A conscience pure, a sinless breast,

This is a couch the head to rest—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—earth's pain, earth's strife no more

May break that sweet repose;

Know'st, mother, thou, what might have been in store

For her, of bitter woes?

She feels no more the tempest's beat,

Feels not the summer's sultry heat—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—only one short calm night,

That peaceful sleep will last;

And, oh, how bright the morn that greets her sight

When that brief night is o'er!

He who by His resistless will

Soothed Jairus, lives and comforts still—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—and now the last kiss press

Upon the lips so still.

The Father help thee in thy sore distress;

O mother! 'tis His will.

Now, as they bear her to her rest,

Sing ye the hymns she loved the best—

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps—now, Shepherd, take her home,

Thine for eternity;

Ye glorious stars, bend down from heaven's dome,

Watch o'er her tenderly;

O wind, howl not so loud and shrill

Over this little flower-decked hill—

The maiden sleeps.

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NURSING SISTERS.

In London there are institutions of an interesting character, about which the majority of its inhabitants know very little, many of them nothing at all. Of one of these I was myself entirely ignorant, till made aware of its existence by an illness which rendered the knowledge of it necessary. Then I became practically acquainted with an organisation, or rather a number of organisations, whose aim and action are of such benefit to suffering humanity, that I deem it a duty to make them known as widely as possible. They are designed to educate and supply nurses, and act independently of one another. That with which I have been brought into closest contact, will give a fair idea of them all. It is specially known as the 'Institution of Nursing Sisters,' and was established in the year 1840, by the celebrated Quakeress philanthropist, Elizabeth Fry, who bestowed upon it the name 'Protestant Sisters of Mercy.' The less sectarian title is, I believe, due to the late Queen-dowager, who, having been attended by certain of the 'Sisters' during a severe illness, saw fit to suggest the change.

It is now under the patronage of a list of distinguished ladies, while another list constitutes its active and working committee. But the real official staff consists of a 'Lady Superintendent' and a 'Matron,' who give all their time to the direction of its affairs, and are, of course, in receipt of pay for their services. The headquarters of the Institution, technically called 'The Home,' is a large house in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate Street, close to the site of what was, in days long gone by, a splendid mansion of one of our nobility. In it the Sisters have their home, when off duty; hence the name, in every sense appropriate.

There are at present on the books of the establishment, and in active service, somewhat less than a hundred trained nurses, though there are several 'candidates' in course of training, who would nearly make up the above number.

The mode of initiation is as follows: An aspirant to the profession presenting herself at the Institu-

tion must be of a certain age (twenty-eight is the minimum at present insisted upon; but I believe it is the intention to receive more youthful candidates, as is the case in some other institutions); she must be unmarried, or, at all events, without a living husband; and, indeed, a large proportion of the Sisters are widows. She must come provided with credentials as to character; and to prevent any frivolous or temporary engagements, as also partially to cover the expenses of her maintenance during the period of her probation, she is required to deposit two pounds in the fund of the Institution, which is returned to her, at the rate of five shillings a week, during the first two months of her engagement. The probation itself is an attendance of four months in one of the hospitals; Gray's being that which generously extends this privilege to the Institution in question. The 'candidate'—for such is the special title now given her—must attend daily at the hospital, assisting the regular nurses of the establishment, and so becoming acquainted with the details of her intended vocation. During this attendance, she is allowed a sufficient sum to purchase her daily dinner, eaten at some neighbouring restaurant: at night, returning to the Home, which provides her with bed, board, and washing. The period of her probation ended, she is sent out to private patients; and, if proving capable, at once promoted to the full rank of a Sister. Otherwise, she remains some time longer a candidate. In the latter capacity she is paid ten shillings per week, but only during the time she is actually engaged in nursing. When returned from a *turn* of duty, and residing at the Home, her pay ceases, though she is provided with everything else. On attaining the title of Sister, she receives a regular salary, graduated according to the years of service. For the first three, it is twenty pounds per annum; for the second three, twenty-three pounds; after which, it is raised to twenty-five pounds. In addition, she receives annually a sufficient quantity of appropriate apparel, and is maintained in the Home during the intervals of her engagements.

Having completed a service of fifteen years, she

is a 'Superannuated Sister,' and becomes entitled to a life pension of twenty pounds per annum. She can then retire from the Institution, and practise nursing on her own account; which some Sisters do, having naturally, during their long period of service, established a *clientele* ready to receive them. The Institution has no jealousy of them; on the contrary, it gives aid to the Superannuated Sister, obtaining patients for her, when she is deemed deserving. Within the fifteen years, a Sister cannot retire from it abruptly, or at her own pleasure; by her contract on entering, she binds herself to certain conditions, which the law would compel her to observe. One of these has a special bearing upon her retirement. She can do so, during the first nine years of her engagement, at the expiration of every three; otherwise, she must give three months' notice of her intention, and pay a forfeit of six pounds.

On seeking admission to the Institution, the applicant is required to sign a form, setting forth the conditions of her being accepted. These are put as interrogations, the most important of which, in addition to those elsewhere mentioned, are: Whether they will be willing to attend upon poor patients as well as rich ones; what religious denomination they belong to; how they have been employed previous to making application; and whether willing to wear the prescribed dress of the Institution, avoiding all conspicuous trinkets while residing at the Home, and during their hours of attendance upon patients. It may be remarked, in reference to the last condition, that, although the Devonshire Square Institution, with many of the others, provides a sort of semi-uniform for the Sisters, they are not compelled to wear it while on a visit to friends, or walking out for recreation. The uniform is in no way conspicuous, and would scarcely attract attention on the street.

I now come to speak of the duties devolving on the Nursing Sisters. When application is made for their services—which is done without any special form, but merely by letter, or personally—if there be one disengaged (unfortunately, not always the case), she is at once sent to the patient or family so applying, or as soon as the necessary inquiries can be made, and satisfaction obtained that the application is a proper one. The remuneration for her services is one guinea per week, exclusive of her maintenance while residing in the house of the patient. Many of the institutions have a scale of charges graduated according to the character of the disease; for instance, in cases of zymotic or infectious, as also mental diseases, the amount is double, or two guineas per week. By the Devonshire Square Institution, a reduction below the charge is not unfrequently made, where a case of necessity is deemed worthy of it; and in still more necessitous circumstances, a Sister is often sent gratuitously. While on duty, the Sister is expected to reside in the house of the invalid, giving all her time to her task, bed and board being of course provided for her. And the payment is not made to herself, but to the lady superintendent; nor is she permitted to receive any gift or gratuity beyond some trifle, such as a book; this being a rule of the establishment in question, though not of some others, where a less rigorous *régime* prevails. Not unfrequently, grateful patients insist upon making a money

present, or leaving a legacy to the Sister who has nursed them. In such cases, she must declare it to the lady superintendent, and also make over the amount to the general fund of the Institution, where it is held for her in trust.

In the Institution of Nursing Sisters, the regulation against receiving gratuities, unless under the above conditions, is rigorously insisted on, and an infringement of it punished by dismissal. In some other establishments, however, there is not the same strictness in this regard; and where gain is the object, such perquisites are not only permitted, but the giving of them encouraged. Happily, this last class of nursing institutions is in the minority; in most of them, as already said, the aim being purely philanthropic. But even where it is not so, they are worthy of being encouraged, as useful adjuncts to a humane civilisation. The services rendered by them cannot be too highly spoken of; for there is many a case of sickness in which the sufferer is absolutely in need of their assistance; the dearest relative, or the most devoted servant, being unable to cope with it; while the doctor cannot be always there. It is then that the Nursing Sister appears by the sick-bed in the light of a ministering angel; and there are many admitted instances of life having been saved by their skilled and assiduous ministrations. Knowing the too frequent failings of nurses of an ordinary type, there are those who hesitate to employ them. This is a prejudice to be got over. The Nursing Sisters I speak of are women of graceful manners and modest deportment, and, as a general rule, religious. Many of them are most respectably connected, and so far from being repellent in aspect, as nurses are generally supposed to be, some that I have seen are exceedingly comely. And cases are on record where the Nursing Sister has become the wife of some rich invalid whom she has tended into convalescence. As a general rule, their behaviour, while residing with the family that employs them, is everything it should be; and instead of being thought in the way, they come to be regarded in the light of friends and comforters. Of course, if not proving satisfactory, they can be at any moment dismissed; though they cannot of themselves voluntarily withdraw without permission from the lady superintendent, who does not give it capriciously, or without good cause.

When a Sister is off duty, that is, returned from attendance upon a patient, the Home becomes her residence, and then she has the privilege of resting; but only for two clear days, should her services be required elsewhere. At the present time, so great is the demand for their valuable assistance by the sick-bed, that it is rare when one of them gets a single day of repose, beyond the prescribed number. They are almost instantly summoned away to administer to the necessities of some other sufferer.

When the case on which they have been attending is one of an infectious character, they do not return direct to the Home, but to a private house in connection with it, kept by one of the superannuated Sisters. There they must remain till all danger is supposed to have passed, a room and bed being provided them; while their board is assured by a payment of fifteen shillings stipulated to be made by the party last employing them. If one of the Sisterhood chances to be herself taken ill, she is attended and nursed by another, remaining

permanently at the Home, where she also receives gratuitously the services of a medical man who attends the establishment. As a Nursing Sister need be at no expense for her living, beyond some trifling articles of wear not allowed by the Institution, many of them have accumulated some little stock of worldly goods. As it would be inconvenient to carry these with them to the houses of their patients—often in distant parts of the country—the Home provides storage for such effects, a large apartment in it being specially known as the 'Box-room.' In this may be seen boxes, trunks, and portmanteaus of all shapes and sizes, many of them containing valuable properties, that may not be utilised till the period of superannuation arrive.

In addition to the Institution in Devonshire Square, the others of most note are:

The 'General Nursing Institute,' which has its offices at 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. This Institute provides both male and female nurses, and for all maladies, mental as well as physical. The scale of its charges, according to published circular, is one guinea per week for ordinary infirmities; two for those that are infectious, or where there is 'insanity unaccompanied by violence,' and three in cases of 'active mania, delirium tremens, or suicidal tendency.' It likewise provides the special class of attendants known as 'lying-in' and 'wet' nurses.

'The St John's Home and Sisterhood,' under the presidency of the Lord Bishop of London, has its headquarters at 7 Norfolk Street, Strand. The scale of charges of this establishment is nearly the same as those of the Devonshire Square Institution, only that, after eight weeks' attendance upon a patient, the guinea a week is increased to one and a half; which seems an ill-adjusted plan of remuneration, the very opposite to what one would suppose it ought to be. A second singular rule of the St. John's establishment, as set forth in its circular, is that, 'after eight weeks' attendance upon a patient, the nurse must return, or be exchanged for another.' Surely the nurse who has become acquainted with the patient's malady should remain, instead of being replaced by one who has yet everything to learn about it. A prescribed rule is that the nurse is 'required always to wear her proper dress, including the neat white cap, collar, and linen apron, with print gown—no crinoline to be worn in the sick-room.'

'The London Private Nursing Institute,' Suffolk House, 230 Marylebone Road, provides nurses at nearly the same scale of charges as the Devonshire Square establishment; from this, however, it differs in the speciality of receiving patients to reside in the house as above, charging for their board, nursing included, from four to eight guineas a week, according to the accommodation; but, where the invalid occupies only part of a room, from two to three guineas.

'The Association of Trained Nurses and Male Attendants,' 37 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, provides 'midwife, monthly, medical, surgical, fever, and small-pox nurses; also mental attendants, male and female.' It furthermore furnishes 'medical rubbers,' a phrase which may perplex the reader, until told that there is a class of persons whose rôle is that of rubbing the skins of rheumatic, gouty, or other invalids who suffer severe pain. Those who devote themselves to this

strange calling acquire great dexterity and skill in it, for which they are paid high prices. The nurses provided by the Davies Street establishment, as we are officially informed, 'have their own homes, and also their earnings, simply paying a commission to defray the expenses of the conduct of the association.' Their scale of charges is also higher than the others, as learned from their published card, which says: 'The Association of Trained Nurses is a union of select private nurses, several of whom are widows, and have children to support, and who cannot therefore accept the very low terms offered by the Nursing Institutions.'

In addition to the above, there is also an 'Institution for Trained Nurses' in Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square; one of somewhat similar title in New Cavendish Street; and a third in North Audley Street; with several others of less note, or more limited in their operations; but all in their respective spheres doing good service to suffering humanity. And, besides, many of the large hospitals have Nursing Institutes attached to them, as useful appendages to their more important work. Among these may be mentioned St Thomas's, St George's, King's College, and University College. Such are the nurses of the great metropolis. Give them all praise for having devoted themselves to a calling markedly humane, as it is arduous, dangerous, and uncongential. These particulars may stimulate the establishment of Institutions for trained nurses in the large centres of population throughout the country.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—HARD TIMES.

For a long time, Walter walked on in darkness, painfully stumbling, as his companions moved rapidly along, notwithstanding that two of them kept close beside him and held him by the arms, as before. He believed them to be Santoro and Colletta, but not a word was now spoken by any one, even Corrali himself. At the expiration of about an hour, the bandage was removed from the captive's eyes, and he found himself in a locality that was altogether strange to him. The sea had disappeared, nor could the white summit of Etna be seen in the distance, as when he had last looked forth; but he knew by the direction of the sun that they were marching towards that mountain, that is, to the south-east. The way was steep and difficult, to which circumstance, rather than to any mercy upon the captain's part, he attributed the removal of the bandage. There was no mercy to be read in the blood-shot eyes of the brigand chief, which roved hither and thither, more like those of a wild beast in search of prey, than of one who was beset by hunters. At times, he would stop for a few seconds to sweep the landscape with his spy-glass, but otherwise, there was no halt. Now plunging down steep ravines; now clinging to the sides of sheer precipices, upon a path on which there was room for but one foot to tread; now pushing through tangled scrub; now leaping from rock to rock across howling torrents, they hurried on. Yet the brigands shewed no signs of fatigue. Walter could not but admire the unrelaxing vigour

of their strides, and the indifference with which the various obstacles to their progress were met and surmounted. He had long ago given up his first opinion as to their want of activity, but it seemed to him now that their muscles must be made of iron. Pride alone, dislike to own himself, as an Englishman, vanquished in athletics by men of a race whom he had always held to be indolent and effeminate, prevented him from throwing himself on the ground, and demanding at all risks a respite from this unceasing toil, while Santoro, a man nearly double his age, and who had had an extra journey that morning, as one of the bearers of Lillian's litter, strode on without a murmur by his side. To add to the difficulties of their forced march, the rain had begun to fall so fast and thick, that it not only wetted them to the skin, in spite of their capotes, but made the cliff-paths slippery and dangerous, besides shutting out the view beyond a few feet before them. To fall down some abyss seemed as likely as not to be Walter's fate, whose footsteps had become unnerved, and whose eyes were failing him; nor, in his desperate condition, did the prospect appear otherwise than welcome. Presently, as they descended into a little dell, up the other side of which he felt that his limbs could scarcely carry him, a small thin column of smoke was seen rising from the opposite bank. A halt was called at once, and the two men who had had charge of the cavern were sent forward to reconnoitre. Instead of returning, the brigand call was heard from the place where they had disappeared, and for the first time upon Corrali's face there appeared a look of satisfaction. Even this, however, did not last long, for, on their ascending the little hill, where, huddling around a scanty fire, were found the remainder of the brigand forces, he broke into passionate objurgations at their imprudence, and rushing at the cherished flame, extinguished it by standing on it with his feet. At this spectacle, a smothered murmur of disapproval ran round the band.

'What!' cried he, 'do you prefer, then, to be shot like Amalli, or taken prisoner like Manfred and Duano, rather than to suffer a little cold and damp? Suppose it had been the soldiers, instead of ourselves, who had discovered you here?'

There was no reply; his logic was indisputable; but the rain was also descending in a continued stream, and anything more wretched than the appearance of the whole party, it would have been hard to imagine. The camp, from which, as it seemed, the brigands had been driven out by the troops that morning, had been a paradise, compared with their present place of refuge. It was indeed, now that the smoke had ceased, concealed from observation by a circle of stunted shrubs; but those were of no avail to keep off the sheets of rain, nor the wind, which blew in furious gusts, straight from the snow-topped hills to eastward; the turf on which each man lay stretched was sodden with wet; nor was there a sign of either meat or drink to be seen among them. The sheep and goats had

evidently fallen into the hands of the soldiers; nor had there been time to secure so much as a leg of mutton or a morsel of kid.

'Have you brought bread with you, captain?' inquired Corbara sulkily.

'I have brought what I went for,' answered Corrali, frowning, and pointing to Walter. 'If you are very hungry, perhaps he may serve instead of bread.'

The captain spoke in bitter scorn; but Walter remembered with a shudder that among the frightful crimes he had heard imputed to this man, that of eating human flesh had been included. It was true that this had been done, not from hunger, but revenge: a shepherd, who had been pressed into the service of the troops to point out his hiding-place, having fallen into his hands, he had killed him, and broiled some of his flesh; but the recollection of this, joined to Corrali's grim reply, was indeed appalling.

'Where is the other prisoner—the English milord?' inquired Corrali sternly.

'We have put him under shelter,' answered Corbara, 'in a hole in the bank yonder.'

'You mean to say, you grudged him his share of your fire,' replied the captain contemptuously. 'But who is guarding him?'

'Oh, he is safe enough. The fact is, in order the better to keep him warm, and at the same time to make sure of his remaining where he was, we put a rope round him.'

'If he has come to harm, your life shall pay for it!' exclaimed Corrali passionately, and striding hastily towards the place the other had indicated. Walter followed, Santoro and Colletta, his shadows, moved, perhaps, by an impulse of curiosity, permitting him so to do, and, of course, accompanying him. The spectacle he beheld would have been ludicrous, had it not been so pitiful. In a hollow space at the foot of a thorn-tree, from which the wet earth had fallen away, and into which he exactly fitted, lay, swathed from head to foot in a sheepskin, like a mummy or an Indian child, the unhappy form of the British merchant.

'Why, they have trussed the man like a fowl!' ejaculated Corrali.

'Have you brought me a fowl?' cried Mr Brown eagerly, his knowledge of the Sicilian tongue, sharpened by appetite, enabling him to comprehend that single word.

'No, Milord Inglese; nor is it likely you will taste one in this life, unless your ransom reaches my hands pretty quickly.'

'At least you can cut his bonds,' pleaded Walter, 'even if you cannot give him food. Such cruelty will not bring your ducats a moment earlier.'

'Do you call this cruelty?' answered Corrali savagely. 'Ah, by Heaven, in a day or two, if the gold does not come, you shall see, what you shall see! In the meantime, however, as you say, the man may scratch himself, if he has a mind: and drawing his knife, he stooped down, and with two slashes—which shewed the operation was no novelty—freed the captive from his bonds. Then, for the first time, the poor merchant, who had been lying flat on his back, with his face within a few inches of the wet earth, was enabled to recognise his fellow-prisoner.

'Ah, Mr Litton, what news of Lillian?' were his first words, as he scrambled into a sitting posture.

'She is in Palermo by this time, and in safe hands.'

'Thank Heaven for that!' cried the old gentleman fervently. 'Is she tolerably well? Has she been taken care of?'

'She was suffering from the shock of all she has endured, and from anxiety on your account; but the women who had charge of her had done for her what they could.'

'Ah, then, they are human, it seems—not like their husbands and brothers,' answered Mr Brown, with a gesture of disgust. 'Well, well, I must not grumble, since my darling is safe; but, may she never know what I have suffered!'

'Nay; I hope, in a few days, you may be able to tell her yourself; when your misfortunes, being over, will seem to you to have been less terrible than they now appear.'

'Ah, you don't know what I have gone through, sir!' answered the merchant, throwing up his hands. 'Nothing has past my lips, to begin with,

since you left me. I have been shot at by a troop of soldiers; dragged up such precipices, as one would have thought only a fly could have kept his feet upon; and pricked with knife-points, until I ventured down them. This wet hole, into which they thrust me, seemed a couch of down for the first few hours, though I have, doubtless, caught my death in it. And to think, there have been times when I have fancied my sheets were damp, and clamoured for a warming-pan!'

It would indeed have been hardly possible to find a person of the male sex more unfitted to be hurried through a mountainous country, in wet weather, by a band of brigands, than the unfortunate merchant. He had never, perhaps, travelled in any rougher description of vehicle than an omnibus in his life, or inhabited any spot where such a convenience was not within call. Of late years—though he had given up his carriage to his daughters—he had scarcely made use of his legs at all; while his surplussage of breath had decreased as his girth had enlarged; and yet, there was a certain stubborn courage—a part of the same grit that had caused him to win his way in the world of commerce—which enabled him to wear a better front in presence of his persecutors than might reasonably have been expected. Even his complaints had a droll touch in them, and shewed no whimpering or despairing spirit—that is, while Corrali and the two brigands were standing by; but when the chief had withdrawn himself, and the others had removed to a spot nearer to their fellows, and yet from which they could exercise the needful supervision over their captives, the old merchant's voice began to tremble. 'Yes, these blackguards will see the end of me, Mr Litton; I can never stand such another day's march as this has been. If I was your age, there would be a chance for me, though I was never fit for much in the way of walking; but as it is, I would rather die in this hole here, like a rat, than suffer such fatigue.'

Walter was well aware that no such enthusiasm as dying like a rat would be permitted his unfortunate companion, in case the ransom failed to be paid; but it was not necessary to inform him of that circumstance. He only expressed his hope that they would not again be disturbed by the troops, so as to render another retreat in face of the enemy necessary.

'In that case, my young friend,' answered Mr Brown, 'it seems to me that we shall perish of starvation. Nothing, as I say, has passed my lips—with the trifling exception of a raw onion—for the last ten hours. I would give its weight in gold for a hunch of bread and cheese; or for "a sandwich and a glass of ale," such as they used to sell in the old days in Holborn for fourpence. Think of a sandwich and a glass of ale!'

'I am afraid I can command neither of those delicacies, Mr Brown,' said Walter; 'but I believe I have something in my pocket—a bit of cold kid and a slice of bread, which was given to me by the signora.'—

'Who was *she*? No matter; she must have been an angel,' interrupted the merchant with vivacity. 'I am sure you would not have mentioned it, had you not intended to give me a mouthful or two, eh?' and the old gentleman looked perfectly ghastly in his anxiety.

'My dear sir, you need it more than I, for I had a hearty meal before our march, and therefore you are welcome to the whole of it, such as it is.' And Walter proceeded to empty the contents of his pocket into the other's outstretched hand.

'Hush! be careful,' whispered the old merchant cunningly, 'or those rascals will observe us, and snatch the precious morsel for themselves. Mr Litton, you're a good fellow; you're a gentleman, you're a Christian! What muton! Talk of South-down, talk of Welsh! I don't think I ever tasted such bread! Where do they bake it, I wonder? You must have a bit—just a little bit, even if you don't want it—or I shall feel like a pig.'

Walter did want it very much, and he accepted a small piece of what had been his own without apology.

'I know I am greedy,' continued Mr Brown naively; 'but I have no shame, and that's a fact. I have not had such an appetite since I was so high, and used to put the skid on the omnibuses. The signora, as you call her, didn't happen to give you anything to drink with it, did she?'

'She had no opportunity for that, I am afraid,' said Walter, smiling.

'Never mind,' said Mr Brown philosophically; 'there's plenty of water—I haven't a dry rag on me—you have only to make a hollow of your hand, and the skies fill it for you. To think that this is the Italian climate some fools are always boasting about!' It was astonishing how a little food had resuscitated the old gentleman. Come, I drink the signora's health, though in a liquid utterly unworthy of her. What did you say her name was?'

'The name of the lady who gave me the bread and meat was Joanna.'

'Well, Heaven bless her! I only wish she had given you some more. Here's to Joanna! There is no woman, with the exception of my own daughters, for whom, though I have not the pleasure of knowing her, I have so profound a respect.'

'I don't think Mrs Sheldon would like to hear you say so, sir,' observed Walter involuntarily.

'Mrs Sheldon! I don't care one threepenny-piece for Mrs Sheldon!' answered the old gentleman tartly. 'Why, it was through her advice that I was induced to come into this infernal country. And I don't mind telling you, that you yourself are making a great mistake, if you have

any high opinion of that woman. It was she who set me against you at Willowbank, and I believe she told me lies; for a man who will give such mutton and bread as that away, when he does not know when he may get another meal himself, cannot possibly be a bad fellow?

There is no doubt that Mr Christopher Brown had come to a correct conclusion respecting his young friend; but the reason which had led him to it at last was curious enough, when one considers how many others, and better ones, might have convinced him of it before. The fact is, that human nature, when thrown out of the groove of convention, is very soon reduced to its primary elements. It would probably have taken some time to make a brigand out of this eminent British merchant, because, to become so, he would have had to learn as well as unlearn; but he was very fast returning to the savage, out of which state the self-made man springs, Minerva-like, to the admiration of all who are not personally acquainted with him. Had he fallen amongst a tribe of American Indians, he would probably have become not only acclimatised, but nationalised in a twelvemonth. The knowledge that Walter had lost his liberty in attempting to give aid to himself and Lillian, had evoked in him no such gratitude as the sacrifice had deserved; their position had not then appeared to him so dangerous; and above all, he had personally suffered neither pain nor privations; but now—now that Lillian was safe, and he had nothing to think about but his own wretched condition—the gift of the bread and mutton had appealed to all the feeling that was left in him with irresistible force, and carried his heart by storm. His observation with respect to Mrs Sheldon was perfectly genuine; he hated the woman as one of those who had induced him to take his ill-fated journey; but also because she had lied to him about Walter Litton, who had not only shared with him his last crust and kid, but offered him the whole of it. If the young fellow had done his best for the next ten years, under the conditions of civilised life, to conciliate Mr Christopher Brown, he could not possibly have made so much progress with him, as he had done in as many hours—and especially in the last few minutes—under the guardianship of Rocco Corrali. It is probable that, if he had even asked permission to woo his daughter, the old gentleman would not have refused him, in that moment of gratitude and comparative repletion; but, as Walter felt, and only with too much reason, it was no time to flatter himself with any such hopes, even if other circumstances had admitted of their being entertained. Their position in the brigand camp had become perilous in the extreme. Even if the required ransom should be raised without difficulty, there would be a hundred obstacles to its being paid. The government, as in all such cases, would forbid it; and now the troops had been called out, how was such a sum to reach the camp, when even the brigands themselves had escaped their hands only by the greatest exertions? That it would take time to do so, was certain in any case; a time of hardship and privation, such as one of the age and habits of Mr Brown was very ill fitted to endure; and, above all, was it likely that a man of the temper of the brigand chief would give them time? It was much more probable that, in some moment of impatient

fury, he would take his vengeance upon them both, and throwing interest to the winds, gratify a nature to which cruelty was at least as attractive as avarice.

ANIMAL LIFE IN MADAGASCAR.

THE large island of Madagascar has of late excited a special interest among the lovers of natural history; the richness of its soil has been acknowledged, and the character of its vegetation and of its animals classified. During the present century Europeans have chiefly visited the northern part of the island, and expressed in glowing language their admiration of its shores. The Bay of Diego-Suarez, which is situated in the most northerly point of the island, is spoken of as one of the wonders of the world, and that of Passandava most enchanting. This, however, is not a fair picture of the whole; like other islands, it presents very striking contrasts. A recent traveller, M. E. Blanchard, who has visited certain parts of the island, chiefly to explore its mineral resources, describes in his book (*L'Île de Madagascar*, J. Claye, imprimeur) the great chain of mountains and the desolate solitudes to the west of Imerina, where there are immense tracts that no one has trodden. In one part, nature displays her boundless riches, where the native can live without working, and civilised man procure the enjoyments of material life; in another, the ungrateful land scarcely yields any food; the rocks are sterile, the soil is bare, and a stream of water to render the existence of man or beast possible, is not to be found.

Climbing with difficulty the high, abrupt downs, the pathway has to be opened through thorny bushes, and plains stretch out at the summit; not a tree or shrub is to be seen; desolate, uninhabitable, and depressing as the deserts of Egypt and Arabia. After a long march through the sand, a new scene opens; the nopal is now found growing; a sure index to the abode of man. These plants, upon which the cochineal insect chiefly lives, are natives of America, but have long been naturalised in Africa and the south of Europe; the Arabs no doubt introduced them into Madagascar. Wherever a country is unwatered by streams, they are an invaluable resource for the inhabitants. Here, every family possesses its plantations of nopals, and gathers the fruit in a peculiar manner. With the point of their lances, they adroitly detach them, thus avoiding their redoubtable thorns; and roll them in the sand, to get rid of the silky covering which incloses these spikes afterwards peeling them with the iron point of the dart. They appease hunger, assuage thirst, and permit the poor people to live in places where, for weeks together, water is not seen.

In these solitudes where the forests are immense, animal life can multiply without fear of man, and yet the fauna of Madagascar offer some singular features. The traveller can pass along without fear of the lions, leopards, and panthers of Asia and Africa; neither do zebras and quaggas gallop over the plains. In other countries, wherever the climate is hot enough, monkeys enliven the woods; here, not a single species is to be found. The horse and the ass are unknown; and, what is still more extraordinary, ruminants, such as stags and antelopes, are absent. It is true that there are large herds of cattle, which constitute

the great riches of the Malagaches, as the natives of Madagascar are called, but they have been imported probably from the southern part of Asia. This species is remarkable from its boss or lump of fat on the back, and is strikingly beautiful when seen in large herds wandering over the plains. The sheep too are peculiar, from their enormous tails, which consist of a mass of fat—a common feature in those belonging to the African continent. Goats are common, as well as wild pigs, which ravage the plantations; but these are supposed to have all escaped from vessels, and not to be indigenous to the island.

The monkeys of other lands are, however, replaced by the lemur—graceful little creatures of many different varieties. There is a great resemblance in their attitude and manner of life to the ape, so that they have been styled monkeys with the fox's muzzle. Their agility is marvellous; they leap through the air to a great distance, settling on a branch, which perhaps bends under their weight, and dart off again in evolutions of astonishing rapidity. A word frequented by troops commands the astonishment and admiration of the traveller, from the intelligent appearance and incessant gambols of these lively animals. The largest kinds are about three feet in length, whilst the smallest are not larger than a rat. The true lemur, which is distinguished by a long snout and tail, prefers fruit for food, but does not object to crunch a small bird, a lizard, or insects. These are diurnal in their habits; whilst the chirogales, possessing short paws and pointed teeth, shun the light, and only appear in twilight and moonlight, when they make great havoc among lizards and small game. These curious mammals are characteristic of Madagascar; other species do exist elsewhere, but the nocturnal kind are found nowhere but in this and the Comoro Islands.

In the most solitary parts of the south-west region lives that strange creature, the aye-aye or *chiromys*. A nocturnal animal, gentle and timid, it is about the size of a cat, with a large head, round full eyes not dissimilar to those of the owl, an enormous tail, and most extraordinary formation of the fore-paws; the middle finger being long and slender. This, which looks like a deformity, is, in truth, a wonderful arrangement of nature for its special way of life. As it lives on the larvæ hidden in the trunks of trees, the finger can be easily introduced into the fissures from which it tears the coveted prey. Naturalists think it forms a link between the squirrel and the monkey. The Malagaches seem to be impressed with a superstitious dread of the animal, owing to its sleeping all the day in the most secret haunts; nor do they ever molest it, astonished as they seem to be by its peculiar physiognomy and movements.

There is another class of mammals peculiar to this island, which are called *tendrats* by the natives, and seem closely allied to our hedgehogs. Like these, they are covered with spines, but the teeth differ, and the tail is wanting; neither do they roll themselves into a ball, but hide the head between their paws when frightened. Seven or eight species have been discovered, with some variety in the spines, some being soft, and not covering the whole of the body. They are all nocturnal in their habits, and very good when cooked. As for the carnivora, they all belong to a very small type. The wild cat is a pretty crea-

ture. Its back is fawn-coloured, traversed by four stripes of reddish brown, and yellowish white under the body and the paws. The ichneumon, with its long thin body and shaded skin, also gains the admiration of the traveller; it is a fearful enemy to all small or weak animals, but one of the species feeds greedily on honey. Not the least curious is the *cryptoproctus*, of the size and appearance of a cat; but with feet formed like those of a bear, the entire sole resting on the ground. No other example of a plantigrade animal is known.

The masked wild boar, which is still more ugly than its European fellow, is the only mammifer met with both in Madagascar and Africa. It is a hideous creature, with high withers, low back, and little hair. It boasts of an enormous tubercle, supported by a bony prominence in the jaw, which renders the face of the animal extremely disagreeable. A species of gray squirrel, which lives in hollow trees, and bays, complete the list of the mammifers yet known in Madagascar.

It is very different as regards birds; they can cross immense spaces; and so the tern, the petrel, the albatross, and many other well-known birds, abound in this island. It is a charming sight, on a sunny day, to see flights of ducks with brilliant and varied plumage paddling and diving on the rivers or lakes. One large species, with bronze and violet reflections, like metals, its white head and neck spotted with black, is a great favourite with the natives. A beautiful teal duck, only known here, has an exquisite blending of brown, fawn, and slate-coloured plumage, with fair white wings. In the marshes, stalks the proud Sultana hen, with its magnificent blue body, a red patch on its head, and coral feet adorned with a tuft of white feathers, by which it is easily distinguished among the reeds. The jacana, a bird of the water-hen family, is also peculiar to this place; mounted on long legs like stilts, and extremely long feet, it runs through the long grass, or upon the floating water-leaves, with wonderful rapidity.

The sacred ibis of the Egyptians is found in large flocks, as well as the green variety of Europe. The crested ibis is peculiar to the country; a beautiful bird, bright red, with yellow beak and claws; a green head, from which the long plume of white and green feathers lies back. Another bird, classed among the Gallinaceæ, is remarkable for the length of its beak; whilst the pretty blue and green pigeons afford plenty of sport for the lover of the gun. Near the streams, the *nall-courvi*, a green-plumaged bird, builds its nest among the leaves, composed of bits of straw and reeds artistically woven together. The magnificent cardinal, in its bright scarlet robe of feathers, black-spotted on the back, haunts the open glades of the forest; and on the banks of streams are numbers of linnets, wagtails, and humming-birds, which are almost as small and graceful as the American ones, in addition to possessing all their beauties. The one which is the most common is also the most beautiful, with its bright green body shaded with violet; the large feathers of the wings, brown edged with green, a violet band on the breast, succeeded by one of brown; and yellow beneath. The family of the cuckoos is well represented; the blue variety is a magnificent bird, common in the woods on the shore.

As for the Reptile class, it is pleasant for the traveller to walk through the forests knowing that the venomous species are unknown. Two hundred years ago, the old traveller, Placourt, declared that the serpents were all inoffensive; recent experience confirms the fact. The largest is named *Pelophidius Madagascariensis*. There are others, such as the *Langaha nautia* and *Crista-galli* (zoologists having retained the name they bear among the natives), which are very singular, from the prolonged form of the snout, arising from the skin being lengthened out. Beautiful lizards, covered with brilliant scales of olive or fawn, spotted with black, white, and yellow, hide themselves under the stones, in the moss, or in old trees. But Madagascar is especially the land of chameleons; in the heart of the forests, they may be seen crouched on the branches, calm and immovable, rolling their large eyes. The crocodile is the only creature to be feared, and accidents from it are very rare, as the inhabitants greatly object to venturing into water.

The insects of Madagascar offer a thousand types for admiration. There are valuable kinds, furnishing wax, honey, and silk; the first two forming one of the natural riches of the island. The bee peculiar to the country has a black body, red underneath; it is very abundant in the woods, and makes its nest in decayed trunks of trees, whence the Malagaches tear the comb.

But there was an epoch when much more remarkable animals lived in Madagascar. In the marshes near the river Manoubie, at no great depth, a great number of bones of the hippopotamus, of colossal tortoises, and of the limbs and eggs of the *Chypornis maximus*, have been found. The eggs of this king of birds are six times larger than those of the ostrich; and it was at first hoped that, in the hitherto unknown solitudes of the interior, some living specimens might be found; that hope has, however, vanished, though it is evident they once existed in great numbers in the south-west part of the island. They were of various species, and of different sizes. At the same period, the hippopotamus must have been abundant, as the bones of fifty skeletons were picked up in a few hours. This species, of very inferior dimensions to that frequenting the Nile, is entirely extinct.

A TURN IN FORTUNE.

'THE time is short, now, Harry, my boy. The captain's on the bridge; steam well up; and the men ready to cast off the moorings at a word. I'll leave Dora and you alone for a bit; but you must curtail your leave-taking, I warn you, for it would never do for myself and the girl to be carried off to Alexandria, or even as far as Gib'— So saying, bluff, good-natured Dr Davenport, whose own best days had been spent on blue water, as the sea-going surgeon of this or that frigate, turned on his heel and walked towards the helm.

Dora's trustful, tearful eyes met mine. 'O Harry, come back soon to me!' she murmured, with trembling lips; 'and ah! dear, take care of yourself in that strange land that you are going to. I have heard such dreadful things'— And she paused, sobbing.

'Dreadful things, I am sure,' said I, laughing, as I pressed her little hand, 'about Japan and its two-sworded gentry, that chop Europeans to mince-

meat. Don't fear for me, my darling; remember that the country is not strange to me. I talk the language, after a fashion, and have found the natives, on the whole, a decent set of people when fairly dealt by. Come, we'll both look forward, cheerily, to the time when, in three short years or so, you and I can'—

'There goes the bell; now for the shore,' cried the doctor, hurrying up, and drawing his daughter's arm within his own, in the midst of general bustle and confusion. 'May God bless you, lad, and send you safe back.—Now, Dora.'

There were other partings than ours taking place at that moment on the deck of the *Alcestis*, P. and O. steamer, outward-bound, from Southampton—partings between weeping wives and the bronzed husbands, going out again to India, and whom, perhaps, they might never see again; between parents and children, friends and brothers, but, so far as I know, of no affianced lovers save our two young selves. It was a wrench to the heart-strings, although I tried at the time to make light of it, or to seem to do so, that sad 'good-bye,' but it was soon over. Those who had come on board to bid farewell to outgoing passengers were hustled back over the plank that led to the quay; the plank was withdrawn, the ropes cast off.

'Go on ahead, there! Keep her away! Half speed;' and amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, off went the swift steamer, bound for the East.

The story, up to this point, lies in a nutshell. I, Henry, more commonly styled Harry, Harland, had been at an early age sent to sea, first as midshipman to an Indian, and then as mate, and had worked my way on to be first officer of more than one fine vessel trading in the China seas. I was nine-and-twenty when I came back from Japan, and, taking a holiday to visit my old grandmother, the last survivor of my immediate relations, at Rose Bank, Clevestead, Somersetshire, fell in love with Dora Davenport, the doctor's youngest daughter, and found my love returned. What was to be done? I had nothing but my own exertions on which to depend, and could rarely count on earning more than two hundred a year. Dora was as poor as she was good and pretty. The honest doctor had five children to maintain, and could spare us never a sixpence towards our future housekeeping. Nor had I any of those testamentary prospects which brighten the rugged road of many a needy man. My grandmother, good, kind soul, could leave me nothing. Her tiny income, an annuity, bought years ago with the relics and scrapings of our former property, of course died with her. We Harlands had been small squires in our day, estated country gentlemen, though the acres had been few, and it took but one spendthrift owner of the Grange to bring the lands to the auction-mart.

How was I to marry Dora? I could not find it in my heart to condemn the dear girl to a life of privations, in some seaport, on the meagre subsistence to be derived from 'drawing' a monthly portion of my modest pay. It seemed to be better, by far better, to forsake the sea for a time, and to settle down in some well-remunerated shore-going employment, at the other side of the world. For such a post, habit, joined with some aptitude for picking up foreign tongues, and appreciating outlandish customs, qualified me fairly well. For

four months I had kept the books of a firm at Hong-kong, and my employers were sorry to part with me, and more than once wrote to say that the 'godown' coolies had never been so tractable, or the 'hong' so regularly in working order, since my departure. Then, for a longer space, I had commanded a Chinese Clyde-built steamer, the *Firefly*, and only left her when I found that the pig-tailed owners expected their captain to combine a little piracy and arson with a spice of smuggling, where I had looked for nothing but legitimate trade. Fortunately, an old friend of my father's had recommended me to the notice of a wealthy English firm, Parker and Mills, lately established in Japan, and who were willing to bid high for a really trustworthy clerk, capable of transacting business with suspicious native customers, and of conciliating the proud and jealous feudal lords, whose bare word could at any moment paralyse foreign commerce in the lesser isles.

The liberal salary, and still more the prospective partnership, proffered by Parker and Mills, proved irresistible temptations to a man in my position. As managing clerk I should receive, in English money, nearly four hundred a year; and hopes were held out to me, should I succeed in raising the yearly receipts of the firm to a sufficient amount, that in 'about' three years I might be allowed a share in the profits. But to secure this appointment it was absolutely necessary that I should be at Nagasaki on November 1 of the current year, a period which, by local custom, accounts are squared, balances are paid, and a great deal of cash changes hands. The firm declined to wait longer than the specified time, which, after all, gave me all reasonable latitude for arriving in Japan. My travelling expenses were defrayed by Parker and Mills; and altogether the prospects which lay before me seemed fair enough. When once I should be a member of the 'house,' Dora and I could pitch our tent matrimonial, without running any risk of hardships, in the strange new land that was but yesterday thrown open to the encroaching West. She and her father had come as far as Southampton to see me off, and bid me farewell on the deck of the steamer that was to wait me along the first stage of the wistery high-road that led to fortune.

The Mediterranean voyage, the transit to Suez, the descent of the Red Sea, and the doubling of Cape Comorin, were all effected in uneventful comfort. But at Point-de-Galle a disappointment did occur. The regular packet that should have been ready to convey mails and passengers Japan-wards, had sustained, on the eve of sailing, a severe accident to her machinery, occasioning a vexatious but unavoidable delay. Some of the outward-bound seemed scarcely sorry to have so good an excuse for a ramble on shore, and a short sojourn in the luxurious climate of Ceylon; but I, with one or two others who were eager to reach their destination, made immediate inquiries as to the quickest means of getting to the end of my journey.

'I scarcely know what to recommend, just at this moment,' said the good-humoured agent of the Peninsular and Oriental. 'If it were for Shanghai or for Hong-kong that you wanted a passage, there would be no difficulty at all; but Japan is another matter. Stay; to be sure there is the *Saucy Maid*, clearing out for Nagasaki harbour with an assorted cargo. A crank boat, but very fast, and with fair

weather and smooth seas will make the run at racing speed. Her passenger accommodation, I suspect, is none of the best; but old Captain Harris is not a bad sort of skipper, when you understand his ways, and he won't overcharge you for the trip.'

I found on inquiry that the *Saucy Maid* was a clipper-built barque, with very tall masts, and powerful auxiliary engines, to force her along in case of contrary winds or a calm. There was but one berth vacant in the small cabin-space allotted to passengers, and this was yielded up to me without a murmur by my former companions, who looked with dismay at the cramped quarters with which voyagers in the clipper were compelled to be content.

I was a sailor, however, and had less fear of roughing it in a vessel not built with any particular regard to a passenger's comforts than might have been excusable in a landsman. There could be no doubt as to the *Saucy Maid's* seven-leagued abilities of covering a stretch of sea, were the weather but favourable; while gruff Captain Harris, a rum-drinking veteran of the old school, was tolerably civil as soon as he learned that my own youth had been spent upon the ocean. For the rest of his passengers, who were, to use his own phrase, 'a queer lot—Parsee brokers, Armenian bagmen, and half-caste Portuguese from Goa'—he had a contempt that he did not care to conceal. Nor were his crew by any means such as a prudent commander would desire to rely on in moments of danger. There were too many Lascars and Chinamen, and the European sailors were chiefly foreign seamen from the north of Europe, patient, docile fellows enough, but not quite the sort of stuff one cares to have near one at a pinch. The weather was, however, beautifully fine, and on sailing, we soon saw the low blue line of the Ceylon coast hull-down in the distance.

'If the wind holds,' said the skipper, as we walked the deck together, 'why, Mr Harland, you'll sight the tall peak of Fushima in fewer days from the time we manned the capstan to weigh anchor, than if the mail-steamer had not been crippled in her gear. I've been on this line, now, for nine years, and wonderful luck the old barky has had, I can tell you. Look how every sail draws, and how the water boils beneath her counter!'

But the luck of the *Saucy Maid* was destined to interruption. The fair breeze died away, and was succeeded by baffling head-winds, with the usual accompaniments of annoyance, tedium, and seasickness among the landsmen on board. The strong auxiliary engines carried us, in spite of the elements, through the water, but the consumption of coal was so great, that when a dead calm made our sails quite useless, the captain thought it best to bear up for the coast of the great island of Formosa, in hopes there to obtain a fresh supply of fuel from some one of the vessels likely to be then lying in the sheltered bay of Ilima. Coal bought under such circumstances was likely to prove a costly purchase, but time was of value also, and Captain Harris did not hesitate.

Unfortunately, as it appeared, not one of the few steam-ships which, along with a far greater number of sailing-vessels of every rig and nation, lay becalmed in Ilima roadstead and haven, could spare to us, at any price, a ton of the precious

black diamonds, without which our engines were mere inert lumber. There was nothing for it but to wait, and, as the tough old skipper said, to 'whistle for a wind.' Under this disappointment, the worst side of the captain's nature came uppermost. He was an illiterate old sea-dog of the Commodore Truncheon sort, and in idleness knew no solace but the bottle. He was quarrelsome, too, in his cups, insulting the passengers, cuffing and cursing as he went among the crew, and leaving the care of the *Saucy Maid* to his first-mate, a quiet-looking young German from Bremen.

In the natural harbour, a rocky basin, almost landlocked, and overlooked by the sterile mountains of the interior, lay junks, lorchas, and proas, manned by dusky or yellow-skinned mariners of every nation from Malacca to the Corea, and with them were mingled European and American craft of different sizes, the finest of all being a huge American three-master, the broad and snow-white decks of which, and the excellent band of music which played at evening on her poop, often caused me to contrast the pleasant existence of her passengers with that which we perforce led on board the barge. She was indeed a fine ship, one of those giant clippers that can keep pace with even a steamer, when a fair wind fills their acres of swelling canvas, and was reputed to have a valuable freight. She was called, as the inscription in gold and colours on her stern informed all and sundry, the *Henry Clay*, bound for Japanese waters, and, like ourselves, awaiting the end of the calm.

I was standing near the taffrail, one sultry afternoon, when the surface of the sea was as smooth and unruffled as a mirror, and looking up at the savage heights that frowned on the western horizon, my mind now dwelling on the barbarous tribes that still, in their rugged fastnesses, bade defiance alike to Chinese cunning and European civilisation, and now reverting to quiet Clevestead, where doubtless my Dora was thinking of, and perhaps praying for me, when I felt a twitch at my sleeve, and looking round, saw beside me a lean little old sailor, whose jaunty jacket of white duck contrasted oddly with his weather-beaten complexion. Jerry was a broken-down man-of-war's man, once a petty officer on board a Queen's ship, but whose drunken habits had caused him to lose his rating, yet who, when kept from the grog, was, to my judgment, the best man on board the barge. Many a chat had I had with Jerry, but now there was an anxious expression in his twinkling eyes that I had never seen in them before; I noticed, too, that there was an ugly cut on his left eyebrow, from which the blood was trickling.

'Hist! speak low, Mr Harland,' said the man, in cautious tones. 'I'd rather not be overheard in what I have to say. He said, when he gave me this—pointing to the gash on his brow—'that it was to cure me of croaking.'

'A smart knock it must have been,' said I, perplexedly. 'Who gave it?'

'Hush! the skipper,' whispered the sailor. 'He's like a madman, when deep in liquor, and he has been at the rum-bottle since noon. He gave me that, with his brass knuckle-dusters, because I made bold to call his attention to what you see out there in the offing.' And as Jerry pointed, I could faintly distinguish a long, low, leaden-tinted line on the far horizon. 'You're a seaman, sir. Do you know what's meant by that?' asked Jerry,

turning in his mouth the quid that he was sucking. I was obliged to confess that I did not. 'Nor by that?' he demanded, as the smooth surface of the sea, a mile or so out, suddenly became blackened and ruffled.

'Not I, my old friend,' I answered; 'unless it indicates the coming wind.'

'There'll be wind enough, your honour,' said Jerry dryly. 'You are a seaman, Mr Harland, as I said before, and ought to have an eye for what's coming.'

It was in vain, however, that I swept the horizon with my practised glance, endeavouring to descry the ordinary forerunners of dirty weather. The old seaman gave a grim chuckle, as if in exultation at his superior acuteness.

'You've seen what a gale's like, Mr Harland, of course, and a black squall, and a white one, maybe, though that's scarcer. Did you ever see what a typhoon was like?'

'A typhoon?' I repeated after him, cudgelling my memory as to what I had heard concerning this, the legendary terror of the China seas.

'No disgrace to you, sir, that you've not,' returned Jerry, in the same cautious tone as before. 'By Heaven's mercy, they are oftener talked of than felt! He'—jerking his thumb towards the hatchway of the captain's cabin—'never came in for one either, and struck me, and cursed me for a Jonah, when I begged him to let go another anchor, that we might have at least a chance of riding it out. You'll see a pitiful sight, sir, presently—that is, if you are spared. Them junks and proas might as well be nutshells when the rollers set in. And look at the Yankee captain, how he keeps his ship, the canvas brailed, not reefed, and cloth enough set to carry her and all aboard into the next world, as it's likely to do before morning!'

The old man shuffled off, and I felt exceedingly uncomfortable. With Captain Harris, since he had given way to his unlucky habits of drunkenness, I was not on very cordial terms, nor could I hope to bring the sullen, half-intoxicated commander of the vessel to take precautions against the coming evil. Nor was I quite sure that the evil would, after all, come to pass. The cat's-paw that had roughened the water had passed away, and all was bright again, save where the leaden-coloured streak lay to seaward. I opened my heart, however, to the first-officer, Mr Ernst; but although the civil-spoken young German heard me patiently to an end, and looked intently out for signs of a storm, I could not induce him to press his advice upon the skipper, or to take on himself the responsibility of dropping another anchor. On one point, a minor one, I did prevail. The top-sails were hanging loose from yard and clewline, and these, at my request, the mate caused to be close-reefed, a step for which, an hour or two later, we had reason to be thankful; when, on a sudden, a great bustle and noise began among the Chinese junks in the harbour. We could hear drums and gongs and wild outcries, and could see the pig-tailed mariners beating their breasts and gesticulating with every mark of terror and dismay, while from the seaward came the leaden-coloured cloud-bank, swollen until it rose skywards like a moving battlement, and preceded by a hissing sheet of snow-white foam.

'The typhoon! the typhoon!' cried a hundred

voices, and then the babel of tongues was overpowered by the terrible roar of the mighty wind as it reached us, tearing up the sea as the steam-plough cuts its furrow through loose sand, and throwing us on our beam-ends with a violence that made every timber in the *Saucy Maid* quiver and groan like some hurt animal. We righted, however, after a time, and then indeed did I witness a spectacle such as the oldest seaman but rarely beholds. Masts were snapping on every hand, as easily as though they had been the dead branches on a storm-beaten tree; cables were parting, bulwarks being washed away, and all the sea around was strewn with wreck, water-casks, hen-coops, boats, and loose spars, mingled together in pell-mell confusion.

Worse damage than this had, however, already been effected by the first onset of the typhoon, for half the native craft had foundered at their moorings, while the remainder were drifting before the gale, dragging their anchors, and in imminent danger of being dashed against the rocky sides of the haven. The European vessels were in better case, but several of them had lost booms and boats, and were tugging at their cables in a way that promised no good, unless the wind should abate. Of this, however, there seemed no prospect, since at each instant it appeared to blow harder; and as the great green rollers, crested with foam, came tumbling into the bay, I began to realise that our position was one of extreme peril. It must not be supposed that we were idle spectators of this awful scene. On the contrary, some five or six of us, Jerry being prominent, contrived to clear away and let go the best bower-anchor, while even the red-eyed skipper came on deck, almost sobered by the danger. Still the strain upon the cables was a fearful one, and at every fresh jerk, as the huge waves lifted the bark, I dreaded lest they should give way altogether.

'Help, help! For God's sake, help! or we perish!' such was the startling outcry, uttered for the most part by female voices, which struck upon my ear, as a drifting vessel passed us. It was the fine American ship, *Henry Clay*, but how changed! Her entire top hamper, mast and sail, stay and shroud, had been swept away; her bulwarks, figure-head, binnacle, and taffrail, razed by the furious sea, and only her lower masts and bowsprit remained standing. On the deck, huddled together like frightened sheep, were the passengers, with some two or three sailors at most mingled with them.

'What has happened on board?' I called out, through the speaking-trumpet which I had snatched from the shaking hand of the drunken skipper. 'Where is your captain?'

'Drowned!' answered a man, who looked like a steward, speaking through his outspread hands. 'Drowned, in trying to prevent the crew from taking to the boats, which were swamped as soon as they got clear of the ship's side. Help us, sir, or we shall go upon the rocks!'

But to give efficient help was at that moment impossible, and the *Henry Clay* went past us, on her road, as it seemed, to swift and certain destruction.

Meanwhile, many of the junks floated rapidly by, their lateen sails of plaited straw or striped cotton torn and flapping, while the wretches on board wallowed on the deck, in abject fear, calling

on Fo to have mercy, and to drive away the devouring dragon of the tempest. Some of these unlucky craft were dashed against one another until they settled down in the water; others were hurled against the rocky shore, and battered to pieces. Some escaped the fatal rocks as by a miracle, and drifted on, rotating before the force of the typhoon, which gradually veered towards the south. By this time we had managed to get up from the hold a spare anchor, and to bend on it another cable, so that we had hopes of riding out the storm. The American ship, which had brushed so closely by the cliffs that a biscuit might have been tossed on shore, came drifting past once more, and again the pleading cry was heard for 'help! oh, help!'

'I cannot bear this!' I exclaimed, turning to those on board of our own vessel; 'I cannot see Christian men and women drown thus miserably for want of bearing a hand. Who volunteers to man the jolly-boat, and board the American ship?' Jerry and two English forecastele Jacks were the first to answer to the appeal; then came a fair-haired Swede, and a red-whiskered Dane, and a mulatto lad whom I had saved from punishment for some trifling breach of duty during the voyage, and who was grateful.

Six oars, all told. There was nothing to be expected from the Lascars, benumbed by terror and the drenching spray; or from the Chinamen, stupefied in part by superstitious alarms, and in part, too, by the drugs to which they had resorted as a physical means of lulling fear. The rest of the crew were not bold or ready-witted enough to back us; but although Captain Harris offered a growling opposition to my putting 'his best hands' into unnecessary danger, some spark of manly generosity was at last kindled in the old toper's breast, and he waved his gold-laced cap as I grasped the tiller-ropes and bade the men push off, calling out, hoarsely: 'Well done, my lad! If I'd been twenty years younger, I'—

I heard no more; but I have never forgotten that picture during all the years that have since elapsed: the vessel straining at her cables, the boat rising on the crest of a giant wave, the old man, his gray hairs bared, leaning over the shattered bulwark, and waving his cap towards us in sign of adieu. But at the time I thought little of it, having need of all my steepleman's art to keep the frail boat from being swamped in the terrible sea through which we had to pass. We had a desperate struggle, too, with the rollers, before we could reach the American, for the mulatto boy and Jerry were both too weak to be efficient rowers, and we were tossed and tumbled to and fro, as if the boat had been a shuttlecock banded about between two monstrous battledores, until I encouraged the men to a supreme effort, and reached the ship. Scarcely had I set foot upon the deck of the *Henry Clay* before an unexpected phenomenon varied the elemental war. The howling wind ceased, and a dead calm succeeded, during which the wash of the sea, deep and hollow, and the far-off cries of perishing sufferers, were alone audible. There was something perplexing in the sudden transition from a shrieking hurricane to absolute stillness.

'It's only the heart of the typhoon: it won't last, sir,' observed Jerry gruffly, and I lost not a moment in doing what little I could for the security of the vessel. A jury-mast was rigged, a storm-

sail and jib were set, and two of the sturdiest men posted at the wheel. Hardly had this been done, when, with a hideous shriek, the tempest burst upon us again, this time blowing from a quarter opposite to that from which it had last made its force felt, and bore us resistlessly before it. The lady passengers, who had till then believed themselves to be saved, and had been giving thanks to Providence for their rescue, now recommenced their wails and lamentations—and indeed the situation was one of no pleasant character. The storm had begun again with fury unsated, and wherever the eye turned, there were foundering vessels and a wild white sea. We were being hurried towards a rocky headland, the most northerly point of the natural harbour of Ilima, and beyond which lay the storm-beaten ocean, with its low-lying canopy of livid cloud seeming almost to mingle with the driving scud. Were we once outside of this stormy barrier, a chance of safety, though but a poor one, remained to us; whereas, if driven upon the reef, our doom was certain. I made up my mind at once to face the open sea. 'Haul away at sheet and brace!' I cried; 'set another jib, forward there; and you at the helm, keep her away, yet a point away, do you hear!'

'Ay, ay, sir!' answered the steersmen, with the mechanical obedience of trained hands; but old Jerry exclaimed cheerily, as he helped to set the new canvas: 'Mr Harland's right. Nothing like sea-room, my lads! Haul away with a will, every one of you, and get steerage-way upon her.' By the mercy of Heaven, we rounded the headland, narrowly escaping the fatal contact with the jagged rocks, and were in clear water.

Once outside the harbour, I had time to glance around me; but on looking back to the wreck-strewn bay, I could see no signs of the barque which I had so lately left. In vain I swept the horizon with my pocket-glass. I could see several vessels bravely riding out the gale, and a diminished number of the native craft passively drifting under the force of the rollers and the wind; but of the barque, nothing. The *Sancy Maid* was gone! There was scanty time, however, to wonder or to mourn over the fate of those who had been on board of her. The charge of the ship of which I found myself acting commander, through so strange and sudden a catastrophe, was no light burden. The *Henry Clay* reeled and careened to a fearful extent, as she flew along with the speed of a race-horse, cleaving her way through the heavy seas that constantly deluged her decks. It cost us some trouble to induce the terrified ladies, and such of the male passengers as age or infirmity disqualified for exertion, to go below. Of every available hand that could pull a rope or tug at the spokes of the whirling wheel, we had some need, and even then we were weak in numbers to work so large a vessel as the American clipper, and in weather such as would have tested the endurance of the strongest crew.

The remembrance of the next three days and nights haunts my memory still, at intervals, like the confused details of a ghastly dream. I had divided the men under my orders into two watches, as usual, but for myself there was no rest, since I had no officer who could share with me the responsibility of the arduous task which had been, so to speak, forced upon me. Always on deck, through darkness and daylight, through wind and rain, I

worked hard to save the ship and the lives of those committed to my charge. It was no slight labour. The foul weather—for on the skirts of the typhoon rough seas and strong gales were encountered—was not the only enemy with which it behoved us to do battle. Some sinking junk had come violently into collision with the American three-master, and we had scarcely lost sight of the mountain summits of Formosa before the carpenter reported an undue depth of water in the well, and that a dangerous leak, beyond his powers of plugging, had been sprung. We fought long and patiently to keep back this insidious foe; the clank of the chain-pumps was incessant, and even ladies lent their delicate hands to the toil, as worn-out men reeled away for a short repose; but more than once it seemed as though the water would win the victory, while all on board were spent and weary, and it was evident that an accident such as the snapping of a link or the choking of a pump would send the *Henry Clay* to the bottom of the sea. And all this time we staggered on under such sail as our improvised masts would bear, over a howling wilderness of waves.

Fine weather came at last; the wind and the sea abated, and after some trouble, I contrived to get a spare topsail lowered and secured across the leak, keeping out in great measure the influx of the green-blue water, so that a moderate amount of labour at the pumps sufficed to free us from immediate danger of sinking. I was able, too, for the first time, to take a solar observation, and after a brief calculation as to our whereabouts, I decided to bear up for Kiusu, the most southerly island of the Japanese group, which could not, as I judged, be above two hundred miles distant. Our troubles were not quite over, for a rickety jury-mast went by the board, carrying away with it two poor fellows who were aloft to reduce sail, and who were washed to leeward and drowned without the possibility of rescue. However, the prayers of those on board the *Henry Clay* were answered, and after another eight-and-forty hours of anxiety we sighted Kiusu, where Japanese pilots came off to guide us to our anchorage.

How vividly it comes back to me now, the scene of our arrival in the peaceful bay, the shores of which were studded with neat Japanese houses, overlooked by the peaks of blue inland mountains, several vessels of various flags lying at anchor, and a flotilla of boats containing sight-seers, native and foreign, among whom were Japanese ladies with fluttering fans and silken robes, hovering around the *Henry Clay*, whose battered state showed how narrow had been her escape from destruction. I remember, too, that some officers from a British steam-corvette at moorings in the harbour had come on board of us, and were shaking me by the hand, and congratulating me, pointed out to them as I had been by the passengers of the great ship, the ladies among whom, in their simple gratitude, insisted on speaking of me as their preserver. And then, on a sudden, my eyes appeared to grow dim, and all things swam before them, and the sound of friendly voices reached me only as a deep, indistinct hum, like that of bees, and I dropped down swooning on the deck. Fatigue and anxiety had been too much for me, and before nightfall I was tossing to and fro in the delirium of a fever.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself, weak and ill indeed, but in a fair way towards

recovery, in a cot which had been charitably assigned to me on board H.M.S. *Nautilus*. Kind nursing, a skilful surgeon, and a robust constitution soon enabled me to be on deck again; and when the corvette was ordered round to Nagasaki harbour, I was set on shore, thinner and paler than when I had left England, but well and fit for work. I found, however, with dismay, on presenting myself at the counting-house of Messrs Parker and Mills, that my post was now occupied by another.

'Very sorry, indeed, Mr. Harland,' said the senior partner, screwing up his parchment face into a grimace of what was meant for sympathy; 'but, you see, men of business cannot afford to indulge in sentiment. The vessel in which you were known to have left Ceylon having been reported as lost in the typhoon, with all hands, why, of course?'

In short, under the very natural belief that I, the accepted candidate, had perished in the wreck of the *Savoy Maid*, Messrs Parker and Mills had filled up the vacancy. After all, though I was not dead, I was wofully behind the stipulated time for my arrival in the merchants' office, and had no right to complain.

Of all the many foreign adventurers in that Japanese seaport, few, I suspect, carried with him a sadder or a heavier heart than I did, as I left the counting-house of those who were to have been my employers, and strolled listlessly down to the beach. What was I to do? The little cash I had would suffice to maintain me in idleness for a short time only; and then—not that I repined at the necessity—I must work for a living. A few weeks on shore, for the complete restoration of my health, I might allow myself, and then, no doubt, I should have to get afloat again as an officer on board some vessel in the coasting-trade. But, in resigning the bright hopes which had allured me to Nagasaki, I felt as though I were relinquishing all prospect of an early union and a happy home with Dora, and that was hard to bear. In no way of which I could think could I be likely to realise a speedy competence. Bread my former profession could afford me, but not, for many a weary year at anyrate, the means to marry. And Dora was too delicate to be fitted for a life of actual poverty. 'Almost better,' I muttered to myself, as, with downcast eyes and bowed head, I paced to and fro the Battery, where a Japanese sentry in a trim blue uniform was mounting guard over the bright brass cannon that peered through the embrasures.

'Almost better if I had gone down with Captain Harris and his crew in Hime Bay, as I was reckoned to have done. Disappointment such as this can sting more bitterly than mere physical pain has the power to do. By this time, for aught I know, the news of my death may have been telegraphed to Europe, and reached Dora. What a stab to her fond little heart the tidings will be, and although they are false, yet I am a ruined man; and not for long years, if ever, can I hope to—'

'Why, Harland, Harland! Haven't you heard it? No; I see by your face, poor old boy, that you have not. Never mind! Let me be the first to wish you joy!' called out a frank, cheery, English voice, as a young naval officer, with whom I had formed a sort of friendship while on board the corvette, came up panting and laughing, and took me by the hand. 'I've been looking for you high and low,' said the good-natured midshipman;

'and so, for that matter, have Gibson and Mildmay. It's not always that fortune stands so well by a fellow who so thoroughly deserves it.' I stared in dumb surprise at the speaker, whose words seemed, under the actual circumstances of my position, to be fraught with the most cruel irony.

'We set up a rattling cheer when we heard it,' continued young Egerton, fanning his heated forehead with his straw hat; 'and old Sir Henry looked mast-headings and close arrests at us, until some one whispered that you had been a shipmate of ours, and then the admiral was mollified. The oddest thing is that you were not present; though, perhaps—'

'But why, in the name of common-sense, should I have been there? Or how, do you suppose, could all this have had any interest for me?' interrupted I, staring at my blithe young friend.

'Well,' rejoined Egerton, looking, in his turn, surprised, 'you do take your good luck coolly, Harry. It isn't often, old man, that such a wind-fall comes in any fellow's way, and I'm afraid that I should not prove so philosophically indifferent, in your place, to the good things in store for me. As it is—'

I looked at the lad with a sort of dull, puzzled wonder. He and his shipmates were, I felt assured, by far too generous-hearted to make a jest of my misfortune in losing my appointment. And yet, what a satire on my baffled hopes was this pretence of treating me as one of fortune's especial favourites! Then it occurred to me that the whole conversation must be based on some error or false assumption, perhaps owing to a similarity of name. 'Some mistake!' I faltered out, with a sickly smile.

'Not a bit of it!' said the midshipman, decidedly. 'The American commodore on the station quite concurred in the award, and the agents of the owners of the *Henry Clay* admitted it without grumbling. Why, Harland, any one would say that you were utterly unwary of your own claim, for salvage-money, on the ship you saved, and the cargo of which was of enormous value. Seven thousand pounds, I own, make up a tidy sum, but not a dollar too much, considering how near freight and ship were to Davy's locker, but for—'

I think he said more, but his voice sounded in my ears but indistinctly, and my eyes grew dim, as I reeled on my feet, and should have fallen, but for Egerton's supporting arm. When I recovered from this momentary weakness, I rallied my wits, and was able to learn the truth. It was a fact, that in bringing the American vessel safe into port, I had never contemplated the idea of any pecuniary advantage to myself. My first care, on landing, had been to seek out Messrs Parker and Mills, and to their counting-house my first visit had been paid. It was indeed news to me that the Court of Admiralty, or rather the local tribunal of the naval station, had allotted to me the large sum quoted, as my just share of the salvage of the *Henry Clay*, smaller rewards being assigned to Jerry and the other sailors. Nor was this all, for the gratitude of the passengers for their preservation from peril had led them to subscribe a sum of no less than fifteen hundred pounds as a testimonial to myself for the service rendered; and this, though with some scruples, I was persuaded to accept.

That I returned home at once may well be con-

jected; but having, in the bustle of the moment, omitted to write or telegraph the tidings of my safety, I burst into Dr Davenport's quiet dwelling at Clevestead with somewhat of the startling effect of a melodramatic ghost, and poor little Dora fainted outright at the sight of me. My darling—she was looking thin and pale, but happiness soon brought back the rose to her cheeks, and the brightness to her eyes—forgave me the thoughtlessness which had caused her some weeks of curking care; and two months later, we were married with the consent of all concerned. The money, which was in due course made over to me by the owners of the *Henry Clay*, enabled me to set up in business as a thriving ship-owner; and since that time I have commanded a fine vessel of my own, and have made prosperous voyages, but none which has effaced the memory of my desperate struggle for life on board the American ship, *Henry Clay*.

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

On the 9th August 1873, the *Challenger* left Porto Praya. As it was desirable that the sections across the Atlantic should be parallel to each other, and as the next one was to be near the equator, it was necessary to reach a starting-point off the African coast to the southward, and, accordingly, a southeasterly course was shaped, parallel to the shore. The time was not lost in thus getting into position, as soundings were taken from day to day. On the 16th, the line parted after sounding at a depth of 2420 fathoms. On the 19th, the trawl was put over after sounding, and brought up a variety of animal forms, among which were nine large shrimps of a brilliant scarlet colour. The sea in this locality was extremely phosphorescent, and, there being no moon visible, its brilliancy was the more apparent, and fairly eclipsed the brightness of the stars. The unbroken part of the surface of the water appeared intensely black, like molten lead, whilst the crest of each wave was a line of clear, white light, and so luminous, that Professor Thomson was enabled to read the smallest print when sitting at the port of his cabin. The sails and rigging of the ship were thrown into distinct lights and shadows. The tow-net revealed pelagic animals in vast numbers, the majority of them being more or less phosphorescent.

On the 21st August the ship reached the position from which the third section across the Atlantic was to be made, and a course was shaped for St Paul rocks.

On the 23d, from a depth of 2500 fathoms, the trawl brought up some important additions to the natural history collection, three very curious fishes, one entirely without eyes, some bright red shrimps, star-fish, &c.; and on the 25th, some fishes, zoophytes, crabs, and prawns were the result of the haul. On the afternoon of the 27th, the delicate serrated outline of St Paul rocks was seen, and although the voyagers were perfectly aware of the exact dimensions of the group, the actual appearance was disappointing. The largest rock is only 60 feet out of the water, and is almost pure white, from being covered with a kind of varnish, composed of guano and sea-salt. On nearing the rocks, a boat was sent off, and a hawser having been

secured, after much trouble, the *Challenger* rode to it on the lee side of the rocks, the current running past with much force. The next day, the rocks were minutely examined, a labour not unattended with difficulty, and even danger, as the swell setting round and over the points, produced a confused sea, in which it was most difficult to land. The inhabitants consisted of only two feathered families, the *Booby* and the *Noddy*, but they were a most prolific race, for they were in myriads, and so tame that they were captured by the hand with ease. The only other animals found were a small scorpion, and a few crabs and spiders.

On the 29th, after a stay at the rocks of longer duration than any vessel had ever before made, sail was made for Fernando Noronha, which was reached on 1st September. Soundings on August 30th and 31st, and September 1st, shewed a depth of 2200 to 2475 feet, with a bottom of globigerina ooze.

It was Captain Nares's intention to make a stay of a few days at Fernando Noronha, as but little is known of its fauna, and, on the arrival of the ship, all seemed to promise a rich harvest to the naturalists. The governor blandly gave his permission for an examination of the island, when Captain Nares called on him; and extensive preparations were made for an onslaught on the animal and vegetable products of the land, and the sea that surrounded it. Whether, however, these extensive preparations frightened the governor, not being himself a scientific man, or whether that functionary suddenly became alive to his own importance, is not known, but he sent word recalling the permission he had given, and forbidding the capture, even of a butterfly. Captain Nares respectfully expostulated with him, but in vain, and as there was no object to be gained by the delay, the expedition left. Fernando Noronha is the penal settlement of Brazil, about fourteen hundred convicts being confined there; but beyond the seaboard of the island being the limit of the prison, there did not appear to be much confinement, the convicts living in detached huts, and cultivating their own little gardens. About two hundred soldiers compose the guard, and are in reality greater prisoners than those they look after; indeed, it was difficult to realise that the island was a prison, and the population felons. Some dredging was effected from the 3d to the 14th, but with no very great success. The bottom between Fernando Noronha and the Brazil coast was found to be very uneven. The deepest water obtained was 2275 fathoms, with the usual globigerina ooze.

The *Challenger* arrived at Bahia on the 14th September, and the officers were soon in great enjoyment of one of the most enjoyable spots of earth. This pleasant period, however, was of brief duration, as a case of yellow fever occurring amongst the crew, it was deemed advisable to proceed at once to sea, and get south to a temperate climate. The expedition accordingly left on the 25th, steering towards the Abrolhos shoals. Sounding was not recommenced until the 30th September.

On the 3d October, after sounding, the trawl was put over, and in heaving it in, the strain was found to be considerably greater than usual, and the idea that some great discovery was about to be made, occasioned much excitement, and numerous conjectures as to the nature of the coming prize. Unfortunately, however, just as the trawl had

reached the surface of the water, and was about to be secured, a swivel broke, and the rich prize, of whatever nature it may have been, soon resumed its position at the bottom of the ocean! On the 11th, a fine haul was made with the trawl, comprising fishes, prawns, corals, star-fishes, &c., greatly to the delight of the naturalists, and afforded some consolation for the loss they had sustained on the 3d.

On the morning of the 14th, the island of Tristan da Cunha was sighted, in $37^{\circ} 6' S.$ lat., and $12^{\circ} 18' W.$ long., and the next morning the *Challenger* anchored off the settlement of New Edinburgh, so named in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh, who visited the island in the *Galatea*. The group consists of three islands—namely, Tristan da Cunha, Inaccessible, and Nightingale Island. Upon the first of these is the settlement, consisting of a dozen neatly built houses, thatched with long grass, and containing eighty-six inhabitants. The property of the settlers in cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry is considerable. These they sell or barter with passing ships; and by those who purchase from them they are found to be keen hands at a bargain, notwithstanding their isolation from the world. The community hold socialistic principles, but they tacitly admit as their head the oldest inhabitant, Peter Green, who married the daughter of the first chief, Corporal Glass. He holds more the position of father of the colony than governor, and officiates as spokesman and salesman; his opinion also is much deferred to.

The coarse but nutritious tussock-grass affords good pasturage for the cattle and sheep, and the potato is successfully cultivated, as also are cabbages, radishes, &c.; but the inhabitants are entirely dependent on passing vessels for bread-stuffs, as corn will not withstand the force of the heavy gales.

Information was received here that two Germans were on Inaccessible Island, where they had landed nearly two years before, and as they had not been visited from the settlement for a long time, it was doubtful whether they were yet alive. This information determined Captain Nares to visit the island; and on reaching it, the two men were seen, by the aid of the telescope, standing on the bench near their hut. They were overjoyed at being released from their imprisonment, and gladly accepted Captain Nares's offer to convey them from the island. Their story was a very romantic one, but as it has already been told in these pages (Sept. 5, 1874), we need only say that these two Crusoes, as they have been called, were happily relieved by the *Challenger* from their exile, and taken to the Cape of Good Hope.

From Inaccessible Island the *Challenger* went to the other island of the group, Nightingale Island, so named after a Dutch navigator who landed on it. At this island, the ascent to the higher ground is gradual on all sides. The tussock-grass is from six to nine feet high, amongst which penguins were literally in myriads. Progress in every direction was not only impeded by these animals, but almost barred, for they fiercely attacked the legs of the intruders, and their beaks being short and strong, it required a good thick boot to protect the wearer from injury. The smell in this penguinery is described as abominable, and in addition to this, the cry of the birds when disturbed

—something between that of a pig being killed and a kid that has lost its dam—was deafening, driving ardent and enthusiastic naturalists to rocks out of their reach.

The position of the island being fixed by the officers of the *Challenger*, sail was next made for the Cape of Good Hope. The weather prevented soundings being taken as frequently as was desired, but those obtained seemed to shew that a deeper channel existed on the east side of the Atlantic than on the west; but from the depths obtained at distances so widely apart, it would not be prudent to assert that such is positively the case, without intermediate observations. The *Challenger* reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th October.

The two most important physical results of the *Challenger*'s explorations in the Atlantic Ocean relate to the contour of the bed of the ocean, and the general circulation of the deep waters. If the reader had beside him the tabulated results of the soundings of the *Challenger*, and were to mark upon a map or globe the positions by latitude and longitude, with the various depths given, and were then to draw with a pencil the contours for each five hundred fathoms from one line of soundings to another, he would find that the deepest hollow, or where the depth exceeds two thousand five hundred fathoms in the North Atlantic, commences near the coast of the United States and Bahama Islands, and then passes towards the African coast between the Canary Islands and Cape Verde Islands. With the assistance of soundings as obtained, two diverging gullies would be found running to the north, and two to the south; and it would also be observed, if the nature of the bottom were marked against each sounding, that wherever the depth reaches about 2250 fathoms, its character gradually changes from the usual gray-coloured globigerina ooze to reddish, and finally, in the deepest water, to red-brown mud or clay. (This mud is of so fine a nature, that when disturbed, it remained several days in suspension, giving the water much the appearance of chocolate.) These remarkable alterations in the nature of the bottom were duly observed and noted; and by a careful series of observations of the progressive change from globigerina ooze, it was found that the shells of the globigerina gradually lost their sharpness, and assumed a kind of rotten look and a brownish colour, this rotten appearance increasing until the lime of the shells disappeared, leaving the impalpable powder described. This discovery has a very important bearing on geological science.

One of the primary objects of the expedition was the ascertainment of the temperature of the ocean at various depths, and this, as we have already partially shewn, has been carried out with remarkable care and minuteness of observation, adding greatly to our knowledge of the great system of ocean circulation. The manner in which the results have been obtained is not easily described without the aid of diagrams. Suffice it to say, that beyond all doubt it is proved that the cold water, which is recorded as being in temperature but little above the freezing-point, is derived from a polar source, as was demonstrated by Dr Carpenter from the observations obtained in the *Porcupine*; that, as the water is shallower between the deep water of the North Atlantic and the North Polar basin, the bottom water north of the equator is

derived from an antarctic source, and not arctic; and also that at the equator, notwithstanding the great increase in the heat of the surface-water, the temperature decreases more rapidly with the depth than outside the tropics; thus, with a surface temperature of 78°, at a depth of 60 fathoms the temperature is 61·5°, the same as at Madeira at the same depth; and at the depth of 150 fathoms at the equator, the temperature is similar to that at the same depth in the Bay of Biscay.

After the ship was thoroughly refitted and prepared for the stormy weather she was likely to encounter in the southern seas, the expedition left Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on the 17th December, and commenced sounding operations at once.

Some examination of the Agulhas current was made, but the stormy weather and heavy sea prevented as many observations being made as were wished, and, as time was an object, further investigation was given up, and the ship made the best of her way, with the usual strong westerly winds, towards Prince Edward Island. On Christmas-eve, the weather was thick and misty; but on the afternoon of Christmas day, the mist cleared, and Marion Island was seen, and soon after Prince Edward Island, the peaks of both being shrouded in clouds.

On the following day they stood in for the north side of Marion Island, running along about two miles distant from the shore, looking for a spot where a landing could be effected. This was found on the lee side. The island appeared rough and inhospitable in the extreme, formed apparently of flat terraces of black volcanic rock rising to a height of 4200 feet, the summit being a succession of rugged nipples, with one roof-shaped peak very slightly elevated above the rest.

The landing was rather hazardous, but it was effected without accident. When *terra firma* was reached, a scene of wild desolation, such as is seldom met with, was spread around, the huge blocks of black stone washed here and there by the force of the sea, giving the idea of cyclopean buildings in ruins. It happened to be the breeding season of the albatross, and vast numbers of these beautiful birds were scattered over the land, having the appearance at a little distance of a flock of sheep grazing. Their nests, which consist of circular mounds of mud and grass about eight inches high, and a foot in diameter, suggest the idea of miniature round forts, the tops being slightly concave; on these the birds, after laying a single egg, take their position. They were very tame, and took but little notice of the intruders, so that many fine specimens, both of the birds and their eggs, were captured.

Three kinds of penguin were found here—one being the king penguin. It is a curious fact that the female of the king penguin makes no regular nest to hatch her young; but, on being disturbed when sitting, carries the egg between its legs in a fold of the skin, and again sits where she stops. This bird is closely followed by the sheath-bill, for the sake of the egg, which becomes its prize if the mother bird leaves it for a moment unguarded.

Some observations having been made for fixing the position of the island, all embarked in safety. It was intended to land on Prince Edward Island the following morning, but a strong breeze springing up compelled the ship to keep from the land; they, however, obtained some excellent hauls with the dredge, and in the evening bore away for the

Crozet Islands. Here the state of the weather and the heavy sea running prevented any attempt at landing; but one curious phenomenon was observed, which has had much to do with the partially successful observations of the transit of Venus, since made at Kerguelen Land. On approaching Possession Island, the sun was shining continuously on its south-east part, and the ship passed suddenly out of the fog into clear weather, with scarcely a cloud to be seen, the fog left behind looking like a wall, and the peaks of East Island, to leeward, being seen above a dense band of white fog. It was thus proved that the lofty hills of Possession Island had the power of dispersing the fog as it passed, so that whilst the weather side of the island was enshrouded in mist, the lee side was free from it. It was also observed that no albatross' nests were on the misty side, but that the clear part was thickly covered with them.

No seal-fishing is now pursued at the Crozets, and it is much to be feared that the indiscriminate slaughter of these animals will lead, if it has not already led, to their extermination. It having been found impossible to effect a landing, the *Challenger* bore away for Kerguelen Land, and anchored in Christmas Harbour on the morning of January 7, 1874.

Kerguelen Land, sometimes better known as the 'Desolation Island' of Captain Cook, is about ninety miles long, and half that distance in breadth, but the coasts approach so near to each other in some places, that the isthmuses which separate them are termed 'haulovers' by the sealers, from the facility afforded in getting from one coast to the other by hauling their boats over.

As the object of the visit of the expedition to Kerguelen Island was partly to ascertain the best locality for observing the transit of Venus, the ship did not remain in Christmas Harbour, but proceeded the next day to Accessible Bay, and came to in the snug anchorage of Betsy Cove, or, as it is generally called by seal and whale hunters, 'Pot Harbour,' from the fact of its being a place of general resort to render the blubber into oil. The *Challenger* remained a week at Betsy Cove, and, during her stay, a survey of the anchorage ground was made. Several large sea-elephants were also secured, dissected, and headed up in casks to be sent to England. Three or four schooners are engaged here and at Heard in sealing and whaling, one of which surprised the voyagers of the *Challenger* by its arrival at Betsy Cove. A bark annually calls from the United States to collect the proceeds of the fishing.

From Betsy Cove, the *Challenger* proceeded to Royal Sound, and anchored in Three Island Harbour, a beautifully secluded spot, with magnificent wild scenery. As much surveying was done as the weather would admit, whilst the naturalists were dredging, botanising, and collecting. At Royal Sound, it was determined to fix the stations for observing the transit of Venus; and not only did the English expedition for that purpose take up its position on its shores, but that also of America was established in another part of the sound.

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THE PROTECTION OF WILD BIRDS.

SOME time during the session of 1872, a measure was passed quietly through parliament, which has not received the attention it deserves, especially from those—and we hope their name is legion—who take an interest in our native wild birds. The bill is entitled, 'An Act for the Protection of certain Wild Birds during the Breeding Season,' and is technically known as 35 and 36 Vict. chap. 78, and is no doubt intended as a very natural supplement to one passed in a previous session, of a similar kind. This was entitled, 'An Act for the Preservation of Sea Birds,' June 24, 1869, and states: 'Whereas the sea birds of the United Kingdom have of late years greatly decreased in number; it is expedient, therefore, to provide for their protection during the breeding season'—'Be it enacted, that the words "Sea Birds" shall, for all the purposes of this Act, be deemed to include the different species of auk, bonxie, Cornish chough, coulteneb, diver, eider-duck, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, kittiwake, loon, marrot, merganser, murre, oyster-catcher, petrel, puffin, razorbill, scout, smew, solan goose, tarroek, tern tystey, and willock.' Any person convicted of taking, wounding, or killing any of the birds named, between the 1st of April and the 1st of August in any year, shall pay a sum of money not exceeding one pound, 'provided always' (a proviso intended doubtless for the protection of those who make a livelihood by rock-fowling upon the precipitous ledges of St Kilda, Bass, &c.) 'that this section shall not apply where the said sea bird is a young one unable to fly.'

The Act we are now considering, passed in 1872, for the protection of another class of birds, is full of the strangest inconsistencies. The proverbial coach-and-four which is said to be drivable through almost any act of parliament, may easily be run through this one, without much skill on the part of the driver. When we consider many of the names included in the favoured catalogue, and the large number of familiar friends left out, we confess ourselves unable to reconcile the act with

a measure of impartial justice to all, or nearly all, our feathered friends. The Act is a very short one, and states briefly: 'Whereas it is expedient to provide for the protection of certain wild birds during the breeding season, from the 15th March to the 1st of August every year: any person who shall knowingly or with intent, kill, wound, or take, or expose, or offer for sale any of the wild birds enumerated in the schedule, shall, on conviction before a magistrate for a first offence, be reprimanded and discharged, on payment of costs and summons, and for every subsequent offence such sum of money as, including costs, shall not exceed five shillings.' It also declares that the words 'wild birds shall for all its purposes be deemed to include the birds specified in the schedule;' and the schedule list, which is a curiosity in its way, is as under.* This list contains seventy-nine names; but as some fortunate individuals are named two or three times, the same bird having various local names, as the curlew, with its Border cognomen whaup—the lapwing again as pewit—the stone-curlew as thicknee—both coming in again under the family designation plover, the actual number of birds protected is considerably reduced. All that noble order, Raptors, or birds of prey,

* Avocet, Bittern, Blackcap, Chiffchaff, Coot, Creeper, Crossbill, Cuckoo, Curlew, Dotterel, Dunbird, Dunlin, Flycatcher, Godwit, Golden-crested Wren, Goldfinch, Greenshank, Hawfinch or Grosbeak, Hedgeparrow, Kingfisher, Landrail, Lapwing, Mallard, Martin, Moor (or Water) Hen, Nightingale, Nightjar, Nut-hatch, Owl, Oxbird, Pewit, Phalarope, Pipit, Plover, Ploverspage, Pochard, Purre, Quail, Redpoll, Redshank, Redstart, Robin Redbreast, Ruff and Reeve, Sanderling, Sand Grouse, Sandpiper, Sea-lark, Shoveller, Siskin, Snipe, Spoonbill, Stint, Stone-curlew, Stonechat, Stonehatch, Summer Snipe, Swallow, Swan, Swift, Teal, Thicknee, Titmouse (long-tailed), Titmouse (bearded), Wagtail, Warbler (Dartford), Warbler (Reed), Warbler (Sedge), Whaup, Wheatear, Whinechat, Whimbrell, Widgeon, Woodcock, Wild Duck, Woodlark, Woodpecker, Woodwren, Wren, Wryneck.

with one judicious exception, are rigidly excluded from all participation in the benefits of the law, which gives it the appearance of having been passed to aid indirectly the preservation of our game birds, such as the partridge, grouse, and pheasant. The exception referred to is that useful but too often unappreciated, owl, whose protection, during part of the year, may do something to counteract that strange obliquity of vision, which so often possesses the agricultural mind with a burning desire to convert an active *living* benefactor into a *dead* glass-cased ornament of the parlour mantel-piece. The magpie and that handsome but somewhat noisy bird the jay, receive no quarter in the bill; but are they not strongly suspected of a sneaking predilection for poached eggs? The phalarope, a comparatively rare bird, that is usually reckoned to visit our shores only in winter (when the Act is not in force), figures amongst the favoured few, as do also the teal, the widgeon, and the wild duck; but a wild-goose chase may be started any time all the year round. Any one who can manage to get within shooting distance of the stately flying heron, may stop his majestic flight, and hush his screeching voice without restriction; but the 'bittern's quavering trump on high,' as Hogg puts it, can be sounded during close-time with impunity. The common dipper or water-ousel, that the loiterer by any unfrequented stream may see darting rapidly past—the white breast glancing like a sheen of light—or diving under the water in search of water-beetles, caddis-worms, and other insects, is denied protection, probably because he is thought to have a partiality for the ova of trout and salmon; whilst the kingfisher, that lives almost exclusively on fish, receives the benefit of law. If the kingfisher is as delicate in his taste as he is brilliant in colour, he will, no doubt, like a sensible fellow, help himself occasionally to a dainty bit of young salmon, seeing that the law allows his by no means little bill a free run for four months every year, without fear of being taken up by the keeper and brought before the squire.

The nearest relatives of the water-ousel, the thrushes, are all left out in the cold by this so-called protector of wild birds. This is not a matter of much consequence, so far as some of the family are concerned, such as the fieldfare and the redwing, that only visit us in winter, and leave us again early in the year for breeding purposes; but that the missel-thrush, or storm-cock as he is sometimes called, that splendid soprano the song-thrush, and the blackbird with his rich contralto, should be excluded from the list, is a mystery which is perhaps intelligible only to gardeners. Independent of their musical throats, the invaluable services these pretty songsters render to man in spring and early summer, by ridding his fields and gardens of innumerable snails, grubs, caterpillars, and other voracious devourers of vegetation, ought surely to condone their offences in the garden when the fruit is ripe and tempting. The Ettrick Shepherd, in one of his most musical songs, warbles:

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he loves to see;
And up upon the tapmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!

which is no doubt true as well as poetic; but his

happiness would certainly not be increased if he knew that his mate and her dusky brood were denied that shelter of the law enjoyed by the fussy little wren with her crowded but beautifully constructed dwelling in the adjoining thicket, whose family make up in number what they lack in size.

The large tribe of finches receive scant recognition in the Act; though why the hawfinch, with a well-known appetite for peas, should have a legal standing denied to the sweet singing linnet, the sprightly bullfinch, and that dapper little dandy the chaffinch, with his bold defiant strain, one cannot understand. The buntings are all unrecognised; even that bright fitting ornament, the plaintive-dittied yellow-hammer, who in summer-time sings from the hedgerow for

A little bit of bread, but no-o-o cheese,

as are also some of our finest warblers, like the lively and melodious white-throat. That indefatigable worker, the starling, whose incessant industry in supplying the craving appetites of his hungry brood with slugs, caterpillars, worms, and the larvae of many destructive insects, ought to place him in the British farmer's list of valued friends, is left to defend himself, his mate, and progeny, as best he may.

Of the many varieties of our native titmice, only two, the long-tailed and the bearded, are admitted into the charmed circle of the law. The great tit, the crested, the cole, the marsh, and that amusing little mountebank, the blue titmouse, whose special vanity is a bit of suet, are all subject to an exclusive distinction, as invidious as it is unaccountable. Writing of the diminutive blue titmouse, the Rev. J. G. Wood says: 'Being almost exclusively an insect-eating bird, and a most voracious little creature, it renders invaluable service to the agriculturist and the gardener, by discovering and destroying the insects which crowd upon trees and plants in the early days of spring, and which, if not removed, would effectually injure a very large proportion of the fruit and produce. In the course of a single day, a pair of blue titmice were seen to visit their nest four hundred and seventy-five times, never bringing less than one large caterpillar, and generally two or three small ones. These birds, therefore, destroyed on the average upwards of five hundred caterpillars daily; being a minimum of fifteen thousand during the few weeks employed in rearing their young.'

Perhaps one of the most singular anomalies of the Act is found in the fact that, though the comparatively obscure sea-lark, the not very common woodlark, and the merry little titlark—under the name of pipit—are all protected during incubation, that universal favourite, the skylark, is left to the tender mercies of any wandering vagabond! The skylark, who is not only an exquisite singer in himself, but the cause of song in others—some of the finest lyrics in our language owing to him their theme and inspiration—is denied the grace accorded to the grating corn-crake (landrail). Nineteenth-century legislative wisdom has practically outlaid the

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky,
of Wordsworth; the

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,

of the Ettrick Shepherd; and the 'blithe spirit' invoked by Shelley to

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,

The world would listen *then*, as I am listening now.

Poor skylark! thy opportunities of discoursing eloquent music seem to be growing gradually less. What with the increasing demands of the half-sated epicure, and the rapid advance of that typical implement of modern agriculture, the mowing-machine—a veritable car of Juggernaut to the inhabitants of our meadows—thy chances of life become daily less and less.

Many of our feathered favourites omitted from this capricious catalogue have no doubt been left out under the impression that they were neither the friends of the farmer nor the gardener; but the example of some of our continental neighbours ought to warn us that a system of bird-repression is almost sure to be followed by a policy of preservation, the ravages of teeming insects being far worse than any committed by their natural destroyers. As the 'Old Norfolk Farmer,' in his valuable work on *Agriculture, Ancient and Modern*, wisely remarks: 'What would not the farmers of Australia and New Zealand give if our farmers could transport a whole colony of sparrows and other birds to those regions, where the insects exist in such multitudes as, in some seasons, to eat up everything eatable.' To this we answer—now that these birds have actually been acclimatised at the antipodes—their best thanks.

Finally, the Old Farmer sums up his long experience in words we heartily commend to the earnest regard of every one interested in the subject, by saying: 'We have long come to the conclusion, that the small birds do more *good* than *harm*, if attention is paid to them at those seasons of the year when the seed-corn is exposed, or the crops are ripening. An active lad on each side of a field, and a few scarecrows in the middle, will do much to abate the mischief, especially if seconded by a gentle s'ot occasionally from the farmer himself.'

In corroboration of the eminent authority just quoted, the writer has a letter from a Cumberland farmer who has long made the habits of our native wild birds the subject of careful and intelligent observation. He bears emphatic testimony to the preponderance of good over evil done by them to the farm generally, though he admits the ill they do at certain seasons is very trying to the bucolic temper. The rook is a sad sinner in this respect, destroying in a few hours the result of many days of the husbandman's patient labour in the turnip and potato field. Yet he more than compensates for any injury he does by his systematic destruction of that terrible scourge, the wireworm. Our Cumberland friend, carefully observing the ever-varying operations of nature, and thereby giving an additional zest to his daily farm occupations, makes even the wood-pigeon not so bad as it is usually supposed to be. Of two wood-pigeons shot in a barley-stubble field, he says: 'Seeing their greatly distended crops, I had the curiosity to count the grains of barley they contained, and found in the first, eight hundred and twenty grains, and in the second, nine hundred and fifty-six grains, of a very fair sample.' As a set-off, however, to this excessive gluttony 'all among the

barley,' he continues: 'In many of their crops I have found the seeds of various kinds of weeds that are very injurious to the growing corn. Of these seeds, there is not the least doubt but that they pick up a large quantity, and, by so doing, do a deal of good. I can safely say, that any ill we suffer from wood-pigeons on this farm is not worth mentioning; but I have no doubt it may be different where there are large woods.'

Surely one of the most palpable oversights in this unequal piece of humane legislation is the fact, that though certain birds are protected during incubation, no provision is made for the preservation of their eggs. Though by this omission the birds are only half-protected, the Act is no doubt well intentioned, and in the right direction; and if the word *certain* were struck out, and the schedule list itself withdrawn, it might then be made to include all wild birds, with clauses empowering farmers, gardeners, and others to protect their crops and fruit, at critical periods, from the ravages of those birds that appear at certain seasons to show a destructive disposition. Dame Nature would then maintain her own proper balance of bird and insect life.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ON PAROLE.

THE apprehensions of Walter respecting the future fate of himself and his companion were, happily for the latter, by no means shared by Mr Brown. Even when made to understand that there would be some difficulty in getting the ransom into the hands of Cornali, he could not conceive but that he would be willing to wait for days, and even weeks, for a sum that must needs appear to him indeed 'beyond the dreams of avarice,' and which he himself had been occupied for twenty years in amassing. He was not, it is true, so incredulous regarding the audacity of brigand behaviour, as during the first twelve hours of his capture; but he did not believe that they would proceed to such extremities as those at which the brigand chief was wont to hint. When, as often happened, the camp was short of food, under which circumstances the prisoners' fare was neither better nor worse than their captors', the merchant was more depressed than in the days of plenty; but otherwise, and provided the night's march had been of moderate length—for they always migrated to some new spot as soon as the moon rose—he was cheerful, and generally inclined for talk with Walter. They had been now a week up in the mountains, without any news from Palermo, and during that period, besides repeating those favourite fragments of his autobiography respecting his early struggles with which his companion was already acquainted, he had become unexpectedly communicative with him concerning his domestic affairs. It was easy to see that Sir Reginald Selwyn, Baronet of the United Kingdom, was no longer an object of admiration with his father-in-law, and his antipathy towards him obviously increased with every day's delay in the arrival of the ransom. A man of business would have got the thing managed within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the authorisation, he would say; and a man of courage and action, such as Sir Reginald had the reputation of being, would have seen that the troops had made short work of the brigands, and procured their release

that way; but as it was, nothing was done, and there might just as well be no Sir Reginald in existence. Of course, it would have been easy for Walter to have inflamed the old merchant's mind against his relative still more, by merely relating the truth about him, but he did all he could to discourage the topic; yet he could not help learning some particulars of the voyage from England in the *Sylphide*, which certainly shewed the ex-dragon in no favourable light. In that limited sphere of existence, and always under the eye of his companions, Sir Reginald had not been quite so successful as at Willowbank in concealing his true character. His harshness to Lotty, which her sister's eyes had long detected, had become visible to her father's also, who had not hesitated to express his opinion on the subject; the baronet, too, in a moment of ungovernable ill-temper, had expressed his own, which was to the effect, that persons in business had better stick to their business, for which they alone were fitted, and not interfere with officers and gentlemen in matters of behaviour, of which they were not qualified to judge. There had been, in fact, what Mr John Pelter would have designated as 'a rough-and-tumble' between the old merchant and his son-in-law, and though the quarrel had been patched up, the sticking-plaster had evidently been inefficient.

'I am not a man to be blinded by the glitter of a title, Mr Litton,' said Mr Christopher Brown, 'and you will remember how, from the very first, I opposed myself to poor Lotty's marriage with this gentleman. It would have been better for my own peace of mind, if I had been less soft-hearted, and refused to countenance it at all. It was wrong in me, as a matter of principle, in my position as a father whose wishes had been placed at defiance. The money that that fellow has had out of me in one way or another, added he, with an irritation that took his would-be dignity off its legs, 'would astonish you, Mr Litton; and my impression is, that that money has been thrown away.'

So frankly, indeed, did Mr Brown converse about his domestic relations and private affairs, that Walter, feeling it was only to the circumstances of their position that he owed this confidence, and that in case the merchant should regain his liberty he would repent of his candour, was quite embarrassed, and did all he could to turn the conversation into another channel. He questioned him about the time he had spent at Palermo—and, strangely enough, Mr Brown never reciprocated this curiosity; either his egotism forbade him to inquire what had brought Walter to Sicily, or, having some suspicion of the cause, he refrained from alluding to it. Concerning the circumstances of his capture, however, the merchant conversed readily enough. He was always, indeed, eager for talk—perhaps because it prevented him from indulging in melancholy reflections, or apprehensions which were more serious than he cared to own. The seizure of the *Sylphide* had happened almost as much by accident as design, or rather luck had befriended the brigands to an extraordinary degree. Had even the light wind held with which the yacht had sailed from Palermo, its owner would have escaped their hands; but they had speculated upon the very thing that had taken place, and been successful. Unwilling to lose so great a prize as the person of the English milord, the hope of which had animated them for

weeks, they had followed the course of his vessel, which was of necessity along the coast and close in shore; and, under cover of the night, embarking in a small fishing-boat, had boarded her in sufficient numbers to make resistance from unarmed men, taken unawares, without avail. The steersman, who was the only one on deck at the time of the seizure, had indeed tried to give the alarm, for which he had paid the penalty with his life's blood—the traces of which Walter and Francisco had discovered; but the rest of the crew had been overpowered without a struggle, and, since it was by no means Corrali's policy to encumber himself with useless prisoners, had been set upon the road to Messina, from which far-away town no danger could be apprehended from the troops for many days. Lest any of these sailors should make their way back to Palermo, the road, as we have seen, had been strictly guarded, though that, of course, did not prevent Francisco's return to that city, upon whose report, no doubt, the soldiers had been sent out by the governor.

It was to the well-meant efforts of these emissaries of justice that the inconveniences of Mr Brown and Walter were now owing, and to which it seemed only too likely that their lives would in the end be sacrificed. It was positively certain that Corrali would never permit his prestige to suffer by allowing them to be rescued alive out of his power; and, on the other hand, the cordon was drawn so strictly all around them, that it was most improbable that those in charge of the ransom would be able to break through, and reach their over-shifting camp. It was not even certain—for they had had no news from the city since Lillian had been sent back—that the ransom was on its way. Poor Mr Brown had now become as eager to pay it as he had previously been disinclined to do so; but the professional philosophy that caused him to regard it as a bad debt, had given way to more serious considerations. He had got to understand that it was very literally the price of his blood. Fatigue and privations had not only shaken his determination, but long experience of his lawless masters had somewhat opened his eyes to their true character, and to the perils of his own position. He perceived that his throat was likely to be cut at any moment before he could cry 'Police!' and that it would be of no use to cry it, even if he should have time; but he did not understand yet that matters might take such a turn that he might be even glad to be put out of life by that summary process. Walter, however, from scraps of talk that he picked up from members of the band, was well aware that some terrible steps were in contemplation, in case the three hundred thousand ducats were not presently forthcoming. For one thing, both he and his companion had been carefully searched, and a penknife, which had been found upon Mr Brown, had been taken from him—in order, no doubt, to prevent his anticipating their cruel treatment, by putting an end to his own existence. The old merchant affected to attribute this to mere malevolence, and bewailed the loss of the little instrument, because of its business associations—he had had it, he said, for twenty years, and had never mended a pen with any other blade; but it was doubtful whether he himself had not some inkling of the fate in preparation for him. As to Corrali, he maintained a gloomy reserve, never addressing himself to his captives, as heretofore, but

regarding them with a significant scowl, whenever his frowning eyes chanced to fall upon them. They were more strictly guarded, too, than ever, nor were they permitted, as before, to be together, but were located at opposite ends of the camp. It seemed to Walter that he had heard of some such arrangement being made with respect to animals which were destined for the butcher's knife. In their case, it was not the way to fatten them, for, deprived of his companion, the poor merchant began to lose health, and flesh, and spirits; nor did his appetite, which he had possessed at first in such vigour, remain to him. It must be confessed that there was not much to tempt it. The cordon drawn by the soldiers grew every day more strict, and made the task of provisioning the brigands very difficult to the wretched peasants who undertook it at the twofold risk of their lives. They were shot by the military, if detected in aiding or abetting the bandits; and they were certain to fall victims to the latter, when the troops should withdraw, in case they omitted to provide them with food. It sometimes happened that, for days together, no supplies could be brought up, and then some of the band would steal down the mountain, under cover of the night, and bring back what they could: hard cabbage and garlic plucked from some village garden, a piece of sour cheese, and as much black bread as they could carry. It was a feast-day when they came upon a herd of sheep and goats—when they got as much milk as they could drink, and ate the mutton almost raw—with such infinite precautions had the fire to be kindled for cooking it, and of such small dimensions was its flame. And all this time the captives had no change of linen, and only on very rare occasions were they permitted the use of water.

When they had been living for more than a fortnight under these wretched conditions, which, as Walter at least was well convinced, were not likely to be exchanged for better ones, an incident happened which for the moment filled all hearts with joy. A little after sunrise one morning, the brigand call was heard in the valley to westward—that is, in the direction of Palermo—and the whole camp was at once on the *qui vive*. Certain members of the band had been stationed in the neighbourhood of the city, to expedite the arrival of the ransom, and it was confidently expected that they had now arrived with their precious burden. Even Corralli's face expanded into a grim smile at the prospect of this happy result, and for the first time for days, he addressed a few words to Walter.

'It is very well both for you and for me,' said he, 'that I have been so long-suffering; but, to say the truth, my patience had almost reached the end of her tether.'

To Mr Brown he even now did not deign to speak, but regarded him with a grudging look, as a victim who had escaped his vengeance, and whom he regretted to see depart with a whole skin. As for the rest of the band, they had no such repinings; some evinced a childish delight by leaping and dancing, and others already began to gamble in anticipation of the gold that was presently to fill their pockets. In the meantime, Canelli had been sent down to see that all was right, and welcome the new-comers. Presently, he reappeared, making the signal of 'no danger'; but not that which had been agreed upon, to signify the arrival of the treasure. The captives were not aware of

the reason, but they saw that Corralli's face began to gloom, and a shadow had fallen on the general gaiety.

Following Canelli, were now seen two striplings, looking even younger than himself.

'They can surely never have intrusted so much money to boys like that,' observed Mr Brown, who had begun to feel uneasy.

'Alas!' said Walter, 'I fear there is no money.'

'Then Heaven help us,' sighed the merchant despairingly, 'for I believe that man will shed our blood.'

Walter did not answer; he had recognised Joanna and Lavocca in the two new-comers, and a gleam of hope shone into his heart. He felt confident that the former would help them if she could.

The two women came up the hill without raising their eyes from the ground, and Canelli, as he drew nigh, kept shaking his head. It was easy to see that they had brought neither ransom nor good news.

'What brings you here, Joanna,' inquired the brigand chief, in displeased tones, 'when I bade you stay in the cave until you heard from me?'

'A very ugly reason—the mere want of meat and drink, brother,' answered she, with an attempt at lightness in her tone. 'The villagers have brought us nothing for these three days, on account of the soldiers.'

Joanna's swarthy face was very pale, and her large eyes seemed to stand out from her sunken cheeks. Lavocca looked in even worse case, and when she had with difficulty reached the first tree that fringed their camp, she held on to it, as though her limbs needed support. It was evident that both of them were half-starved. Santoro was bounding forward to welcome his sweetheart, when the captain grasped his arm, and pushed him back. 'Look to your prisoner,' cried he gruffly; 'that is your first duty.—Corbaza, let the women have food.'

It was an order by no means easy to execute, yet some morsels of coarse bread were handed to them, and a few drops of wine in a tin cup.

When they had refreshed themselves, Corralli began to make a speech, to which every one listened with the utmost interest. His words were uttered with such haste and passion, that Walter could with difficulty catch his meaning; but he seemed to be narrating the history of the band during the last few weeks. Whenever he alluded to his prisoners, his tone increased in bitterness, and he pointed rapidly from one to the other, and then in the direction of Palermo. The words 'starvation,' 'loss,' and 'death' recurred again and again, and then he drew attention to the wasted forms and pale faces of the women. It was plain that he was crediting the unhappy captives with all the misfortunes that had befallen them since the soldiers had been called out. 'And this ransom,' continued he, speaking more slowly, and casting an inquiring look around the band—'this ransom, that was to pay us for all our trouble, and which we thought had just come to hand, where is it? Have we heard even if it exists, or if the bankers are willing to pay it? No; we have heard nothing.'

'Nothing—nothing!' echoed the brigands gloomily.

'For all we know, this old man here may have been aware from the first that the money would not be sent; there may have been something wrong—purposely wrong—in his letter of authorisation; he may have trusted all along to the chapter of accidents, to the chances of escape, or of his being rescued by the troops; and, in the meantime, he may have been making fools of us.'

A menacing murmur broke out at this, and many a face was turned with fury in the direction of the unhappy merchant, who, pale, and trembling with apprehensions of he knew not what, looked eagerly at Walter, as though he had not been as powerless as himself.

'At all events,' resumed the chief, after a judicious pause, 'it is my opinion that it would be idle to wait this gentleman's pleasure any longer. As it is, we have borne with him far more patiently than is customary with us, and folks are beginning to say: "This Corrali and his men are not what they were; the presence of the soldiers alarms them; captives have only to be obstinate enough, and they will carry their point against these stupid brigands."'

'Stupid!' repeated Corbara, playing with his knife, and glaring from Walter to Mr Brown, as though debating with himself upon which to commence his operations. 'We will let them know that we are not stupid.'

'It has always hitherto been our rule, that when a ransom is not settled within a reasonable time, the captive should pay it in another fashion,' proceeded Corrali, 'and in this case, when we have been driven from our camping-ground, shot at by the troops, into whose hands two of our men have fallen, and by whom one has been slain, is it right that we should make an exception? Shall we ever see Manfred again, or Duano, think you?'

'Never!' cried the brigands gloomily; 'they are as good as dead.'

'We have the absence, therefore, of three friends to avenge; one life, as it were, to count against us in any case. These two should, therefore, not be permitted to die slowly.'

'You are right, captain,' said Corbara, drawing his hand across his mouth, which always watered at the prospect of a wickedness. 'But there is no reason why we should not set about the matter at once.'

The two brigands to whose custody Mr Brown was confided here each laid a hand upon his wrist, and Santoro and Colletta drew a pace nearer to Walter. It was evident that the long-delayed hour of revenge had come at last.

'I would wish to say a word or two, brother,' said a soft clear voice, 'before a deed is done of which we may all repent ourselves.'

'You may say what you please, Joanna,' observed Corrali coldly; 'these men, however, are not your prisoners, but ours.'

'The English girl was mine, until you sent me word that she was to be set free,' answered Joanna coldly; 'and since you have taken her, I claim him yonder'—and she pointed to Walter—'as my captive in her place.'

A shout of disapprobation burst from all sides at this audacious demand.

'It seems to me that the signora has fallen in love with our young Englishman,' laughed Corbara coarsely.

Joanna's eyes flashed fire, and her cheek lost all

its paleness for an instant, as the words met her ear; but she answered nothing, only looked with passionate appeal towards her brother, as though she would have said: 'It is your place to cut that fellow's tongue out.'

'Indeed, Joanna,' answered he coldly, 'such a proposal as yours seems to me to excuse a man's saying almost anything. These Englishmen are the common property of us all, and though it is true the signora was given to yourself, yet she was set free with a view to benefit you. You would have had a fair share of the ransom, had it been obtained, but it has not been obtained, and it is no fault of ours that the retaliation we intend to take for its non-arrival will not afford you gratification.'

'Gratification!' echoed she, contemptuously. 'When these men are dead—to-morrow, or the next day, or even the day after—will the recollection of your cruelties be worth to you three hundred thousand ducats? That the money has not arrived, is not their fault, but yours. If you had sent some responsible person to manage the affair, instead of a dying woman, you would have all been rich men by this time. Why, for all you know, she may never have reached the city alive, much more in a condition to settle matters with the bankers. Ask Santoro there, who helped to take her down to the village, whether she looked more dead or alive.'

'The signora was very weak and ill, no doubt,' said Santoro, upon whom a pleading look from Lavocca had not been thrown away. 'It was my belief that she would not get over the journey.'

'And yet, you intrusted this important affair to such an envoy!' continued Joanna bitterly. 'One would think that three hundred thousand ducats was a sum as easily extracted as the ransom of a village mayor.'

'It is doubtless a large sum,' observed Corrali coldly; 'and since it has not been paid, the forfeit will be made proportionate.'

'Yes; but it would have been paid, had you gone the right way about it; and if you are not all mad, or thirsting for blood, like that brute Corbara yonder, you may have it yet.—Think, my friends, of what may be purchased for three hundred thousand ducats, and how much greater pleasure you will take in the spending of it than in what you now propose to do!'

'What you say is doubtless very true, Joanna,' replied Corrali in the same tone; 'but unless you have something else to propose to us than to have patience'—

'I have something else to propose,' interrupted she; 'I suggest that the error which you committed in sending a dying woman to negotiate so important an affair shall be repaired. Let another envoy be chosen, who will not let the grass grow under his feet. You talk of precedents, and surely this has often been done before. When a captive is taken with a servant, is it not our custom to send home the man to manage matters for his master's release? And though, it is true, this young Englishman here is no servant, he is of no more value to us in the way of ransom than if he were; while, on the other hand, he understands milord's affairs far better, being his friend.'

'It seems to me, captain, that there really is something in this,' observed Santoro, on whom the

masked battery of Lavocca's eyes had been playing incessantly during her mistress's speech.

'Something, yes,' laughed Corbora scornfully; 'and it is easy enough to see what it is, so far as the signora is concerned.'

Corralli looked carelessly about him, as though to invite others to express their opinions, if they were so pleased, and presently his eye fell on Canelli.

'Come, you are the youngest of us,' said he, 'and are not prejudiced in favour of brigand customs. How does it strike you, merely judging by common-sense, with respect to this proposition of my sister's?'

'Indeed, it seems to me,' returned the lad, with a glance of ill-favour towards Walter, 'that a bird in the hand is always worth two in the bush.'

'Or, rather, you should say, in this case, Canelli, that two birds in the hand are worth one in the bush,' observed the captain; a sally which evoked approbation, but no laughter, a sign that the brigands' humour was serious indeed. 'You see, my dear Joanna,' continued Corralli gravely, 'that the opinion of us all—or nearly all—is opposed to yours in the matter; and, for my part, I do not wonder at it. It is true that this gentleman'—here he pointed to Walter—'is poor; but we fixed his ransom at a certain insignificant sum—three thousand ducats, which has not been paid. His life, therefore, is forfeited, as much as milord's yonder. If we send him on this embassy, what guarantee should we have that we shall ever see him again? At present, we have his skin; but if he gets to Palermo, he will pay us neither in purse nor person.'

'That is clear as the sunshine,' observed Canelli approvingly; 'there will be but one prisoner left to us out of three, and not a single ducat.'

'That is so,' murmured a dozen voices. Even Santoro was obliged to acknowledge the merciless correctness of this arithmetic.

'You shall not lose the ducats,' answered Joanna steadily. 'In case the young man does not return on the appointed day, I will pay his ransom out of my own purse.'

'You must be mad, Joanna,' cried Corralli angrily.

'On the contrary, it is you that are mad, Rocco, who will risk nothing, when there is a prospect of gaining so much. I see plainly that, by this plan, we shall gain all we have looked for, and I am not blinded by passion, like some of you.'

'By Heaven, I am not sure of that!' muttered Corralli between his teeth.

'At all events, my friends, you will have the three thousand ducats to do what you please with,' said Joanna; 'and if one of you should win it all at baccara, he will have a fortune.'

'I like that idea, I confess,' observed Colletta, who had great luck at cards; 'besides, we should still have milord yonder to amuse us;' and he pointed to the unhappy merchant, who, having long given up the attempt to understand what was going on, had sat himself down cross-legged, more melancholy than any tailor in a 'sweater's' shop.

'In order that there may be no doubt about the matter, my friends,' said Joanna, 'you shall have the three thousand ducats at once—Santoro, yonder, knows where they are kept, and shall go with any one of you to fetch them this very moment.'

Eloquence and logic are both very well in their

way, but the conviction they carry with them is slight, when compared with the persuasive power of ready-money. The captain, indeed, was displeased, not so much that Walter should escape him, as because he felt that Joanna had made a fool of herself, on account of the young fellow, and that the three thousand ducats would be a dead 'loss to the family;' and Corbora was furious, since the cruelty, for which he had as morbid an appetite as an American Indian, must necessarily be delayed. But, with these exceptions, the whole band were now in favour of Joanna's plan.

Walter had listened to these proceedings with intense interest, but even when the moment had apparently arrived for his being put to the most cruel tortures, he had scarcely been more moved than when he heard the generous proposal of his late hostess. While it was in debate, he had uttered not a syllable, nor even by a look expressed the gratitude with which it had inspired him, lest he should do it prejudice; but now that matters had declared themselves in his favour, he addressed the brigand chief as follows: 'I am fully aware, Captain Corralli, of the great kindness which your sister has shewn me, and of the generosity of the offer she has made; it is impossible for me to over-rate the confidence she has reposed in me; but you may be certain of this, that it is not misplaced. If I am alive, I shall return to you on any reasonable date you may please to fix, either with my ransom or without it.'

'And with your friend the milord's ransom,' put in the captain quickly. 'It is on that account—and not upon your own, remember—that we give you permission to depart.'

Joanna was about to speak, but Corralli stopped her angrily: 'You have got your way, woman, and be content with it. The arrangement of the rest of the affair remains in my hands.—To-day is Tuesday. You will understand, then, at this hour, at eight o'clock in the morning'—and the captain again indulged himself in consulting one of his splendid watches—'you will present yourself on this very spot on Friday.'

'The time is very short,' pleaded Walter, 'since there may be much to be done.'

'Then we will say eight o'clock in the evening, which will give you twelve hours more. At eight o'clock next Friday evening, then, we shall know whether an Englishman can be trusted to keep his word or not. After that hour, we shall begin to send you little mementoes of your fellow-countryman yonder; first his ears, next his fingers, and then, one by one, his larger limbs, till he becomes a torso. If the word of an Englishman should fail, that of a Sicilian will not; I mean it, by Santa Rosalia! and the captain took a silver image of the local saint that hung about his neck, and kissed it fervently, as an honest witness does the Testament at the Old Bailey.

'O Walter, Walter, you are not going to leave me!' cried the old merchant woefully, perceiving that his friend was about to depart.

'I shall come back again, Mr Brown; I shall indeed.'

'No, no; you will never do that,' exclaimed the other despairingly; 'it is contrary to human nature.'

'I will, sir. So Heaven help me! as I am a Christian man, and a gentleman, I will return, either to set you free, or to die with you. There

is some hitch about the ransom, and I am going to Palermo to expedite matters. Don't fret, sir; all will be well yet, thanks to this generous lady.'

Poor Mr Brown's sagacity had by no means penetrated the disguises of Joanna and Lavocca; if he had done so, and had understood the nature of the obligation which the former had conferred upon him, he would doubtless have duly acknowledged it; as it was, he only looked wildly round in search of a female form. Walter, who had been permitted to cross the camp, to bid his friend farewell, explained to him, not without some embarrassment, how matters stood.

'But what has made the woman so civil to us?' inquired the merchant eagerly.

'She has a kind heart; it was she who sent the bread and mutton, when you were half-starved the other day.'

'But she has got pistols in her sash, and a long knife,' expostulated Mr Brown, 'and she wears'—

'Hush! yes; never mind. I must go now, for every minute is precious. Is it possible, think you, that anything should be added to the authorisation you sent by Lillian?'

'Nothing; it was quite in form. Still, I will write one line, if these wretches will give me pen and paper.'

Corralli produced the necessary implements, and the merchant wrote: 'Spare no expense, and trust implicitly the bearer; (signed) CHRISTOPHER BROWN.' 'Give my dear love to Lillian, and should I never see her again, nor you'—

'You will see me again this day week,' interrupted Walter hastily; he thought it base to take advantage of such an opportunity, though it was evident that the merchant had been about to couple his name with Lillian's. 'Good-bye, sir, for the present, and be of good courage.'

'Farewell, Walter, farewell; and God be with you!' answered the old man, with choking voice.

'Amen!' replied Walter solemnly.

Then the members of the band, with the exception of Corbara, who stood scowling apart, flocked round him to bid him good-bye; the same hands which had been itching to inflict death and torture upon him an hour ago, being now held forth to him with good-will, and even gaiety. Corralli alone was grave.

'You will not misunderstand your countryman's position here, because of all this,' said he, alluding to these manifestations of friendship.

'Neither his, nor my own,' answered Walter with dignity. 'I know there is no mercy to be expected for either of us, in case the ransom is not forthcoming.'

'And yet you will keep your word?'

'And yet I shall keep my word.'

The captain smiled incredulously as he held out his hand. 'Santoro here will be your guide to Palermo—and back again, if you ever do come back.'

Then Walter looked about him for Joanna, for whose ear he had reserved some heartfelt expressions of gratitude; but both she and Lavocca had disappeared. He was distressed at this, yet, at the same time, was conscious of a sense of intense relief. He felt that Corbara had been right in imputing to the chief's sister a personal affection for himself, which it was impossible he could reciprocate. In that supreme moment, all coxcomby

was out of the question, and matters were compelled to present themselves in their true light. Joanna loved him; and since he loved another, it almost seemed to him, though guiltless of deceit, that he had obtained the precious boon of freedom under false pretences.

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATIONS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

BEFORE leaving Christmas Harbour, a cairn was erected on the north-east point of the harbour, in which was deposited a detail of the proceedings of the ship, with advice and instructions to those who were soon to follow to observe the transit. On the last day of January the vessel left the harbour, and the following day started from the south point of the island, which was called Cape Challenger, for Heard Island. When midway between the two islands, a sounding was obtained in 150 fathoms; and twice, the following night, 100 fathoms were found, whilst at other times no bottom was found in 220 and 425 fathoms; shewing that a submarine connection existed between the islands, but of very irregular formation.

Light winds and thick fogs prevented the land being made until the morning of the 6th February, when Meyer's Rock and McDonald Island were seen. Both these are little other than rocks: the first rises 450 feet precipitously from the sea; the other is 630 feet high, and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long by half a mile broad. They lie about 25 miles west from Heard Island, which is the principal and largest of the group, being about 25 miles long and 7 miles broad. The mountains in the centre of Heard Island rise some 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and from their sides the glaciers descend to the water's edge; but unfortunately during the time the expedition was at the island, the clouds obscured the summits. The *Challenger* anchored in Corinthian Bay (or, as the sealers call it, 'Whisky Bay,' from the quantity of that spirit consumed there on the arrival each year of the store-ship) on the afternoon of the 6th. Here they found a party of sealers, most of them being Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands. The principal men, however, were Americans. How the indolent Portuguese could be prevailed on to submit to banishment in such a climate, may be wondered at, but probably they had good reasons for leaving their country. The party were living in almost hermetically closed houses, sunk in the ground for warmth, as well as for protection from the prevailing violent gales. There are about forty men thus housed in various parts of the island, each party having a defined line of shore to watch for stranded sea-elephants. The life these men lead is both hard and monotonous: they engage for three years, and at the expiration of that period consider themselves fortunate if they return home with fifty pounds in their pockets. Even that proves no benefit to them, for after a few weeks of debauchery in the slums of New York, they are again penniless, and return to the ship before she has completed her refit, and in her come back to their wretched life of seal-hunting. But even seal-hunting on these far-away islands will soon come to a close. The indiscriminate butchery of the cubs as well as the grown seals will soon tell, as it has at Prince Edward Island and the Crozets; the seals will disappear, not from

being hunted, but by extermination. Would that some international law existed to restrain the savage brutality of these wasteful and cruel men, although it is easy to perceive how difficult it would be to enforce any law in such an out-of-the-way place as this!

It was the intention of Captain Nares to examine Heard Island, but a lowering barometer warned him off; so, as the bay is open, and it was dangerous to delay, he put to sea, only in the nick of time, as a furious gale burst on them. The sea rose tremendously, and, striking the vessel, forced in two of the ports on the main deck. But the gales in high latitudes are not of long duration, and this one was followed by a beautiful day, with a favourable breeze, which sped them on their way to the southward at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour.

On February 11th, in 60° 52' S. lat., and 80° 20' E. long., the bottom, at 1260 fathoms, was found to consist of diatom ooze. The first iceberg was met with on the same day and in the same latitude. Soon after, others were seen, and the ship's course was altered to pass near one. This brought all hands on deck to view the novel sight, and much was it enjoyed, for but few objects are more beautiful than one of these monsters of the polar regions. The rich cobalt blue of the caverns and fissures blending with the white of the ice, and the breaking waves dashing against it from the dark blue sea, are grand in the extreme; whilst the dazzling delicacy of the fringes of icicles glittering in the sun gives it the appearance of being fairy wrought. In passing, the chill from the ice is felt, and produces a feeling of such awe as causes one to hold his breath; and, to the meditative mind, the comparison will arise between the size of the mighty mass of ice and the ship that is passing with its hundreds of souls on board; from the ship it will descend to the unit self, and the proud man is humbled. Even the most careless cannot witness one of these mighty manifestations of the power of the Creator without a subdued feeling.

On the 12th, the voyagers reached the edge of the pack-ice, in latitude 65° 42', and dredged in 1675 fathoms. Here was another polar wonder, for, far as the eye could reach from the mast-head, there was one mass of pure ice. On the 16th, the Antarctic Circle was crossed in longitude 78° 22' E., the edge of the pack having been followed. On the 23d, they were within twenty miles of the position assigned by Lieutenant Wilkes of the American Antarctic Expedition to some mountainous land he called 'Termination Land,' but although the weather was clear, no land was to be seen.

An iceberg was photographed, and the effect of firing at one was tried. A twelve-pound shot was first fired into one from a distance of about thirty yards; this brought down a great quantity of ice in slabs. Another shot, fired from a greater distance, buried itself in the ice without any apparent effect.

On the 24th, a heavy gale from the south-east was experienced, accompanied by the usual thick weather and heavy snow-squalls; this placed the ship in imminent danger, as she was surrounded by icebergs, and a distance of one hundred yards could not be seen in any direction. During the afternoon, in the thickest part of a squall, a large iceberg was suddenly seen on the lee-bow, on which the ship was drifting bodily. There was no

room to go ahead; the engines were reversed, and a part of the close-reefed maintop-sail thrown aback. Fortunately, the ship gathered sternway, and just cleared it. After passing the iceberg, an endeavour was made to turn it to account by bringing the ship under its lee, to use it as a breakwater; but with full steam, and fore-and-aft sails, the gale was too strong to allow the ship to be brought head to wind, and there was therefore nothing to be done but to allow her to drift. In the evening, the weather slightly cleared, and while close to leeward of another berg, the ship was brought round on the opposite tack, and, as the distance between the two bergs was known to be clear, an anxious night was spent passing too and fro between them, steam enabling the ship to hold her ground. During this gale, the thermometer fell to 22°, and with the wind blowing so strong, it was piercingly cold.

With the following morning fair weather returned, and as the wind had blown from off the pack, the ice at its edge was open, and allowed the ship to push in to some distance, and to get within fifteen miles of Wilkes's Termination Land; but again, with a clear day, nothing was seen of it, and from this it was concluded that no land did exist in or near that position. In the afternoon, the ship stood to the northward, and with a fine south-west breeze the ice was soon left behind.

On the 26th, the day was spent in dredging in somewhat less than 2600 fathoms, the deepest water found since leaving the Cape of Good Hope. In the afternoon a gale sprung up with thick sleet, and another night of extreme anxiety was before them; but fortunately, just before dark, the voyagers fell in with an unusually large iceberg, and this time a friendly one, for by the help of steam the ship was enabled to maintain a position under its lee throughout the night.

The next morning with a strong favourable gale they bore up for Australia, in noways loath, after their short experience, to leave the icy seas. On the 3d March the tube brought up diatom ooze from a depth of 1950 fathoms. The registering thermometer shewed a temperature at the bottom of 31°. The last iceberg was seen on the following day in lat. 53° 17' S., long. 109° 23' E.

Those who visit the antarctic seas after having been in the arctic, are greatly disappointed in the form of the icebergs, for while those of the north assume every fantastic shape that fancy can conceive, the southern ones are nearly table-topped lumps of ice, precisely the same in form as on the day they parted from their parent glacier: these more resemble huge Twelfth cakes divested of their ornaments than anything else. In the warmer northern seas, icebergs melt more quickly, and assume far more picturesque appearances; but in the Southern Ocean the temperature of the water through which the icebergs drift is below the freezing-point of fresh water, and therefore insufficient in heat to melt the ice. It is only after they have moved a considerable way northwards that the regularity of their shape begins to be interfered with. As the berg travels from the pole, it first reaches a latitude where the summer sun has the power of heating the surface-water slightly above the freezing-point without affecting that immediately below it; this has the effect of melting a notch in the side of the berg all round it, at and just above the sea-level;

but this notch was not observed to extend into the ice in any case more than about thirty feet. As the warm water becomes still warmer as the berg floats farther north, it has naturally greater power, and deep caves or caverns are formed, which offer increased facilities for wave-washing the larger they become, until the mass being weakened, large pieces become detached. As this alters the centre of gravity, the berg lurches over, and either forms a slope, or a long spur or tongue rises; and thus the work of destruction proceeds, until the form of the berg is altogether changed, and that part which formed the tongue may become its topmost pinnacle. Hence the greater variety of form in the bergs seen by ships passing south on an arc of the great circle in comparatively low latitudes. The portions that break away from the berg are termed *calves*, and they are often of far greater danger to shipping than the bergs themselves, for the latter have a reflected light that renders them visible at a little distance on the darkest night; whereas, the calf, although it may be several hundred tons in weight, is not perceptible, or if so, may readily be mistaken for the top of a sea breaking.

The trawling after the sounding on the 26th March proved extremely interesting, and the same chocolate-coloured mud was found at similar depths in the Atlantic.

On the 17th March the expedition reached Melbourne, having completed the voyage so far to the satisfaction of all, though not without sincere congratulations at being once more safe in port.

Five serial temperature observations were obtained in the southern ocean which indicated another feature in oceanic circulation, in that a cold stratum of water exists between two of a higher temperature. This cold stratum first made its appearance in latitude 52° S., and gradually decreased in temperature to the Antarctic Circle. It is probably caused by the fact, that as in the winter the ice and surface-water must necessarily be colder than the underlying water, and that during the short summer the surface-water is heated by the solar rays, which have not power to penetrate to any great depth; or the effect of the vast number of icebergs gradually thawing may tend to produce the cold stratum, as the fresh water thawed from the lower part of the berg at a temperature of 32° being lighter than the salt water, would rise towards the surface.

The *Challenger* did not make a long stay at Melbourne, but proceeded on the 1st April to Sydney to refit, which was much required after the buffeting she had experienced in the antarctic seas. Here the vessel was docked, rigging and sails overhauled and repaired, and all preparation made for continuing the voyage.

On the 12th June, the expedition left Sydney—after having been obliged to put back once—for Wellington, New Zealand, and commenced a sectional line of soundings immediately on quitting the Heads. Much importance was attached to this line of soundings by the inhabitants of New South Wales and New Zealand, in view of the project of connecting these two important colonies by telegraph cable. The deepest water found was 2900 fathoms, in 34° 50' to 36° 41' S. lat., and 155° 28' to 158° 29' E. long., and again the chocolate-coloured clay was found. In other soundings the bottom was generally found to consist of globi-

gerina ooze or gray ooze. The temperature of the bottom was 33° in the deepest sounding. In three instances, twice within three days, the line parted. Some stormy weather was experienced, and a very heavy sea. In Cook Strait, a man who was in the chains was washed overboard; he was not missed till some minutes after, when the ship was immediately hove to, but no traces of him could be seen; he must have gone down at once with the heavy sea that was running at the time.

A week was spent at Wellington, where the weather was very unfavourable. The taking in of coals and provisions was completed, and on the 6th July, the *Challenger* weighed her anchor. In consequence, however, of a dense fog accompanied with heavy rain, she was obliged to anchor in Wonser Bay for the night, but proceeded the next morning. A good haul with the trawl was made on the 8th, bringing up specimens of holothurians, shrimps, worms, &c. On the 10th, in seven hundred fathoms, several large fishes were brought up in the trawl; and on the 12th, Macauley Island, of the Kermadec group, was seen. Soundings made on the 14th and 15th in 29° 55' to 29° 33' S. lat., and 178° 14' to 177° 50' W. long., at a depth of 520 to 630 fathoms, found a rocky bottom, with a temperature of about 40°. On the 19th they reached Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands. This island is the finest of the group, and now the most civilised; it is very low, when compared with many of the Pacific islands, being almost flat, with the exception of a few hillocks about forty feet high. Like most coral formations, it is crescent-shaped, having the convex side to the south, so that the harbour and town of Nukalofa is towards the north. The island abounds with cocoa-nuts, bananas, oranges, &c., but water is very scarce, and the little it has is not good. The climate is very trying, on account of the heat in the day (often reaching 90° in the shade), and the sudden change to cold at night, together with heavy dew. The soil is rich, but the inhabitants are too lazy to cultivate it.

No sooner was the *Challenger* at anchor than she was surrounded by canoes, and the natives speedily found their way on board; they are a fine, handsome race of men, with intellectual features. The king, George Tabou, was called upon: he is now seventy years of age, and is reputed to have been a great warrior in his youth. He and his subjects have embraced Christianity, but of rather different denominations, there being both a Catholic and a Wesleyan missionary on the island. The church, which is situated on the highest hillock, and is the most conspicuous building on the island, was visited at a time when one of the natives was preaching; it is capable of containing a congregation of seven to eight hundred, and is substantially built: the singing was creditable, and the time good. Schools also have been established, and the power of the missionary is almost co-equal with that of the king. The dress of the natives is the usual *tapa*, wrapped round the loins, but some of them have adopted the European dress, and are not a little proud of the distinction. The men are only permitted to visit a ship on condition of wearing a shirt, and the women not at all.

On the 22d, Tongatabu was left; and three days after the expedition reached Kandavu, and anchored in Ngaloa harbour.

From the Fiji Islands the *Challenger* proceeded through the New Hebrides group to Torres Strait,

and visited Somerset, Cape York; and then passing through the Banda Sea and the Molucca Passage, touching at Dobbo, Ki Doulian, and Banda Islands, arrived at Manila on the 4th November, and after a short stay, proceeded to Hong-kong, at which port she arrived on the 19th November; and here for the present our narrative ends.

INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

JEANNE ARNAUD sat at the close of day under the great old chestnut tree before her own door. She was a very handsome Norman peasant, of about twenty-four years of age, with well-cut features, and fine eyes. Her costume became her well; and in material was so fine that it, as well as her surroundings, testified to the well-being of the family of which she was the house-mother. At her feet, playing with a lapful of daisies, sat a lovely boy of about two years old, a very fair, golden-haired child, richly dressed in cambie and lace, with a blue sash and coral. They made an idyllic picture of domestic happiness, set in a background of rural beauty. The cottage behind them—in the walls of which black and white timbers formed a framework for the yellow clay—was covered with a vine and a climbing rose-tree laden with white roses, which scented the air with their perfume. There was a garden of vegetables and flowers on one side of the dwelling, in which hives stood under the shelter of the eaves; on the other side, a little rivulet sped gaily along, with a pleasant ripple and murmur.

From where she sat, Jeanne looked down on the village, and could see the red glittering of the sunset on the eaves which surmounted the little church, and the blue smoke curling up from the cottage chimneys. Over all, the glory of sunset was falling; and on the languid breeze, heavy with perfume, came the afar-off sound of sheep-bells, and the lowing of kine. In the branches of the trees a blackbird at times chanted a portion of his evening hymn. Was there ever a scene or hour which spoke more emphatically of peace? Yet it was far from the breast of the young woman knitting beneath the walnut tree; Jeanne Arnaud was at that moment the victim to a strong temptation.

She had been chosen as nurse to the infant heir of her seigneur, and, in consideration for such service, had been installed in the best cottage on the estate, with permission to keep a cow and poultry in the neighbouring fields. Her husband, also, was constantly found in work, and excused from the labour on the roads, which was at that period the especial grievance of the French peasant; for the period to which our story relates is 1770, a time when the sufferings of the poor in France had perhaps reached their climax. But all this prosperity—constant and paid work, good food, and pleasant home—depended on the little life of the babe which Jeanne Arnaud nursed for the beautiful young countess, who, though complying with the fashion of her day, in sending her infant to be nurtured in a peasant's home, had still cared (very exceptionally!) for the comfort of the family in which it was to be reared. One hard condition she had indeed made: she would have no foster-brother for her son; Jeanne must nurse the little count only; and her own

child must be sent out of the village. It was a hard trial for a young woman who adored her first-born babe; but the Arnauuds were poor, and the sacrifice was made. However, Jeanne obtained permission to visit her infant, at her mother's house, for a short time every year.

Madame Gregoire, Jeanne's mother, lived nearly thirty miles away from Mirville. Her house was on a lonely common, some miles—four or five—from a town. Of this fact Madame de Mirville was of course ignorant, or she would never have suffered her child to be so far from medical aid during his teething.

At the end of the first year, Madame Arnaud took this permitted holiday, and arrived rather late one evening at her old home. That same night, the little count was seized with croup, having probably taken cold on his journey. There was no doctor at hand, nor any means of sending for one, for the woman who nursed Jeanne's baby had been summoned away to her mother's death-bed, and Jeanne was too terrified to consent to be left alone with the child while her mother went. The old woman, an experienced nurse, did all she could; but neither honey nor the hot bath availed, and the babe expired in Jeanne's arms. In the gray dawn, Madame Arnaud and her mother stood gazing with blank faces of dismay and consternation on the little dead heir.

'*Hélas!*' moaned Jeanne, 'and we have had no doctor. Madame la Comtesse will never, never forgive me. She will not believe that the infant could not have been saved. She will say: "How dared you go so far away from the doctors?" We are ruined; we are lost!'

The grandmother stood silent, looking down moodily on the bed where the little corpse lay. At that moment, Jeanne's own babe was heard crying lustily in the next chamber. The old woman went to it, and returned with it in her arms. 'Here is thy safety,' she said, in a hoarse whisper. 'The babes are both fair, with golden hair and brown eyes, and alike, as all babies are. Happily, no one here has seen the little count. We will bury the dead child as thy son, and thou shalt give the countess thy own child. Such a gift may well atone for the loss of her own babe.'

To this proposal, Jeanne strongly objected. The trick would be a crime, which shocked her sense of honour. The apprehensions of being punished for alleged negligence, and which the mother persistently plied, at length shook the young woman's integrity. It was agreed that the nearest doctor should be invited to inoculate the living child as being that of the countess.

Madame Gregoire set out early for the town, and returned with the doctor, who looked at the tiny corpse, and inoculated the living baby, took his fee, and promised to return the next day. He was quite ready to write and inform the countess that her son was his patient, that inoculation was necessary, &c. So Jeanne obtained an extra month's holiday, to nurse the babe through his illness; and the poor little heir of Mirville was consigned to a peasant's grave in the nearest churchyard.

When she returned home, Jeanne was able to ascribe every change in her nursing to inoculation and change of air, and no suspicion was excited; for Jeanne, to make more certain of not incurring it, had represented the death of her own child as having occurred the day before her arrival at her

mother's. Up to the present moment she had been successful in her project; but now her heart failed her. The count and countess were to arrive that day at the château, and she expected to be sent for—perhaps the next day, as it was now late—to the house to exhibit her nursing to its parents. Would the countess detect the fraud? She might, for a mother's eyes are keen; but then, again, she was very young, very thoughtless, and had not seen her child since he was four months old.

Whilst Jeanne revolved these possibilities in her mind, the shrill bark of a dog attracted her attention, and looking in the direction whence it came, she beheld a lady leading a lap-dog by a blue ribbon, advancing towards her. Jeanne instantly rose, for she recognised the countess. The lady was dressed in the extreme of that fashion with which the pictures of Marie Antoinette have made us familiar; she was very beautiful, and had a sweet innocent expression of countenance.

'Well, *ma bonne*,' she said, in a very pleasant voice, as she reached the spot where Jeanne stood, 'how is my darling babe?'

With a profound courtesy, Jeanne, for all reply, raised and held out the boy in her arms.

'What! this infant mine? What a splendid child he has grown! Do give him to me. Yet stay; I might let him fall. I will sit down, and then you shall put him on my lap.' And the young countess, seating herself on Jeanne's chair, took the babe in her arms, and gazed earnestly and tenderly on him, while the nurse stood by in breathless fear and suspense.

'He is splendid!' cried the young mother, with a sigh of rapture. 'I could not have believed he would have improved so much. My faithful Madame Arnaud, you merit my best thanks for your care of him.' And she extended her hand.

Jeanne took it, courtesying humbly, and murmuring: 'Madame is too good.'

'Can he talk?' asked the countess, kissing the baby hand she held.

'Yes, Madame; he begins to talk.—Monsieur, speak to the beautiful lady.'

The babe looked up in the lovely face of the countess, and murmured: 'Je vous aime, Madame.' 'Oh, you beloved little one,' cried the lady; 'I shall adore you!—Do you know, Madame Arnaud, I am going to be a true mother to him? I never mean him to be away from me any more.'

'Madame!' cried the peasant in a shrill tone of dismay.

'Ah, you fear you will have to part with him! No, *ma bonne*; I will not so reward your faithful care. You shall go with him, and live at the château or at Paris (as it may be) with him.'

Jeanne breathed more freely; not yet was she to lose her boy entirely.

'Madame is too good,' she said humbly; 'it would break my heart to part from my nursing.'

'No need—no need; I shall want you still; though I have learned a mother's duty and a mother's happiness from Jean Jacques Rousseau. But there; you do not understand. Yes; you will come with us, and we will make your husband a recompense for sparing you to us.'

It was clear to Jeanne that André's happiness would not for a moment be taken into consideration by Madame, when her own convenience was to be studied, yet she felt sure that the young lady meant no unkindness, that it was only the

thoughtlessness for others, which was nearly universal then amongst the *aristocrates*. Jeanne would be sorry to part from her husband; but since her child had been restored to her, she had grown to love it with a perfect idolatry. It would, as she said, have broken her heart to part from the babe.

And thus it was settled. André murmured a little, naturally, but never thought of disputing his seigneur's will; and when the young countess returned to Paris, she carried with her the infant and his nurse.

While the child continued a mere infant, the nurse-mother was not unhappy, though she regretted the separation from her husband, and would at any moment have gladly returned to the old home life in the village, for which she often yearned; but as the boy grew older, the bitterness of the deception began to be felt by her.

The countess had a second son—as small and delicate as the first babe had been—and she loved it dearly, for she nursed it herself; but she was not proud of it, as she was of the noble-looking son of the peasant. She was devoted to her (supposed) first-born, who repaid her petting with a wonderful affection, considering his age; and Jeanne began to nourish a bitter jealousy of her lady, who had completely rivalled her in her son's heart; for, though fond of his nurse, he, of course, regarded her simply as an old servant; but he looked up to the countess with chivalrous admiration as well as filial love. He was also very fond of the little delicate brother, four years younger than himself, and resented with angry and haughty words the preference which Nurse Arnaud shewed to himself, when it became injustice to his brother; for Jeanne continued head of the Mirville nursery, with a staff of subordinates, for more than ten years. When the little boys were placed finally under the care of a preceptor, Madame Arnaud received permission to return to her home, her services being liberally rewarded by a pension. She would fain have remained in the family, to be near her son, for gradually she had been weaned from the husband whom she had seen only occasionally; and her almost insane love for her child made her unwilling to be separated entirely from him; but the boy did not support her request to stay, and the countess thought it best that she should go. So Madame Arnaud returned to her home again, childless and embittered.

Her husband had grown morose since his home had been broken up, and was full of the troubled thoughts and wild desires which then stirred France to its depths. Jeanne, hating the countess with an unreasoning jealousy, was quite ready to share his hatred of the aristocrats. A wild dream haunted her then: if only 'the people' gained their 'rights,' all would be equal, and then she might reclaim her son, confess her deceit, and exult in the pain and sorrow of the countess, who had, she often murmured, 'spoiled her life.'

Her earnest desire was to get to Paris; there, at least, she should occasionally see her boy; but André would not hear of such a change. He was a countryman, and he hated the idea of being shut up in a dismal street; so Jeanne had to wait, and only caught an occasional glimpse of her son when the family came to the château, which at last they nearly ceased to do, on account of the troubled state of affairs in the capital.

At last, long after her dismissal from the Mirville

Hôtel, Madame Arnaud became a widow. Her grief for her husband's death was swallowed up in the thought that *now* she was free to live where she pleased. She arranged their little affairs, found that—thanks to the thrift of her husband and herself—she was not left badly off, sent to bid her mother—now an aged woman—join her, and, thus accompanied, proceeded to Paris, and established herself in a small apartment in the *quartier* St-Antoine. The Revolution was by this time growing into the monstrous thing it finally became, and the old woman, Engoule, a worthy specimen of those evil times—took a furious part in it.

For a time, Jeanne was absorbed in her wild efforts to see and speak to her boy. The idea of winning his love, or even of being near him, became a perfect monomania with her; but it was very rarely that she could get a smile or word from her nursing, while all Paris spoke of his love and devotion to his supposed mother. Irritated and embittered by the consequences of her own crime, she at last divided her attention between the task of haunting the footsteps of the Count de Mirville and attending the revolutionary clubs; and, still full of her dream of finally reclaiming her son, associated herself with the unfeminine violence of the Parisian women. Unseen by her, the Count de Mirville once recognised his old nurse in a procession of these furies, and from that day would notice her no more. In vain Jeanne called at the Hôtel de Mirville; the *concierge* informed her that she would never again be admitted, by order of Madame la Comtesse.

Infuriated, maddened, Jeanne Arnaud at once denounced the De Mirville to the Convention—'they were about to emigrate; they were in a plot to release the king.' The family was at once arrested; and the mother and brothers found themselves consigned to the prison of La Force. It was nearly the end of August 1792. On the 24 of September began that awful massacre which stained with inexorable blood the infancy of the French Republic. With inexpressible horror, Madame Arnaud perceived the consequences of her revenge; but she did not despair of her son's safety. She had great influence with the mob; she had often before led them to crime—she would use them now as her André's deliverers. Armed with a pike, she harangued a group of women and men, and told her story. She was heard with singular sympathy by her bloodthirsty audience. 'Her son, *of whom she had been so cruelly robbed* by those vile aristocrats,' should be restored to her. They rushed into the prison; they forced their way to the cell in which the countess and her sons were confined; they bade the Count de Mirville come forth, for he was one of themselves—the son of André and Jeanne Arnaud, worthy peasants. The people would protect their own children.

The young count listened bewildered. He beheld his nurse; he believed that it was a plot of hers to save him, so he did not deny the statement; he simply refused to leave the prison unless the countess and her son went with him. There was a brief pause. Jeanne knew well that there was not a moment to be lost, by the awful sounds without the prison. She urged compliance with his entreaty; 'the fate of his friends, the aristocrats, would be but deferred,' she pleaded. The bandits obeyed her; and the ferocious troupe, already bloodstained, and carrying heads on their

piques, escorted the trembling countess and her sons to Madame Arnaud's lodging in St-Antoine, through scenes of unrivalled horror. We need not dwell on the crimes of that 24 of September night; we have only to do with the story of one unhappy woman.

The next day, when the released and preserved prisoners would have thanked Jeanne for her happy *résue*, they were astonished to hear that she had but spoken the truth—a truth readily confirmed by the testimony of Jeanne's mother. At first, the countess was obstinate in refusing belief to the tale; but no reproaches or threats could shake the testimony of the two women. 'How dared you—how dared you,' at length cried the agonised lady—'how dared you thus impose upon your seigneur?'

'*Hé!*' cried Jeanne, 'and why should I care for my seigneur, when by his and your orders, Madame, I was forced to abandon my own babe—to send it from my home? Had you left my boy in my house, deception would have been impossible, for the neighbours would have known too well which was my babe, and which yours.'

The countess groaned aloud; and yet, when the truth was known, she marvelled in her secret heart that she had not suspected it long ago. Louis was so unlike the family on which he had been grafted. A large, strong man, with great intellect, careless of dress and gaiety, devoted to philosophical research. Moreover, he bore a distinct resemblance to the old woman who claimed him as her grandson. Pierre, the count's real son, was, like his father, a little man, with small elegant features and hands and feet; a *petit-maitre*, who shrank from wetting his feet, and was in all things a representative of his order at that period. Doubt slowly vanished from the countess's mind as she gazed on the supposed brothers. But she still loved Louis—or rather André Arnaud—on whose filial affection she had so long rested.

André himself felt stunned and bewildered; but one thing was clear to him: his supposed mother and brother were in great peril; he read their danger in the baleful countenance of his grandmother. To save them was his first thought. He spoke plainly and sternly to Jeanne: he would never, he told her, acknowledge her as his mother till the countess and her son were saved. If they died, he would die also.

Madame Arnaud, convinced that he meant what he said, used her inborn cunning and her influence with her neighbours to comply with his conditions. She procured disguises and a conveyance; and the mother and son were conducted by André to the gates of Paris in a green-grocer's cart. Thus far only would Madame Arnaud permit him to accompany them. They parted with tears and affectionate farewells, and André saw them pass the gates in safety. Then, a sad and broken man, he returned to his mother's home.

The days and months went on. Madame Arnaud devoted herself to her son, and sought by all possible means to win his affection; but he shrank from her with a repulsion it was impossible for him to disguise.

Jeanne was heart-stricken; she had given up mixing in the events which occupied her *quartier*, since he had been with her, for was he not at heart an aristocrat? But now murmurs of her disloyalty to the people, of her hankering after

aristocrats, met her ear; and Madame Arnaud knew well how fatal suspicion would be both to her and to her son. It was for his sake more than for her own that she sought to prove herself unchanged, and took her knitting to the side of those furies who sat by the guillotine, and watched the daily fall of heads; impressing on her son the need of his abiding in the home she had given him, lest some word or look should betray him to the populace.

One day, weary of the long dismal seclusion, André, after he had watched both his mother and grandmother leave the house, went out himself, and, as fate would have it, wandering listlessly along—unmarked in his peasant garb—found himself close to the guillotine. A row of tumbrils charged with victims stood beneath it, surrounded by a dense crowd.

The tumbrils gave up their loads in turn; the doomed men and women walking to the steps of the guillotine in single file. As André watched them with an aching heart, he suddenly started, and with difficulty repressed a cry. Amongst them, moving with a brave careless grace, he beheld Pierre, Count de Mirville—his sometime brother, who accidentally brushed against André without seeing him. The next moment he was whirled by a strong hand into the midst of the mob, and another walked in his place. Gazing round in bewildered amazement, Pierre found himself free. There was no time to ask who had saved him—not a moment must be lost; he dashed down a side street, and escaped.

Madame Arnaud talked quietly with the *tricoteuses* beside her of the number of heads already fallen.

'Have you heard the news?' said her neighbours. 'The aristocrats with whom you lived so long ago have been taken and are condemned. I was present at the trial—they are in prison now.'

'What! the *ci-devant* Countess de Mirville?' exclaimed Madame Arnaud.

'Yes; she and her son were discovered in hiding a few miles from Paris—though well disguised—and they will suffer—it may be to-day.'

Madame Arnaud turned pale. What would André say or think? No matter; it was not her fault that they had not succeeded in getting out of France. He could not blame her for it. But she watched in ill-repressed anxiety the prisoners as they reached the guillotine. No face she knew was amongst those pale set countenances! With a sigh of relief her eyes fell again on her work. Suddenly her neighbour nudged her, and exclaimed: 'Here is one of them—the count.'

Jeanne started, gazed breathlessly at a head as it was laid under the fatal steel, then shrieked wildly and loudly, in a voice of agony which none could ever forget: 'My son, my son!' Ere the cry died away, that head rolled into the basket.

'It was the eldest son—the one she nursed so long,' said the woman next her: 'her feelings are natural.'

'Nay, she is an aristocrat at heart,' denounced the fury by her side.

But Jeanne heeded not her denunciation or the other's pity; her reason fled from the hour she beheld her boy die for his supposed brother.

One of the mob amongst whom André had been standing had recognised both him and the count, and pursued the fleeing prisoner, not to re-take him,

as those around supposed, but to lead him to a place of safety. This man had formerly been a groom of the Count de Mirville's. 'It was Monsieur le Comte who saved you, Monsieur,' he said, when they were in shelter. 'He took your place, and is gone to the guillotine in your stead.'

Pierre listened in amazement; then, bursting into tears, he exclaimed: 'I might have guessed it—I might have known! O Louis! O my brother!'

Madame de Mirville remained forgotten for a time in prison, and was finally saved by the death of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror. When she and her son were reunited, she heard from his lips of the self-sacrifice of André Arnaud, and from that moment refused to believe he was not her son.

'It was a falsehood of that wicked woman,' she exclaimed. 'No peasant would have died so nobly. He was my own son—my noble, gallant boy!'

And as a son and brother they mourned for him, inscribing on the monument reared to the memory of the De Mirvilles, the name of Louis, Count de Mirville. Thus, even in death, Madame Arnaud did not regain her boy.

The miserable woman died in a madhouse at Paris—as so many others of the furies of the Revolution did—continually haunted by the memory of that beloved head falling on the scaffold. Insanity did not release her from that awful memory, the Nemesis which followed her sin, till Death, the consoler, set her free.

CIRCUS LIFE.

It is not a little strange that equestrian performances, such as we now understand by the term, are but little more than a century old in England. It is true that manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries give us representations of the feats of clever horses, such as gamboling on their hind-legs to the sound of pipe and labour, or dancing on the tight-rope, while Banks's 'dancing horse' has obtained an immortality through Shakspeare's mention of it in *Love's Labour's Lost*. In Queen Anne's reign, a horse was exhibited on Tower Hill which could fetch and carry and execute other curious tricks; and a French author records 'a grand ballet-dance upon managed horses,' executed before Louis XIII. at a court festival. It is not, however, before the latter half of the eighteenth century that we find the *circus* proper. In 1767, equestrian performances were given in a tea-garden at Islington; and about the same time, one Philip Astley formed a ring with rope and stakes in a field in Lambeth, from which he moved to the site of the amphitheatre near Westminster Bridge, establishing there a rude circus, only partially covered in. Astley, unlike most of his successors, who, Mr Frost* tells us, have lived from their infancy in the odour of the stables and the sawdust, had learned some feats of horsemanship while serving in the army, where he had distinguished himself by the capture of a standard at the battle of Emsdorf. On obtaining his discharge, he was presented by his general with a horse, with which, together with a purchase of his own, he commenced

* *Circus Life and Circus Celebrities*. By Thomas Frost. London: Tinsley Brothers.

a form of amusement, which, to a very late date, was almost exclusively associated with his name. He died in 1814, with the reputation of being the best horse-breaker and trainer of his time. He bought all his horses in Smithfield for five pounds apiece, without regard to their colour or symmetry, provided that they appeared docile.

Mr Frost gives some amusing specimens of early play-bills, which are remarkable for their bad grammar and personal allusions to rival establishments. Thus, the proprietor of the Royal Circus, opened in 1783 in Blackfriars Road, after thanking his patrons for their support, 'acquaints them his antagonist has caught a bad cold so near to Westminster Bridge, and for his recovery is gone to a warmer climate, which is Bath in Somersetshire.

He boasts, poor fellow, no more of activity, and is now turned conjuror.' In another bill of the same establishment, 'Hughes has the honour to inform the nobility, &c. that he has no intention of setting out every day to France for three following seasons, his ambition being fully satisfied by the applause he has received from foreign gentlemen who come over the sea to see him.' The same Hughes 'rides at full speed with his right foot on the saddle, and his left toe in his mouth, two surprising feet.' A newspaper of this period (1788) reads strangely as it remarks of Sadler's Wells Theatre, that it is the only place of amusement at which 'a man may if he chooses get drunk. A pint of liquor is included in the price of admittance, but as much more may be had as any person chooses to call for. . . . This is not permitted at Astley's, the Circus, or the Royalty.' Other circuses were subsequently established on the sites of the present Olympic and Prince of Wales' Theatres, Astley's meantime having attained a notoriety among all classes. The fashionable Horace Walpole pays it a visit in September, a time when he declared London to be 'as nauseous a drug as any in an apothecary's shop,' and is highly delighted; and Johnson, talking of Whitefield, says: 'Were Astley to preach a sermon standing on his head, or on a horse's back, he would collect a multitude to hear him; but no wise man would say he had made a better sermon for that.'

At the beginning of the present century, circuses began to travel. They were on a very limited scale, their stand consisting of only three or four horses, nor did they always boast even of a tent. One of these circuses (Bannister's), when located in Edinburgh, obtained the services of David Roberts, the future Royal Academician, who, at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, was engaged to travel with the circus as its scene-painter. We may contrast with these early shows the monster tenting circuses of America, such as Barnum's World's Fair, with which he took the field in 1873. The transport of this establishment, which comprised a thousand men, five hundred horses, and fifteen hundred wild beasts and rare birds, required one hundred and fifty railway cars. Its daily expenses were five thousand dollars; the tent, which contained three distinct rings for three performances to be given at the same time, could accommodate fourteen thousand spectators. The great street procession, which paraded the town every morning, was three miles long, and, if we may believe Mr Barnum, worth going a hundred miles to see. The museum department, besides its one hundred thousand curiosities, included a national portrait-gallery, and a

collection of classic statuary. Tickets for the show could be issued by the 'lightning ticket-seller' at the rate of six thousand per hour. In America, great trouble is experienced by circus managers from the attempts of crowds of roughs to break into the tent. If they are refused free admittance, they either cut the guy-ropes, or get up a fight with the circus performers. These mammoth establishments carry about the means of camping and living, so as to be independent of hotels and lodging-houses. They are accompanied generally by what are called 'side-shows,' which are entertainments given in a small tent immediately adjoining the big show, under independent management, large bonuses being given by their proprietors for the privilege of accompanying the main circus. The side-shows consist of the exhibition of such monstrosities as animals with a superabundance of limbs, living skeletons, Daniel Lamberts, or pig-faced ladies; or of a minstrel performance, which immediately follows the principal entertainment.

In our own country, the larger equestrian establishments, such as Sanger's or Hengler's, travel only in the summer season. Many of the principal members of such a company have their own 'living carriage,' and, we are assured, lead a healthy, jolly life. Sanger's circus comprises some two hundred persons, upwards of two hundred horses, and no less than eleven elephants. The Messrs Sanger are the present proprietors of old Astley's Amphitheatre, which, a few years ago, an enterprising London manager turned into the Royal Westminster Theatre. But the undertaking did not prosper; a circus it had always been, and to its old uses has it now returned, to the joy of Lambeth, and with the good wishes of all London.

Circus men are, generally speaking, a light-hearted set, save the clowns, who are grave and taciturn out of the ring; they are said to marry young as a rule, are long-lived, and seem never to become superannuated. Moreover, fatal accidents are rarely known, even among those who run the greatest risks in the profession, and such men as the lion-tamers Van Amburgh, Crockett, and Macomo, have died quietly in their beds. Strict sobriety, it need not be said, is essential to their safety; and of Macomo, a famous African lion-tamer, we read that coffee was his only strong drink. The violent deaths of such performers may be always traced to their insobriety or want of temper. Thus, Macarthy, who was torn to pieces while performing, was addicted to drinking; and Helen Blight, a 'lion-queen,' owed her death to her striking a tiger with a whip.

The earliest travelling menageries were those of Wombwell and Atkins, which were formed at the beginning of this century. Of Wombwell we read, that one year, on the occasion of Bartley Fair, he travelled to London so quickly from the north, that his one elephant died on the journey. Atkins, a rival showman, forthwith placarded his canvas with the announcement that he had 'the only live elephant in the fair;' whereupon Wombwell, not to be outdone, posted his menagerie with the words, 'The only dead elephant in the fair.' Live elephants had been seen, but no man had seen a dead one, and consequently, Wombwell's show was crowded, his rival's deserted. Wombwell had a lion-tamer on his establishment before Van Amburgh appeared, but the latter is generally credited with the honour

of having introduced the art of lion-taming into England. The Duke of Wellington once asked him if he was ever afraid. Van Amburgh replied: 'The first time that I am afraid, your Grace, or that I fancy my pupils are no longer afraid of me, I shall retire from the wild-beast line.' An old pamphlet which we have met with tells us that her present Majesty was so pleased with Van Amburgh's performance, that she visited Drury Lane Theatre six times within so many weeks, and that on one occasion she gave the animals a close inspection, when they had been purposely rendered ferocious by a fast of thirty-six hours. From the same authority, writing of Van Amburgh's visit to Edinburgh, we learn that the den containing the wild beasts occupied the whole breadth of the stage in the theatre; the strength of the company consisting of two lions and a lioness, a couple of tigers, and half-a-dozen leopards. The leopards would spring upon their master's shoulders, or, spreading themselves on the ground, form pillows for his head. Now he would box with them, growling, snarling, and snapping at him with their fangs; now he would knock their heads together and cuff them, when, if they shewed the slightest signs of displeasure, a hint from their master would bring them grovelling and prostrate at his feet. He would distend the jaws of a lion while it roared, and by shutting and opening them rapidly, break the roar into a succession of sounds that mingled the ludicrous with the horrible. When the lioness snapped and struck at him, he coolly put his face down to her head, and gazing into her eyes until she shrunk back ashamed, brought down the house with applause. One of Van Amburgh's feats was to put his head inside a lion's mouth. This apparently foolhardy act was attended, it should seem, with but slight danger, for, by taking hold of the nostril with one hand, and the lower jaw with the other hand, the performer is master of the situation, *provided always* that the beast does not playfully stick its talons into the man, who, in such a case, stands fast for his life till he has shifted the paw. The fame of this king of lion-tamers, who, as we have seen, came to a peaceful end, has been perpetuated by Landseer's well-known picture, now in Apsley House. Most of the performing lions have been bred in cages, and commence their instruction at a tender age; kindness and fearlessness on the part of their masters being the chief means employed to bring them to subjection. One performing lion in Sanger's circus was so tame that it used to lie at the feet of Mrs Sanger in her impersonation of Britannia, when the cavalcade paraded the towns which the circus visited; and another belonging to the same company is suffered to roam about the house like a cat. Leopards and hyenas are other animals amenable to instruction, and a wolf has been seen in a cage lying down with a lamb.

The female members of the large family of performers, of which we are treating, have naturally always formed an attractive feature in managers' play-bills. One of the most famous of these was Adah Menken, an American of Jewish extraction, who wrote poetry, and translated the *Iliad* when she was in her early teens, and was proficient in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and German languages. Coming to this country with a high reputation as an actress, she created some

sensation at Astley's by appearing as Mazeppa, strapped on a wild horse. During her stay in England she brought out a volume of poems, dedicated, 'by permission,' to Dickens. She had been married to Heenan the pugilist for some years previously to her death, which occurred in Paris, not many years after her first appearance in London. Lulu was another lady who had commenced public life at the Alhambra as a boy on the trapeze, her sex being unknown even to her fellow-performers. She was subsequently famed for her execution of the triple somersault, and a vertical spring of twenty-five feet from the ring-fence. Another female name is that of Made-moiselle Ella, whose grace and beauty formed a theme of admiration, but which must have proved a source of equal disappointment, when it turned out that the lovely Ella was a man! We will conclude this notice of an interesting little book with the quotation which its author aptly repeats out of the mouth of the immortal Seary: 'People mutht be amuthed. They can't be alwayth a-learning, nor they can't be alwayth a-working; they an't made for it. You *mutht* have uth. Do the withe thing and the kind thing too, and make the betht of uth, not the wuth.'

THE GRAVE'S VOICES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY ANTONIA DICKSON.

SUNK as in dreams, and lost in anxious thought
My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot.
To whom belongs the field? this flowery bed?
'The dead.'

Enter thou in, my soul; why shouldst thou fear?
Nought but sweet buds and flowers are blooming here.
Whence comes the essence for these sweet perfumes?
'From tombs.'

See here, O man! where all thy paths must end,
However varied be the way they wend.
Listen! the dead leaves speak; ay, hear thou must:
'To dust.'

Where are the careless hearts that on the earth
Trembled in pain, or beat so high in mirth?
Those in whose breasts the flame of hatred smouldered?
'Mouldered.'

Where are the mighty who take life by storm?
Who c'en to heaven's heights wild wishes form.
What creak the ravens on yon moss-grown wall?
'Buried all.'

Where are the dear ones in Death's cold sleep lying,
To whom Love swore a memory undying?
What wait yon cypress trees?—oh, hear'st thou not?
'Forgot.'

To see where these ones passed, did no eye crave?
May no wild longing pierce beyond the grave?
The fir-trees shake their weird heads one by one:
'None, none.'

The evening wind amid the trees is sighing,
Fettered in dreams, my saddened soul is lying,
The twilight falls, the red glow paleth fast—
'Tis past.'

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A KNOT OF BLUE RIBBON.

IN the year 1864 I was manager of the Willoughby branch of the Metropolitan Bank of Sydney, New South Wales. Willoughby is a country town containing some five thousand inhabitants, situated on the river Hunter. It lies in a long valley, through the middle of which the river flows, for the greater part of its course, between low grassy banks. The staff of our branch comprised myself and three others. The accountant and myself lived together in a suite of rooms adjoining the bank premises. We were very good friends, and had everything in the house in common, though, if we had chosen, we might have lived as much apart as if we had occupied separate houses. Dick Weir was indeed an easy companion to get on with. It was a little time before you came to know him, for he was of a shy and diffident nature, who made friends slowly; but when you did get to be familiar with him, you liked him without exactly knowing why. He was not brilliant, or specially gifted in any way, though he understood his own business thoroughly, and performed its duties skilfully and well. In personal appearance he was not what, at first sight, you would probably call attractive. He had plain, strongly marked features, and an ungraceful, loose figure, which under no circumstances could be made to do credit to his tailor. I don't think there was a continuous line of beauty in his whole figure from top to toe. His eyes were good, however, clear, steady, gray eyes. But as nearly always happens when you come to be friends with a man or woman, you soon grew accustomed to Weir's outward appearance, failed to see its homeliness, and liked the man for himself, for his simple, genuine, and sound-hearted nature. At least this was my case.

Willoughby is a sociable little place, and Weir and myself had a considerable circle of acquaintances in it. The family whose house we most frequently visited was that of Mr Blaxland. John Blaxland was a retired gentleman of property, a hearty, kindly, hospitable man. His house was

pleasantly situated on the bank of the river, and distant about three miles from the town. Mr Blaxland was a married man with two children, a son and daughter. The latter, at the time of which I write, was in her twentieth year, and one of the prettiest girls in the country-side. Ella Blaxland was a good girl too, warm-hearted, frank, and affectionate, willing to please and be pleased on all occasions, a little coquettish sometimes, and fond of fun, but neither vain nor frivolous.

Weir and I were at Wyandra—such was the name of Mr Blaxland's place—sometimes as often as twice a week, and we were always sure of a kindly, unceremonious welcome. No one understood better how to entertain their friends than John Blaxland and his wife, and this without seeming to make much effort in so doing.

As may be supposed, Ella Blaxland had many admirers, but for a long time no one of these seemed to find especial favour in her sight. Nothing could ever be detected in her manner whereby you could gather that she regarded one with more friendliness than another. When such signs did appear, as they did at last, it was in favour of a comparative stranger in the district, one who had but lately come amongst us. This was a matter of no small chagrin to some of Ella's old admirers; but certainly the new-comer had many of the personal qualities such as frequently recommend a man in ladies' eyes. Leonard Hamerton had established himself as a solicitor in Willoughby. Previous to his coming to the district, he had been for a number of years in a well-known solicitor's firm in Sydney, and brought with him letters of introduction to most of the better-class families in the town. Mr Hamerton was a tall, well-made, rather slight man, with fine brown hair and eyes, and a fresh colour. He had a ready, fluent address, helped by a melodious voice; and his manners were easy, assured, and perfectly well bred. He possessed accomplishments, too, which, if not of a deep, were of an eminently useful and effective kind, such as win favour in average society. He could sing, and perform on the piano with taste and skill, knew

whist and most other games at cards thoroughly, played croquet with dexterous grace, and handled a billiard cue in a manner that rather astonished some of our young fellows who thought they knew something in that way. Hamerton was a prudent man. He knew exactly the limits of his own strength, and never attempted anything beyond his range. His country rivals were never successful in tempting him into any of the sports in which they believed themselves to be stronger. He had decided objections to being seen at a disadvantage.

Soon after his arrival in Willoughby, Hamerton became a frequent visitor at Wyandra, and it was not long before his name was mentioned as that of Miss Blaxland's favourite suitor. At first, I regarded this as an idle rumour. Other young men had at different times earned this distinction, and each had in turn quietly lost it. But by-and-by, both Dick Weir and myself thought we saw signs that the popular rumour was at last about to be verified. Ella Blaxland seemed to be regarding Leonard Hamerton with a favour greater than that which she extended to others. This was not very marked; but to us, who were so frequently about the house, it became sufficiently so to be hardly mistakable. I didn't like it myself, for no reasons of a personal kind, for I had never looked upon Ella Blaxland in any other light than that of a friend, and my warmer affections were directed elsewhere, but simply because I didn't much care for Hamerton. I had reason to believe, though he said little about it, that the sentiments with which I regarded him were shared in a great measure by Dick Weir.

It was about two months after Hamerton had come to Willoughby, that a little *fête* was held at Wyandra in honour of Ella's twentieth birthday. It was intentionally a quiet little festival, and those who met to celebrate it were none but the more intimate friends of the family. But we were a very merry and pleasant party. We met early in the afternoon of a lovely day in the end of April, which, it may be necessary to remind English readers, is the Australian autumn. I remember the day by reason of a slight circumstance of which I alone was witness, a circumstance which was a revelation to me at the time, and which afterwards recalled to my memory with added significance. During the afternoon, the larger portion of our party were engaged in croquet, while some wandered about the garden talking and idling away the bright hours. Ella Blaxland was looking especially bright and charming; gay, animated, and happy, as befitted the occasion. She was dressed simply, in some soft, light, airy material, with bits of delicate blue ribbon here and there about her person, and a loop of the same interwoven amid her hair. There were other girls present with undeniable claims to beauty, but Ella moved among them like a little princess, though with no air of conscious superiority. Leonard Hamerton was at his best too to-day, exerting his utmost powers of pleasing. Sparkling, witty, and carelessly gay, he infused mirth into all our diversions, and was confessed, by some tacitly, by others openly, to be the life and spirit of our party.

We were just bringing our croquet contest to a close, preparatory to adjourning indoors for tea, when Miss Blaxland discovered that she had lost one of the ribbons with which the sleeves of her dress were fastened at the wrist. Search was made

by all of us over the croquet-ground, but in vain. It was very strange where the bright knot of ribbon could have hidden itself on that smooth level sward, and we were all sure that Ella had had both her wrist ribbons on when we began our game. Then I suddenly recollected that I had seen Dick Weir, who had not taken part in the game, but had been acting as umpire to us, stoop once while we were playing, and pick up something from the ground, which he hastily placed in the breast-pocket of his coat. I merely thought at the time that it was something of his own which he had dropped, but now it occurred to me with convincing force that it was nothing else than Ella's ribbon which he had picked up. That explained the haste with which he had hidden it away. A minute or two before Ella had missed it, Dick, his services being no longer required by us, had strolled away in the direction of the house. I said nothing, for I was resolved to keep my friend's secret. What I had seen, now put things in a new light. 'So,' I thought, 'is that how the land lies?' Poor Dick; I felt genuinely sorry for him. If he had any hope of ever winning Ella Blaxland's affections, I felt he was doomed to disappointment. But surely he knew this himself by this time.

That evening, as Dick and I rode home together from Wyandra in the moonlight, I said: 'Looks as if it were a settled thing between Ella and Hamerton, don't you think?'

Dick looked round at me, and I saw that his face was very grave, and I thought somewhat pale, but that might have been the moonlight. 'Do you think it's really settled?' he said. 'Well, we both wish her all happiness, don't we?'

There had always been the most friendly intimacy between Weir and Miss Blaxland, but nothing more than I had ever discovered. Dick's name had never been one of those even mentioned among the aspirants to Ella's hand, though they had known each other from childhood, both being natives of Willoughby.

It came to be a matter of general belief in Willoughby that Leonard Hamerton was to marry Ella Blaxland, though nothing definite upon this point could be traced back to Wyandra. Meanwhile, my liking for Hamerton did not increase, and I could not view him as a worthy husband for Miss Blaxland. The strong friendship I had formed for the pretty, kind-hearted girl made me desirous of seeing her marry a man who would be worthy of her, and Hamerton did not impress me with this idea. I felt that this might be in a great measure prejudice, but some of Hamerton's habits of life did not appear specially laudable. Weir and I found him a frequent night visitor of the billiard-room of the *Willoughby Arms*, and this not with the merely innocent object of enjoying a game. He never seemed to care for playing unless for money stakes, and he was always prepared to play as high as his opponents would go. He almost invariably won; and when he did not, it struck me that he had his own reasons for it. In fact, he did much what he liked with such opponents as he met at the *Willoughby Arms*, though they were slow to see it; and his fine talent for the game no doubt brought him in a comfortable little addition to his income. He employed his knowledge of cards whenever opportunity offered, with the same results.

The winter of 1864 is still remembered in New South Wales as that in which one of the largest floods that the colony has ever been subjected to, occurred. The Hunter River district suffered especially, and we in Willoughby did not escape the general destruction. The rapidity with which a flood occurs in Australia is not readily realised by people in the home-country. The rain began to fall in Willoughby at noon of one day, and by dusk of the next the river had risen thirty feet. By next morning half the town was submerged, the water completely covering the ground-floor of many of the houses. Our bank premises stood comparatively high, but we were obliged to abandon the first-floor on the second morning of the flood. Boats were being employed all that day in conveying the inhabitants from the lower parts of the town, and the houses immediately contiguous to the river, to those situated on more elevated ground farther back from the stream. Of course, at such a time all business is at an end. Every one who could be of any service employed himself in manning the boats for the rescue of the flooded-out families. Weir and I had been hard at work all day with the boats, and were resting from our exertions, in our little sitting-room after our six o'clock dinner. We were both pretty tired, and did not propose doing anything more that night unless some urgent demand were made upon us. As we sat smoking in silence, Weir said suddenly: "By-the-bye, did it ever occur to you how the Wyandra people may be getting on?"

"No," I answered, somewhat slowly; "it never struck me; but I suppose they're all right; they don't lie very low, and they've the boats."

"They don't lie very high," replied Dick, rising to his feet, and standing with his back to the fire; "and as to the boats, if they have to take to them, who's to man them? You know Mr Blaxland never pulls, and the two gardeners are, I should think, poor enough hands at it. There's a good lot of women-folk about the place, and very few men at this time of the year—none, in fact, I expect, except the gardeners and a boy. By Jove! Jack, we should have thought of this before. But there's no time to be lost. We must find a boat, and get up to Wyandra to-night. Are you game for it, old man? Don't go, if you don't feel up to it. I shall easily be able to pick up a crew at the *Willoughby Arms*."

"I'm quite ready, Dick," I answered. "You're right; we should have thought of it before."

We got four men at the hotel, whom we knew to be all sturdy pullers, and a boat.

Wyandra lay up the river, and in making for it, we followed the course of the stream. Had it been in the daytime, we might have saved something by taking a cross-cut, but there was not sufficient light to make such a course now judicious. It was still raining in torrents from the heavy, low-hung heavens, that seemed to be slowly settling down lower and lower upon the earth. The current of the swollen river was very strong, rendering pulling extremely difficult. We were the best part of an hour in reaching Wyandra. Rowing across what was a day or two ago a smiling garden, we approached the house from the front, and found the ground-floor completely submerged. There was an ominous silence about the place, and it was with no slight feelings of misgiving that Weir

and I climbed from the boat through the windows of the second-floor, and entered the house. We found the whole household gathered together in one room: Mr and Mrs Blaxland, and their daughter, three women domestics, the two men-servants, and the boy. They were seated with white faces and covering forms around the dying embers of a wood-fire, and the whole group presented a very pitiable sight. As we entered the room, John Blaxland started to his feet, and when he recognised us, grasped the hands of both of us with convulsive energy.

"My dear boys," he cried, "you are just in time; half an hour more, and the water will be knee-deep in this room! All our fuel is useless too, and we have been half-famished with cold."

"Dear me, Mr Blaxland," I said, "we never imagined you would have been in such a plight; but it was very thoughtless of us. Didn't you think of trying to get away in the boats at first?"

"We put off till it was too late. The two skiffs are such light things, you know, and none of us understood much about the management of boats. We didn't fancy trusting ourselves to them, that's the truth."

"Well, we mustn't put off time now, sir," I said. Dick had been meanwhile doing his best to reassure Mrs Blaxland and her daughter, the former of whom was in a state of extreme nervousness, which the poor lady was in vain exerting herself to control. We got together such shawls and rugs as were in the house and still untouched by the water, and wrapping them about Mrs Blaxland, Ella, and the other three women, made them as comfortable as the circumstances admitted, in the stern of the boat. When all the male portion of the party were seated, and the rowers had taken their places, we found that the boat was already full. One other person it might hold, but not possibly more. Here was a difficulty we had not contemplated. We had taken the largest boat we could get at Willoughby. What was to be done? Weir was prompt with a remedy. He took me aside a moment.

"There is only one thing for it, Jack," he said; "I must stay behind."

"Not while I go," I replied.

"Now, Jack," said my companion in a quiet but decided voice, "listen to reason. It's simply a matter of necessity. There are no two sides to it. Both of us can't go, and one of us must. You must, for you are the best steerer, and it will need all your skill in getting safely back with that heavily laden boat, and through such a sea of waters. I know you would do what I am doing, but you see I must be the one that stays behind in this case. The lives of all in that boat depend upon your going."

I saw the stern force of what he said. It was imperative that I should go, and it seemed impossible that Dick should go too.

"Well, Dick," I said, "I see it must be so. Heaven grant that we may be able to come back for you in time. You will have to take to the roof, I expect; but if you can manage to hold out against the cold, all will be well; I shall get some fresh men at the hotel."

"All right, old fellow," said Dick, hurrying me into the boat; "I shall be all right; don't fear. Just give me your tobacco-pouch, will you? I'll keep it in me till you return. You've got the

brandy-flask, I think, but perhaps you'll need it for some of the women.' He was wonderfully calm and cool.

'No, no,' I said, handing him the flask; 'you'll want it a great deal more than any of them.' I took my seat in the stern of the boat.

'O Mr Weir,' cried Miss Blaxland from her place, 'can you not go with us? Surely we can make room for one more.'

'No, no, Miss Blaxland,' replied Weir. 'The boat is already fuller than is safe. I shall be all right till Jack returns. Push off, men.'

The boat lurched forward into the tumbling sea of waters. I looked back at Dick, and for a moment saw his pale, calm, resolute face watching us from the window; in the next, it was swallowed up in the enshrouding darkness.

The current of the river was now with us, and our progress was more rapid than it had previously been. But our course was more dangerous, from the turbulent violence with which the current was flowing, and from the heavily laden condition of the boat. Steering was extremely difficult, and it was only with the greatest effort that I could keep the head of the boat straight. For that night at least, the only place in which my living freight could be accommodated was our rooms at the bank, and as soon as I had seen Mr and Mrs Blaxland, Ella, and the rest as comfortably provided for as possible, I set off again in the boat for the *Willoughby Arms*. Of my four rowers, one consented to return with me; the other three, though they would have been willing to go with me, declared themselves unable for the work. At the hotel, by offering a sufficient money inducement, I was enabled to obtain three other men.

Back over the dark eddying flood we made our slow way. The rain was falling, if possible, in heavier torrents, and the night had grown thicker. Stormy masses of cloud swept slowly across the lowering heavens, looking as though they might at any moment descend bodily, and overwhelm us in black destruction. It was with a heart beating with anxiety that I sat straining my eyes out into the darkness, as we approached the house at Wyndra. The water had risen high above the windows of the second-floor, and was level with the roof—more than level, the turbid-coloured tide was lapping over the low stone parapet in front. I climbed up upon the roof; I knew that Dick must have been driven from the interior of the house long since. In a stooping position, more often than not on my hands and feet, I groped my way in the rain and the darkness along the sloping shingle roof. For some time I was unable to discover any sign of Weir; I called his name, again and again, but there was no answer. A dread came upon me, that, wearied out as he was by the long and unwonted exertions of the day, he had been overcome by exhaustion, and swept away by the remorseless waters. At last, when hope was fast sinking within me, I stumbled, and tripped against something lying at my feet. I stooped, and found Weir lying with his back propped against one of the chimneys of the house. I lifted him in my arms, and made my way as fast as possible to the boat. Dick was quite insensible, and very cold. I wrapped him in a large rug which I had brought with me, and which had kept tolerably dry in the locker of the boat, poured some brandy into his throat, and

began chafing his hands. For some minutes he shewed no signs of returning animation, and I thought all was over with him. But in a little his lips moved nervously, his eyes opened and immediately closed, and he seemed to go off again as it were in a swoon. Reassured, however, that he was still alive, I bade the men push off, and wrapping the rug closer about the rigid form of my friend, I placed him at my feet, at the bottom of the boat, where I could watch him as I steered. Again we were in the current of the river; the night had grown still darker, and by straining my sight to the utmost, I could see no farther than half-a-dozen yards beyond the boat's head. The current was rushing at headlong speed, and with a deafening roar like the crash of a vast waterfall. The men were using their oars more to steady the boat than to propel her, while we were borne along with an uneasy lurching motion on the swollen, eddying waters. Every few moments a dark object drifted past us—now a dead horse or cow, now a barrel, a ladder, or a hen-coop, waifs from many a ruined homestead. Once a haystack struck the boat sideways, wheeled us round, and all but overwhelmed us in the surging flood. From time to time I bent over Weir and applied the spirit-flask to his lips. It was all that I could do, for I had to give my undivided attention to the work of steering. When we reached the town, the men were all but exhausted. Like the rest, they had been working with the boats all day. One of the three doctors in Willoughby lived close to the bank, and I bade the men stop for a moment at his house. When he heard my story, the doctor immediately accompanied me home.

We laid Dick in his bed. Besides the doctor and myself, Mr and Mrs Blaxland and their daughter were the only others in the room.

With anxious faces we bent over the bed as the doctor proceeded to examine the still insensible form of Weir. He laid open Dick's waistcoat, tore aside his shirt, and placed his hand on his heart. As he did so, something fell out from between the folds of the woollen shirt, and lay on Dick's breast. It was a small knot of blue ribbon. I picked it up and handed it to Ella Blaxland. As she took it, her face, that had been marble-pale before, changed to crimson; a strange, startled look came into her eyes, and she turned hastily from the bedside, and seated herself by the fire. She too recognised the ribbon.

A few moments' examination satisfied the doctor that Dick was still alive, and we proceeded to apply such remedies for his restoration as were within our power. These proved more quickly successful than I had hoped for, and soon we had the satisfaction of seeing Dick slowly returning to consciousness and life. Before the doctor left, he had fallen into a sound sleep.

When he awoke next morning, Dick was completely himself again. When the doctor called and saw him, he pronounced that no grave results had ensued from the previous night's exposure.

On the day succeeding that of the events above narrated, the rain ceased, and the waters receded from the earth almost as quickly as they had risen. But what a scene of desolation they left behind! Far as the eye could reach, the land that a few days before had been green and smiling, lay a dreary waste of wilderness—farms and homesteads, gardens, orchards, and vineyards,

stripped bare by the cruel waters, and left a shapeless ruin. But on these things, familiar enough to many a colonist, it is not my intention here to dwell. It was some time, of course, before the pleasant homestead at Wymana regained its old shape and beauty; but the Australian soil and climate have quick recuperative powers, and Mr Blaxland's property was restored to its former appearance with a rapidity that would have astonished a stranger in the country.

Leonard Hamerton did not marry Ella Blaxland. It turned out that there had never been any mention of an engagement, either on the part of themselves or Ella's parents—though I have reason to think that Miss Blaxland at one time was really very favourably inclined to Hamerton. But circumstances occurred to change her feelings completely in this respect. Shortly after the great flood, Hamerton disappeared suddenly from Willoughby under somewhat inexplicable circumstances. After his departure, stories got about very little to his credit, chiefly relating to pecuniary matters. There was a good deal of mystery about the whole affair; and it was thought that the young man's friends in Sydney had used their strongest influence to hush the matter up. Enough, however, got abroad to render Hamerton's further stay in Willoughby impossible. He consequently sought a larger field in a neighbouring colony, where he might, if he chose, start afresh, and reform certain of his habits of life.

The place in Ella Blaxland's regard that had been supposed by everybody to have been occupied by Hamerton, was quickly taken by one of a very different stamp, Dick Weir. Of course, everybody was surprised when it came to be known for certain that Weir was to marry Miss Blaxland. It was hardly conceivable! The very last person that any one would have thought of! But so it was. The small world of Willoughby was not behind the scenes, and perhaps its surprise was not very wonderful in this case. Dick did not at once strike up as the kind of man likely to carry off the prettiest girl in a country-side.

JONATHAN HULLS.

In the autobiography of the late John Barrow, under-secretary of the Admiralty, the following assertion occurs: 'That neither Lord Stanhope, nor Fulton, nor the American Livingstone, nor Patrick Miller, nor his assistant Symington, have the least claim of priority to the application of steam and wheels for propelling vessels. There can be no doubt that Jonathan Hulls was the real inventor of the steam-boat.' This is a bold and dogmatic assertion of Barrow, and would need some investigation. Let us first understand who was Jonathan Hulls, and when did he live.

According to the tradition current in the neighbourhood in which he was born, Hulls was the son of a village mechanic at Hauging-Aston, near Campden, Gloucestershire; the name of the child being entered in a baptismal register, December 17, 1699. Thomas Hull, or Hulls, the father, having removed from Aston to Campden, there the boy was educated at the ancient grammar-school. With a natural turn for mechanics, Jonathan Hulls was brought up as a clockmaker, or rather clock-mender—one of a humble class of artisans whose business it is to make a circuit through a certain

district, cleaning and repairing cottage and farmhouse clocks, as well as the clocks of churches. He married early, and settled in the hamlet of Broad Campden, about 1729.

During the earlier years of manhood, Hulls bore the reputation of being a thoughtful and studious man, and his neighbours are said to have regarded his superior mental powers with no small degree of respect. It is asserted that that idea which has given him some claim to posthumous honour occurred to him while he was yet young, and was matured in his own mind long before any channel was opened through which he could hope to make it known to the world; for Hulls had a family to support, and no means beyond a poor and precarious handicraft. A patron at last appeared in a Mr Freeman of Batsford Park, whose seat (now that of Lord Redesdale) is situated about a mile from Aston, the native place of the inventor. By means of funds provided by this gentleman, Hulls was enabled to go to London, to procure a patent, and to publish a pamphlet in which his invention is described.

His patent is dated December 21, 1736, and it bears the sign-manual of Queen Caroline as witness. In this instrument the invention is described as a 'machine for carrying ships and vessels out of or into any harbour or river against wind and tide'; and it further sets forth that as the inventor could not at that time 'safely discover the nature of his invention,' he was afterwards to enrol a description of the same in the High Court of Chancery.

The little publication in which Hulls attempted to make his scheme known to the world was printed in London in 1737. It is entitled, *A Description and Draught of a new-invented Machine for carrying Vessels or Ships out of or into any Harbour, Port, or River against Wind and Tide or in a Calm*. In his preface he says: 'There is one great hardship lies too commonly upon those who propose to advance some new though useful scheme for the public benefit. The world abounding more in rash censure than in a candid and unprejudiced estimation of things, if a person does not answer their expectation in every point, instead of friendly treatment for his good intentions, he too often meets with ridicule and contempt. But I hope this will not be my case, but that they will form a judgment of my present undertaking only from trial. If it should be said that I have filled this tract with things that are foreign to the matter proposed, I answer: There is nothing in it but what is necessary to be understood by those who desire to know the nature of that machine which I now offer to the world, and I hope that, through the blessing of God, it may prove serviceable to my country.'

The first, and indeed the larger portion of the pamphlet is devoted to the elucidation of such mechanical powers and principles as the inventor considered necessary to the proper understanding of his scheme. The author then proceeds to describe the machine itself, and in doing this he has the assistance of a large copper-plate engraving, which serves as a frontispiece to the work.

In a work like the present, it would scarcely be fitting to enter upon any detailed account of the mechanical contrivances by which Hulls proposed to obtain and utilise motive-power for the propulsion of vessels; but a few words will suffice

to shew to what extent he had anticipated the paddle-wheel steam-vessel of our own day. 'In some convenient part of the tow-boat,' he says, 'there is placed a vessel about two-thirds full of water, with the top close shut; this vessel being kept boiling, rarefies the water into steam; this steam being conveyed through a large pipe into a cylindrical vessel, and there condensed, makes a vacuum, which causes the weight of the atmosphere to press on this vessel, and so presses down a piston that is fitted into this cylindrical vessel in the same manner as in Mr Newcomen's engine with which he raises water by fire.' The motion thus obtained was communicated to what Hulls calls a 'fan,' but which the illustration shews to have been neither more nor less than a veritable paddle-wheel.

In speaking of his invention and the uses that may probably be made of it, Hulls is modest even to timidity. Fearing the objection, that it cannot be made strong enough to bear exposure to the full violence of the wind and waves, he does not dare to anticipate that it can ever be applied to sea-going vessels, but limits its application to tow-boats specially devoted to the purpose—in modern nomenclature, to steam-tugs; and even in these he places his paddle-wheel at the stern of the vessel, as being the least exposed situation.

Towards the close of his book, Hulls refutes various objections which either had been, or which might have been made against his project; such as, whether it be possible to construct machinery of sufficient strength to overcome the resistance of ships of great burden? whether the machine can be worked with profit? &c. In conclusion, he says: 'Thus I have endeavoured to give a clear and satisfactory account of my new-invented machine, and I doubt not but whoever shall give himself the trouble to peruse this essay will be so candid as to excuse or overlook any imperfections in the diction or manner of writing, considering the hand it comes from, if what I have imagined may only appear as plain to others as it has done to me, namely, that the scheme I now offer is practicable, and if encouraged, will be useful.'

At the time of its publication, this pamphlet appears to have attracted no attention whatever, and Freeman, unwilling to risk any further outlay, abandoned Hulls and his project. It is therefore evident that the invention did not receive a practical trial, and whatever hopes the projector might have based upon its success were destined to be disappointed.

It is not till 1750 that we have any further documentary evidence with regard to Hulls or his doings, but in that year we find him in conjunction with two townsmen of Campden, R. Darby and William Bradford, schoolmaster, publishing a *Maltmaker's Guide*, shewing how any person may know the duty on any quantity of malt in cistern, couch, or floor. Again, in 1754, we see him making a final effort to bring some of the fruits of his inventive genius into notice. With the same two friends as partners in the undertaking, he now patented a Statical and Hydrostatical Balance, and a New Sliding Rule for artificers, and published pamphlets describing these inventions. The balance is exceedingly ingenious. Hulls defines it as 'an instrument for detecting frauds by counterfeit gold, which gives the weight and shews the alloy of that metal in coin and all utensils made thereof,

and if adulterated, the nature and extent of the alloy.' One of these balances, made by Hulls, is in the possession of the writer. The pamphlet describing the sliding rule bears as its title, *The new Art of Measuring, made easy by the help of a new Sliding Rule*. Coventry: Printed by T. Brooks in Broad-gate, 1754.

Commercially speaking, these last, like all the other ventures of Jonathan Hulls, proved to be complete failures. Incurring some derision for his want of success, he quitted the place where he was best known, and hid himself among the crowds of London. With what might be called a broken heart, he died in extreme poverty, the exact date of his decease being unknown. Down to comparatively recent times, the family of Jonathan Hulls continued to live at Campden, and to hold much the same position as that occupied by himself; namely, that of upright and respectable mechanics. The cottage in which he lived at Broad Campden was long retained by them, and has only recently been pulled down. It was not till the death of the widow of the last descendant of the inventor, in 1865, that the name Hulls disappeared from the district.

Jonathan Hulls is seen to have been a man of no ordinary capacity. We cannot coincide with Barrow in saying he 'was the real inventor of the steam-boat.' But he, undoubtedly, in a rough way, was the first to point out how steam might be employed in the propulsion of vessels. His scheme was clever, but it was purely speculative. From unfortunate circumstances, it did not receive any practical trial, and, like many other efforts of genius, came to nothing. Nevertheless, let us do all honour to the memory of this poor man. His ill fortune may partly be traced to an extreme modesty, which, both in himself and his descendants, negated the power of superior abilities so far as regarded rising in the world, but still more to his poverty and want of friends. Had he met with a coadjutor possessing the practical talents and ample capital of Matthew Boulton, there appears no reason why his life should have produced less immediate results than that of James Watt. Of the ultimate value of his idea, when, seventy years later, it was developed by men more happily circumstanced, it is unnecessary to speak.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SIR REGINALD TAKES HIS OWN VIEW.

As Walter descended the mountain, accompanied by Santoro, his reflections did not permit him to pay much attention to the incidents of the way: when they had to let themselves down some precipice, his foot and hand indeed obeyed his will; and when, now and then, his companion bade him listen, in fear that they were approaching the troops, who would certainly have shot them both, without waiting for an explanation, he stopped and listened mechanically; but for the most part his own thoughts preoccupied him, and he only knew, or cared to know, that the direction in which he was advancing with such rapid strides was towards Palermo. The sense of sudden freedom did not occur to him with the force it had done when standing with Joanna in front of the cavern; for he was

even less free now than he had been then; but the question, whether he should have his freedom eventually, agitated his mind perpetually. How many of us, in supreme moments—those of dangerous illness of ourselves or of others; or when prosperity or poverty is trembling in the balance; or when we await 'Yes' or 'No' from lips we love—have said to ourselves: 'How will it be with me to-morrow; or the next hour; or when I shall presently return out of that door?' And so it was with Walter, as, free of limb, but a slave to his plighted word, he descended that Sicilian hill-side. 'How will it be with me four days hence, when I shall have to return yonder, laden with the gold that will be the price of our freedom, or empty-handed, and therefore doomed to death amid unspeakable torments?' Nor was it egotism—though egotism would, under such circumstances, have been very pardonable—that moved the young man to these considerations. Life was dear to him, no doubt, as it is dear to most of us at five-and-twenty, but there were dearer things than life concerned with that alternative which he was considering. If, for example, he should not obtain the ransom, the cause of his failure would in all probability be what Joanna had suggested—namely, the inability of Lillian to prosecute the matter. She might have been too ill even to speak of it, or to place the authorisation in Sir Reginald's hands, on her arrival in Palermo; she might be delirious, and up to this hour have remembered nothing of the charge confided to her; or she might be dead. A cold stone seemed to take the place of Walter's heart, as this last idea occurred to him. If she was dead, what mattered it how it should be with him next week, or any week! He would die too, and thereby avoid breaking his word, for he had said: 'I will return if I am alive.' No; that would be only keeping his promise to the ear: he must live on, for the sake of the poor old man he had just left among those merciless wretches; must do his best for his enfranchisement, or comfort him by his presence in his miserable fate; for would not Lillian have had it so.

'Stop, signor; there go the soldiers,' said Santoro; and on the road which had last come into view before them, could be seen through the trees a considerable body of troops moving towards the city.

'The cordon must be loosening,' observed Santoro, 'unless these men have been relieved. Now is the time to get money up to the camp, if we could only know where it was.'

This was clear enough; and Walter was for pushing on at increased speed; but Santoro bade him pause, lest there should be more soldiers returning home, and they should find themselves between two detachments. The wisdom of this advice was made evident within the next quarter of an hour by the appearance of another body of men almost as large as that which had preceded it.

'The troops have been recalled,' murmured Santoro triumphantly. 'The governor has grown tired of hunting us with the troops, and the road for the ransom is now clear.'

'Let us hope so,' answered Walter fervently; 'but is it not possible that they have intercepted it?'

It was not unusual in similar cases for the government to direct its division among the troops; for though it made feeble efforts to put down the brigands, it was high-handed enough in its measures respecting the illegal payment of the ransoms of their victims.

'No, no; the soldiers would have talked and sung as they went by, had they had any success. Take my word for it, they have given up the whole thing, and have gone home in disgust.'

At all events, Walter and his companion met with no further hindrance, and reached Palermo before dusk. Santoro, it was agreed, should not enter the city in his company, lest his connection with the brigands—though, having divested himself of his arms and jewels, he looked as 'indifferent honest' as any other of his fellow-countrymen—should be taken for granted; and the gate of the English burial-ground having been fixed upon as a place of rendezvous every evening, in case they should wish to communicate with one another, for the present they parted; Santoro, in the highest spirits at the prospect of a few days of town-life, directing his steps to some friends in the neighbourhood of the Dogana, and Walter to the hotel upon the Marina at which Sir Reginald had lodged, and to which he did not doubt that Lillian would have been carried. He had some hesitation as to whether he should ask to see her, or the baronet; but on consideration of the importance of the matter at stake, which seemed to override all ordinary and conventional rules, he determined on presenting himself to Lillian. But, in the first place, it was absolutely necessary that he should seek his own lodgings on the Marina. Unshaven, unwashed, ragged, and scorched with the sun, he looked more like a native beggar than the young English gentleman who had embarked in pursuit of the *Sylphide* some fifteen days ago. Baccari, who was standing at his house door, did not even move aside as he approached, but regarded him with no very favourable expression.

'I have nothing for you, nor such as you,' said he, anticipating from this able-bodied but dilapidated stranger an application for alms.

'What! Baccari, has a fortnight's stay with Captain Corrali, then, so altered your old lodger?' In a moment, the honest little fellow had thrown himself about Walter's neck, and was weeping tears of joy.

'Thanks be to Heaven and all the saints,' cried he, 'that you have returned alive! Come in, come in! What a spectacle do I behold! Nothing has happened like it since my neighbour Loffredo's case. O the villains, the scoundrels! Welcome home!—A bath? Of course you desire a bath. I recognise you for an Englishman by that request, though, otherwise, you might be a countryman of my own—and, by Santa Rosalia, not one of the most respectable. You must be half-starved, my dear young sir; still, you are alive, and have come back again from that den of thieves. How delighted Francisco will be! The poor youth has never been himself since you left him, in spite of his good advice, and fell into the hands of those ruffians. Signor Pelter, too, I shall not now have to write to him to say: "Our friend has been put to death by brigands." While supplying his

guest with food and everything needful, the good lodging-house keeper did not, in fact, for a moment cease expressing his thanks to Providence, and his congratulations on Walter's safe return. For the time, such genuine manifestations of good-will, succeeding to such hard conditions of life as those to which he had been of late accustomed, quite won the young painter from his despondency, and almost convinced him that he had really regained home and safety. But no sooner had he recruited his strength, and attired himself in a decent garb, than the responsibilities of his mission began to press upon him. Indeed, more than once had an inquiry concerning Lillian been upon his lips, which, nevertheless, he had not the courage to frame. At last, he turned round boldly to his host. 'And now,' said he, 'tell me about the English lady whom Corrali caused to be sent back to Palermo. Since her father is still in his hands, I am come hither to effect the payment of his ransom.'

'Ah! the ransom. Well, yesterday, I should have said you would have had but a bad chance, even supposing, as I do not doubt, that you have the means of raising the money. The governor, you see, is very indignant at the outrage, since it has happened to a rich Englishman, and not to a poor devil of a fellow-countryman like myself. Sir Reginald, too, and the British consul have been very importunate with him. Half the troops in the city have, therefore, been sent out to hunt the brigands, with strict orders, also, you may be sure, to let no money-bags pass through their lines. But to-day, as I hear, the soldiers have been recalled, since Corrali and his men have taken their departure towards Messina.'

'But the young lady—Mr Brown's daughter—you tell me nothing of her.'

'Well, indeed, my dear young sir, there is but little to tell; no one has seen her, since she was brought home to the hotel yonder, more dead than alive, except her sister and Julia?'

'Who is Julia?'

'Oh! that is the waiting-maid whose services have been secured for her, and about whom my son Francisco will tell you a great deal more than I can. I am very much afraid that the boy will marry her; and then there will be a family to keep by fishing, I suppose, and the little I can afford to contribute. They will want the house, too, for the children, and I shall be no longer enabled to let lodgings.'

'For Heaven's sake, tell me about the young lady! Is she worse or better? Is she in danger?'

'I don't know about danger, but she is still very ill, I believe, and, unfortunately, wandering in her mind. The sun, it seems, was too much for her during that moonlit journey, and she was ill before. My good sir, where are you going? It is out of the question that she should be able to see you.'

'Then I must see Sir Reginald,' said Walter decisively; 'it is upon a matter that does not admit of a moment's delay.' Upon the whole, he thought it wise not to communicate to the talkative Sicilian what the matter really was; if the authorities had really opposed themselves to the money being paid, the more secretly the affair was managed the better.

'Well, if it is about milord's freedom and the ransom,' observed Baccari with an aggrieved air,

'you may consider that as a public topic. Every one is talking about it; some say one thing indeed, and some another, but I can tell you this much—who have, unfortunately, had some experience in these matters—that, hitherto, Sir Reginald and the rest of them have been going the wrong way to work to procure your countryman's freedom; and not only the wrong way, but the very way to prevent it. Let the gold be put in a box—the money must be paid in gold, of course—and let it be carried out at night up to Corrali's camp; then milord will come down in the morning, a little thinner, perhaps, and by no means pleased with our Sicilian ways (none of Corrali's captives are); but, after all, there will have been no harm done. Whereas, to send troops after these gentry is the way to make them fit—fit like cloud-shadows, from hillside to hillside, take their prisoner with them, until one day they get tired of carrying him about, and cut his throat.'

'That is precisely my own view of the matter,' answered Walter thoughtfully.

'Just so; and you have had a personal experience. Up to this moment, you will bear me witness, my dear young sir, that I have not put one question to you; though I have been hungering to learn your adventures almost as much as you were for your dinner. How did you fare? How did you sleep? Were there more than fifty of those scoundrels? (for that is what is reported). Did you see Joanna, who is dressed as a man?'

'My dear Baccari, I will tell you all that another time, but, for the present, I have not a moment at my own disposal.'

And Walter took up his hat, and turned his steps to the hotel, which was but a few paces off. The brief exhilaration caused by good food and clean raiment—and by the latter scarcely less than the former—had now passed away, and his mind was full of forebodings. If he should be really unable to gain speech with Lillian, it would be difficult, he knew, to persuade Sir Reginald to change any course of action which he had once seen proper to adopt—difficult under any conditions; but now that they had ceased to be friends—not to say had become enemies—it was a task of which he well-nigh despaired. It was true there were other strings to his bow—the bankers, the consul, to be applied to, with whom, surely, his late experience, and the conviction that was borne of it, must needs have weight. But even his own impressions—notwithstanding that he felt himself as much tied and bound by his promise to the brigand chief as ever—were far different, now that he was free and among friends, than what they had been when in captivity; and he was well aware that it would not be easy to convince men who were living at home at ease, of the desperate condition in which himself and the old merchant really stood. On arriving at the hotel, therefore, notwithstanding that such a proceeding might of itself enrage Sir Reginald against him, he asked to see Miss Lillian Brown. The porter, however, accustomed to continual inquiries upon the part of the British residents after her health, misunderstood his words, and replied that the young lady's condition was slightly improving, but that she had not yet recovered her senses. This was as bad as anything Walter could have expected, and of course put a stop to any idea of a personal interview.

'I wish to see her brother-in-law, Sir Reginald Selwyn,' observed he, 'upon business of great importance.'

'Very good, sir. This way, if you please.'

As Walter followed the man up-stairs, the terrible thought invaded his mind, that perhaps this poor girl had not been in her right mind since her arrival; that nothing had been done with respect to the authorisation, and that everything connected with the ransom would have to begin *de novo*. If the bankers in Palermo were as dilatory as the rest of their fellow-countrymen in matters of business, the time before him was short indeed. Walter was ushered into a sitting-room upon the first-floor, and requested to wait, while his name was sent up to the baronet.

'It is unnecessary to give my name,' said he, after a moment's reflection; 'you may say an old acquaintance from England.'

It was just possible, he thought, that Sir Reginald might decline to see his quondam friend, after what had happened at their last meeting at Willowbank; and, moreover, he wished to judge, from the baronet's countenance, whether his presence in Palermo took him by surprise or not; since, if it did, it would be proof that Lillian had never been in a condition to relate to him what had taken place during her captivity. It was nearly a quarter of an hour before Sir Reginald made his appearance, expecting, doubtless, to see some casual London acquaintance, who, finding him at Palermo, had dropped in for an evening call.

His countenance changed, directly he set eyes on Walter; he did not, however, seem so much surprised, as annoyed and disappointed: his look of conventional welcome at once gave place to one of dislike and suspicion.

'This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr Litton,' said he coldly, and pointing to a chair.

Walter sat down. Such a reception was almost an insult, but the circumstances were too serious to admit of his taking offence.

'You knew I was in Palermo, Sir Reginald, or at least that I had been so, I conclude?'

The baronet hesitated: 'Yes; I have heard so.'

'And also that I had been taken prisoner by the brigands, in company with your father-in-law, who is still, unhappily, in their hands?'

'I did not hear that you were in his company when taken prisoner; indeed, I had reason to suppose that such would hardly have been the case.'

This allusion to the merchant's quarrel with Walter, fomented as it had been by the speaker himself, and indeed solely attributable to him, was almost too much for Walter's patience; still he kept his temper.

'I was made captive, Sir Reginald, as you say, not in Mr Brown's company, but in the attempt to give the alarm while there was yet time; I hoped to effect his release by force of arms. That time is unfortunately past; and it is my painful duty to inform you, that if immediate steps are not taken to pay his ransom, his life will without doubt be forfeited.'

'That is what Captain Corrali says, I suppose,' observed Sir Reginald contemptuously.

'He has said so, and, in such a matter, he will, without doubt, keep his word. If, within four days, the whole three hundred thousand ducats are not in his hands'—

'Why, that is fifty thousand pounds!' interrupted Sir Reginald: 'a modest sum, truly, to be asked for by a highwayman.'

'But is it possible that I am telling you this for the first time?' exclaimed Walter, feeling that his worst fears were indeed realised. 'Did not Miss Lillian tell you with what mission she was charged?'

'My sister-in-law was brought to the city in a dangerous and almost desperate condition, quite unfit to attend to any matters of business.'

'Business! But this is an affair that concerns her father's life. Do you mean to tell me that she never gave you the authorisation for the payment of the money, which I saw Mr Brown write out with his own hand?'

'I have seen no such document, nor is any such in Miss Brown's possession,' answered the baronet steadily. 'As to the enormous sum you have mentioned, it is true that she has spoken of it more than once, but it was very naturally taken as the utterance of a disordered intellect. She has been wandering in her mind—as well as prostrated by fever—ever since her return.'

'The sum is perfectly correct, Sir Reginald, and not a ducat less will be taken by the brigand chief. It is the price of Mr Brown's life—and of my life also (though I do not wish to speak of that), since I have promised to return either with or without it within four days. We are both dead men, if'—

'Excuse me, Mr Litton,' said Sir Reginald, smiling, 'if I recommend that you should take some rest and refreshment before you speak any more on the topic. It evidently excites you, and if, as I conclude, you have just escaped from these scoundrels' hands, you are hardly fit to judge of them dispassionately. You are naturally disposed to exaggerate their power and determination, and to give them—or rather to persuade others to give them—whatever they choose to ask.'

'Sir Reginald, I am as cool and collected as yourself; I have told you nothing which is not true, except that it is not the whole truth. Your father-in-law will be put to death—of that I am satisfied—in some most cruel and shocking fashion, if you turn a deaf ear to what I say. Ask any one in Palermo who is acquainted with the brigand customs in such cases, and I am confident they will bear me out in what I say.'

'I scarcely think you are quite aware of what you say, Mr Litton,' answered the other, in a cold calm voice: 'you just expressed your resolve to return in person to these gentry, in order that you yourself may be put to death. You are a little eccentric in your conduct (if you will permit me to say so) even now, but you would, in that case, be stark staring mad.'

'I know that many people think it madness to keep their word, when it happens to be to their disadvantage,' answered Walter quietly; 'but that is beside the question. I am pleading for your father-in-law, not for myself. And I must insist, in his name, and for his life's sake, that an immediate search be made for the authorisation of which I have spoken.'

There was a short pause, during which the baronet frowned heavily and bit his lip, as though in doubt. 'The word "insist" is one which is utterly out of place in this discussion,' observed he presently; 'but I make allowance for your

excited condition, which, indeed, the circumstances of the case may well excuse. Moreover, I should be loath, for old acquaintance' sake, to refuse you satisfaction in so simple a matter.' Here he rang the bell, and bade the servant request the presence of Lady Selwyn. 'My wife,' said he, 'who is in constant attendance on her sister, shall at once make search for the paper of which you speak. I conclude you will trust to her report, if not to mine.'

'Trust, Sir Reginald!' echoed Walter excitedly. 'Do you suppose, then, that I think you capable of having ignored this authorisation, or of concealing it? Why, if you knew of it, and yet kept it back, you would be a murderer—ay, just as much the assassin of your wife's father!'

'Here is my wife,' broke in Sir Reginald. 'Pray, keep this extravagant talk of yours, Mr Litton, somewhat within bounds, or at least reserve it for male ears.' He spoke with sharpness as well as scorn, but Walter heeded him not; his whole attention was riveted by the appearance of Lotty, who was standing pale and trembling at the open door. She had evidently heard his words, and was looking at her husband with inquiring yet frightened eyes. 'A murderer!' she murmured—'an assassin!'

'Yes; those were the words this gentleman used, and which he applied to me, madam,' said the baronet scornfully. 'Does it appear to you that I look like one or the other?'

'But what does he mean, Reginald?'

'Gad, madam, that is more than I can tell you. He has been raving here these twenty minutes about his friends the brigands, who have sent him, it seems, for a trifle of fifty thousand pounds, as the price of your father's release.'

'As the price of his life, Lady Selwyn!' answered Walter solemnly. 'He wrote out an order on the bankers for that sum, and sent it by your sister's hand; but Sir Reginald tells me it has not been found. I adjure you, if your father's existence is dear to you, to discover what has become of it.'

'Indeed, Mr Litton, I will do my best,' said Lotty, with a glance at her husband, such as those animals who have been trained to do things contrary to their nature always throw at their master before commencing a performance. 'My sister is very ill.'—

'He knows all that,' interrupted Sir Reginald hastily. 'She is much too ill, of course, to be interrogated on any such matter. But, if the authorisation—this document Mr Litton speaks of—was confided to Lillian, it must, of course, be still in her possession.—I don't say that I would act upon it, mind, even if it was found, sir,' added he, as his wife left the room; 'my idea is, that one should never treat with these scoundrels save sword in hand; that we should give them lead and steel—not gold.'

'Nay, Sir Reginald; I am sure if you were to read your father-in-law's words, written as they were in the dire expectation of death, these scruples would weigh as nothing.'

'Well, well, we shall see. I need not trouble you to wait; but in case of Lady Selwyn's finding this document, I will send word of the fact to your address, if you will furnish me with it.'

Sir Reginald took out his tablets, and wrote down the number of Mr Baccari's house, like any other trifling memorandum.

His coolness seemed frightful to Walter.

'And if the document is *not* found, Sir Reginald?'

'Well, really, in that case, I cannot see what is to be done, more than has been already done. The troops were promptly sent out, and in considerable force.'—

'They would have been useless in any case,' put in Walter earnestly; 'but, as it happens, they have been withdrawn.'

'Indeed! I had not heard of that,' returned the other quickly.

'It matters not. I repeat, that all armed intervention would be useless.'

'You must really allow others, as well as yourself, Mr Litton, to exercise some judgment in this affair. The British consul, the governor of the town, and the humble individual who has the honour to address you, are all of one opinion, and it is diametrically opposed to your own. As to the other matter, you shall be communicated with, if the necessity arises. Good-morning to you.'

Walter rose, and left the room without a word. He could not trust himself to speak more with this man, who treated the capture and death of a fellow-creature—not to mention that he was a near connection of his own—with such philosophic indifference. He could not imagine that he had utterly failed to convince Sir Reginald of the peril of his father-in-law's position. On the contrary, a dreadful suspicion had taken possession of him, that the baronet was well aware of it, and had his own reasons for affecting to ignore it. Why should it have entered into his mind that he (Walter) would not believe his report concerning the existence of the authorisation, unless he had been conscious of a wish—perhaps of an intention—that it should not be found? If Lillian, who was said to be seriously ill, were to die, the whole of her father's wealth, should he be put to death by the brigands, would revert to Sir Reginald, through Lotty. The perspiration stood upon Walter's brow, at the contemplation of such wickedness as these ideas suggested, but yet they remained with him; he did not, as of old, repent of having entertained such evil thoughts of his former friend; he felt that Selwyn was a selfish, heartless fellow from skin to skin. Moreover, the look of suspicion, as well as dread, that his wife had cast upon him, when Walter had said that he who would keep back the document would be almost as guilty as Corrali himself, had not been lost upon him; it seemed to imply, not, indeed, that Sir Reginald had done such a thing, but that the person who knew him best conceived it possible that he might be capable of doing it. These thoughts crowded upon him as he sat alone in his little chamber waiting for news from this man; there was no relief to them, unless the picture of Lillian wasted to a shadow, as he had seen her last, but with her beautiful eyes lacking the light of reason, could be called a relief. When an hour had thus passed by, he could bear it no longer; inaction had become intolerable to him, and he once more bent his steps towards the hotel. His inopportune seemed to have been anticipated, for no sooner had he again inquired for Sir Reginald, than he was informed that the baronet had stepped out, but had left a message to the effect that 'he had nothing further to communicate to Mr Litton.' As he left the door, the gun at the observatory

announced to the townsfolk sunset—to him, that one day of the allotted four he had yet to live had expired.

CHAPTER XL.—A GLEAM OF HOPE.

It was too late that night to call upon the consul or the bankers, on whom, indeed, his mind misgave him it would be of small use to call in any case; but a sudden impulse caused him to seek the gate of the English burial-ground. Even if Santoro were there, he could obviously afford him no assistance; and it was to the last degree improbable that he should be there, on that first evening of their arrival, and when he might naturally conclude that the young Englishman would have no need to see him. Yet he went on the bare chance of his being there. His heart seemed to yearn for the one companion with whom, if he had no sympathy, he had at least something in common, who shared with him that knowledge of his own perilous position which it seemed impossible to induce any one else in Palermo to share. The broker's man who sits in possession of the poor man's goods may not take pity upon him, but he knows the sad fact of the position, and is so far preferable to the friend who ignores his ruin, or disbelieves it, and would fain have him shout and sing.

Finding Santoro at the spot agreed upon—'Why, you could hardly have expected to see me so soon?' said he.

'I did not expect it, signor; but I had my orders not to lose a chance of communicating with you.'

'Indeed! It struck me that the captain did not trouble himself much about the matter.'

'It was not the captain; it was la signora,' answered the other significantly.

Walter felt the colour come into his cheeks, as he replied as carelessly as he could: 'But you are not one of la signora's men; I understood that only those two who came up from the cavern were under her directions.'

'That is so, signor; but one that is dear to her is very dear to me.'

'Ah! Lavocca?'

'Yes, signor. So I would go through fire and water to serve her,' answered he simply.—'Have you any news?'

'Bad news. It is that I wished to see you about. The authorisation which Mr Brown sent for the payment of the ransom is not to be found. Are you sure that no one could have possessed himself of it, while the English lady was being brought back?'

Santoro shook his head. 'That is impossible. In the first place, it would have benefited no one; and in the second, no one would have dared.'

'That is also my opinion. But, at all events, it has disappeared, and without it, I fear not a ducat can be raised. My idea is, that you should return at once to the camp, and bring back another order from Mr Brown.'

'But that would be very dangerous, signor.'

'How so, when the troops have been withdrawn?'

'Oh, the troops are nothing; it is Corrali himself that I should fear to meet. It is contrary to his wishes that we came down here: his patience is already exhausted, and he would not believe one word of such a tale as this. My return, I feel confident, would be the signal for putting miliori

to death at once. You don't know the captain's temper, signor. And then there is Corbora to egg him on. Of course, I will go, if such is your wish, but that is my conviction.'

In vain Walter attempted to move Santoro from this opinion, delivered with all the gravity of a judge *in banco*. It was certain that he was in the best position to speak positively upon such a matter; and he had no motive for misrepresenting it. Walter felt convinced, against his will, that himself alone depended the success of his mission. Yet without the authorisation, how could he hope to induce the bankers to advance such a sum, or the tenth part of it? To be sure, he had Mr Brown's credentials in the paper he had given him at parting, which begged them to put confidence in the bearer, and to hasten matters as much as possible; but what was the tag of the play without the play itself. If the sum had been a thousand pounds, or even five thousand, it might easily enough have been raised, under such an urgent necessity; but fifty thousand pounds! He felt that the task he was about to undertake was almost hopeless; but yet he must needs attempt it, by whatever means he found available. He shook hands with Santoro, and returned alone to his own lodgings. Francesco met him at the door with, for him, quite extravagant signs of welcome and satisfaction.

'I never thought to see your face again, signor,' exclaimed he. 'I was right, you see, about these gentlemen of the mountains. Well, you have seen Corrali face to face, and yet escaped him with a whole skin and a whole purse. That is what no other man in Sicily can say for himself, save you and me.'

Walter did not think it worth while to undeceive him; he was resolutely bent upon returning to the brigands; but he did not wish to be made out a martyr, nor even, as Sir Reginald called him, a madman, for so doing: he felt that his own opinion and that of the world, as to what was right to be done, would be at variance, and he did not wish to discuss the matter.

'Then the young lady too,' continued Francesco with quite unwonted loquacity; 'she has reason to thank her stars, for it is better to be ill in Palermo than to enjoy the best of health up yonder; and he pointed towards Mount Pellegrino, 'without a roof to one's head, and among bad company. They say that Joanna is a she-devil.'

'Then they do her a great injustice, Francesco,' answered Walter gravely. 'But how did you know that the lady had been with Joanna?'

'Oh, well, there is a friend of mine, a young woman at the hotel, who has no secrets from me, and as it so happens, she is the signora's nurse for the present.'

'But did the signora tell her, then?'

'I suppose so. Who else? Certainly she told her.'

'But Sir Reginald himself informed me that she was delirious—not capable of understanding what was said to her.'

'I believe that is so. She chatters on, poor thing—so Julia tells me—by the hour together. Can you guess one particular person whom she talks about, signor? The boy looked roughly up in Walter's face. "Ah," I say to Julia, "when you go out of your mind, you will talk of me, as your mistress talks of Signor Litton."

Under other circumstances, the piece of information would have had an interest for Walter absorbing enough—though, indeed, by this time, he possessed the full assurance that Lillian loved him—but there was something else that the lad had dropped which riveted his attention even more.

'Then, when the lady first came back to Palermo,' returned he anxiously, 'she was aware of all that had happened to her? It is only lately that she has lost consciousness. Is that so, Francisco?'

'I believe so. I will ask Julia, if you like, when I see her next.'

'By all means ask her. But when will you see her?'

'Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps not till the day after; it depends upon the signora's state whether she can get away or not. But the next time she shall give me all particulars: you may look upon the matter as settled.'

This information moved Walter greatly, as corroborating his worst suspicions, for, if it should turn out to be correct, it must needs follow that there was foul play on the baronet's part with respect to the concealment of the authorisation, or, at all events, of Lillian's mission. She would hardly have spoken of her imprisonment, and of Joanna, without mentioning the very purpose to effect which she had obtained her freedom.

The next morning, as soon as business hours commenced, Walter presented himself at the British consul's, and told his story, to which that official listened with attentive courtesy. Nothing, however, he said, could be done, so far as he was concerned, more than had already been done. The authorities at Palermo had acted promptly, and as duty plainly pointed out to them, in sending forth the troops; and all that he could do, if it was indeed the case that they had been withdrawn, would be to demand that they should make another attempt to compel the brigands to surrender their captive. As to the ransom, it was not to be expected that the Sicilian government would assist in its collection, or even countenance its payment. That was a matter for the consideration of Mr Brown's bankers.

All this, Walter felt to be perfectly reasonable; but what secretly galled him was, that beneath all this polite logic, he could plainly perceive a profound incredulity, not, indeed, in his story, but in the reality of Corralli's threat. It was evident that the consul had not become acclimatised, but still believed the personal safety of a British merchant to be invincible even from a brigand. That Mr Brown might be shot in a skirmish, he believed to be probable enough; but that he should be put to death in cold blood, was something out of the region of possibility. Walter congratulated himself that he had made no mention of his own peril, since he felt that his anxiety would in that case have been set down to an exaggerated sense of personal danger. At the English banker's, to which the consul was civil enough to accompany him, he was admitted to an interview with one of the members of the firm, and at once presented Mr Brown's memorandum—'Spare no expense; trust implicitly the bearer.'

'Bearer!' repeated the man of money; 'why, this is almost as bad as a blank cheque.'

Here the consul interposed with a few hurried words in Sicilian, which, though he caught their

meaning but indistinctly, made Walter flush with indignation. He perceived he was indebted to that gentleman's good offices for convincing Mr Gordon that he was really the person indicated in the document.

'You see, sir, this is a matter of business,' explained the banker; 'and when we are asked to put implicit confidence in a man, we like to be sure it is the right man. It seems unlike a man of business such as Mr Brown that he should have written such a memorandum at all.'

'If you were half-starved, and surrounded by brigands with cocked pistols, sir, you would not be so scrupulous about technicalities,' observed Walter, still a little sore at the nature of his reception.

'We are well aware of Mr Brown's misfortune, and regret it deeply,' answered the banker with stiffness; 'but still the form'—and again he looked at the slip of paper suspiciously—'is unusual.'

'It is, however, but the corollary of a document that should have been long ago in your hands, Mr Gordon—an authorisation for the payment of three hundred thousand ducats as ransom.'

'Three hundred thousand ducats!' exclaimed the banker. 'Why, that is preposterous!'

'No doubt, it appears so; yet, if one possessed the money, one would, I suppose, give it to save one's life.' And with that Walter once more told his story.

It was plain the banker was much moved, for he had lived much longer in Sicily than the consul, and therefore knew more of brigands.

'Well, it is a huge sum,' he said; 'and to raise it within so short a time, we shall require help from the other banks, which, however, will no doubt assist us in such an emergency. Mr Christopher Brown has no account with us to speak of, but his name is no doubt a good one. It will be a great risk, and yet one which, under the circumstances, it may be our duty to run.'

Walter felt as though this man were giving him new life; he had heard, and had believed, that money could not save men from death, but here was an instance to the contrary.

'However, no step can, of course, be taken in the matter without the production of the authorisation,' continued the banker.

'Alas, sir, I have told you that it cannot be found.'

'But if it is not found, Mr Litton, it must surely be plain to you that you are taking up my time to no purpose. Not that I grudge it to you, under the circumstances; but you cannot be serious in expecting us to raise a fortune upon such a security as *this*—and he held out the slip of paper between his finger and thumb, in a very hopeless manner—'for an almost total stranger.'

'Then, God help us!' said Walter.

'In what relation do you stand towards Mr Brown, young gentleman?' asked the banker, struck by the earnestness of this reply.

'I am only his friend, sir, and his fellow-sufferer.'

'But I understood that he had relatives with him.'

'He has two daughters—one of them, as I have told you, seriously, I fear dangerously ill—and a son-in-law, Sir Reginald Selwyn.'

'But surely it was his duty to have accompanied you here to-day; and once more, as it seemed to Walter, there came into the banker's face that look

of distrust with which he had first greeted the presentation of his credentials.

'Sir Reginald is not aware of my visit to you, Mr Gordon, nor even of my possession of this paper. I came straight from Mr Brown himself, who had no reason to doubt that the authorisation was in your hands.'

'Let it be searched for thoroughly, Mr Litton. If it is not found, you must perceive for yourself how utterly futile is any application to our firm.'

'Forgive me, sir, for having taken up so much of your time,' said Walter, rising; 'that I was pleading the cause of a dying man—one whose life, that is, is as good as lost if this money be not paid—must be my excuse.'

He said not a word concerning his own peril, nor, indeed, at the moment did it occupy his thoughts. The hardness, if not the villainy of Sir Reginald; the misery of Lotty; the pitiable condition of poor Lillian, unable to speak a word upon a subject so vital to her father; the old merchant's impending fate—all these things oppressed Walter's mind, and made the world by no means a place that he felt loath to quit. The despondency and despair in the young man's face touched the banker's heart.

'Search, I repeat, Mr Litton, for this authorisation,' said he more kindly, as he held out his hand; 'but if it cannot be found, still come to me again, to-morrow at latest. Indeed, we will do for you what we can.'

With which poor gleam of hope, Walter took his leave.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Polar expedition sails amid a chorus of good wishes, and if these could avail, success would be certain. But the equipments of the two vessels are such that a lively hope may reasonably be entertained that the grand object of the adventurous undertaking will be achieved. No pains and no expense have been spared to provide against unfavourable contingencies; and while extending the limits of geographical discovery, and solving the question of the polar sea, the explorers will use their scientific appliances in the observation of physical phenomena, which, in those high northern latitudes, are of unusual interest. In order that the observers may know what has been done and what to do, a *Manual* has been prepared in which the several subjects of inquiry are fully set forth. When we mention that the *Instructions* have been drawn up by some of the ablest Fellows of the Royal Society, readers will understand that the claims and objects of science have been properly advocated. Instruments of a construction never seen before will be employed in physical research, and with these, explanations may be arrived at on questions which have hitherto baffled inquiry. The spectroscope and polariscope will be used in observation of the aurora and other phenomena of light; pendulum experiments will reveal somewhat more than is at present known of the true figure of the earth; and the so-called 'cosmic dust' is to be an especial subject of investigation.

If in the snow of the far remote north, hundreds of miles beyond human habitation, metallic particles are found, as in the snow of Sweden, then the theory that there is really such a thing as 'cosmic dust' may be accepted, until a better explanation shall be found.

Botany, geology, natural history generally, the rise and fall of tides, the direction of currents, together with dredging and sounding, will be equally well cared for; and ample means for recreation and amusement have been provided. In one of Parry's voyages the preparation and printing of a newspaper enlivened many an hour of the long dark winter; we learn, therefore, with satisfaction that the present expedition carries a printing-press.

The question has been asked, how, during the four months of constant daylight, are boat-parties when away from the ships to tell day from night? The answer is, by means of time-keepers constructed to shew twenty-four hours on the dial. Supposing 1—12 to be the day hours, then 13—24 will be the night hours.

We mentioned last year Mr Crookes' discovery of certain remarkable phenomena of attraction and repulsion, under the influence of radiation. Since then the investigations have been continued; and a fresh series of experiments, exhibited at meetings of the Royal Society, have furnished food for thought to minds familiar with the theories and facts of physical science. When a wheel, inclosed in a vacuum, begins to spin round as soon as a lighted candle is placed near the glass receiver, and continues to spin as long as the light continues, or spins twice as fast if there are two candles—an effect is produced which no one can as yet explain, but which is pregnant with important consequences for physical science. And when we see a small bar of pith, suspended as a scale-beam, dip down under the influence of a ray of light, are we to accept the phenomenon as an illustration of the suggestion made by speculative philosophers that light is a ponderable? In any case, the future of Mr Crookes' experiments seems full of promise.

Captain Belknap of the United States navy, who has been cruising in Japanese waters, reports that in his sounding operations, the machine invented by Sir William Thomson 'had it all its own way, and so admirable has been its working, and so accurate are its results, that it seems to be no more than due to the genius of Sir William to say, that the appliances for what may be not inaptly called the perfection of deep-sea sounding, originated with him.' We mentioned this machine in a recent *Month*, and some readers will remember that steel wire, such as is used for the strings of a pianoforte, is the sounding-line. The contrivances to control the descent, regulate friction, and mark the depth, are ingenious. 'So perfect and unmistakable are the indications at whatever depth, that a person standing in any part of the ship, and looking at the machine, can tell the moment the bottom is reached.' And not least among the advantages of the Thomson machine is the fact,

that a deep sounding can be taken with the wire in half the time required with a hempen line.

We learn from the *Proceedings* of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, that the use of water-power instead of steam-power in engineering works and mechanical operations is on the increase. Especially in the work of riveting, the pressure of water is found advantageous; it is given without concussion, and is so certain, that boilers can now be made perfectly steam-tight. Boilers ought never to be made otherwise; for if calking is required, it is a sign of weakness and bad workmanship. The plates of a boiler should be absolutely close: calking tends to separate them, and is a bungling operation. Hence, it is satisfactory to be informed, that 'at the present time there are more than a hundred hydraulic riveting-machines in regular work in this country, each exerting a closing pressure of from twenty-five to forty tons, and putting in daily from fifteen hundred to two thousand rivets each.' Another advantage of these machines is, that they can be made portable, and set to work wherever required. A case in point is one of the bridges of the metropolitan extension of the Great Eastern Railway, where a riveting-machine put in three hundred three-quarter inch rivets per hour, and enabled one gang of hand riveters to do as much work as could have been done by six gangs without the machine, and to do it better.

It is probable that more and more applications of water-pressure to the moving of machinery and of workshop tools will be discovered. It is already employed for the flanging, bending, and corrugating of plates, and for the 'shearing,' or cutting in two, of chain cables. In this latter operation the pressure is at times two thousand pounds to the inch, and large links are cut through at one stroke without injury to the adjoining links.

In connection with the foregoing, we mention the use of machinery worked by compressed air in coal-mines. This also is on the increase: the loss by leakage is comparatively trifling; there is no inconvenient development of heat, as in the use of steam; the air that escapes improves the atmosphere of the mine; and some of the proprietors in the South Wales coal-field are so convinced of the benefits to be derived from the use of compressed air, that 'it is their intention to dispense with animal power altogether, and substitute air-engines for hauling underground.' In the Powell Dufrayn collieries, there are already twenty-six compressed air hauling-engines at work, on the branch roads as well as on the main roads; and it is easy to imagine the improvement that must have taken place in the underground air by the withdrawal of the ponies and horses hitherto employed in hauling. It is intended to try whether compressed air cannot be substituted for hand-labour in driving 'headings,' and in the actual digging of coal. Apart from the avoidance of the heat of steam-boilers, there is the further benefit, that explosive gases in a mine would be largely diluted by the air which escapes with each

stroke of the machinery, and is cooled by the consequent expansion.

At a recent meeting of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, a morsel of carbon was exhibited which had been formed 'on the roof of a gas retort by the decomposition of the hydrocarbon gas by heat.' In this fact there seems nothing extraordinary; but it may be found to have some relation to nature's handiwork in the formation of graphite, the mineral substance of which black-lead pencils are made. As the exhibitor remarks, the carbon deposited in the retorts 'resembles graphite in its almost metallic lustre. Graphite always occurs in association with rocks which have been subjected to igneous action, and may have been formed by hydrocarbon gases traversing fissures or dykes while the sides were in a highly heated state, thus causing a deposit similar to that formed in gas retorts. The fact that, in the latter case, an increase of pressure causes a greatly increased amount of deposit, favours this view, as it is extremely probable that the gases existing in the earth's crust would be in a state of great tension.'

A paper on Colonial Timber Trees, in the last volume of *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Victoria, makes known a few particulars which may perhaps interest others as well as colonists. The 'blackwood' is described as valuable for furniture and indoor work, for even when green it scarcely shrinks, and 'stands splendidly.' The 'red gum' yields veneers suitable for cabinet-makers; but in the solid form is used for outdoor work, and appears to be one of the most durable of Australian woods, lasting fifteen years in posts and fences. 'All the gum timbers,' says the author of the paper, 'have one strange appearance when decaying: the wood separates across the grain, as if it had been affected by fire and charred;' a phenomenon supposed to be due to extremes of climate. Of European trees, we are told that the ash, elm, and oak thrive in the colony, and are of great use. The poplar grows luxuriantly in damp situations, and yields timber 'most useful for making barrows, wagons, and all other purposes requiring a light tough wood.' The willow, walnut, and box also adapt themselves readily to the Australian climate, as do some of our pines and firs; but the resinous nature of these last-mentioned suggests danger from fire. 'To prevent this danger,' says the author, 'I would recommend the planting of belts of poplars and willows across the pine plantations. I do not think fire would pass through them; and I am of opinion that they would not readily burn, as they are generally very full of sap and moisture. And the robust kinds of *Mesembryanthemum*, if planted among young trees, would completely cover the ground, prevent the growth of grass and scrub, and check the spread of fire.'

In the same volume, Mr Deverell, discussing the question of waves and their action on floating bodies, remarks, that the straining of a vessel in a seaway increases in proportion with the increase in her stability. This somewhat important distinction should not be forgotten in the general eagerness to produce stable ships. The greater the freedom with which a vessel rides on the waves, the less will she be strained by the action of their forces. 'It would perhaps be small consolation for a man,' continues Mr Deverell, 'to

know he had assured himself from the danger of being capsized by an extra liability to going straight down; and it may be fairly useful to apprehend the condition that a safe ship is one which partially opposes the waves, and partially evades them by obeying them.

Our side of the globe has talked so much of late on this question that it may perhaps consent to hear a few words more from the other side. We quote, therefore: It is certain that very excessive steadiness will never be attained; the magnitude of ocean waves being too great in comparison with the possible size of ships to render it feasible. A wave only ten feet in height has a breadth of never less than thirty feet, so that we may easily perceive the huge effect which the force of buoyancy of such a wave must exert in shifting from one side to another, even a vessel of fifty feet beam. The largest vessel yet constructed, the *Great Eastern*, is a notable example. She follows the waves heavily in a seaway.

We have heard also of the enormous mechanical power which the ocean offers us, but which mechanical engineers have not yet utilised. Mr. Devereux concludes his paper with a passage which has a bearing on this question. 'Let us,' he says, 'take the case of a great storm-wave forty feet in height, six hundred through at the base, and conceive a volume of water contained in the section of such a wave moving with a velocity of six feet per second, or three hundred and sixty feet per minute. Or, consider an ordinary ocean-wave, sixteen feet in height, and one hundred and eighty feet at the base; and multiply the power requisite to move a section of this body of water two hundred and forty feet per minute by a thousand such, and we may form an idea of the magnitude of the energy engaged in stirring the waters. These are the giant forces which are perpetually traversing the surface of the ocean.'

Professor Rice of Connecticut has discovered that certain deadly poisons which are violent and fatal in their effects on mammals are very feeble in their action on molluscs. Four days' soaking in dilute hydrocyanic acid did not prove fatal to the mollusc selected for the trial; and another into which urari poison had been injected, seemed none the worse when examined on the following day. Carbonic acid in large quantities produced no ill effect; but chloral hydrate and cyanide of potassium are rapidly fatal. Quinine acts in the same way, but with less energy. Chloroform produces instantaneous contraction, and perhaps death: this latter point has, however, not yet been ascertained. As exemplifying the effect of poison on a 'low' form of organisation, and affording means of comparison, these experiments have some physiological value.

Professor Rutherford, in his lectures in the University of Edinburgh, says that the 'highest success of nations, as of individuals, is only to be attained by close and severe attention to the inexorable laws of physiology,' and that 'he who has the deepest grasp of physiology will certainly take the lead in unravelling the diseased state.' He points out further that in disease, nature makes experiments from which much may be learned. For instance, 'when a blood-vessel bursts on one side of the brain, and the opposite side of the body becomes palsied; when a part of the brain becomes disorganised, and the memory of words is lost;

when the portio dura nerve is paralysed, and the sense of taste disappears from the anterior part of the tongue; when an aneurism presses on the sympathetic nerve in the neck, and causes a change in size of the pupil of the eye on the same side; when a tumour compresses the gall-ducts, and prevents the escape of the bile, or the duct of the pancreas, and interferes with the passage of its juice into the digestive canal—how interesting and how important to the physiologist, as well as to the physician, are the results of all these experiments.' Professor Rutherford holds that a knowledge of physical science is essential to form a complete physiologist; but how is this to be superadded to the subjects of study already required of young men at college? It is gratifying, however, to know, that the rudiments, at least, of this important science of animal physiology are now being taught in schools.

America presented the potato to Europe centuries ago, and now threatens Europe with a beetle which will destroy that important plant. Consequently, Europe is seriously interested in the question, how to keep out the 'Colorado beetle!' If all be true that is reported, it is as difficult to keep them out as to keep out an epidemic; but if all concerned will use their best endeavour, the mischief may be averted. The president of the Entomological Society says, in his anniversary address: 'The Colorado potato-beetle is an enemy whose rapid advances towards the shores of the Atlantic are a menace to Europe. When once established on the seaboard, they may wing their way to vessels in port, being accustomed to fly in swarms, and may thus be borne over to found a colony in this country, irrespective of conveyance with the tubers themselves. Agricultural and Horticultural Societies should make provision for the dissemination of correct information respecting these insects; and specimens of the beetles themselves should be obtained for distribution, with the view to familiarise persons with their aspect, and to prevent their diffusion.' Some further information on the subject will be found in a late number of this *Journal*.

A CURIOUS POLAR BIRD.

DISCUSSIONS respecting the Arctic Expedition now in preparation have brought under notice a remarkable polar bird, which periodically leaves the extreme northern regions, and visits the south of Europe. In referring to the official papers just published concerning the expedition, a writer in the *Daily Telegraph* jocosely hints that this bird 'might perhaps tell us more about the polar regions than any other that plumes a wing. It is indeed a thousand pities that the Knot, or *Tringa Canutus* of ornithologists, could not have been invited, for lack of speech, to perch upon a chair at the meetings of the committee, especially since there is a fine specimen at the Zoological Gardens, in the Fish-house, and probably at this moment that very individual knows all about the pole. In appearance, it is between a snipe and a plover, but varies in plumage according to the season of the year. In winter, it is coloured a quiet ashen gray; in summer, its feathers assume a bright Indian red tint, although the full beauty of this change is not witnessed in confinement. The knot

is one of the best judges of climate in creation, and much quicker than a thermometer to distinguish between fine gradations of cold and heat. The sort of weather and latitude it likes best is such as England affords in April and October—bright, bracing days and nights, with sunshine and breezes, but neither of them too strong. Our winter is too harsh and unpleasant for this sagacious bird; it comes to our shores from the northward in large flocks of old and young ones, and stays until November brings the frost or fog, and then—unless the “Indian summer” be prolonged—it flies away for the Mediterranean coasts and the South, where it feeds along the sea-shores till the mornings and evenings of Algeria and Spain become no longer cool. Then—that is to say, about the end of March—vast flocks are seen returning to England, and at the same time to the Northern States in America, to Denmark, Norway, and Iceland. But they never stay—they go beyond all these countries; they fly far over Greenland and the very highest latitudes frequented by our whalers, so that while the breeding-places of all the other northern birds is known, that of the knot has never yet been reached. Nobody has taken a nest of these wandering birds, or seen one of their eggs. Naturalists can only tell that they go in summer “to the northward of all things,” in order to breed. There is force, therefore, in what the blue-book says: “We may fairly infer that the lands visited by the knot in the middle of summer are less sterile than Iceland or Greenland, or it would hardly pass over those countries, which are known to be the breeding-places of swarms of water-birds, to resort to regions worse off as regards supply of food. But the supply of food must depend chiefly on the climate. The inference necessarily is that, beyond the northern tracts already explored, there is a region which enjoys in summer a climate more genial than they possess. It would be easy to summon more instances from the same group of birds, tending to shew that beyond a zone where a rigorous winter reigns there may be a region endowed with a comparatively favourable climate. If so, surely the conditions which produce such a climate will be worth investigating.” Here, then, we see a little red bird suggesting profound problems to humanity, and if we really do find a pleasant polar land at the top of the world, Captains Nares and Markham must share the honour of that discovery with the knot.

Another writer, subsequently, in the same daily paper, disputes the assertion, that ‘nobody has taken a nest of these wandering birds, or seen one of their eggs.’ He says: ‘I think this must be an error. Yarrell, on the authority of Dr Richardson, says the knot breeds in Hudson’s Bay, and down to the fifty-fifth parallel, and that they were observed by Captain Lyon breeding on Melville Peninsula; that they lay four eggs on a tuft of withered grass without forming any nest, and he describes the colour of the eggs. Morris also, in his *Nests and Eggs of British Birds*, figures and describes the eggs, and states that the drawing on his plate was taken from a specimen forwarded by J. R. de Capel Wise, Esq., of Lincoln College, Oxford. The volume from which I take this note originally belonged to the late Mr Wheelwright of Carlstad, Sweden, and in a marginal remark on the egg, he says: “Not in the least like the eggs

of the knot that I have had from Greenland and Spitzbergen, nor does this figure at all resemble that in Blasius’s, which much resembles my eggs; in colouring, they are not unlike the snipe’s.” I myself have in my cabinet four eggs, which I have always believed to be those of the knot. It is probable that one or more of these were from Mr Wheelwright’s collection, as some others of my rarer eggs are; but as I did not purchase them myself, I am not certain, and do not wish to set myself against your authority. I merely mention what has come under my notice.’

We should be glad to have some further particulars of a trustworthy nature concerning the *Tringa Canutus*.

THE SPIRITS OF THE WIND.

WHERE is your home, ye wanderers free?
In what far land, across what sea?
Live ye in some vast cavern rude,
Some unexplored solitude?

Or dwell ye where no sound is heard,
No voice of man, or beast, or bird?
Had ye your strange mysterious birth
Beyond the narrow bound of earth?

Where ye might mingle with the flight
Of spirits from the world of light—
Bright messengers that sometimes come
From that dear land, the land of home.

All haunts are yours, all forms, all shades,
O’er moorland brown, or woodland glades;
Now toying gently with a flower,
Then rushing on with fiercest power.

Ye ring a melancholy chime,
In the sad pensive autumn-time,
O’er fading flowers that once were bright,
In the resplendent summer’s light.

And o’er the leaves with rustling sound,
Drifting so gently to the ground,
Singing o’er withered heaps and sere,
A dirge for the departing year.

In softened light of summer eve,
A gentle touch ye often leave
Upon the weary brow of pain,
That quiet ne’er may know again.

Round mansion hoar and gray with eld,
Your carnival is often held,
With hollow shriek or fearful moan,
Anon, with sad mysterious groan.

Ye rush across the restless sea,
In all your wild tumultuous glee;
And stately ship and pennon fair,
Lie buried by your fury, there.

Howe’er ye come, where’er ye go,
Through joyous scenes or haunts of woe,
Ye ever do His bidding still—
Our great Creator’s sovereign will.

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SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

FIRST PAPER.

My early recollections extend as far back as the battle of Trafalgar, when the nation was profoundly moved by the death of Nelson. News at that time travelled very slowly. The battle took place on the 21st of October 1805,* but intelligence of the event did not reach London until the 6th of November, and was published in the *Times* on the morning of Thursday the 7th.* It was, of course, several days later before news of this famous naval victory was heard of in the small country town, on the banks of the Tweed, in which I lived. The community was not very demonstrative, but on the intelligence arriving, the church bells were set ringing, and among high and low there were warm congratulations on the destruction of the French and Spanish fleet. As for us boys at the school, we were indulged with a holiday, a circumstance which helped to fix the news of the battle in my remembrance. Being at the time only five years of age, I did not quite understand the momentous consequences of the victory, nor was I capable of estimating the loss that England had sustained by the death of her greatest naval hero. I now know, as everybody knows, that the victory of Trafalgar was a turning-point in the war with Bonaparte, for it entirely deranged his plan of invasion, and turned his conquests in a new direction. Nelson deserves to be called the saviour of his country. At the time, he was acknowledged to be so. The illuminations in honour of his victory, of which we heard by rumour, were magnificent. The illumination in Edinburgh had a melancholy and notable feature. One of the streets remained in gloom and darkness, while all the others were brilliantly lit up. It was South Castle Street, in which dwelt the widow of Captain George Duff, commander of the

Mars, who was killed in the battle. In delicate consideration to her bereavement, the inhabitants of the street refrained from any demonstration of rejoicing, and guards were placed to prevent noise or disturbance.

Of the state of public feeling during the heat of that terrible war, people in the present day, who read of it only in history, can have no proper conception. My reminiscences on the subject bring up the picture of universal soldiering, marching to and fro of regiments, drums beating, colours flying, news of victories, and general illuminations. In London, so frequent was the call of 'Light up, light up,' which might be suddenly heard at midnight or early morning, that every family, for the sake of its own windows, kept a stock of candles and small candle-holders of tin, ready for the occasion. The nation was in a kind of frenzy. The war was not on the whole disagreeable. It was rather liked than otherwise—and that was the curious thing about it. Fears of invasion being at an end, there was a prodigious military bustle that afforded amusement and also occupation. The navy and army offered wide scope for professional advancement. Hosts of young men, and some old ones too, procured a 'pair of colours,' and were able to figure in a scarlet uniform. Then, the commissariat was a wide-spread institution. What quantities of food, clothing, accoutrements, arms and ammunition, horses, barracks, transports, and so forth had to be procured and paid for! The demand for bullock-skins, wherewith to make buff belts, was so excessive, as to suggest to a tanner the invention of splitting skins in two, by which he realised a fortune. That was only one of many such windfalls. Little wonder that the war was popular among certain classes. There was a profuse circulation of money, the bulk of it being borrowed by the nation, and only to be paid for by future generations, if ever paid at all—in point of fact, as matters go, the debt incurred will not be wiped out in five hundred years.

The picture we recall had, like all pictures, its shades as well as lights. We have spoken of the morsels of brilliant colouring. Now we touch on the

* A fac-simile of the *Times* of Thursday, 7th November 1805, containing the official despatches concerning the battle of Trafalgar, has been recently published; it forms a most interesting historical memorial.

more sombre tints. The demand for young men to fill up the ranks abroad and maintain the home defences was enormous. Recruiting sergeants penetrated into every nook of the country, and were loyally aided in their schemes of capture by justices of peace. Magistrates, in administering the law, dismissed petty offenders from the bar on the understanding that they enlisted as soldiers, or allowed themselves to be put on board a man-of-war. The death-struggle in which the country was engaged set aside all ceremony. Fairs and public markets where young men were apt to be caught formed a favourite hunting-ground for recruits.

Throwing our mind back to 1809, we see the little town on a fair-day in spring. The street is crowded with country-people, bent on business or amusement. A peripatetic show of wild beasts, with flaunting pictures of lions and tigers, is stuck up at one end of the thoroughfare, with a well-placed hand-organ to attract customers. Along both sides of the street are stalls for the sale of finery, shoes, and gingerbread, and two wheel-of-fortune men, hackneyed in their trade, are trying to wheedle eager and unsuspecting youths out of their halfpence. In the throng, we see tokens of kindness and joviality. The country lads dressed in their best—a blue coat with yellow buttons; the lasses in white cambric gowns, ribbons, and straw bonnets. For those who live many miles apart, among the hills, it is the day of renewed acquaintanceship for the year. With laughing and 'daffing,' all goes on merrily; and from the kindly looks that are interchanged, we can imagine that projects are formed of united affections and life-long happiness.

Suddenly, at noon, amidst the general fervour, are heard the startling sounds of drums and fifes. The crowd is in visible commotion, and a new direction is given to the feelings. The boisterous but not inharmonious sounds come from a recruiting-party, which is seen to be issuing from a public-house. Advancing in front, and personifying a military hero, is the sergeant, brilliantly decorated with ribbons, and a flashing sword in his hand. How grand he looks in his scarlet coat and his lordly strut, with that majestic sword! Clever at simulation, the party mean business. Along the street they push their way, graciously radiating smiles all around, glad to chaff with any one, and seeming to all and sundry to be the most delightful fellows in the world. All the noise, and finery, and flummery are not without effect. Youths, who, perhaps, had already a little too much in their head, are seen to join vapouringly in the procession, and need little persuasion to plunge with the party into the public-house. Never in all their lives had the poor wretches been treated with so much consideration. Flattery, promises, whisky, made them an easy prey. They took the shilling in the name of His Majesty. Sergeant Kite had them.

The scene opens with the second act. We see the procession with its military display issuing again on its round of the fair. There is now something to shew. The youths who have been enlisted have ribbons dangling from their hats, they carry swords in their hands, and so, in a semi-intoxicated and mystified state of feeling, they march on to glory. The affair is grand and exciting. But a wild shriek issues from the crowd. A

peasant girl in her draggled white dress—there having been a little rain—dashes forward, and throws her arms about the neck of one of the recruits, shrieking at the same time: 'O Jemmy, Jemmy, dinna gang wi' the sodgers.' Jemmy, however, is deaf to expostulation, and the party, drums, swords, and all, sweep past on their course. To the best of my remembrance, six or seven young recruits were picked up. In less than an hour—no time to stand on technicalities—they were sworn in by a neighbouring justice, who, as in duty bound, complimented them for having so patriotically come forward to serve their king and country. So, Sergeant Kite, a clever man at his trade, carries off his prey.

There was a rapidity, a hurry, in gathering recruits, which, in the present sobered-down times, is not easy to realise. Likely young men were in a state of siege. Sergeants prowling about were constantly looking after them. A serio-comic case occurs to recollection.

In the old High Street of Edinburgh, was held, every Saturday morning, a wholesale vegetable market—a sort of Covent Garden in its way, much resorted to for supplies by green-grocers. Long rows of carts, laden with turnips and cabbages fresh from the neighbourhood, were drawn up on each side of the thoroughfare. One of these vehicles, with its stock of vegetables, was in charge of Jock Muirhead, an active and trustworthy young man from Restalrig. Jock had been several times eyed by a recruiting sergeant as quite the thing wanted, and some tempting offers as to bounty and probable advancement had at times been thrown out, but without avail. He was in a good situation. It was a pleasant variety in his occupation to come into town every Saturday with his cart, sell off its contents, and return with the money to his employer. Attachment to his mother, whom he liked to be near, formed a still stronger inducement not to listen to the sergeant's wily persuasions. So matters went on until the occurrence of a family misfortune. The mother was prosecuted for an old debt which had been heedlessly incurred by her deceased husband—who had been somewhat of a ne'er-do-weel—and, to make a long story short, Jock resolved to take the bounty, free his mother from her heavy obligations, and go off as a soldier. Accordingly, next Saturday morning, when the sergeant was scrutinising going his round, he had the satisfaction of securing Jock, whose conduct was altogether admirable on the occasion. Having disposed of his load of cabbages, he returned with the price he had realised to his master, delivered to him the horse and cart, and bade him farewell. We pass over the parting scene with his poor mother, who, by the generous disposal of his bounty, was relieved of a grievous difficulty.

In the hurried way that things were done, Jock was immediately despatched by a Leith snuck to Chatham. There he got a week's drill—more could not be afforded—and being shipped off for the Peninsula, he was in presence of the enemy, with a knapsack on his back and a gun on his shoulder, within little more than three weeks from the time he had been selling cabbages at the head of the Fleshmarket Close. The detachment of young soldiers, of whom he was one, happened at the time to be peculiarly acceptable. The force with which Wellington had

followed Massena from Torres Vedras had, through various sanguinary encounters, been diminished by nine thousand men. With the addition of the new arrivals, he laid siege to the strong fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo. This was one of Wellington's most brilliant feats of arms. The siege having arrived at that point when an escalade should be attempted, men who were willing to go on the forlorn-hope were asked to step out of the ranks. With a dauntless Scottish heart to do or die, Jock stepped forward; his name being inscribed in the roll of honour and bravery. It was a daring thing to undertake; but as far as climbing was concerned, Jock was not afraid. He had many times clambered up the precipices of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags. Then, as for fighting, he was not bad at that either, and would take his chance—a most solidly resolute man.

On the night of the 19th of January 1812, Jock Muirhead was ranked up in the party to effect the escalade, each with several loaded pistols in his belt, and a cutlass in his hand. A certain number carried ladders, whereon to climb to the top of the walls, which were bristling with men, ready to fire upon and pick off the assailants. Jock did not for a moment flinch. On the ladder being planted he sprang up, but was not destined to get to the top. His military career was abruptly cut short. He had got to about the third round from the top of the ladder, some of his companions before him having dropped, and in a minute more expected to be in the thick of the fight, when he received a bullet-shot in the leg. His head swam. His grasp of the ladder was relaxed. And unconsciously he fell to the ground among a heap of his fellows. The storming-party who gained the summit were too powerful to be withstood. The fortress was triumphantly carried, and the garrison made prisoners.

What, in the general havoc, came of our young hero? Was he dead or alive? There he lay—faint, sick, in an agony of thirst—until next morning, when a surgeon found in him signs of life, and had him carried to an ambulance, where he was partially restored by the administration of cordials. The wounded leg was hopelessly injured, and had to be cut off below the knee. No longer of any use to the army, the poor fellow was soon afterwards put on board a transport for England, where he got well, and was furnished with a wooden leg. With a pension of sixpence a day, he returned to Scotland to follow his old profession. Jock Muirhead had been such a short time away, that by the market-people his absence was scarcely noticed. And when, in four or five months from his departure, he made his appearance, the only thing that caused surprise and provoked sympathising inquiry was the wooden leg. The leg was a little embarrassing, but did not prevent him from getting employment from his old master, who was glad to see him back, and so without delay he resumed the business of selling his cabbages as usual at the head of the Fishmarket Close.

Early in the war, there was a wide-spread enrolment of volunteers, who were serviceable in cultivating the military spirit, and making a good show, but were of little practical value. The volunteers were too independent. They were not under the articles of war and could do as they liked. When any one took offence, he sent in his

gun, which was equivalent to bidding good-bye to the corps. As a child of seven years old, I remember accompanying on foot a body of volunteers to a fanciful encampment of tents, some three miles distant; the business of the day consisting for the most part of a series of frolics, which the youngsters present thought exceedingly diverting. In many of the smaller towns the volunteer system was abandoned. The real dependence was on the militia, an auxiliary force of great moment for the safety of the country, as well as in furnishing contributions of men to the line. As is well known, the militia regiments, which took their name from the counties in which they were raised, were recruited by a species of conscription. All able-bodied men within a certain age, high and low, were liable to be balloted for; but substitutes were accepted; so, after all, it came to be a matter of paying for substitutes—a thing of no importance to those in good circumstances, but a heavy infliction on the poor. There was one way of escaping the ballot that found favour with the rural population. It consisted in joining the local militia, a species of *landwehr*, raised in the respective counties, the men in which were called out once a year for a fortnight, to be dressed and drilled as soldiers, and who for the time being were subject to regular military discipline. The volunteers having disappeared, the 'locals' took their place, and, in their way, formed not a bad reserve, if the worst should come to the worst, which it happily never did.

The regular militia, whose appearance and discipline no way differed from what was observable in the line, were a *tour de force* on which great reliance was placed. Its only unpleasant feature was recruiting by balloting. This was distasteful, even although one might become a member of an insurance club, and for a small annual payment make sure of a substitute being provided from the general fund. In the fiercest period of the war, the pressure for substitutes grew intense. The bounty to be dispensed for one was occasionally as large, if not larger than the bounty paid by government for enlisting into the army. On a particular occasion, in the small town referred to, I knew of fifty pounds being given for a substitute. There were some interesting circumstances which impressed it on my recollection. The taking of bounties to act as substitutes, and then running off, had become a kind of trade among a dissolute and worthless class. The insurance club in the town had been so terribly plagued with specious bonds of this sort, that they would almost give double the money to any native who could be depended on.

A substitute was in urgent demand. Advertisements were issued. Nobody would go. Thirty pounds were offered. Forty pounds were offered. At length the offer rose to fifty. A poor man of middle age presented himself. Sandy Noble, for such was the name of this true-hearted person, was by trade a cotton-weaver. He was a widower, with a grown-up family, but they had left him to pursue their own course in life; so he was in a sense desolate. The wages realised by his peculiar species of labour had materially declined, and he was now only able to make both ends meet. Not even that. He had become responsible for a number of petty debts, caused by the long and expensive illness of his lately deceased wife. These debts hung round his neck like a millstone. The

thought of never being able to liquidate them was dreadful.

One day, as he sat on his loom, meditating on the state of his affairs, a neighbour came in to announce the intelligence that fifty pounds had just been offered for a substitute. Making no remark on this piece of news, Sandy, when alone, took a slate, and calculated that fifty pounds would clear him. His mind was instantly made up. For two days and a night he worked with desperation to finish the web he was engaged upon. Having executed his task, and settled with his employer (the father of the present writer), he walked off to the secretary of the insurance club, and coming in the nick of time, was thankfully accepted as the required substitute. The militia authorities were in a fume at the delay, and a sergeant had been despatched to bring the man who had been balloted for, otherwise he would be treated as a deserter. As the recognised substitute, Sandy, in a few quiet words, pacified the sergeant. 'Just gie me half an hour,' said he, 'and I'll be ready to gang wi' ye.' The half-hour was given, and devoted to a noble act of integrity, such as, we fear, is rarely presented in matters of this nature. With the fifty pounds in his pocket, Sandy went from one end of the town to the other, paying debt after debt as he went along—fifteen and sixpence to one, three pounds eleven and threepence to another, and so on, not leaving a single shilling undischarged. When all was over, he mounted a small bundle on the end of a stick, and, in a calm, self-satisfied mood, he trudged away with the sergeant to headquarters. The name of Sandy Noble deserves to go down in the roll of honour with that of Jock Muirhead.

The war, as we see, with its innumerable horrors, was not all bad. It evoked endurance, courage, manliness, a disposition to make a sacrifice of even life itself for the public good. To take the two obscure incidents just recorded, there was a grandeur in the honesty and disinterestedness of Jock Muirhead and Sandy Noble, that gives dignity to human nature. The very knowledge that there were two such true-hearted beings in humble life is gratifying, though, no doubt, many similar cases could be mentioned. What a pity, as I sometimes musingly consider, that Peace with its manifold blessings should be so conspicuously signalled by successive crops of idle whimsicalities and crotchets, as if people were in want of something with a due amount of agony to think about!

Excepting that there was a grudge on account of the ballot, the militia were far from unpopular. The spending of six to twelve months in a country town imparted a fine variety and liveliness to a generally dullish society. The people liked to see a regiment arrive. There were daily parades, balls, and picnics. The band played night and morning. The officers made themselves mightily agreeable with their jokes, anecdotes, and accomplishments. Hotels and lodgings were well occupied. Tradesmen flourished. Every regiment had some peculiar characteristic. Some were more grave than others. The Westminster had a strong tinge of methodism. In their ranks they had a number of stirring preachers. I recollect seeing a man in his red coat vehemently holding forth to a crowded congregation in the pulpit of a meeting-house—the scene possibly not unlike what was witnessed among the troops in the time of the Commonwealth. The red-coated preachers

certainly stirred up the religious sentiment in the town, but everything drifted back to the old condition of affairs on the departure of the corps. There was another characteristic. Some of the regiments gave encouragement to a harmless oddity, who walked in front on the march, and regularly appeared in lounging fashion at parades. Perhaps he believed himself to be a soldier, and nobody thought of undeceiving him. He was dressed in the east-off suit of clothes of a commanding officer, with cocked-hat and feather and sword. Like an authorised court jester, he seemed to be privileged to do and say funny things for the general amusement. One of these oddities had a short leg and a long one, and his grotesquely limping gait added piquancy to his appearance. Complimentarily called 'the general,' the oddity in his puffed-up grandeur might be styled the *farceur du régiment*.

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thought of never being able to liquidate them was dreadful.

One day, as he sat on his loom, meditating on the state of his affairs, a neighbour came in to announce the intelligence that fifty pounds had just been offered for a substitute. Making no remark on this piece of news, Sandy, when alone, took a slate, and calculated that fifty pounds would clear him. His mind was instantly made up. For two days and a night he worked with desperation to find the web he was engaged upon. Having executed his task, and settled with his employer (the father of the present writer), he walked off to the secretary of the insurance club, and coming in the nick of time, was thankfully accepted as the required substitute. The militia authorities were in a fume at the delay, and a sergeant had been despatched to bring the man who had been balloted for, otherwise he would be treated as a deserter. As the recognised substitute, Sandy, in a few quiet words, pacified the sergeant. 'Just gie me half an hour,' said he, 'and I'll be ready to gang wi' ye.' The half-hour was given, and devoted to a noble act of integrity, such as, we fear, is rarely presented in matters of this nature. With the fifty pounds in his pocket, Sandy went from one end of the town to the other, paying debt after debt as he went along—fifteen and sixpence to one, three pounds eleven and threepence to another, and so on, not leaving a single shilling undischarged. When all was over, he mounted a small bundle on the end of a stick, and, in a calm, self-satisfied mood, he trudged away with the sergeant to headquarters. The name of Sandy Noble deserves to go down in the roll of honour with that of Jock Muirhead.

The war, as we see, with its innumerable horrors, was not all bad. It evoked endurance, courage, manliness, a disposition to make a sacrifice of even life itself for the public good. To take the two obscure incidents just recorded, there was a grandeur in the honesty and disinterestedness of Jock Muirhead and Sandy Noble, that gives dignity to human nature. The very knowledge that there were two such true-hearted beings in humble life is gratifying, though, no doubt, many similar cases could be mentioned. What a pity, as I sometimes musingly consider, that Peace with its manifold blessings should be so conspicuously signalled by successive crops of idle whimsicalities and crochets, as if people were in want of something with a due amount of agony to think about!

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allowance for these two operating causes, there remains, we think, some further explanation to be given. Looking to the width of the English and St George's Channels, as compared with that of the German Ocean, they may be said to be more densely crowded with ships. But there is a great difference in the general character of these. A very large number of the vessels that pass up and down the east coast are colliers, which, as a general rule, are ill constructed and deeply laden; while the channels swarm with steamers and large foreign-going ships. We have seen that it is not among these latter that the greater proportion of casualties arise, but among our smaller coasting craft, two-thirds of the whole number being confined to them. Now, it is just in this class of vessels that we might expect to find the deficiencies enumerated above, and it is suspected that to our system of marine insurance a large portion of the blame must be attached. Where indemnity against pecuniary loss, in the event of the wreck of the ship, is secured in this form, the owner has less inducement in looking to the skill and competency of the master, and the master in exercising the necessary watchfulness for the safety of the ship. The increasing number of collisions that arise year by year would seem to bear out this supposition. In 1867, out of a total number of 1015 wrecks, 57 were attributable to this cause; while 1872 gives 409 out of 1958. In view of all this, then, as no one but must fully sympathise with Mr Fitzsoll and the Board of Trade in their noble endeavours to protect the lives of our seamen by insisting upon a rigorous inquiry into the competency of the master and the condition of the ship before she puts to sea. Local currents, fogs, sandbanks, imperfect charts, are other powerful causes in producing the shipwrecks that disfigure our coast; but it is satisfactory to know that the influence of these is being greatly lessened by the more intimate knowledge we are acquiring in regard to the position and character of each. The charts and instructions to mariners now issued by the Board of Trade and Admiralty are in the highest degree reliable; and if those published by private firms were equally correct, there would be little to complain of on this score. With a trustworthy chart and a good knowledge of his craft, a watchful master will, as a rule, be able to navigate his ship in the midst of fog, through currents, keeping clear of projecting headland, sunken reef, and treacherous sand-bank. Captain Basil Hall tells us, in his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, on a voyage from California to Rio, the first land he beheld after leaving, on the clearing away of a fog, was the very port to which he was bound. With the compass, sextant, and chart, he was thus enabled to accomplish successfully a voyage of many thousand miles; and the same feat is performed by many of our coasting captains, who often are unable to descry land from the port of departure to that of arrival. Formerly, the want of lights, buoys, and beacons led to a considerable number of shipwrecks, but danger from this cause is gradually disappearing under the labours of the Trinity House and the Commissioners of Northern Light-houses.

Such catastrophes as the stranding of the *Royal Charter* on the Conway coast, the foundering of the *London* in the Bay of Biscay, the running down of the *Northfleet* in the English Channel, and

the loss of the *Schiller* on the Scilly Isles, startle and appal; but others, again, have their ludicrous side, and some may be even said to have served beneficial purposes. Wrecks of this sort generally take place in calm, but foggy weather, and arise mainly from an inattention to the three *Is* of Jack's education—Lead, Latitude, and Look-out. The writer of this article resided in Orkney for twenty years, and took a note of the principal wrecks that occurred there during that period. The islands as a rule are rocky and precipitous on the west, and against the tall cliff the broad Atlantic sweeps with unbroken force—during a gale, throwing its gigantic waves not only far upward into the sky, but also for a considerable distance inland. The eastern side, again, is generally flat, one of the group, Sanday, being barely above the level of the water. With a boisterous sea all round, and with rapid tides and conflicting currents between the several islands, one would expect to hear of numerous wrecks and a corresponding loss of life; but such can hardly be said to be the case now, whatever it may have been formerly. Even those that have occurred in recent years have been within some cozy bay on the east sea-board, and during comparatively serene weather, a good proportion of them being foreign emigrant ships. The only dangerous place on the west—dangerous at least as far as shipwreck is concerned—is Hoy Sound, which is the entrance to Stromness Harbour, and which has been the scene of several melancholy disasters. This state of matters affords a striking contrast to that of former times, when, through wrecks, fortunes were sometimes made by a few of the islanders, and a living by a larger number. It is reported of one of their ministers, that while conducting public worship he prayed that the Almighty would guard over all who went down to the sea in ships, but if it was His sovereign will that there should be wrecks that winter, He would not in His mercy forget the poor island of Sanday. Magnus still continues to earn a fair penny from these ravages of the deep, but now only through the portals of a keen speculation. The wreck of a large vessel among the islands usually causes a flutter in the breasts of the merchants of Kirkwall.

It would take a separate article to narrate all the notions and traditions respecting shipwrecks that are still current among the dwellers of these northern islands. Sir Walter Scott has made good use of some in his novel of the *Pirate*, but it is gratifying to be able to write that the superstitious prejudice against rescuing a shipwrecked sailor has utterly vanished along with the genus *Snailfoot*, who probably served to keep it alive. It is worth mention that almost all our poets and novelists, both ancient and modern, represent shipwrecks as happening on islands, and make them eventually subserve some great and useful end. Like the seeds of certain plants which are wafted by the wind from one district to another, and take root in their new home, they have been sometimes instrumental in transporting and establishing a race of new settlers much needed for the working out of the right civilisation of the race. One of the earliest shipwrecks of which we read—that of Saint Paul in the sacred narrative of the Acts of the Apostles—was the occasion of bringing healing to the governor and inhabitants of Melita, and, no

doubt, of implanting in their minds the elementary truths of the Christian faith. The Greek heroes on their return from Troy met with adventures enough, among which the perils of the deep were not the least conspicuous. It was a storm, and consequent shipwreck, that drove *Æneas* to the coast of Africa, where his own followers and the subjects of Queen Dido first made acquaintance, an acquaintance which years after was fated to become memorable in the annals of history. America is believed to have been colonised at an early period through shipwreck; Iceland, certainly the cradle of northern literature, by the same means from Norway in the tenth century. The enchanted isle of Prospero, and the solitary prison of Crusoe, are instances in which our great masters of fiction make use of islands as materials for the embodiment of their higher creations.

Space prevents us from doing more than attending to one or two of the more notable incidents in connection with shipwrecks and around these northern islands. A large merchantman, during a gale, while attempting to enter Hoy Sound, was hurled by the waves into an immense cave which lies near the opening. The only thing visible of her afterwards was the sea strewn with the vestiges of wreck, and it was universally concluded that all on board had perished. Nearly a week afterwards—while the congregation of Stromness were engaged in sacramental worship—a figure suddenly appeared in their midst, pale and emaciated, and looking as if the sea had given up at least one of its dead. It was the only survivor from the wreck.

For days he had subsisted upon the shell-fish adhering to the rocks, which he collected at the ebb-tide; but, at last, armed with the courage of despair, he succeeded in scaling the lofty cliffs which overhang the spacious cave. A few years ago, a Russian vessel was borne helplessly onward to the rocks at Deerness, and her shattered timber thrown right in the midst of the onlookers that crowded the heights above. The following case may be considered almost miraculous. The island of Westray is one of the largest of the group, and shares the general physical appearance of the rest, being low on its eastern side, with a rugged line of almost perpendicular rock; on the west, rising in some places to the height of one hundred and eighty feet. The portion of sea in which it lies is remarkable for the strength and variability of its currents, which sometimes baffle even the skill of the amphibious native. One fine June morning, a vessel was nearing the island. There was little or no wind, but there was a strong tide running, and the sky was obscured by mist. The sails were flapping lazily, but the ship was moving onward at the rate of six or seven miles an hour towards the middle and loftiest part of the sea-wall mentioned above, impelled by the current as directly as the leadstone mountain attracted Sindbad towards the cave of skulls. It so happened that a fisherman had been out fowling early that morning, and at the moment was suspended by a rope over that part of the precipice towards which the ship was moving. She was immediately hailed by him, but without response. The crew were terror-struck; they could scarce believe their eyes, when they saw a man, poised in mid-air, and shouting to them from the rock in a language of which they, being foreigners, were ignorant. By the aid of

signs, he made them understand that they had to betake themselves to the boat, and pointed to the exact spot where they were to row. It was the work of a few minutes, but not a minute too soon. Lengthening his rope, he lowered himself down, and assumed the command. The doomed ship came on, was lifted upon the breast of a swelling wave, and deposited upon a sharp-pointed cliff. Here it remained a few minutes, like a dove perched upon the top of a rock, and then fell back in a thousand pieces. Meanwhile, the crew, rescued from the very jaws of death, were steered by their skilful pilot through the floating fragments, and landed in safety in a distant bay. Neither life-boat nor rocket could have been made available in an emergency of this sort, but the intrepidity and self-possession of a simple fisherman was equal to the occasion. That admirable institution, founded by the late, and so worthily presided over by the present, Duke of Northumberland, supported as he is by the indefatigable labours of the secretary Mr Lewis, and the other officers, was not then in existence, otherwise we might have heard of the rescuer on this occasion being rewarded with their highest honour.

We have confined our attention to the consideration of wrecks that occur on our coasts, and have taken no account of those on the high seas. With regard to these, the chart gives us no information, but from other sources it is gathered that they form about two-thirds of the whole number belonging to all nations in the world. They are usually those of ships of large size; but the great marine highways are now so well known, that they are traversed every year with greater confidence and safety. The ravages of the 'devouring element'—of ships struck by lightning in the tropical seas—seemed to defy human skill, and to add the horrors of fire to those of water. Our commerce is of such world-wide extent, and involves such enormous capital, while the number of our fellow-countrymen engaged in it is so immense, that we hope neither genius nor philanthropy will slacken its efforts in devising means for the protection of seamen and the abatement of shipwrecks.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XL.—A LAST APPEAL.

WHEN death is drawing nigh us, we do not blink at the truth of matters, as when we have time to toy with it; and Walter, who, though so young and strong, was yet—if he kept his word—upon life's brink, felt his own mind convinced that even if the authorisation still existed, it would not be permitted to leave the hands that held it, since those hands (he felt equally sure) were Reginald Selwyn's. Yet not the less on that account did it behove him to do his best to obtain it. It was a bitter humiliation to have to make application to this man once more, and the more so because to him, and him alone, he had confided that his own life was imperilled as well as that of Mr Brown; but for the latter's sake he was resolved to do so. He accordingly called at the baronet's hotel, to request another interview. The reply brought to him by the servant was, that Sir Reginald had not yet risen. He called again an hour afterwards, and found that he had gone out. As Walter had left a pressing message on the first

occasion, and since his own lodgings were only a few paces from the hotel, it was now evident to him that Sir Reginald intended to avoid him. He therefore sat down, and wrote a letter, in which he once more urged the immense importance of the document with which Lilian had been intrusted; stated his firm belief that it had not been lost upon the way into the town; and adjured him, if he wished to save his father-in-law from a cruel death, that he should use every effort to discover it. 'If it indeed be lost,' wrote he, 'you can certify to that effect, and your personal presence at the banker's may, even as it is, be of some avail.' He added this, in case Sir Reginald had destroyed the paper, from unwillingness to let so large a slice out of the family fortune be sacrificed, rather than with the actual intention of benefiting himself by the merchant's death; or to give him opportunity of repentance and reparation, if he had indeed contemplated so great a crime. To this letter, and not until late in the evening, a verbal answer was delivered at Walter's lodgings, to the effect that Sir Reginald had nothing to add to what he had already communicated to Mr Litton. The method and terms of this reply struck Walter as being equally suspicious; it seemed to him that the baronet was not only resolved not to commit himself to paper, but that he had purposely avoided any direct reference to the authorisation itself. Should Lilian recover, there would, therefore, be no direct evidence (except from Lotty, which was as good as none) that the document had ever been inquired for at his hands; while, if she died—the merchant and himself having fallen victims to Corrali—Sir Reginald would only have to account to his own conscience for his share in the transaction. At the same time, Walter felt that it would be useless to make public this terrible suspicion, that had not indeed sprung up in his own mind in a single night, for it had its roots in long experience, but which must seem to others of monstrous and abnormal growth.

The first thing on the morrow, agreeably to the invitation he had received, Walter once more presented himself at the English bank. Mr Gordon received him with much kindness, and he fancied that there was a smile of something like assurance on his face, as well as welcome.

'Well, sir, and have you found this authorisation?' were his first words.

'No, Mr Gordon; and I frankly tell you that I think it will not be found.'

'But who could have taken it? Of what use would it be to any human being, save to Brown himself, and this rascal Corrali, whose people would be therefore the last to have stolen it?'

'I cannot say, sir,' replied Walter gloomily; a reply that expressed the state of the case more literally than his interlocutor imagined. He could indeed make a shrewd guess of what use it might be to a certain person, but he could not say so. 'I can only repeat that it is not to be found.'

'Well, that is very unfortunate, because it would have made matters comparatively easy,' answered Mr Gordon. 'I have, however, been in communication with my partners on the matter, and they are willing, under the very exceptional circumstances of the case, to make an exceptional effort. We cannot treat, of course, with you as a principal; but if Mr Brown's son-in-law and daughter will come to us in person, prepared to make an affidavit

respecting this document, and to execute a deed guaranteeing us against the loss of the money, it shall be raised by to-morrow morning. It is most unfortunate that Mr Brown's other daughter should be ill, but we must take her acquiescence for granted.'

Mr Gordon evidently imagined that he was not only making a very generous offer, which in truth he was, but also one which would be greedily accepted by the parties concerned; and the gloom that still overshadowed Walter's face irritated him not a little.

'If such an arrangement does not come up to your ideas of what is liberal, Mr Litton,' said he sharply, 'they will differ very much from those of the commercial world, I promise you.'

'Your offer, Mr Gordon, is most liberal, most generous—I acknowledge it with all my heart; but I am doubtful if it will be of any service.' Sir Reginald Selwyn told me that even should the authorisation be found, it would be a question with him whether he should make use of it. As a matter of principle, he said he objected to treat with brigands at all, except with the sword; and as for a guarantee, it is my firm impression that he will never give it.'

'Indeed, indeed,' said the banker thoughtfully. 'This is, then, a very serious business, for if Sir Reginald positively refuses to execute the deed I spoke of, we can do nothing. At the same time, I cannot think that he will venture to refuse, in the teeth of public opinion. People will not hesitate to say that he let his father-in-law be put to death, in order that—his wife being, as we conclude, co-heiress—he might inherit his money.'

'My belief is, Mr Gordon,' answered Walter gravely, 'that he will let people say what they please.'

There was a short pause, during which the banker regarded him with fixed attention.

'You have had no quarrel with Sir Reginald, I presume, sir?' inquired he presently.

'There has been no absolute quarrel, but we are certainly not on good terms. I must confess I have no good opinion of him.'

'Well, I am glad to hear that, because I hope you are judging him harshly. Go to him at once, and state the case exactly as it stands. Here are his father-in-law's bankers prepared to advance this ransom upon the guarantee of himself and Lady Selwyn, and on the understanding, that Miss Lilian Brown, on her recovery, and in case of anything going wrong with the money, will join with her sister in seeing us righted.'

'Of that I will be answerable with my life—that is, if my life were worth anything,' added Walter hastily, his thoughts mechanically recurring to the brigand camp.

'Well, certainly, your life would not be a very convertible commodity, Mr Litton,' answered the banker, smiling, 'although I am sure it is a valuable one. I hope to see more of you before you leave Palermo, and under more pleasant circumstances. Above all, I hope to see you again to-day, and accompanied by Sir Reginald and Lady Selwyn.'

Directly he understood that the baronet and Walter had quarrelled, it was obvious that Mr Gordon took a less serious view of the matter, and had little apprehension of any serious obstacle on Sir Reginald's part.

'I will do my very best, sir,' answered Walter earnestly; 'and whatever happens, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Good-bye, Mr Gordon.'

'Nay! don't let us say "good-bye," but "good-day,"' said the banker, shaking hands with him, and accompanying him to the door. 'On Tuesday we have a little dinner-party, and if you will allow me, I will send you a card of invitation to your lodgings.'

A card of invitation for Tuesday! Never, perhaps, did such a simple act of courtesy awaken such bitter thoughts as those which filled Walter's mind as he took his way home through the crowded streets. All about him was full of light and life, but upon his inmost heart the shadow of death had already fallen. His firm conviction was, that his fate was sealed, and that no Tuesday would ever dawn upon him in this world. He could do his best with Sir Reginald, of course—though his best should include no word of appeal upon his own account; if his own life alone had been in peril, he would not have stooped to ask it of him at all—but he had an overwhelming presentiment that his visit would be fruitless.

At the hotel door, he was met, as usual, by the statement that Sir Reginald was not within.

'It is no matter; I will go in and wait for him,' was Walter's quiet rejoinder; and there was a determination in his tone which it was not in Sicilian nature—or, at all events, in the nature of a Sicilian hotel porter—to resist. He walked upstairs, and entered the sitting-room of the baronet without announcement.

Lotty was seated there alone, and thinking, no doubt, that it was her husband, she did not even look up from her employment. Her back was turned towards him, and she was engaged, or appeared to be so, upon some sort of needle-work, but he noticed that she passed her handkerchief rapidly across her eyes, as he entered the room.

'Lady Selwyn,' said he, 'forgive this intrusion, but my business admits of no delay.'

She sprang to her feet, and faced him with a frightened look.

'Oh, Mr Litton, does Reginald know?'—She hesitated, and he could see she trembled in every limb.

'That I am here?' answered Walter quietly. 'No; he does not know it, but it is necessary he should do so. I am come on the gravest errand, and one on which hangs your father's life.'

'O sir, you must be mistaken,' replied she, her eyes filling with tears; 'it cannot be so bad as that. Reginald assures me that it cannot.'

'Your husband cannot know the facts, Lady Selwyn, as I know them. To-morrow will be your father's last day on earth, unless one of two things happens. One is, that the authorisation which your sister brought with her from the brigands' camp into this house, shall be forthcoming.'

'I cannot find it; I have searched everywhere; indeed, indeed, I have; returned she earnestly.

'Perhaps Sir Reginald could find it, if he tried.'

Lotty's pale face assumed an awful whiteness, and her teeth began to chatter as though with cold.

'No, Mr Litton, he cannot,' she gasped. 'It is lost, lost, lost!'

'You mean, that I am too late,' said Walter sternly—'that it has been destroyed.'

'I don't say that, I don't say that!' cried Lady Selwyn passionately. 'I did not see him do it; but yet, in ignorance of its importance, he may have done it. What was the other hope—the other chance? O help me, help me, Mr Litton, to save my father!'

'The other hope—and the only other hope—lies in yourself.'

'In me!' exclaimed she joyfully; 'then he is saved.'

'In you, and in your husband.' The light faded from her eyes, in a moment, and she uttered a deep sigh. 'Yes; you and he have only to present yourselves at the English bank this day, and execute a certain deed, and the ransom will be paid.'

'I will ask him, Mr Litton; I will beseech him; but you know' (here she smiled a wretched smile) 'that I have not much power; and he is so convinced—being a soldier, you see, himself—that the better way is to send the troops. Perhaps—he will be very angry, I am afraid, to find you here—but still, perhaps you will not mind seeing him yourself.'

'I shall most certainly see him myself, Lady Selwyn.'

'And do not give him an opportunity for a quarrel,' continued Lotty earnestly; 'for my father's sake, and for Lillian's, be careful of that. Bear with him, Mr Litton.'

'I will endeavour to do so,' answered Walter gravely. Her advice was good so far as it went; for it was likely enough that Sir Reginald would endeavour to escape what was required of him, by means of a quarrel; but, then, was it not still more probable that he would contrive to quarrel in any case?

'How is Lillian?' inquired Walter. 'You may imagine the pressing importance of my visit here, since I have not put that question before. The porter in the hall, however, informed me that she is much the same.'

'No; she is better,' said Lotty, dropping her voice, and looking cautiously round; 'I can give you that much comfort. She is herself again—quite herself—though, of course, as weak as a child.'

'Ah! if it were ten days hence, instead of to-morrow—to-morrow!' murmured Walter involuntarily.

'Why so, Mr Litton?'

'Because Lillian herself' could have then gone to the banker's; but at present that would, of course, be out of the question.'

'O yes, quite. In three days' time, however, I think she would be strong enough to see you—and I am sure it would please her.'

'In three days' time! This woman had already, then, forgotten, thought he, 'the fate that awaited her father within less than forty-eight hours. What a weak and wavering nature was hers, how impressible, and yet how easily every impression was effaced! How could it have been possible that there had been a time—and not so long ago—when he had thought of her as one of the noblest of womankind! How different, and how inferior was she to his Lillian!'

This was somewhat hard on Lotty, for she had not forgotten what Walter had told her respecting her father, only she did not think matters were quite so bad as he described. She believed him

more than she believed her husband, but it was natural that she should believe the latter a little—not that she did not know him to be untruthful, but because she was loath to think of him so ill, as it would be necessary to do, if Walter were right in his forebodings. She had also the tendency of her sex, to think all risks much less than they were represented to be.

‘I suppose,’ said Walter, not without a tremulousness in his tone, ‘that it would not be possible for me to see Lillian, either to-day or to-morrow morning, even for a few minutes?’ It seemed so hard to go to death without bidding her good-bye, though he knew it would cost him so much; as for her, it would cost her nothing in that respect, since it would be dangerous, as well as useless, to tell her how matters really stood.

‘Well, you might see her,’ said Lotty, hesitating; ‘but I could hardly promise that she could see you. Perhaps the day after to-morrow, when she has had her afternoon sleep, and is at her best, she might bear the interview. She has often spoken of you, and even asked for you, though sometimes I doubted whether she knew what she was saying; and considering what you have undergone together, I cannot think there can be any harm—and Reginald has said nothing against it—yes; I really do think we might say the day after to-morrow.’

It was almost a relief to Walter, finding poor Lotty what she was, to hear Sir Reginald's stern voice in the hall (doubtless rebuking the porter for having given his visitor admittance), and to feel that from him he would at least definitely know his fate. It was easy to see by Lady Selwyn's face that she heard it also.

‘Shall I go, Mr Litton,’ murmured she hurriedly, ‘or shall I stay? If you think I can be of any use’—It was evident enough which alternative the poor lady preferred, and Walter was disinclined to put her to pain; moreover, it was as likely that the presence of a witness would harden Sir Reginald in his villainy—if villainy he intended to commit—as that it would shame him into propriety; and again, if the baronet proved obstinate, Walter would be compelled, for her sake, to mitigate the indignation and contempt which in that case he was fully resolved to express towards him.

‘It is just as well I should see your husband alone, Lady Selwyn,’ said he gently; and Lotty disappeared through one door, as Sir Reginald presented himself at the other. ‘It seems to me, Mr Litton, that you are very importunate,’ were his first words, as he closed the door carefully behind him. Neither the action nor the unaccustomed pallor of the baronet's face escaped his visitor. They were evidences to him that this man had made up his mind upon the matter in hand, but at the same time was ashamed of his resolution, or, at all events, was well aware that disgrace would be imputed to him.

‘Where two men's lives are in such imminent peril, Sir Reginald, I do not think that any endeavour to save them should be termed importunity. The authorisation intrusted to your sister-in-law's hands has, it seems, been lost.’

‘You have already had your answer upon that point,’ replied the other coldly. ‘As to its being “lost,” indeed, I cannot say, because that supposes such a document to have been in existence; but, at all events, it has not been found.’

‘And I conclude, Sir Reginald, I may take it for granted that it will not be found?’

‘I do not understand you, Mr Litton.’

But it was plain by the red spot on his cheek-bones, and the hard glitter of his eyes, that he was well aware of what was meant.

‘We are quite alone, Sir Reginald,’ said Walter in firm significant tones, ‘and there is no reason why I should not speak plainly. The loss of this document, I must needs remind you, which includes also the sacrifice of your father-in-law's life, would be to you a great gain. It behoves you, therefore, for your reputation's sake, if for no better reason, to—’

‘My reputation, sir,’ interrupted Sir Reginald contemptuously, ‘can stand any slur which Mr Walter Litton may choose to cast upon it.’

‘I do not speak of myself; I am merely quoting the opinion of Mr Gordon, the banker here, which will, I am sure, be shared by every one of our countrymen in this place, that if you refuse to assist in rescuing Mr Brown from the cruel hands which threaten him, your conduct will be open to the gravest suspicions. The money which it is well known you would inherit by such a course of proceeding, would doubtless be a consideration—but it would be blood-money.’

Sir Reginald was trembling with rage in every limb, but yet he restrained himself, as Walter knew he could never have done, had he been imputing to him less than the truth. ‘It is certainly very agreeable, Mr Litton,’ said he in a hoarse voice, ‘to find that others, beside yourself, are interesting themselves so much in my private affairs; but it is just as well—if they are to be made public—that the facts should be thoroughly understood. You accuse me of concealing, or destroying—for it comes to that—a certain document, the very existence of which I do not hesitate to deny. It is true my sister-in-law has mentioned the very sum you speak of—the monstrous amount of which, by-the-by, seemed well to consort with her unhappy condition—but as to seeing it stated in black and white, that, nobody has done. Yet, because I don't produce it, you go about the town, it seems, accusing me of refusing to assist my father-in-law in obtaining his freedom. I have done my best—and in accordance with the judgment of those best fitted to advise in such matters—by getting the troops sent out, and I am prepared to do ought else—short of what is utterly unreasonable—to further the same end.’

‘In that case, then, Sir Reginald,’ said Walter gravely, ‘my object in coming here to-day is accomplished. I am commissioned by Mr Gordon to inform you, that if you and Lady Selwyn will present yourselves in person at the bank to-day, your guarantees for the money will be accepted in place of the authorisation, and that in that case Mr Brown's ransom will be forthcoming at once.’

‘What! the three hundred thousand ducats?’

For the moment, astonishment had dulled Sir Reginald's wits; instead of being ready with an excuse for not conforming to this unexpected offer, he could only oppose an incredulity which the facts must needs overcome. The idea of his personal guarantee being accepted for such a sum as fifty thousand pounds—one hundredth part of which in ready-money he had rarely possessed in his life—had utterly overwhelmed him.

Walter began to think that his own difficulties

were over, and ventured to smooth away those which seemed to present themselves to Sir Reginald.

'Your guarantee,' said he, 'it is true will be but a matter of form. When Mr Brown regains his liberty, he will, of course, be glad enough to pay the money; only, in the absence of the authorisation, the bank needs to be assured of this, by his daughter and yourself.'

'But if he does not regain his liberty, and the money is taken by the brigands all the same?' observed the baronet. 'Supposing even they were to kill him—as you have told me is possible—and these three hundred thousand ducats go into Corralli's pockets all the same?'

'That is to the last degree improbable; such a breach of faith has never been known among these people.'

'Improbable! But is it impossible? that is the question. As to honour among thieves, to be sure there is a proverb to that effect, but it would scarcely justify me, I should imagine, in putting such a temptation as fifty thousand pounds in the way of a Sicilian brigand. No, Mr Litton; I am sensible—you may tell Mr Gordon—of the compliment he pays me; but I must decline to accept such a responsibility—to undertake an obligation which I have no means of discharging—should things turn out amiss—as a man of honour.'

'I must again remind you that we are quite alone, Sir Reginald,' said Walter bitterly, 'and that I know you perfectly well. You have undertaken obligations before now which you had much less chance of discharging than this one, and with much less important objects. Your scruples upon this matter, when I saw you last, and when no such opportunity as the present offered itself, were confined to making overtures to the brigands at all, who, you said, must be treated with, on principle, by the sword alone. Those scruples, it seems, you have forgotten; but you have found others more adapted for the new conditions. I do not doubt that in any case you would find reasons enough to excuse you from following the course which duty and humanity alike point out to you. As for me—if you persist in this wickedness—I shall be a dead man to-morrow night; but do not imagine that I shall die unavenged. I will leave behind me a statement of your conduct, in this matter, towards your relative, which, so soon as the news comes of our double murder, shall be published far and wide. You will be rich, perhaps, for it is possible—I have no doubt you are speculating upon her illness turning out fatally even now—that you may obtain poor Lillian's inheritance as well as that of your wife; but you will never purchase, I do not say the respect, but the recognition of your fellow-creatures. You will be held as a man accused. That you are brave—in one sense, at all events—I am well aware; but you will not be brave enough to hold up your head when the finger of public scorn is pointed at it!'

'Have you done—have you quite done?' inquired Sir Reginald coldly. 'Have you any more theatrical effects with which to favour me?'

'I have nothing more to say, Reginald Selwyn, except to put the question for the last time: Will you stir a finger to save your father-in-law's life, or will you not?'

'If you mean, by stirring a finger, will I become a party to a negotiation with brigands?—no; I will not!'

'Mr Gordon was right,' said Walter bitterly, as he rose from his chair. 'There was a time when Reginald Selwyn was a gentleman and a soldier; but I know him now for what, in his cruel heart, he knows himself to be, a scoundrel and an assassin!'

Sir Reginald leaped to his feet, but the passion which, in the days that Walter had referred to, would have prompted him to strike his adversary to the earth, gave way immediately to calculations of prudence. He reflected that a conflict with his quondam friend at such a time would be most damaging to his interests and reputation. Walter waited quietly for the expected assault—in truth, he desired nothing better than to grapple with his enemy, with little solicitude for what might be the result of such an encounter; but perceiving that it was not to happen, uttered but one word, 'Coward!' and looking steadily in the other's face, turned on his heel, and left the room.

CHAPTER XLII.—WALTER SETS HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.

A great poetess has described for us the aspects under which death appears to man in his various ages; but the welcome which but too many of us are ready to give it, she has forborne to sing. There are many thousands in this little land of ours, I do not doubt, who would receive with joy a summons to eternal peace, if it were only to be cessation from trouble, and nothing more. Only to rest, and to be out of the world, is their piteous desire. It is probable that the establishment of life-assurance societies has prolonged human existence more than all the appliances of science before and since their era. There is many a man for whom not only Prosperity and Pleasure are over, but even Hope itself, who feels not only old age, and poverty and care, growing over him like mosses upon a wall—though, alas, not so painlessly—but comfortless despair; there is many a man, I say, who, if himself were alone concerned in the matter, would certainly end all with a bare bodkin, without much fear of the after-dream. It is true, indeed, that what we fear is worse than what we feel; but the feeling is, in this case, sharp and sensible, while the fear is vague and shadowy. With what bitter but secret smiles do church-going men often listen to homilies about the joys of life, and the eager clutch with which humanity clings to it! Still, doubtless, on the whole, the poet is right; to most men—let us thank God for it—life is dear. To youth, it is especially so, for to them even, if it may sometimes seem that it would be well to die, the Preacher's words are true, that heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Thus, as we have seen, it had lately appeared to Walter Litton that existence had no great boon to offer him, and that he might let go his hold upon it without much regret; but now that he was standing in the shining street, with the sea one smile before him, and the voices and laughter of his fellow-men breaking in upon his ear, it again seemed hard to die. He was not yet three-and-twenty, and in perfect health and vigour; the slight hurt that his few days of scarcity and exposure upon the mountains had done him, or, perhaps, had only seemed to do him, was quite passed away. There was no reason—save that terrible bail-bond of his word he had

given to the brigand chief, and which was to be exacted on the morrow—why he should not live for the next fifty years; breathe the soft air, feel the warm sun, gaze into the pure depths of yonder sky, and eat and drink and be merry with his fellows. If only that little promise of his could be blotted from his mind—and only from his own mind, for no one else would reproach him for breaking it—he felt that his life might be a happy one. Should Lilian recover, of which there now seemed to be good hope, she would undoubtedly accept him for her husband, in spite of any representations of Sir Reginald. To have love, riches, health, and youth within his power, and yet to exchange all to-morrow—to-morrow—for a cruel and lingering death, was a terrible thought indeed.

The contrast did not, however, present itself in the form of a temptation. He did not need to picture to himself the disappointment of the unhappy old merchant at his non-appearance in the brigand camp, nor the mortification of Joanna at that evidence of his want of faith; indeed, they would both, he knew, be glad that he had thus escaped his doom, since it was to be escaped no other way; nor did the thought of the bitter triumph of Corrali over his broken word affect him in the least, for it never entered into his mind to break his word. He was going back on the morrow to his death, as he had always intended to do, should things turn out as they had done; but he had not expected them so to turn out; and his disappointment was very bitter, and his regrets very keen. He had no sense of any heroism in his own conduct, but only of the hardness of the fate that necessitated it; and he was furious against the selfish and murderous greed of Sir Reginald. If religion required of him, in that hour of wretchedness, to forgive the man, who, if not the actual cause of it, had, by his criminal inaction, conduced to it, Walter was not religious; he hated and despised him infinitely more than Corrali himself, and in all the dark turmoil of his thoughts, kept this one clear and distinct before him—that so far as in him lay, Reginald Selwyn should not escape unpunished. There are many good and wise axioms that require to be acted upon with a difference, according to the character of those with whom we have to deal. A soft answer, we are told, for example, turneth away wrath; and it doubtless does so in many cases; but there are others in which conciliation is not only thrown away, but increases the fury of the wicked man, since he conceives from it that he may be furious with impunity. Another excellent precept is, to leave evil-doers to the punishment of their own conscience; but here also it is necessary to be convinced that in the particular case such an instrument of chastisement exists. To have left Reginald Selwyn to the stings of remorse, would have been much the same as to have inflicted a fine of five shillings upon a millionaire for murder. Walter was firmly resolved to inflict no fine upon him; but such a penalty as he must needs feel. He therefore made use of one of the few hours of life remaining to him to draw up a detailed statement of the facts of Mr Christopher Brown's capture and imprisonment, with especial reference to the ransom which would have procured his release; the mysterious disappearance of the authorisation, and Sir Reginald's lukewarmness concerning it; the negotiations with the banker, and the baronet's

refusal to sign the guarantee: nor did he hesitate to point out how, by such a course of conduct, the latter's material interests had been advantaged at the expense of his unhappy relative. This paper he sealed up, and addressed to the British consul, with a request that it might be made public so soon as the fatal news from Corrali's camp should reach the city. Of himself, he said little, beyond describing the circumstances of his compelled return to the brigands, which would naturally afford to his statement the weight which attaches to the evidence of a dying man.

A much more painful, if less important task then claimed his attention, in bidding farewell to Lilian. It was necessary to do this in writing, since, even if he should have the chance of seeing her (which now seemed improbable), it would have been impossible, in her fragile condition, to communicate to her the true state of the case. He did not waste many words upon Sir Reginald, with whose character he knew Lilian was well acquainted, and of whose conduct in the present matter she would hear the particulars from other sources; but he solemnly laid the fate of her father and himself at the baronet's door, and adjured her to rescue Lotty from his hands, which, as he pointed out, it would be easy to do by making some pecuniary sacrifice. 'He has no wish, you will find,' he bitterly added, 'to keep his captive for her own sake; but in his willingness to accept ransom, you will find him the counter-part of Corrali himself.' Finally, he asked Lilian's pardon for the involuntary share he had himself taken in the marriage of her sister with the man who had thus brought ruin on them all. The rest of his letter described the steady growth of his affection for herself, which, although all hope of its fruition seemed denied to him, had induced him to come abroad, in the hope of being of use to her, under circumstances which had given her just cause for apprehension. Unhappily, his efforts to assist her had been unavailing, but he besought her to believe that he in no way regretted them; he had done his best, and failed; but to have done less than his best would have been a greater pain to him than his failure was. Then he spoke of their common youth, and entreated her not to grieve unreasonably, or for long, over his decease. Fate had only permitted them, within the last few days, to express to one another their mutual love; if he had lived, it was true, it would have lasted as long as life itself; but since he was doomed to die, it was contrary to nature and reason that her young love should be wasted on a dead man. He gave her his full leave—'Such a permission,' wrote he, 'will seem preposterous to any other than yourself, but you will feel that I have the right to give it; and I foresee that it will one day be a relief to you'—to marry whom she would. And he wished her happiness in her wedded life. Walter felt that his letter was egotistic; but also that she would make allowance—then and always—for the circumstances under which it was composed. The *Ego* was strong within him. As he looked out from his window, earth, sea, and sky seemed to have the same personal reference to himself that they have to dying men. He saw them now, but after one day more he would never see them. The sun was setting, so far as he was concerned, for the last time save one. The mighty world, so full of light and life, would go on as usual, but not for

him; he was about to drop out of it, and the darkness of the grave to close around him. After that, he knew not what would happen to him, nor did any man know. He could only bow his head in reverent faith. He was not afraid of falling into the hands of God, nor did he repine in an unmanly manner. But as he thought of Lillian, and of all that might have been, but which was not to be, the tears gathered in his eyes. His mind, too, wandered back to Beech Street and faithful Jack Pelter. He did not feel equal to writing to him, but he would learn all that had taken place, and he could trust him to construe all aright, so far as he was himself concerned. By his will, made when he came of age, by his lawyer's advice, he had left him—the only friend who had at that time 'shewn himself friendly'—what property he was possessed of; and it was a comfort to him now to think that, notwithstanding his feeble habits, poor Jack would never want. He had put aside some portion of his ready-money to pay for his own interment in the English cemetery (a favourite spot with him), should his body be recovered from the brigands; and the rest he had allotted to Francisco, as the marriage portion of his bride. These, with the letters, he intended to leave out upon the morrow, in order that they might be found after he had left the city. And now all matters having been thus provided for in this world, he was sitting at his open window thinking unutterable things.

'Signor!'—he started, so deep he was in meditation that he had not heard any one enter his apartment—'signor, I have news for you.'

It was Francisco's voice, the tones of which were always musical, but which had acquired of late a born of his new-found love—the tenderness of a brook in June, 'which to the leafy woods all night singeth a quiet tune'; his passion had rendered him sympathetic, as well as eloquent. 'You have scarcely touched your dinner, my father says; but you will eat supper when you have heard my tidings. The English young lady is better, still weak and worn, poor soul, and a mere shadow to look at: you must not be frightened at that.'

'What! can she see me, then?'

'Yes; she will see you: not to-night, because it is too late, but to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' The very word seemed to sound forlorn and sad, as he uttered it. 'It will be early, then, I hope, Francisco.'

'Yes; it will be very early. After her night's rest, says Julia, her mistress is at her best and strongest, and she wishes to see you, signor, ah, so eagerly!'

'A thousand thanks, Francisco. You will find that I have not forgotten this good service.'

'Oh, do not speak of that. But you must really eat something, none would think that it was but two days ago that you came back half-starved from the mountains.'

A sharp pang ran through Walter's frame; he had been reminded of a thing forgotten—namely, his appointment with Santoro for that evening.

'Come, signor, let me bring you supper.'

'Presently, Francisco—in half an hour or so; I have something to do first in the town.' He turned back to the window, unwilling to prolong this talk; and Francisco, with an anxious glance at his English friend, and a dubious shake of his fine head, withdrew from the apartment. Immediately

afterwards, Walter took up his hat, and repaired to the usual rendezvous, where he found Santoro awaiting him. He at once informed the brigand that all hope of obtaining the ransom was at an end, and inquired at what hour it would be necessary to start upon the morrow.

'We should be off before noon,' was his quiet reply, 'since it takes much longer to climb a mountain than to descend from it.'

'Then I will be here before that hour.'

'Hush! Not here, signor, but at the end of the Marina,' answered the brigand in low tones. 'This place is growing too hot for me; certain inquiries have been made, I find, and it is necessary that I should leave the town to-night.'

'You do not suppose, I hope, that it is through anything I have said.'

'No, no; the signor is a man of honour; but he has been watched and followed. A brigand's eyes never deceive him.'

Walter could not but think that his companion was mistaken, for not only had he been unconscious of any such espionage, but he knew of none who could have any interest in his coming and going. Still, it was obvious that Santoro was uneasy, and since it was unnecessary to prolong the interview, they parted at once. As Walter went back to his lodgings, he cast a glance up to the rooms which the Selwyns occupied at the hotel, and saw Sir Reginald smoking and sipping coffee on the balcony; and as he was the only man who was likely to take any note of his proceedings, the brigand's suspicion seemed to him more baseless even than before. Walter's supper was brought up to him by Baccari himself, and not, as he had expected, by Francisco, and the good lodging-house keeper was unusually silent. The guest was content, however, to observe the change without making allusion to it, since, to be left alone with his own thoughts, was, on that night which was to be his last on earth, what he most desired.

ABOUT FUNGI.

It is not to be wondered at that the difficulties attending the study of cryptogamic botany should have made it less attractive than the study of the flowers of the field. It is to be regretted, however, that prejudice should have so long stood in the way of progress in one department of this most interesting branch of botanical research. Ferns, mosses, and sea-weeds have each in their turn had a share of popular esteem. Fungi, or rather toad-stools—for the common notion of fungi scarcely goes beyond these—have generally been regarded with contempt. Yet there is perhaps no more interesting field of study in the vegetable kingdom than they afford, whether we look to the marvellous beauty of form or of colouring which they present both to the naked eye and to microscopical investigation. With the microscope, the study of them becomes truly fascinating. A volume on Fungi has recently been published in the International Scientific Series (*Fungi, their Nature, Influence, and Uses*, by M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D.; edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A.,

F.L.S.), which, it is hoped, will awaken a wider interest in the subject.

It is popularly supposed that fungi are to be found associated only with decay; and until within a comparatively recent period it was not unfrequently asserted that they could not grow on healthy substances. 'It is, however, now a well-established fact,' says Berkeley, in his *Outlines of British Fungology*, 'that the most healthy tissues may be affected by fungi, though they rapidly become diseased under their influence.' While it is true that they are to be found in the most noisome places, on dunghills, in damp cellars, or in pestilential drains, it would be a great error to identify them with such places. They love chiefly shady woods, grassy glades, leafy dens, and open pastures. They are to be found wherever there is decaying vegetable substance, while large numbers establish themselves on the tissue of living leaves. Some grow on animal substances, such as leather, horn, and bone. Particular insects are liable to be attacked by them. One species in the West Indies is developed on a wasp, which flies about with its burden till it becomes greater than it can bear; and in a well-known disease to which silkworms are liable, a true fungus plays its part in the work of destruction.

While some fungi are among the most minute products of the vegetable kingdom, others attain an enormous size. Mr Berkeley mentions an instance which occurred in the north of England, where the sandstone walls of a railway tunnel were covered by a vast curtain of fungoid growth. The larger and more fleshy fungi are of rapid growth, and, in consequence of the rapid development of their cellular tissue, they possess an expansive power, of which curious, apparently incredible instances are on record. One of the most interesting of these is given on the authority of Dr Carpenter: A pavement stone measuring twenty-two inches by twenty-one, and weighing eighty-three pounds, though secured by mortar, was completely lifted out of its bed by the growth of large toad-stools beneath it. Rapid in growth, fungi also speedily decay. 'Some species,' says Berkeley, in his *Introduction to Cryptogamic Botany*, 'are capable of exhibiting every phase of growth and of decay in a few hours.'

The colour of fungi depends for the most part upon the contents of the cells, and these are endless in variety. The one colour remarkable for its absence is pure vegetable green (*chlorophyl*); and this, according to the opinion of Mr Berkeley, is probably due to the fact that, like animals, they exhale carbonic acid, and absorb oxygen. When green does occur it is of a dull metallic hue. It is worthy of note that one of these greens is of practical use in art. The most careless observer may have noticed how common it is to find pieces of rotten stick deeply stained with a beautiful green tint. This is the *mycelium*, or spawn of a fungus (*Helotium eruginosum*); and the wood so stained is used for its colour in the manufacture

of Tunbridge ware. In variety and beauty of colouring, fungi may be truly said to rival the flowers of the field. Associated as they have been in the popular mind only with decay, the common error, that they are disgusting in smell, is not to be wondered at. Some, undoubtedly, are extremely fetid; but many are sweet-scented, such as of newly-mown hay, violets, anise, myrrh, and apricot.

No class of plants presents a greater variety or stranger diversity of forms. To those who love to wander in the woods or green fields in summer and in early autumn, the appearance of some of the larger and more noticeable species must be familiar. The brilliancy of their colouring can scarcely fail to attract attention. The *Agarics*, of which the common Mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*) may be taken as the type, are the best known, from their parasol shape. The most attractive of these is the splendid Fly Agaric (*Agaricus muscarius*), found chiefly in fir-woods. With its bright scarlet pileus, studded with white warts, and its pure white gills and stem, it forms a very striking object. Of all the true *Agarics*, it is the most dangerous. It has been used as a fly-poison; hence its name. It is used and highly prized by the inhabitants of Siberia for its intoxicating properties. Its first effect when eaten is exhilarating; and it has the curious power of producing erroneous impressions of size and distance. Under its influence, a running leap would be necessary to clear a straw lying upon the road. If it is taken in sufficient quantity, intoxication passes into delirium, which is succeeded by entire loss of consciousness and death. There are some genera of great beauty allied to the true *Agarics*, such as the *Hygrophori*, from their peculiarly waxy appearance and brilliancy of colour; the *Lactarii*, or milky *Agarics*, so called from the milk with which they abound, and which drops from them when they are injured; and the *Russula*, which resemble the *Lactarii*, but are destitute of milk. One of the most beautiful of the latter genus, the Emetic Agaric (*Russula emetica*), with its smooth shining red pileus, and white gills and stem, is also one of the most dangerous. A very small portion of it would serve to produce the most disagreeable effects, such as are indicated by its name. Of other genera, perhaps the most beautiful in form are the various species of *Clavaria*. Some of these are so delicately branched as to resemble the most exquisite coral. Their prevailing colours are pure white and full golden yellow. One is of pure amethyst. There are few sensations of delight keener than those which the mycologist experiences in coming upon groups of these exquisitely coloured plants, while wandering through an ancestral park, or in the green woods at early morning, when the dew is yet fresh upon the grass, and the birds are singing upon the trees, and the world of toil is asleep. Very beautiful also are the forms which even the lower powers of the microscope reveal. In the various species of mould, for example, we find miniature forests of wonderful beauty and delicacy. It is beyond our purpose, however, to do more than recommend the study, and we almost envy the first surprise and delight of one to whom microscopical investigation is entirely new.

In speaking of the uses of fungi, we must limit ourselves to their edible properties. Much useful and interesting information on this subject will be found in the volume to which we have already referred; in Mr Cooke's *Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*; and in Dr Badham's *Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of Great Britain*. Great assistance will be derived also from two sheets published by Mr Worthington Smith (London, Hardwicke), containing admirable coloured figures of the more common esculent and poisonous species.

In all parts of the world, fungi have been employed as food. The Parisian epicure and the savage of Tierra del Fuego alike value them. In our own country, with the exception of the common mushroom, they have never been highly esteemed, doubtless from dread of dangerous species. Yet there are many unmistakable species which are sufficiently common to be useful, while some are justly esteemed as great delicacies. At least fifty or sixty species are capable of supplying wholesome and nutritious food. More unmistakable even than our common mushroom are the Orange Milk *Lactarius (Lactarius deliciosus)*, the only one of the genus which has milk so coloured; the Chantarelle (*Cantharellus cibarius*), with its rich golden colour and apricot scent; and the fairy ring Champignon (*Marasmius oreades*). Yet these, though common, are scarcely eaten in this country. They are perhaps the finest of all our edible fungi, excelling the common mushroom, and are highly esteemed in nearly every country in Europe. *Holstius edulis*, belonging to an order (*Polypores*) in which we find tubes or pores in place of the gill-plates of the Agarics, though inferior to those just named, is commonly used throughout Europe. It is easily distinguished by its brownish smooth cushion-like pileus, its greenish yellow tubes, and its thick reticulated or netted stem. Yet this species, though common in our woods, has never been much used in Britain, probably because the genus *Boletus* contains several which are decidedly dangerous. Dr Badham supposes that this is the stullus which was eaten by the ancient Romans. Another species, belonging to the same order, must not be omitted, *Fistulina hepatica*, so named from its resemblance to liver. A slice of it is not unlike beef-steak. It is usually found on the trunks of old oaks, and is much more common in England than in Scotland. Mr Cooke, in his *British Fungi*, states that 'specimens are now and then met with which would furnish four or five men with a good dinner; and they have been collected weighing as much as thirty pounds.' In another order (*Hydnaceae*) we find the under surface of the pileus beset with spines instead of gill plates or pores. One of these, which is common in our woods (*Hydnum repandum*) is much esteemed in some parts of Europe. The *Hydnum* generally are said to resemble oysters in flavour. Many others might be named which, however, are scarcely so common as to merit the attention of the mycophagist.

It is scarcely possible to give any general rules by which esculent may be distinguished from poisonous species. They can be discriminated only by the study of species. 'The only safe guide,' says Mr Cooke, in his recent work, 'lies in mastering, one by one, the specific distinctions, and increasing the number of one's own esculents gradually, by dint of knowledge and experience, even as a child learns to distinguish a

filbert from an acorn, or, with wider experience, will thrust in his mouth a leaf of *Oxalis*, and reject that of the white clover.' By reference to such figures as those of Mr Worthington Smith, the commoner species, both esculent and poisonous, may be easily discriminated; and many useful hints regarding the method of using them will be found in such a work as Mr Cooke's *Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*. As a general rule, such as are of sweet odour, especially such as have the smell of new meal, are safe and wholesome. Nearly all that can be said by way of caution may be summed up thus: Such as are disagreeable in smell, or acrid to the taste; such as contain milk (*Lactarii*) other than the one orange-coloured; such as turn blue when the flesh of the fungus is cut or broken (*Boletii*); and, generally, such as grow on wood—should be carefully avoided. And in all cases, they should be used only when young and fresh. Even the most wholesome become unwholesome and dangerous when old or in decay. As an example of this, we may mention the Giant Puff-ball (*Lycoperdon giganteum*), which is excellent when young, resembling sweetbread, but which has been known to produce serious consequences in its fully matured condition. The common notion, that all which grow under trees are dangerous, is entirely erroneous. It is true of the common mushroom—it should not be gathered in woods. But some of the best species, such as the Chantarelle, the orange-milk *Lactarius*, and *Boletus edulis*, are to be found almost exclusively in woods. In many cases, much of their wholesomeness seems to depend upon the method of cooking them; and with all of them, Mr Berkeley recommends that plenty of bread should be eaten. It has been supposed that salt and vinegar have special virtues in destroying the poisonous qualities of some. There are, however, so many which are perfectly wholesome, and which are at the same time so easily distinguished, that it is not advisable, without special knowledge, to make use of any whose qualities are doubtful.

In France particularly, immense quantities of mushrooms are cultivated. In Paris, they are grown in caves, some of which contain mushroom beds of many miles in extent. From these, large supplies are daily sent to market; and some cultivators preserve them for exportation. Even in this country the cultivation of them is found to be so profitable, that Mr Cooke tells us a 'curious revelations sometimes crop up, as at a recent trial at the Sheriff's Court for compensation from the Metropolitan Railway Company for premises and business of a nurseryman at Kensington. The railway had taken possession of a mushroom ground, and the claim for compensation was seven hundred and sixteen pounds. It was stated in evidence, that the profits on mushrooms amounted to one hundred or one hundred and fifty per cent. One witness said, if fifty pounds were expended in twelve months, or perhaps in six months, the sum realised would be two hundred pounds.' Truffles, which grow underground, have always been favourite fungi in Europe, from the time of Pliny to the present day. They are to be found in some of the chalk districts in England, and are imported from the continent. Both pigs and dogs are trained to search them out; and on this special branch of the subject Mr Cooke gives some curious information; though a writer in a late

number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives much of the credit of truffle-finding to pigs. Mr Cooke says: 'Some notion may be obtained of the extent to which the trade of truffles is carried on in France, when we learn that in the market of Apt alone, about three thousand five hundred pounds of truffles are exposed for sale every week during the height of the season; and the quantity sold during the winter reaches upwards of sixty thousand pounds, whilst the department of Vaucluse yields annually upwards of sixty thousand pounds. It may be interesting here to state, that the value of truffles is so great in Italy, that precautions are taken against truffle-poachers, much in the same way as against game-poachers in England. They train their dogs so skilfully, that, while they stand on the outside of the truffle-grounds, the dogs go in and dig for the fungi: though there are multitudes of species, they bring out those only which are of market value. Some dogs, however, are employed by botanists which will hunt for any especial species that may be shewn to them. The great difficulty is to prevent them devouring the truffles, of which they are very fond. The best dogs, indeed, are true retrievers.'

One of the most interesting questions relating to fungi is the influence which they exert in the general economy of nature. We have already referred to the fact, that, like animals, they exhale carbonic acid, and absorb oxygen. In so far, therefore, as the atmosphere is concerned, they do not assist, like other plants, in maintaining the balance between animal and vegetable life. There seems to be no good reason for believing that they exercise, except in the case of certain skin diseases, any baneful influence on health, although speculation has been busy on the part which they have been supposed to play in the propagation and aggravation of epidemics, both among man and the lower animals. Among the lower forms of animal life, they are largely consumed as food; some insects seem to depend upon them wholly for existence. We must look for their chief influence, however, to the vegetable kingdom; and here, undoubtedly, they do exercise a very wide influence. The mischief which they cause to timber is great, and is too frequently exemplified on the wood-work of our houses, where one species of the Dry-rot Fungus (*Merulius lacrymans*) is so destructive. The rust and smut, the mildews and moulds which attack the cereals and green crops, are well known to the agriculturist. The gardener is familiar with them among his vegetables and fruit-trees; and among our favourite flowers, such as roses, we have often to mourn over the ravages which they commit. During the past year, as readers of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* will remember, one of these pests threatened almost to exterminate the hollyhock. The hop gardens, the vineyards, and the olive groves of Europe, the cotton fields of India, and the coffee plantations of Ceylon, all bear witness to their destructive influence. But no more disastrous result, as it affects all classes, has been produced than in the case of the too well-known potato disease. All the earlier theories of the origin of this dire plague have been proved to be erroneous. It has now been established beyond doubt, chiefly by the researches of Mr Berkeley and M. De Bary, that it is produced by a fungus—a species of mould, which at first attacks the leaves, and speedily preys upon the tissues of the entire plant, reducing it ultimately to a state of putrefaction.

But greater far than all the mischief which they work is the good which fungi effect in the economy of nature. In regard to dead and decaying vegetable matter, they have been happily called 'the scavengers of nature;' and if we reflect upon the universality of their presence, the work which they accomplish in robbing decay of its hurtful influences, by changing it into other forms of life, is no less wonderful than it is beneficial.

GONE AWAY.

I know a quiet country town,
By which a river falls and flows;
And in the dell and on the down,
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

I know a square gray house of stone,
I never think of but I sigh,
Beyond whose garden, smoothly mown,
The rushing engines shriek and fly.

I know a chosen chamber there,
A fairy figure used to grace;
I know an eastern window, where
Was wont to watch, a fairy face.

I tread the narrow winding street,
I linger in the lonely lane,
Which once were trod by fairy feet,
That will not tread their path again.

I love that quiet country town;
It is to me a sacred place;
And as I wander up and down,
Those vanished steps I seem to trace.

And still the hours serenely pass,
And still the busy river flows;
And still among the shining grass
The yellow sunlight glints and glows.

And there the house is, square and gray,
And there the new-mown meadows lie
She used to gaze on day by day,
In Faith, and dreamy reverie.

Yes, all is there—except the face.
That little window gapes forlorn;
And on me, as I haunt the place,
The morning sunshine smiles in scorn.

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A SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

THE modern soldier, whether in sickness or health, is very differently cared for now from what he was formerly. A veteran non-commissioned officer who had seen some half-century service, was descending to us not long ago in Netley Hospital on the contrast between a soldier's life nowadays and what it had been in the early part of his career; and the existence of the very building in which he lay is one evidence of the improved accommodation provided for him now. Standing on the banks of the Southampton Water, this splendid hospital is almost the first building on his native shore to greet the eyes of the returning invalid. The troop-ships coming into Southampton from India and elsewhere stop to land their sick at Netley; and on so vast a scale is the institution, that it is no uncommon thing for five or six hundred patients to be received into it on the same day without occasioning any unusual commotion. Beautiful grounds sloping down to the very water's edge; long covered galleries for patients who are unable to go out of doors to exercise in; spacious airy wards, and all the most recent improvements in hospital management, the whole under the control of an able and experienced medical staff, here offer to the invalid soldier every chance which skill and care can give him, of recruiting the health which may have been undermined by service in unhealthy climates, or by other causes.

Happily, the proportion of invalid soldiers to those who are sound is but small, and the amusement and instruction of these latter have been consulted by the introduction of Recreation Rooms in every barrack, which are well supplied with books, papers, periodicals, &c. This is a great advantage; but soldiers like sometimes to go out of barracks; they like to meet with other society than the men of their own regiments; above all, they like to escape sometimes from the eye of authority. Hitherto, the only resort for them in such cases has been the public-houses; and just as a man with every accom-

modation in his own house likes sometimes, so it is only natural that he should like to mix with his friends when he feels that he is free from the restraints of his officers. To provide such a place where he might find recreative society without the temptation of a public-house, has been the object of the experiment of Soldiers' Homes, first of these institutions was established in 1864, and succeeded by two or three of garrison towns of England. The first opened towards the close of last year, where, perhaps, of all others it is the most successful, is the Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute, and it is of this that we give a brief description. It derives its interest from the fact of its having been opened last September by that fine Christian soldier, Sir Hope Grant, the army has so recently had to undergo the deepest interest in this, and the most important, undertaking which has for its object the moral and social improvement of the soldier.

The Portsmouth Soldiers' Institute is a building dedicated to the energy and perseverance of the men. When the social history of the soldier is written, one of the most beautiful pages will be that on which are recorded the deeds of the brave workers, and among this noble and generous class the name of Sarah Robinson, the 'Soldier's Friend,' will deserve an honoured place. From her early years Miss Robinson seems to have been actuated by a passion for soldiers and military matters, but hers was not the enthusiasm which some young ladies devote themselves to the study of the *Army List*, or to seeking a ball-room acquaintance with officers. Her ambition was to be useful, by means of doing some good, morally as well as materially, to the soldier; and to this work she has given all her time and influence, at the sacrifice of all a woman's prejudices. That there is a large field for such work in the army, and that it is especially and pre-eminent woman's work, has

eatedly asserted by many of the ablest and experienced of our military authorities. In chaplains and lay helpers, in spite of a number of earnest-minded officers—the salt troy—there is a want in the soldier's life, and as he is for the most part, and cut off from home and family ties, which can only be supplied by the influence of a woman. To this Miss Robinson has devoted her whole time for the last twelve years; and we regret that the want of space prevents us from following that the different garrison towns, in each of which she was the means of doing an incalculable amount of good, and where she earned the blessing of those whom it is the object of her life to

of our readers will probably recollect the first time she was tried by Miss Robinson two or three years ago, when, under the sanction of the War Office, the commander-in-chief, she accompanied him during the autumn manoeuvres on Dartmoor at Cannock Chase, taking the management of the troops, and a recreation tent, the one in which the troops with coffee, tea, eatables; the other for provisions for letter-writing, newspapers, periodicals, books, and games. In order to do this undertaking, Miss Robinson was obliged to follow the troops, in a van, in which she dwelt in gipsy fashion during the whole of the manoeuvres. The fatigue and anxiety of the business were very great, but Miss Robinson had the satisfaction of finding that her mission proved a complete success, and was of contributing immensely to the comfort and well-being of the troops. It was stated, in the current testimony of those who were present, that there never had been so much drunkenness and crime in the camp as at that time; and the generals in command, and the officers of regiments, expressed their admiration of Miss Robinson. As to the men, there, at other places, they were devoted to her for the genuine friendliness of feeling which she inspired them, we may quote the words of themselves: 'We call Miss Robinson our Friend because she isn't like some of the other women who try to do us good. She doesn't sit at the top of the stairs, and tell us what we ought to do; she comes down, and takes us by the hand, and leads us in the right

way, as we believe, the successful results of this mission on Dartmoor which determined Miss Robinson to start a soldier's institute at Portsmouth. We have stated that there could scarcely be any need for such an institution in any place in Portsmouth; and in support of this assertion, we may remind our readers that Portsmouth is not only our chief military garrison, but is also a large naval station. It is here that most of Her Majesty's ships are paid off before being again put in commission; and it is here that the troops returning to England from India and other foreign stations disembark, and are generally quartered for some months before being sent elsewhere. During their foreign service, many of the regiments have accumulated money in the regimental savings-bank, which amounts in the aggregate to a considerable sum on their arrival in England. The sailors and marines too, on coming ashore after being paid off, are in possession of sums varying

from ten to fifty pounds apiece, which, with characteristic recklessness, they are impatient to be rid of. This is well known to the land-sharks who are waiting for their prey. Even before they can land the ships are boarded by touts and agents from the low lodging-houses and disreputable haunts in the town, whose object is by one means and another to become possessed of the earnings of the men.

In Portsmouth, with a population of something over one hundred thousand, there are upwards of one thousand public-houses, gin-shops, &c., but (until the establishment of the Soldiers' Institute) not one single Home, Institute, or respectable resort for recreation or improvement. In such a state of things, the demoralisation of the soldiers quartered there follows almost as a matter of necessity.

It is stated that not long ago a single regiment on its return from India squandered six thousand pounds from the savings-bank within two or three months, and lost five hundred good-conduct badges.* It is difficult indeed to overestimate the temptations to which a soldier is exposed. With some spare cash, which he is quite willing to spend; with the natural inclination for enjoyment on his return home, after foreign service; surrounded by plenty of bad companions, who are eager to lead him astray; with no place of resort except the public-house, and with plenty of idle time on his hands—for under ordinary circumstances an infantry soldier's duties are over for the day by four o'clock, and from that till nine at night he is free to amuse himself as he pleases out of barracks—it is difficult, even for the best disposed, to avoid falling into bad habits. It was the consideration of this which induced Miss Robinson to direct her energies to the formation of the Soldiers' Institute at Portsmouth. The military authorities had been so favourably impressed by Miss Robinson's work during the autumn manoeuvres, that upon application, the War Office—not usually a very impressionable department—promised a government grant of land for the erection of a suitable building. Subsequently, the usual religious bickering arose, and the government, yielding to strong pressure on behalf of Roman Catholics, revoked the grant, except on condition that the Bible should be entirely excluded from the Institute. This condition, Miss Robinson, as a Protestant, was of course unable to accept, though it was never intended to force the Bible upon any one, but to have one room in the building specially reserved for a Bible class, which the soldiers might attend or not at their discretion, the other advantages of the Institute being equally open to all. How little of a grievance this could really be to any one, may be judged from the fact, that the Roman Catholic soldiers at Woolwich have voluntarily subscribed among themselves, and forwarded to Miss Robinson, a sum of ten pounds on behalf of the Institute—an instance of real Christian toleration and liberality which it is gratifying to have to record in these days of bitter party-strife and sectarianism.

* This statement does not the least surprise us. We were told as a fact, by a commanding-officer, that the men in his regiment, on arriving in Edinburgh from foreign service, spent the sum of five thousand pounds—all they had in the savings-bank; the expenditure being in public-houses and disreputable haunts in the recesses of the Old Town. Yet, although the fact was made known at the time, no steps have been taken, so far as we are aware, to avert its recurrence.—Ed.

The recognition of this prejudice by the government is the more strange when we remember that the Commission on Army Education felt so strongly the necessity of religious instruction for the men, that they recommended the providing of rooms for the purpose of Bible-classes, &c. in every barrack; and Lord Lawrence, when in India, took especial care that such rooms were everywhere available for soldiers and their instructors. Nothing daunted, however, by the loss of this gift, Miss Robinson set herself to collect funds for the purchase of suitable premises, and very shortly the well-known old *Fountain Hotel*, in the High Street, Portsmouth, was secured, and after undergoing the necessary alterations, the Soldiers' Institute was formally opened on the 10th of September in last year. Here Miss Robinson has taken up her abode, and personally superintends the management of the whole institution, which affords ample scope for all her energy and power of organisation. The institution, which is intended to be a club for the military, is designed for amusement and society, and—for those who will—for instruction. Though it is wholly undenominational in character, and though it is not intended to force religion on anybody, means are provided for those who choose to avail themselves of them, of religious instruction and opportunities for private prayer. The building is well suited to the purpose for which it has been adapted. Immediately opposite the entrance is a large bar, which is applied to the same use as it was during the existence of the hotel. Those who desire light refreshment, or who have not time to sit down in the coffee-room, find tea and coffee ready there at all times. The coffee-room is the apartment chiefly used for social intercourse and refreshment. Here soldiers meet and make appointments with their friends, and the men are encouraged to bring their wives and sweethearts with them. It is a long room about forty feet by twenty, filled with small tables for refreshments; and is supplied in addition to newspapers with draughts, chess, and dominoes. It looks into the main street of Portsmouth, which gives it a cheerful and pleasant appearance. Ascending to the next floor, we come to the reading-room, a large handsome apartment, of the same dimensions as the coffee-room below, panelled with varnished oak, and lighted at night by two large gas chandeliers. Both as to the comfort of its fittings, and the admirable supply of papers and periodicals of all sorts with which it is stocked, this reading-room is one which any club might be proud to possess, and together with a well-supplied lending library, furnishes ample abundance of literary food for those who frequent the Institute.

On the same floor as this reading-room is the apartment which has given rise to so much controversy—that for Bible-class meetings and religious instruction. It is free to all, but no one is pressed to attend it. It is just as entirely at the discretion of any one making use of the Institute either to frequent this room or to keep out of it, as it is of a member of a London club to choose whether he will enter the billiard or smoking room. On the same floor is a bath-room, which is fitted up with hot and cold water baths, and other conveniences. And a short distance off is a large room in which is held a sewing-class for soldiers' wives. The rooms on the upper floor are fitted up as dormitories with neat little iron beds and com-

fortable clean bedding, and are capable of accommodating nearly a hundred occupants when required. This is an especial boon to sailors (for in this seaport town the Soldiers' Institute is wisely and considerately thrown open to the sister service), who, on coming ashore, are generally in great need of a respectable lodging in which they can be secure from robbery and imposition. In another part of the building are rooms for the use of married soldiers and their wives and families, previous to embarking for foreign service, or on their return home. And this, it is believed, will be one of the greatest blessings of the institution, as the relatives of soldiers are exposed to great trials and difficulties on these occasions.

Upwards of nine hundred persons have been thus accommodated in the Institute during the six months of its existence; and as it becomes better known, its sphere of usefulness will be increased, as it is intended to send agents on board the troops on their arrival in port, to apprise the soldiers of its advantages. Such institutions as these cannot fail to prove a boon to the army, and through it to the nation at large; for that which tends to elevate the soldier in public esteem, or to benefit him socially or morally, tends to the national welfare. It is to be hoped that the noble example given by Miss Robinson will lead other workers to follow in her steps, and that in every garrison town in the United Kingdom some 'friends of the soldier' will be found to present him, as at Portsmouth, with a Soldier's Institute.

THE EUROPEAN IN INDIA.

SUCH is the title of a book which has fallen in our way, purporting to consist of advices of various kinds to persons receiving appointments to India, and who are generally at a loss concerning outfit, transit, climate, housekeeping, servants, means for preserving health, and so on. As the work has gone through a second edition, it has evidently been accepted as an authority; and, from the sensible and practical tone in which it is written—there being an entire absence of sensationalism—we are encouraged to bring the volume still further under notice. There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding incessant discussions respecting the affairs of India, little is distinctly known for the guidance of young men who are destined to live for years in the country. To supply what is wanted, Mr Hull* offers his best advices, drawn from personal experience; what he says being supplemented by the medical hints of Dr Mair, who is also an experienced Anglo-Indian.

We shall just glance over this handy *vaude-mecum*, to give an idea of the contents. As to outfit, the author advises the purchase of a good stock of clothes to last some time, for all articles of dress are dear in India, besides being not very well made. An Indian made dress-coat, for example, has not the 'sit' of one produced by a skilled English tailor. One thing is on no account to be neglected—a stock of flannel shirts to be worn next the skin, day and night. 'Flannel,' says Mr Hull, 'is the best safeguard against fever, dysentery, and other disorders that carry off so many victims in the tropics. When the body is heated,

* *The European in India*. By Edmund C. P. Hull. London: King & Co. 1874.

a profuse perspiration moistens the clothing; evaporation follows, checking the perspiration, and causing a chill, and hence illness in various cases.' It has to be kept in mind that evaporation takes place more rapidly from linen and cotton than from wool; hence the importance of wearing flannel. An Indian doctor is quoted as having said 'he would not throw good medicine away upon any one who could be such a fool as not to wear flannel.' The hint applies elsewhere than in India. Wool, in short, not only retards evaporation, and so prevents a sudden chill, but, from being a non-conductor of heat, keeps the wearer more cool than any other kind of clothing. A close attention to the advice offered on this point will spare thousands of lives.

For those who have to go to the hills, a thin Mackintosh cloak of a light colour is recommended to ward off wet; and for pedestrian travelling in forests and jungles, it is indispensable to have long gaiters for the ankles and legs, as a guard against the swarms of leeches that are ever on the watch to make an attack. These gaiters are of some cotton material, and, like stockings, need to be worn over the ordinary socks, and drawn up over the trousers to the knee, where they must be tightly tied. If a single crevice be left, the leeches creep in, and will mount perhaps to the armpits, where they propose complacently to bleed their victim. Such, at any rate, is the well-known manœuvre of leeches in Ceylon. There, as we are told by Sir Emerson Tennent, the leeches actually wait along the roadsides, standing on the tips of their tails, to fly upon the unwary traveller. As regards lady readers who are going to the East, Mr Hull repeats his injunction about woollen under-clothing, and for upper garments, recommends light fabrics, such as muslin, worn loosely. For evening dress, dresses of a thicker texture are necessary, for the temperature undergoes a sudden change after sunset. Part of the outfit for both sexes should consist of English or French gloves, 'carefully packed in flannel while thoroughly dry, and packed in a wide-mouthed bottle.'

India is now so much opened up by railways, that journeying through it to the principal places is comparatively easy, what took weeks not many years ago being now effected in a few days or hours. Taking the quickest route, by railway to Brindisi, and thence by steamer to Alexandria, after which railway to Suez and steamer on the Red Sea, one may travel from London to Bombay in twenty-one days, Madras in twenty-three days, and Calcutta in twenty-four days. To avoid danger and inconvenience from heat as far as possible, the best time for leaving England is the middle or end of September, arriving in India in October at beginning of the cool season. What, however, of the Red Sea, that furnace, the terror of travellers, even those by the best appointed steamers? Sometimes the heat is almost unendurable, and passengers try to sleep on deck. A gentleman of our acquaintance going out to India, would have died in his cabin, but for having got one of the stewards to give up his berth in the stern of the vessel, into which blew a current of air. For this boon he gladly gave twenty-five pounds. But the change of place was not enough. Stretched out to let the air play over him, he had his brow constantly moistened by his servant, by which meliorations he saved his life.

The worst time of the year is 'from 1st of May till the end of July.' In September and October the heat has considerably diminished.

Whenever he lands, the new arrival in India will be greeted with strange sights, the most startling, perhaps, being the swarthy, half-naked figures acting as boatmen or porters. A little experience shows that there is a considerable distinction in the native races. 'The Parsee of Western India is at once distinguished by his peculiar tall shining black hat, long coat, light complexion, and closely cut whiskers; the Mussulman by his shaven head, flowing beard, large loose turban, and frequently by his wearing loose drawers and slippers. Most Hindus shave the beard and whiskers, but grow the moustache; many shave part of the head; others all but a lock on the top. One or two tribes and the Brahmins shave the whole head closely.' The most muscular and good-looking natives are the warrior castes of Oudh, the Rajpoots of Central India, and the Sikhs; these Sikhs have an independent bearing, and make excellent soldiers. Generally speaking, the young Englishman is as little aware of the diversity of native tribes, as that there prevails a general culture, which, though not European, is considerably advanced, and deserving of respect. There is too great a tendency to speak of all kinds of domestic servants in India as 'niggers,' or 'black men.' To do so is a great mistake. By taking care to have good servants, they will be found to be quite as much deserving of consideration and of being spoken to respectfully as English domestics. Mr Hull mentions the wonderful quickness and fertility of resource of native servants. 'On a journey, they are hardly ever at a loss, and will contrive to provide a satisfactory meal on the shortest notice with the most slender materials and appliances. Three stones from the road-side, arranged by a cook under a tree, will form a fireplace; a few sticks, a fire; and an earthen chatty, purchased for something over a penny at the nearest bazaar, will be made to do duty for saucepan, kettle, or frying-pan, as may be required. With such appliances, or little more, a good dish of curry and rice, a stew, or cutlets will be prepared at the first halt, the necessary materials for the dish being everywhere procurable.'

The author adds: 'Many native servants are also excellent nurses during sickness, and will watch day and night by the bedside of a master, whose habitual treatment of them has entitled him to such a solicitude, and this they will do in a noiseless unobtrusive way, admirably suited to the sick-room.' While treating servants with proper consideration, and putting trust in them, it is recommended not to make too much of them. 'In a general way, I should be inclined to say that they cannot stand much praise. It takes them off their legs, and tends to make them conceited and troublesome.' We must refer to the book itself for hints regarding the number and classes of servants to be kept, according to the style of living. As is well known, there is an extraordinary division of labour. At Madras, for the house of a married couple in good circumstances, without children, there may be required eighteen men and five women servants, costing from a hundred and thirty-five to a hundred and fifty rupees a month. A rupee is equal to two shillings. But a bachelor disposed to live thriftily, may manage 'to get his curry and rice

cooked, his bed made, and his shirts washed, by no more than ten or eleven men, at a cost not exceeding sixty or eighty rupees a month.' Usually, every person living in a house must have a distinct servant, called a kitnautgar, to wait upon him or her. Married life in India thus entails a heavy expense, if from nothing else than the additional number of servants that must be kept. If there be children, the outlay is materially increased, because still more servants are required.

As regards railway travelling in India, there are, as in England, three classes of carriages. The fare by third class is very cheap, only three-eighths of a penny per mile, and by this class nearly all the natives travel. Europeans sometimes travel third class, but such is not commended in the case of throngs of natives of all descriptions. It was at one time apprehended that owing to the system of caste, natives would shrink from travelling promiscuously; but the exceeding cheapness, the rapidity, and the convenience of railway transit, have overcome scruples of this kind. The rail, in fact, is doing more to break down caste and modify prejudices than anything that has ever yet been devised. In this manner does practical science—the locomotive and railway—come in as a powerful aid to Christianity! Talking of caste, the writer before us offers some useful hints to strangers settling in India. 'You cannot, for instance, with propriety, offer a native gentleman a glass of wine in your house, much less invite him to dinner, because in doing so you would invite him to incur the greatest of all misfortunes—loss of caste; while at the same time you cause him to commit what he considers a breach of politeness, in declining your offers. When a native gentleman calls upon you, he will expect permission before he can retire; and this should be known, to prevent awkwardness on such occasions.' Another thing is to be kept in mind: it is contrary to all etiquette to inquire after the female members of a native's family, or to speak to a female of her husband.

There is a common notion that the children of English parents cannot be reared in India. Our author does not contest this point, but gives it as his belief that children are often subject to very injudicious treatment. They are sent out of doors too early in the mornings, and so get colds, fevers, and dysenteric affections. During the day they are kept too much in darkened rooms, and not allowed to run about to get fresh air, under proper precautions as regards the sun. Then, they are not always provided with light flannel under-dress. Worst of all, they are 'ordinarily indulged with far too stimulating a diet;' stuffed with meat, broths, wine, and beer, instead of a diet of bread and milk, or something equally simple and nutritious. As a means of not only rearing children, but of preserving the health of adults, the various hill sanatoria established in India offer peculiar advantages. In the first place, in Southern India there are the sanatoria on the Nilgherries, six and seven thousand feet above the sea. Next, we have Bangalore in the Madras presidency; and, to pass over a number of others, we come to Simla in the north, and the divers residences for Europeans on the Himalaya Mountains, situated amidst the most magnificent scenery, and where, according to altitude, any one can choose a climate to his taste. Bombay has likewise hill refuges of this kind, largely resorted to. The fashion of families quit-

ting the plains in the hot season and proceeding to hill stations, is not new, but is only now coming generally into vogue, and to all appearance the time is not far distant when, for the sake of health, Anglo-Europeans will scarcely need to return periodically to Europe. At several of the hill stations, five to six thousand feet above the level of the plains, you enter on a climate like that of an English summer; you see around you the oaks, the apple-trees, the bushes, and flowers that greet the eye in Hertford or Devonshire. There, also, are seen rows of English-looking villas and cottages, with all the appliances of an English home. If the weather is felt to be too warm, you go a stage higher up; if too cool, you go down the hill. It cannot be doubted that by this hill station system, and by precautions otherwise, European families may become almost naturalised in India, by which a serious difficulty would be in a great measure solved. Here, again, is observed the powerful influence of railway communication, without which the more distant hill sanatoria could not be made popularly available.

After giving numerous advice concerning household management, the writer adverts to insect annoyances. Here, we approach a delicate subject. A lady who spent several years in Calcutta has told us that so tortured was she with animal life in its multifarious forms, that rather than return to that city she would consent to sweep the streets. Perhaps, if taken at her word, she would have changed her mind; but her vehemence at least demonstrated the extent of the annoyance. To begin with, ants abound to an extraordinary degree, intruding everywhere, and eating up every edible that comes in their way. A single crumb of bread does not escape them. When the attacks become personal, the torment is less endurable. 'One or two of the small red species will sometimes indulge in a trip down one's back, and begin to amuse themselves by trying the soil with their digging implements; an operation far from pleasant.' We are told that the best way of keeping off ants is by isolation in water. This seems probable. The legs of tables, sofas, sideboards, and beds, may stand in dishes of water; but unless people get accustomed to stand in tubs of water, we do not see how the enemy is to be kept at bay. White ants are still more voracious; they devour trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, and all kinds of wood except oak and ebony, which are too hard for their jaws. Against this terrific pest, it is necessary that every case or box should be raised on pointed feet, or stones, bricks, or empty glass bottles. The author has no confidence in anything but a thick layer of asphalt. By schemes of this kind, ants, red and white, may be circumvented; but other insect pests remain to be dealt with. 'Fleas,' says Mr Hull, 'are undoubtedly one of the plagues of India. Houses that have been recently vacated become filled in an incredibly short time, and persons entering will in a few minutes find themselves almost black with these vermin.' What afflicts one to know is that, 'bad as fleas are on the plains, they are ten times worse on the hills, and always prove one of the most serious drawbacks to Anglo-Indians in search of cool air.' Let there, however, be this consolation: fleas can be expelled, or at least kept within bounds, by plastering the floors with 'cow-dung wash'; the walls to be white-washed simultaneously, to fill up

chinks. As to bugs, they may be left to be treated according to English usages. Mosquitoes may be kept down by well-placed punkahs, and their attacks at night averted by net curtains. These tormenting animals, however, loiter about in clothes or towels, which require to be shaken to get rid of them. Scorpions are another class of animal annoyances. They lurk under tubs or any other retreat, and it is necessary to shift articles frequently to expel them.

Not the least valuable part of the book before us, and that which should be especially studied by young Anglo-Indians, consists in the medical guide by Dr Mair. We gather from his remarks that much of the blame thrown on the climate of India is undeserved; and that very many of the disorders by which Europeans are affected arise from neglecting rules for the preservation of health. Too little regard is paid to the effects of heat on the system, and of the value of periodic change to a cooler atmosphere. This intelligent authority sums up by saying: 'A residence for one month at least in every year on some of the hill stations, and a thorough change to a European climate for twelve months, after each ten years' residence in India, would do much to remove or remedy the deteriorating effects referred to.' Any such change, however, will go but a small way in the face of an obstinate persistence in daily neglect of ordinary precautions. The young Englishman in India is apt to forget that he cannot with impunity drink spirits as if he were in the Highlands, or eat luxuriously as he would do in a club-house in Pall-Mall. By artificial stimulants, he forces the human machinery beyond its powers of endurance, and perishes; leaving the climate to bear the blame of his premature decease. Speaking to Anglo-Indians emphatically on this subject, Dr Mair says: 'Brandy, whisky, gin, arrack, or any other ardent spirit, must be shunned as poison, and, like all other poisons, should be taken only under medical advice. Medical experience condemns them as totally unnecessary to any one in health, and yet, next to beer, if not equal to it, the most common alcoholic stimulant used in India is brandy. In some districts, the Englishman is marked out by the natives from every other race by the fact that he eats beef, drinks brandy, and has no religion.'

We commend this book very earnestly to the perusal of all young men, and young women too, about to proceed to India.

W. C.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE TEMPTER.

SLEEP, Walter had feared, would have been impossible for him, under the circumstances in which fate had placed him; but Nature, while we are young, is kindly to us, and gave him several hours of refreshing slumber. He welcomed them not only for the forgetfulness they afforded, but because they would give him strength to bear whatever brigand cruelty might have in store, with such manliness as belonged to him, and, above all, to support the old merchant as much as possible by the exhibition of a bold front. When Francisco came, therefore, as had been agreed upon, at an early hour, to conduct him to the hotel, he found the young Englishman calm and

collected, and with even less disquietude in his manner than such an interview as lay before him would have seemed to warrant. Had his own position, indeed, been less momentous, the circumstances under which he was about to visit Lillian would have been painful and embarrassing enough, nor, perhaps, in that case, would he have sought to see her at all. Not only was it in some degree a risk to her as respected her health, but the proceeding itself was clandestine—that is, unknown to Sir Reginald, who, after all, was, in the absence of her father, her natural guardian and protector. However, it was no time now for the entertainment of any delicate scruples. At the door of the hotel, he was left by Francisco in the hands of Julia, a soft-eyed Sicilian, who, since Lillian had not her English maid—for whom there had been no room on board the *Sylphide*—had been appointed to the post of sick-nurse. As she led the way up-stairs, and passed the door occupied by the Selwyns, she answered an inquiring look that rose to Walter's face.

'Sir Reginald is asleep, signor, nor will he rise for the next two hours; but you will see Miss Selwyn.'

This was a great relief to Walter, upon Lillian's account, even more than upon his own, since Lillian's presence would afford full authority for his visit; and when, at the next landing, he found her at the door waiting to receive him, he felt more kindly towards her than her weakness had permitted him of late to do. He knew that she was daring much, in thus admitting him to her sister's presence, without the knowledge of her husband, and that to dare was, with her, to act against her nature.

'You will not talk with her long,' pleaded she, 'Mr Litton, will you? Lillian is very weak and feeble; and, above all things, refrain from speaking about—about that matter we were talking of yesterday.'

'About your father's peril?'

'Well, about your apprehensions upon his account; Sir Reginald assures me that there is no real danger. There is nothing to be gained by dwelling on it; and if my sister should share your fears, it would have a very bad effect upon her.'

'You may rely on my prudence, Lady Selwyn,' answered Walter quietly; and thereupon she led the way into the sick-room. The first appearance of Lillian gave Walter an uncomfortable notion that he had been deceived as to her true condition; she was not 'up and dressed,' as the phrase goes, it is true, but she was lying on a couch by the open window, attired in a dressing-gown, and looking more like a convalescent than one who had so recently been reported as dangerously ill. The hand which she stretched out to him, indeed, was so thin as to be almost transparent; and the voice with which she welcomed him was almost as weak as that which had murmured his name when they parted in Joanna's cavern; but, instead of the spot of scarlet that had then burnt upon her pallid cheeks, there was now a rose-pink blush, which was certainly not the flush of fever, though it might have been summoned there by his coming.

'This is better than when we met each other last, Walter,' said she, with a sweet smile.

'It is indeed, darling.' He could say no more, since the truth was not to be said.

'I long to hear how you got away from that

dreadful place, but they say you must not tell me now.' The tears, from the mere consciousness of her weakness, stood in her soft eyes, which also brimmed with love and tenderness. 'But one thing you must tell me—about dear papa. When shall I see him, when will he be here?'

Walter hesitated. Should he tell her a lie with his dying lips? or the truth, that must needs kill her?

'You have forgotten, my dear Lily, that the ransom has not been paid,' interposed Lotty gently.

'But why is this long delay? How cruel it is to keep poor papa in captivity! He must have been days and days, though I know not how long. Do, dear Walter, hasten it.'

'I have done what I can, dearest.'

'And you are still doing your best, I am sure. But what is the obstacle?'

'The sum is so very large,' said Walter, scarce knowing what words he spoke; it was so pitiful to hear her, so pained with even what she knew, so ignorant of what must needs give her so much greater pain.

'Nay, but surely the bank can raise it. What papa wrote was surely sufficient. I kept it next my heart, as though it had been a letter of your own, Walter.'

Walter turned his eyes involuntarily towards Lotty, with a mute 'You hear that?' but her gaze was fixed upon the floor. If she did not know that her husband had possessed himself of the authorisation, he felt sure that she suspected it.

'Is it possible that they refuse to pay it?' inquired Lillian, raising herself, in her agitation, upon her elbow, then instantly sinking back again through sheer exhaustion. If, when Walter had first entered the room, a hope had risen in his breast that Lillian herself might be made the means of saving two doomed lives, it here fell to rise no more. If he could have seen her earlier, and brought the banker to her bedside, something might perhaps have been accomplished; but, as it was, he felt all was over. It was manifest that the little strength she had, had been already expended in saying those few words. There was nothing for it but to leave her to the short-lived bliss of ignorance.

'The bankers do not refuse to pay it, Lillian, but—but we must have patience.'

'Poor dear papa!' sighed Lillian, so softly, that none but a lover's ear could have caught the sound. 'How wretched he must be among those terrible men! O Walter, when shall we see him?'

'I shall see him to-day, Lillian,' answered Walter solemnly.

'To-day!'—with a slight flush of joy—'that is well indeed. You need not have been afraid to tell me such good tidings. It is bad news, not good, that kills one.'

Walter's heart sank low within him at these terrible words; still, he made shift to smile upon her.

'Tell him, with my dearest love,' she went on, 'how I long to see him, and to clasp him in my arms! And tell him that if anything could add to the happiness of such a moment, it will be the thought that you have brought him to me. He will not—he will not wish to keep us asunder now, Walter!'

Then she closed her eyes, and Lotty made a sign to him that he should withdraw.

Walter bent down, and took his last kiss of Lillian; a faint smile played upon her pale lips as he did so, but they did not part even for a word of farewell; and his bursting heart felt grateful that they did not. He could not have answered her 'good-bye' with firmness.

Lotty left the room with him, and, as those who watch the sick are wont to do when their invalid has a visitor, inquired of him what he thought of Lillian. 'Is she better than you expected, Mr Litton?'

'She is better than I was led to expect,' answered Walter coldly.

Lotty's cheek turned a shade whiter, as she observed, without reference to this reply: 'Yet she is still so weak, that a breath would blow her away.'

'Yes; a breath of ill news. You heard what she said just now. That news will come to-morrow, and then Sir Reginald will have the blood of three innocent persons, instead of two, to answer for.'

'O sir, be pitiful!' cried Lotty, trembling.

'What! pitiful to the man who stole that authorisation from yonder sick girl—plucked the father's life from the daughter's bosom! Pitiful to the man who has lied to me about Lillian's health—painting her as out of her mind, lest I should question her, and prove him thief, or use her services to save the doomed! Pitiful to the man!'

'No, Mr Litton—not to the man; I cannot ask it; but to the woman! Pity me, who am his wife.'

'I do, I do.' The pleading misery of her fearful eyes had quenched his rage. If she had had any hand in deceiving him, it was an unwilling hand, nor had she been thoroughly persuaded of the peril in which her father stood.

'I pity you, Lady Selwyn, from my heart; and if—if I should never see your face again!'

'Oh, Mr Litton!' she interrupted, 'then you cannot forgive me?'

'Yes; I forgive you. A time will come, and soon, when it will be a comfort to you to know as much. Keep all news that comes to-morrow from Lillian's ears, from Lillian's eyes, I charge you. Play the hypocrite with her, for my sake, and for your father's sake.'

'I can do that,' said Lotty bitterly: 'Heaven knows, I am used to that.'

Perhaps Walter was wrong to think that at that moment he of all human creatures was the most wretched; yet, with Lotty, wretchedness was but as a cloud which passes.

'And shall you really see dear papa to-day?'

she went on eagerly.

'Yes; to-day.'

'Then you will give him my love too, with Lillian's, and tell him nothing—nothing—that—'

'Nothing that will make one daughter less dear to him than the other, Lady Selwyn, you may be sure.'

'God bless you, for that, Walter.'

'And God bless you, Lotty, that should have been my sister. Farewell—farewell!'

The hand she held out to him was carried to his lips, then he turned and went down-stairs, with the slow step that bears a heavy heart. He had seen the last English face, save one, that he should ever see—that one which would meet

his own with hopeless agony depicted on it. He saw it even then, even while the morning-tide of men was setting in around him, with looks of pleasure or of business, and with thoughts for the morrow, and the next day, and for a year to come; he saw it, in its woe and disappointment, reflected in the clear wave and the clear sky; he was with it in that camp among the mountains, before he had left the city walls behind him, and was a captive once again, before his time.

Francisco brought him his breakfast, but asked no question concerning his recent visit to the hotel, an omission which, to judge by the earnest look with which he regarded his father's lodger, whenever Walter's eye was not upon him, was certainly not owing to any want of personal interest.

'Has Signor Litton any plans for the day?' he inquired presently.

'Plans for the day?' repeated Walter, whose mind was so occupied with the thought of what the day had in store for him, that he did not readily understand the question.

'I mean,' explained Francisco, 'will you not have a sail in the bay, signor, such as used to please you? There is a pleasant breeze afloat, though none on shore; and we can have the old boat, or, for that matter, the signora would doubtless let you have the yacht itself: it has lain idle these many days, and will do so, I suppose, till Milord Brown's ransom is paid.'

'I suppose so,' answered Walter mechanically. There was something in his face which seemed to convince Francisco that questioning would be of no avail, for immediately afterwards he withdrew.

Walter lit his pipe, as he was always wont to do after the morning meal, and sat at his window until the hour of noon; then he took a last look around the room, saw that the letters and two little packets of money were in a place where they could easily be found, and left the house, walking slowly along the Marina, eastward. Every step he took was away from the habitations of his fellow-men, and was, as it were, an act of farewell to them. We are wont, and justly, to give honour to those who volunteer to lead 'forlorn-hopes,' and put their lives in extreme peril from shot and steel; but such heroes have at least companions in their noble act, and the excitement of battle, fought under the eyes of their comrades; moreover, though the risk to life is great, there is a secret hope in each man's heart that he may return alive. Now, Walter Litton was alone; only one man in all Palermo—and he an enemy—was cognisant of the sacrifice he was about to make; and death was certain. He had already got within a hundred yards of the end of the Marina, when he heard footsteps, quick and heavy, coming behind him, and then his own name called out in English: 'Litton—Walter Litton.' He turned round, with cold surprise (for he knew the voice), and beheld Reginald Selwyn. He thought that this man had discovered his interview with Lillian, and was about to seek a quarrel with him, though Sir Reginald's face, albeit it was very grave and unwontedly pale, shewed, in truth, no signs of anger.

'What is it that you want with me, sir?' said Walter slowly.

'I want you not to be a fool, Litton,' answered the other frankly. 'I have been thinking over what you told me you had made up your mind to do, in

case the extravagant demands of these villains were not complied with, and, though I did not believe you then, I believe you now. It seems to me that you are mad enough for anything.'

'I am not mad, sir; though, thanks to you, my lot is a very unhappy one.'

'But it need not be so, if you will only listen to reason. It cannot, surely, be your purpose, out of a quixotic sense of honour, to give yourself up to these rascals, that they may take your life?'

'I intend to keep my word, Sir Reginald Selwyn.'

'In other words, you intend to commit suicide.'

'No, sir; it is you and Corrali who will, between you, have murdered me. Some touch of tenderness, born of an ancient friendship, may have moved you to urge me thus; if so, let it move you further. There is time—though there is hardly time—even yet to repent of your baseness, and to procure your father-in-law's ransom. By that means, you will save both our lives; but otherwise, the blood of both will be on your head: I call Heaven to witness it.'

'That is all rubbish, Litton. I cannot consent to be a party to any arrangement with thieves and robbers, such as you propose.'

'You mean, you will not.'

'Well, if you choose to take it that way, I will not.'

'Then your refusal is our death-doom, and you know it.'

'And your departing thus will be Lillian's death-doom,' returned Sir Reginald, 'when she comes to know what has happened. If I was the scoundrel that you pretend to believe me, I would say "Go;" for Lillian will die, if you do so, and my wife will, of course, inherit her money. But, on the contrary, I treat you not to go. Only think of the chances you are throwing away. It is true, that hitherto I have done my best to oppose your marriage with my sister-in-law; but I will oppose it no longer.'

'And your father-in-law having been put to death—you would add—there will be no other obstacle to it.'

'Well, of course, if anything happens to Mr Brown—mind, I don't say it will—I don't believe it will.'

'You lie!' interrupted Walter sternly. 'You know that death will happen to him, even better than you know it will happen to me. But you wish not to be alone in your villainy; you would bribe me into being your confederate, to keep silence, and to share your guilty gains. You are baser and viler even than I thought. Tomorrow, you will be known for what you are; but if you dare to tempt me any more, you shall be known to-day. There is some one coming this way; if you do not leave me, I swear I will tell him what you have done, be he who he may. Begone, I say!'

The approaching footsteps were now drawing very near, yet Sir Reginald still hesitated. 'I have striven to save you, Walter Litton,' he said hoarsely.

'Yes, to shame and infamy; I refuse to be saved upon such terms. It is hard to die, but I prefer the death that is awaiting me, to the life that awaits you, Reginald Selwyn.'

As Walter pronounced the name in a loud voice, Sir Reginald pushed his straw hat over his eyes,

and turned upon his heel, only just in time to avoid Francisco, who came up, panting for breath. He had been running, which Walter had never known him to do before.

'Oh, Signor Litton, what is it that you are doing?'

'I am taking a walk on the Marina, Francisco,' returned Walter, forcing a smile.

'But afterwards?'

'Well, afterwards, when I get to the wall yonder, I shall strike across into the country. Did you suppose I was going to throw myself into the sea?'

'No, signor; but you are about to do something as bad, or worse. Why have you left that money behind you, for me and Julia, as though we were never to see you more—and worse, for your own burial in the cemetery?'

'It is always best to provide against the worst, Francisco; then, whatever happens, the mind is calm. I did not know you would visit my room so quickly; but since you have done so, you may take the letters you have found there to their destinations: one to the English consul, and the other to Lady Selwyn.'

'But none for her sister? Ah! that alone gave me hope, for you would surely have written to the signora,' said he, 'had you intended never to return.'

'Most certainly, I should, my lad.' Walter had inclosed his letter to Lillian in a note to Lotty, begging her not to deliver it until the former had regained her strength.

'Hush!' whispered Francisco. 'Listen!'

From the trees which fringed the road upon the landward side, there had come a sound which Walter understood only too well; Santoro was becoming impatient.

'Santa Rosalia! that is the brigand call, signor?'

'I know it, Francisco; and I must needs obey it. Farewell! and Heaven be with you.'

The next moment, Walter had sprung over the wall, and disappeared. Francisco uttered a cry of despair, and fled back at full speed towards the city.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE PROMISE KEPT.

'We must make good speed, signor,' said Santoro, who was in waiting for Walter behind the wall. 'That young fellow whom you have just parted from was the same who was watching us last evening at the cemetery. I am much mistaken if the troops are not sent out after us immediately, and it is possible that this time they may know where to find us.'

He was referring, of course, to Corrali's camp, which, in that case, would have to shift its quarters, and the observation struck poor Walter as cool and selfish enough under the circumstances in which he was placed. He neither expected nor desired praise for the voluntary sacrifice of liberty and life that he was about to make, but that it should be thus altogether ignored, filled him with disgust. The fact was, however, that Santoro's intelligence was not sufficiently high to understand that the position of the young Englishman was altogether different from what that of one of his own fellow-countrymen would have been in similar straits. Had a Sicilian been suffered to escape Corrali's hands, on similar conditions, he might also have fulfilled them—but upon compulsion;

his wife, his children, his friends, would have all been held responsible for his breach of faith, and a terrible retribution would have been exacted from them. Yet even Santoro had a soft spot in his heart, as was presently made manifest. They had passed on their way for some time in silence, and having crossed the main road, were about to ascend the lower slopes of the mountain, when he thus addressed the companion who had once more become his prisoner: 'I suppose, signor, you would never consent to become a brigand?'

'A brigand? Well, I have never considered the matter, Santoro, but I honestly tell you that I don't think it would suit me.'

'Ah, the damp and the cold, no doubt, are unpleasant, and especially when there is not food enough to make one indifferent to them; still, it is better to shiver a little, and even to want food and drink, than to die, signor.'

'Doubtless, Santoro,' answered Walter, unable to restrain a smile at his companion's simplicity and want of morals. 'But there would be also other objections; and, besides, no one has offered me the alternative.'

'Ah, but there is one who might do so. Look, signor, I have no desire to kill you, like some of those up yonder; on the contrary, I would have you live. You are brave, or you would not have smiled just now—you are strong and active; you would make as good a brigand as the best of us. Why not marry the signora?'

'Marry the signora! For the moment, Walter did not understand to whom his companion was alluding, for there was but one woman to whom his thoughts reverted—she who in a few days would be mourning for his death, bereaved of love, almost ere love was born.

'Yes, marry the Signora Joanna. She adores you, Signor Litton, for Lavocca told me as much. Only consider the matter. We could both—that is, you and I—be married at the same time; then with our wives, and the two other men, we should form a separate band, independent of that scoundrel Corbana, though, of course, we should be under orders as respects Corrali.'

The crudity and childishness of this design were such as once more to try Walter's gravity, but he answered seriously enough: 'My good friend, such a plan would be impossible under any circumstances.'

'What! you would rather die than marry a pretty woman?'

'I did not say that; but I would certainly rather die than accept such conditions of existence as those you have proposed to me.'

Santoro looked at his prisoner with amazement. 'Well, you Englishmen are strange folks. I dare say you would not marry my Lavocca herself?'

'Indeed, if it were upon the same terms, I should be obliged to decline even that honour.'

'Come on!' cried Santoro, with a gesture of impatience and disgust, as he started up the hillside at the swing-trot peculiar to his class; nor did he utter another word for hours.

Walter was well aware that the proposition that had been made to him could never have originated with his companion, but had been most likely suggested to him by Lavocca, who might certainly be supposed to know the inclinations of her mistress. On the other hand, he did not believe that the latter had authorised her to make it. Joanna,

though ignorant and impulsive, had, he felt, an intelligence much too acute to entertain such an idea with seriousness. That she was in love with him, however, was certain, and in that love, he felt, lay his only hope—if hope there yet might be. She had already shewn her good-will towards him; but in effecting what she had, had also shewn the limits of her power. After a long climb in silence, they came to an open space, the apex of a spur of the mountain, from which there was a magnificent view.

'By Heaven, there they are!' exclaimed Santoro suddenly.

Walter's heart beat fast as he heard him; he thought that they had already come within sight of those who were about to be his assassins. But the brigand's eyes were fixed upon the place from which they had ascended, on the main road, through which was passing a long column of troops; while in advance, and to eastward of the hill on which they stood, was a cloud of dust, with the sunlight glinting through it upon lance and helmet. It seemed to Walter as unreasonable that cavalry should be sent after them, as though a ship of war had been despatched on such a service, and he said so.

'Their object is,' explained Santoro, 'to surround us altogether, before proceeding to attack the camp, the position of which, it seems, has been discovered. The government is making a great effort for the English milord, but it will not be to his advantage. If Cornalli has caught sight of the soldiers, it is ten to one that it will have gone hard with your friend already.'

'But surely he will have kept his word with me, as I with him; he gave us until eight o'clock to-night.'

For the moment, it struck Walter that if what Santoro said were true, and violence had been already offered to the unhappy merchant, he himself was under no obligation to keep his bargain; and what could be easier than to run down the hill and join the soldiers! The thought had hardly crossed his brain, when the execution of it was rendered impossible, by the appearance of two men with guns, who seemed to spring out of the earth, and interposed themselves between him and the road to liberty. It was evident that they had been lying in ambush, and that he had unconsciously passed by them on the way. Of all faces that could meet his own at such a time, those of these two men were the most hateful and unwelcome, for the new-comers were Corbara and his creature, Canelli.

'Welcome, signor,' said the former sardonically, and lifting his battered wide-awake in mock salutation—'welcome, though I see you come empty-handed. It seems to me that you were half repenting of having returned to us.'

'Come, come, let us be fair,' put in Santoro good-naturedly; 'the signor has kept his word, and we have no right to complain.'

'No right to complain, when he has let loose those dogs upon us!' and the speaker pointed towards the soldiers. 'They are pouring in, it seems, from every point in the compass; and yet, if they poured from the sky itself, they would not save you, Mr Englishman.'

'No, no; they will not save him,' echoed Canelli grimly. 'If they kill us, we will have our fun first, lieutenant; will we not?'

'There, hark to the young bloodhound!' continued Corbara, laughing. 'He was not so fortunate in winning the signora's money from the rest of us as he expected to be, and that has rather put him out. Has it not?'

'There are others, at all events, less in luck than I am,' answered the young brigand, looking at Walter menacingly, and fingering the knife in his girdle. 'They have not waited for eight o'clock with the old fellow up yonder, and why should we be more particular with this one?'

'Stand off!' cried Santoro sternly, 'and keep your hands to yourself, or I will let daylight through you. I am answerable to the captain for my prisoner here, and you had better not interfere with him.'

'Well, he will not give you much trouble after he gets up yonder,' observed Corbara brutally; 'only, let us be all there before the play begins, remember; that's only fair.' With that they parted, the two brigands moving down the hill, while Walter with his guard continued their ascent.

'Santoro,' said he suddenly, 'will you do me one favour before I die?'

'Very readily, signor,' answered the other, not without a touch of feeling in his tone. 'What is it you would ask of me?'

'Only the loan of your knife.'

'No, no; don't think of that yet, signor. If you will be guided by me, things may not be so bad with you even yet. It is always time enough to kill one's self.'

'Not always, Santoro. Did you not hear what was just said to me?'

'Yes; but that fellow yonder is not everybody. Since you have come back like this, like a man of honour, and since, above all, Joanna loves you, you will not be tortured. She would never stand by and see it done.'

'In that case, I shall not need your knife; but against the other chance, I entreat you to lend it me, Santoro.'

'Will you promise not to use it against any of our own people—except Corbara? for if you have a fancy that way, I would not balk it. I can believe your word, I know.'

'Yes, Santoro; I promise that.'

'Then here is the knife.'

Walter took it, and hid it in his breast. He had a surety now that death would be the worst that he could meet with. Hardly had he concealed the weapon, ere Colletta and another brigand emerged from the trees in front of them.

'Ha! you have come back, then, without the money!' cried Colletta the silent, looking at Walter with sullen disfavour.

'The signor is quite as sorry for that as you can be,' answered Santoro: 'he has done his best, and failed.'

'His best will be the worst for him,' replied the other. 'The captain is out of his mind with rage because of the troops being sent out again; and since he never thought to see this young gentleman again, and, moreover, was indebted to him for their reappearance, he has been taking it out of the old one.'

'Do you mean to say he has murdered my poor friend?' ejaculated Walter with horror. He had heretofore tried to persuade himself that what Corbara had said about the merchant was a falsehood invented to give him pain.

'O dear, no; that would have been letting him off much too easily,' answered Colletta coolly. 'He only hung him up by one arm for an hour or so, with his toes touching the ground. The captain could hardly keep his knife out of the old scoundrel when he saw the troops instead of the ransom, and is gone down the mountain to cool himself by letting some blood.'

'Then who is in command up yonder?' inquired Santoro carelessly.

'The Signora! There are not half-a-dozen altogether; Corralli has sent out the rest of us in pairs, to let the soldiers know that brigands have teeth.'

The meaning glance which Santoro here cast at Walter fell upon barren ground; the young fellow's heart was full of pity for the unfortunate merchant, and it was one grain of solace to him at that moment to think that his reappearance would not be so bitter a disappointment to the captive as he had feared it would be. Mr Brown must already be aware that all hopes of procuring the ransom were at an end.

The two brigands left them as their fellows had done, to take part in the blood-letting (of others), which Corralli had found necessary for his system, or his temper; while Walter and his companion pushed on so quickly that before sunset, and therefore considerably in advance of the time appointed for their return, they presented themselves at the brigand camp. At the sight of them, a murmur of sullen satisfaction broke forth from its inmates, very different from the extravagance of feeling commonly displayed among them; and Joanna herself came forward to meet them with grave face.

'I ought not to say I am glad to see you, Signor Litton,' said she in a low tone; 'yet I can hardly be sorry that you have redeemed your word; I knew you would justify my confidence in it, though my brother scoffed at the idea, and has gone down yonder in the conviction that we should not see you.'

'He was wrong, signora; I am come back as I promised—to my death. All the favour I have to ask of him is, to let it be a quick one.'

'Do not speak of that just yet, Signor Litton,' answered she in a faltering voice; 'the time is not yet arrived.'

'I know it; and yet, before that time, as your people have informed me, some cruelty has been perpetrated upon my unhappy friend, contrary to Corralli's promise.'

'I could not help it,' replied Joanna pleadingly; 'the sight of the troops put my brother beside himself with fury, and when he is here, I am powerless.'

'But when he is not here?'

'Well, I can then do something, perhaps; and you may be sure,' added she tenderly, 'that all the power I have shall be at your service.'

'I would wish, then, to speak with Mr Brown at once.'

A look of disappointment passed over Joanna's face; she had evidently anticipated some request upon his own account; but she bent her head in acquiescence, and Walter moved on without hindrance to the spot which his fellow-captive usually occupied. He found the old merchant sitting on the ground, and guarded by the two men who had joined the band with Joanna. As Walter drew

nigh, he lifted up a pale and haggard face, that shewed such signs of pain as mental agony alone but rarely produces, and a sad smile lit up his features. 'What! Walter, my lad, have you come back?' he murmured.

'Yes, my friend, did I not promise to do so?'

'Ah, yes; but I thought human nature would have been too strong for you. However, if they are not brute beasts, they will surely not treat you with such cruelty as they have treated me. I know now what it is to wish to die.' A groan here escaped from the old man's heart that would have moved any heart save that of a brigand.

'They shall never torture you more,' whispered Walter; 'I have a knife here, which I am about to drop into your pocket. In the last extremity, you will know what to do with it.'

'And you, Walter?' hesitated Mr Brown, as he grasped the weapon.

'I shall take my chance. There are two hours yet before—before they will do us any hurt, unless Corralli should return. And while there is life there is hope.'

The old man shook his head. 'Nothing but a miracle could save us,' answered he; 'if it is all over.'

Walter had taken the precaution to bring with him a flask of brandy, and he now offered it to his companion, who put it greedily to his lips. The effect was instantaneous: the flame of life once more sprang up in its socket; and the familiar thoughts that had been numbed within him by despair were set free, and took their accustomed channel. 'How is Lilian, Walter?'

'She is weak and wan, sir, but no longer suffering. She has been very, very ill, unhappily for us all; but I think she is on the road to health. She sent her dearest love, as Lady Selwyn did; but neither are as yet aware of our sad strait.'

'That is well, since nothing can be done. Give me another drink, lad. How was it, Walter, that the payment of the ransom went amiss? Surely Gordon?'

'It was not Gordon, sir; it was Sir Reginald. And then in a few words he told him what had occurred.'

The old merchant listened in silence, save for an interjection or two of indignation and abhorrence. 'I had thought,' said he quietly, when all was finished, 'that there were no men in the world so wicked as these brigands, but it seems I was mistaken. Let us not sully our last thoughts by suffering them to dwell on such a villain.'

But, nevertheless, he could not divert them from the topic, but again and again reproached himself with his own blindness to the baronet's true character, and always contrasting it with that of Walter. At any other time, such comparisons would have been embarrassing, but the fact was, Walter scarcely heard them; his own reflections, unstimulated by the fiery liquor which had made his companion garrulous, were running in a far deeper groove.

The sun had set, and it was near the hour which had been appointed as the limit of Walter's return, when he was roused from his meditations by Santoro.

'Signor Litton,' said the brigand in low but earnest tones, 'the signora would speak to you.'

'Do not leave me, Walter!' exclaimed the old merchant piteously. 'They are going to put us to death; but at least let us die together.'

'Nothing will happen to either of you,' said Santoro, in answer to this appeal, the sense of which, if not the words, it was easy to understand, 'until the captain returns.'

'And then?' inquired Walter.

'Then you will die, and milord here will begin to die.'

Walter answered nothing, for he was sick at heart; but with a face composed and calm, arose, and followed Santoro into Joanna's presence.

ABOUT SHARKS.

SHARKS are usually spoken of as the most rapacious and abhorrent of sea-animals. That they are rapacious is undeniable, but why they are so is not generally considered. We will go a little into the matter. The shark, a fish of the family *Squalidae*, when quite in his infant state, and only a few inches in length, exhibits a pugnacity almost without parallel for his age. He will attack fish two or three times larger than himself; or, if caught, and placed for observation on the deck of a vessel, he resents handling, and, with unerring precision, strikes a finger placed on almost any part of his body.

Two things contribute to the shark's determinate fierceness. In the first place, we may refer to his teeth, for of these engines of destruction nature has been to him particularly bountiful; and this species of bounty he has a peculiar pleasure in exercising. If he could speak, he would probably tell us that, besides being troubled with his teeth, which he could not help keeping in use, he had been gifted with enormous abdominal viscera, and that, more particularly, a third of his body is occupied by spleen and liver. The bile and other digestive juices which are secreted from such an immense apparatus, and poured continually into the stomach, tend to stimulate appetite prodigiously—and what hungry animal with good teeth was ever tender-hearted? In truth, a shark's appetite can never be appeased; for, in addition to this bilious diathesis, he is not a careful masticator, but hastily bolting his food, produces thereby not only the moroseness of indigestion, but a whole host of parasites, which gourd as well as irritate the intestines to that degree that the poor squalus is sometimes quite beside himself from the torment, and rushes, like a blind Polyphemus, through the waves in search of anything to cram down his maw that may allay such urgent distress. He does not seek to be cruel, but he is cruelly famished. 'It is not I,' expostulates the man in the crowd, 'that is pushing; it is others behind me.' The poor wretch must satisfy, not only his own ravenous appetite, but the constant demand of these internal parasites, either with dead or living food; and therefore it is that, sped as from a catapult, he pounces on a quarry, and sometimes gorges himself beyond what he is able to contain.

Having said thus much of the rapacious habits of the *Squalidae*, we would have it remembered that every man's hand is against them, and that no tortures are considered too severe to inflict upon them when caught. If they are relentless to man and every living thing around them, their insatiable appetite renders them equally destructive to their own species, and we of the white population of this globe ought to recollect, with some show of gratitude, that they always prefer

an African to a European; for although they are fond of men of any colour, a negro is to them as the choicest venison. Commerson tells us that one of the atrocious amusements practised on board slave-ships was to suspend a dead negro from the bowsprit, in order to watch the efforts of the sharks to reach him, and this they would sometimes effect at a height of more than twenty feet above the level of the sea. Wonderful are the tales that sailors tell of the various things that have been found in a shark's stomach, and it was thought that any substance that would enter its mouth was at all times acceptable. The following, which details a cruel trick, as described in the *Glasgow Observer*, dispels this illusion: 'Looking over the bulwarks of the schooner,' writes a correspondent to this journal, 'I saw one of these watchful monsters winding lazily backwards and forwards like a long meter; sometimes rising till his nose disturbed the surface, and a gushing sound like a deep breath rose through the breakers; at others, resting motionless on the water, as if listening to our voices, and thirsting for our blood. As we were watching the motions of this monster, Bruce (a little lively negro, and my cook) suggested the possibility of destroying it. This was briefly to heat a fire-brick in the stove, wrap it up hastily in some old greasy cloths, as a sort of disguise, and then to heave it overboard. This was the work of a few minutes; and the effect was triumphant. The monster followed after the hissing prey. We saw it dart at the brick like a flash of lightning, and gorge it instantly. The shark rose to the surface almost immediately, and his uneasy motions soon betrayed the success of the manœuvre. His agonies became terrible; the waters appeared as if disturbed by a violent squall, and the spray was driven over the taffrail where we stood, while the gleaming body of the fish repeatedly burst through the dark waves, as if writhing with fierce and terrible convulsions. Sometimes we thought we heard a shrill bellowing cry, as if indicative of anguish and rage, rising through the gurgling waters. His fury, however, was soon exhausted; in a short time the sounds broke away into distance, and the agitation of the sea subsided. The shark had given himself up to the tides, as unable to struggle against the approach of death, and they were carrying his body unresistingly to the beach.'

Crouch, in his *Fishes of the British Islands*, would indirectly claim some apology for the habits of the shark tribe; in reference to which he asks why the lion and the eagle should occupy the elevated places they do in popular estimation, as the king of beasts and monarch of the air. They live by the exercise of powers similar to those of the sharks, and if insatiable appetites are to take precedence, sharks ought to stand in the foremost rank.

The appearance of sharks occasionally upon our coast naturally creates a certain panic amongst bathers; and we may trace the breakage of the nets of our fishermen to their presence, among other causes. The six-gilled shark, or gray shark, is sometimes eleven or twelve feet in length, and is very destructive among the pilchards on the Cornish coast. The white shark is a formidable fellow; but although his class occasionally* send over to our isles deputations of one or two, we have, fortunately, not had to record of late years

such a visitation as that of 1785, when hundreds appeared in the British Channel. This individual is perhaps the most formidable of all the inhabitants of the ocean. Ruysh says that the whole body of a man, and even a man in armour, has been found in the body of a white shark. Captain King, in his Survey of Australia, says he caught one which could have swallowed a man with the greatest ease. Blumenbach says a whole horse has been found in it; and Captain Basil Hall reports the taking of one, in which, besides other things, he found the whole skin of a buffalo, which a short time before had been thrown overboard from his ship. The blue shark is a horrible nuisance to the fishermen, but, fortunately, it is with us only in summer, when it makes itself known by hunting after the fish entangled in the nets, which it does by seizing both fish and net with its keen and serrated teeth, and swallowing fish and mesh together. As it is not always pleasant to have sharks following a ship, it cannot be too well known that a bucket or two of bilge-water has been known to drive them off.

The shark tribe are remarkably retentive of life, and instances are related which would be almost beyond belief, if not vouched for by numbers of witnesses. For instance, an individual was caught with a line; its liver was cut out, and the bowels left hanging from the body, in which state the sailors, as an object of abhorrence, threw it into the sea. But it continued near the boat; and not long afterwards, it pursued, and attempted to devour a mackerel that had escaped from the net. In another instance, a shark was thrown overboard after the head had been severed from the body; after which, for a couple of hours, the body continued to use the effort of swimming in various directions—to convey the conjecture of a boy amongst the crew—as if it were looking for its head. Next, we have the thrasher, which has obtained the name of fox shark, because of the shape of its tail. The title of thrasher, however, is most appropriate, from its habit of lashing the sea with its tail, by which it has been known to put to flight a herd of sportive dolphins, and even to fill the whale with terror. The porbeagle is another of the shark tribe, and is a common visitor on the western coasts in summer. Then follows that too plentiful and rapacious fish, the toper, known likewise as the white hound, penny dog, or miller dog. However, as it swims deep, it does not do so much injury to the fishermen's nets as some of its congeners. Then we have the smooth hound, or ray-mouthed dog, or skate-toothed shark, which are presumed to come from considerable distances, from the kind of hooks sometimes found in them, which resemble those used on the coast of Spain. They feed upon crustaceous animals, but will take a bait. The picked dog, spur dog, or bone dog, but commonly known as the dog-fish, is the smallest, but unquestionably the most numerous of the shark tribe. It frequents our coasts all the year round, and even in the severest weather. Then there are the spinous shark and Greenland shark, which will not be driven away from feeding upon the blubber of a stranded half-immersed whale, although pierced with spears, but come again to the oleaginous banquet while a spark of life exists. The hasking shark also occasionally casts up on our coasts. It is of a large size, is capable of breaking a six-inch hawser, and is only taken with

considerable difficulty. Then we have the raskleigh shark, the broad-headed gazer, and the hammer-head or balance fish, which may be said to complete the list of these occasional unwelcome visitors to our shores.

And now that we have said so much that is prejudicial to the Squalidae or shark community, let us see what we have as a set-off in their favour. As a food for man, the toper is found exposed for sale in the markets at Rome; and in Paris, that city of gastronomy, the small kinds of shark, when divested of their tantalising titles, are to be detected as *entrées* in the *menu* of many of the most distinguished families. For some years the dog-fish has afforded lucrative employment during the whole of the summer to the fishermen from the Naze to the Cape. It is, however, mostly smoked, and in this way is considered rather a delicacy. It is also dried and split as stock-fish for consumption in the country, as well as for export to Sweden, where it is greatly appreciated. It is likewise elsewhere a common article of food, amidst the choice of a variety of other fish, especially in the west of England, and, indeed, is valued by some who are far above the necessity of classing it with their ordinary articles of subsistence. It is used both fresh and salted, but when eaten fresh, it is skinned before being cooked. Lapidus, who speaks slightly of its flesh, informs us that, in the north of Europe, the eggs, which are about the size of a small orange, and consist solely of a pale-coloured yolk, are in high esteem. If prejudice could be got over, there is no doubt they would form an agreeable as well as nourishing article of food, as a substitute for other eggs in our domestic economy.

The shark fishery is carried on in many parts of the Indian Ocean, and on the eastern coast of Africa, and recently it has been pursued on the coast of Norway. About Kurachi, in India, as many as forty thousand sharks are taken in the year. The back fins are much esteemed as a food delicacy in China, from seven to ten thousand of these being shipped to that empire annually from Bombay. In Norway and Iceland the inhabitants make indiscriminate use of every species captured, hanging up the carcases for a whole year, like hams, that the flesh may become mellow. The liver, however, appears to be strictly prohibited everywhere, as a dangerous article of food.

Mr N. Brabazon in his Fisheries of Ireland, in allusion to the large shoals of sharks which pass annually along the west coast, on their way from the southern to the northern seas, speaks particularly of the hasking shark: 'These fish are worth from thirty-five to fifty pounds each; and when so many as five hundred have been killed in one season, this class of fishing should be well attended to for the short season it lasts, if the weather is favourable to it, especially as it is at a time when other fish are out of season. The fishermen have a superstition that the fish will leave the coast if the bodies of those caught were brought to the shore.' Mr P. L. Simmons, in his *Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances*, gives almost incredible statistics of the vast amount of fish-refuse which is either left to rot on the coasts and putrefy the air, or thrown back into the sea unutilised, both on our own and on foreign shores; and he significantly points to its value as a manure not far inferior to guano, of which this country alone requires two hundred

thousand tons a year, and pays upwards of twenty-two millions sterling. Would it not, therefore, be wise for enterprise and capital to begin to turn more attention to the manufacture of fish-guano, of which the débris of the North American fisheries and those of the North Sea would furnish ample material?

IN THE STILL NIGHT.

SOME years ago, I was appointed supervisor of a district in Ireland in which, for some time past, illicit distillation had been very rife, with special instructions to exert myself zealously for its repression. I took up my residence, accordingly, at a small decaying town not very far from the borders of Tipperary, and put myself into communication with the various officers of constabulary stationed in my district, to concert a vigorous system of detection. The results of this it is not my intention to chronicle. The events of a single night, which made a strong impression upon me, I wish to give an account of.

I had received a message from the sub-lieutenant of constabulary to the effect that his men had discovered an active centre of the illicit manufacture of spirits; that he had set a watch upon the place, and proposed, with my concurrence, to make a search of the premises that night, and a seizure of any unlawful implements, when he had reason to know that the concern would be in full operation. The nearest station to the scene of action was Portanoch, where a car would meet the train arriving at six P.M. to carry me to the scene of action.

At six o'clock, therefore, on a dark November night, I found myself at the dimly lighted station of Portanoch. Two or three peasants, and half-a-dozen squires and squireens, in red coats and top-boots, returning from a day's hunting, alighted with me. Some of these latter had been my companions in the railway carriage, and, during the journey, had been loudly lamenting that, owing to pecuniary difficulties, the master of the county hounds could not hunt his pack this season, and that they were thus obliged to go far afield for their sport.

Outside the station, several dog-carts and phaetons were waiting for the hunting-men; lamps flashing, and horses tossing their heads and jingling their harness impatiently; among the rest, a shabby country jaunting-car, with a rough and unkempt, but active-looking horse in the shafts.

'Are you waiting for me? Did Lieutenant Kelly send you?' I asked of the driver.

'Right, your honour; indeed, he did!' cried the man, briskly drawing up his car to the door. 'Jump up, quick; I'll have you to the barracks like the wind.'

We went bravely along the dark wet roads for some distance, and presently came in sight of the barracks, where a detachment of constabulary, in their dark, soldier-like uniforms, was drawn up prepared for a start. The officer in charge came up, and in low whispered words informed me of the plan of action. I noticed that the driver of the car—whose name I had ascertained was Murphy—seemed to listen eagerly, although he simulated an attitude of careless fatigue, huddled up in his seat, with some old sacking wrapped round him, and his caubeen pulled over his face.

'You'll follow the constabulary, and keep them in sight all the way,' I said, addressing Murphy.

'All right, your honour,' he replied in a low, husky voice.

The police dashed off at a swinging trot, and we followed at the same pace. The night was dark, as I have said, but the moon would rise in an hour or so. The road was good, and well defined between stone walls, and as long as we kept within sight or hearing of our guides, there was no danger of going astray. But the country seemed silent and deserted; there were no twinkling lights from cottage or cabin; no snug hamlets or comfortable roadside inns: all signs of habitation were wanting; we might, as far as appearances went, have been passing through some unpeopled wild.

Somehow, notwithstanding vigorous shouts and cracks of the whip, the horse began to flag, and we fell farther and farther behind the cavalcade. At last, a turn of the road shut them out of sight altogether. As we ascended a slight hill, the horse fell into a walk; and neither threats nor blows, the latter bestowed, I fancied, more upon the shafts than the horse, could move him to increased speed.

'Come, push on,' I cried impatiently; 'we shall be behind altogether.'

'Never fear,' said the man, getting down from his perch, and beginning to walk by the side of his horse—'never fear; don't I know the way a deal better than them blue-bottles!'

'What! Do you know where we are going? I asked with surprise, for, as far as I knew, this had been kept a profound secret.

'Sure, 'tis for Tullybardin barony your honour's bound,' said Murphy, touching his hat. 'Didn't Captain Kelly give me my instructions! Don't I know a way that saves a mile and a half to the barony; and we'll be there long before them, after all.' So saying, he turned off suddenly up an avenue of trees, that looked appallingly dark and drear.

The short cut known to my friend Murphy was, it seems, across the demesne of Marrowinch, the residence of one Captain Blake, the master of the hounds mentioned by the hunting-men, whose fortunes, it seems, were now under a cloud. The road was a private one, and there was a stream to be crossed twice by plank-bridges that were in a state of doubtful repair; for which reason, no doubt, the constabulary had gone the longer round. But Murphy assured me that he knew every timber of the structures, and would guarantee my safety.

Once upon the firm gravelled road leading to the Hall, we bowled merrily along. We crossed the first bridge in safety, and presently passed the mansion, a huge ungainly building, with a square Cromwellian tower at one angle of it. All was in darkness there, except for one window in the upper stories. As we went by, a man came out from the shade of some trees, and looked scrutinisingly at us.

'That's one of them,' whispered Murphy—'that's one of the boys that wants to get inside the house; but the captain is too 'oute for them.'

It seemed, from what the driver told me, that Captain Blake's affairs were complicated by a claim on the part of a rival family of Blake's, who were trying to gain possession of the Hall; and that, between one and the other, the captain had his hands full.

We were now sheltered from the brisk south-west wind, that had been bringing occasional showers upon us ever since we started; and emerging from my wraps, I began to look about me, for the moon was rising red and fierce over the woods. Then I first became sensible of a very strong smell of fish, that seemed to accompany us. 'It's the salt, your honour smells,' replied Murphy in answer to my complaint.

'It's very fishy salt, then,' I rejoined.

'Well, there might be a trifle of herrings among it,' Murphy admitted; and on further arguing it seemed that he had taken up a box of red herrings at the station, which was destined for one Widow Macabee, who lived somewhere in the barony for which we were bound. 'I knew your honour would not mind, being a poor widow, and the smell fine and wholesome—Whisht! what's that?' he cried.

From the wood close by arose a long protracted howl, that sounded mournful and uncanny in the stillness of the night. It was a howl of weariness and pain, that had something about it, too, appealing and monitory.

'Sure, 'tis old Challenger spaking to us from the kennels,' said Murphy, driving on again briskly.

We had gone half a mile, and had just cleared the second bridge, when a clock, probably at the stables of Marrowinch, chimed out the hour—seven. Instantly, from the woods behind us, arose a tremendous chorus of baying and barking, so sudden and unexpected, that the noise quite unnerved me. There was a savageness and fierceness about the cries quite appalling.

'Poor bastes,' said Murphy, turning round to speak to me; 'tis feeding-time, and this is the fifth night they've gone widout their suppers.'

'Nonsense!' I cried; 'you don't mean to say they are not fed?'

'Divil a morsel since Monday night, barrin' a pair of old brogues some kind soul threw over the kennel wall. The captain can't get out to feed the bastes, and his inmates won't.'

'Why, they must be almost wild with hunger!' I said, shuddering.

'Wild's not a word!' said Murphy; 'they're right down ranting raving mad wid it! Hark to the bastes!'

The clamour of those starving hounds was really fearful, ringing through the still night. But it suddenly ceased. There was a space of intense silence, and then arose a more regular and steady, and yet wild and ferocious cry.

'Bedad,' cried Murphy, pulling up his horse, and listening intently, 'the dogs is broken loose!'

After the first loud exultant burst, an almost complete stillness succeeded, with now and then a solitary yelp, that sounded fainter and fainter in the distance.

'God be praised!' cried Murphy fervently, 'they're running the trail backwards.'

'What trail?' I asked breathlessly.

'Why, ours.'

'And why should they follow our trail?'

'Tis the herrings they've got wind of, that's almost as sweet as a fox to them, bad luck; but, glory to the saints! we're out of the reach of them now, as long as they are running away from us.'

'But, is there any danger, really?' I asked, all of a tremble with excitement, and, I confess, a good deal of fear.

'Maybe they wouldn't pick our bones, if they come across us!' replied Murphy.

'Quick, then!' I shouted. 'Drive, man, drive; why don't you drive?'

'Whisht!' said the man impressively, leaning back, and holding up his hand—'whisht! while I listen. Ay, they've come to a check at the brook, where we crossed, and they're puzzled a bit, the bastes. Whisht!' he cried again in a voice that had a tremor of terror in it. The scattered cries of the dogs had ceased; one could imagine them listening intently with uplifted heads, as, in the deep quiet of the night, the mellow ringing challenge of a solitary hound quite near at hand awoke the echoes round about. 'Tis Challenger,' cried Murphy; 'brave dog! he's hit off the scent. Bedad, that's the beautiful dog of them all;' and springing to his feet, he whirled the whip over his head, and roared out in good hunting cadence: 'Hark to him! hark to him! hark to Challenger! Yoiooo!'

Murphy's enthusiasm had drowned all sense of his own danger; but for myself, I saw the position in all its horrors—nothing less than to be pulled down and devoured by this ravaging pack, whose cries were every moment borne louder and louder on the breeze. With a perfect crash of voices, the hounds acknowledged the scent, but they were now pouring along almost silent, save for an occasional whimper. In a few moments they would be upon us.

'Drive on, man!' I shouted frantically to Murphy; 'get us to some house, some shelter, yoio!' My voice rose to a husky scream; I was like a man overpowered by some deadly night-mare.

'Faith, it's very little use,' replied Murphy, calmly straightening the stump of his whip. 'There's no house near enough for us; it's the will of Providence.'

'Save me!' I cried—'save me! oh, you must save me! Dear Murphy, I'll do anything for you, if you'll get me out of this.'

'Let me see,' Murphy muttered to himself; 'ay, they'll check for a minute at the brook again—Look here, your honour,' he said aloud, 'there's just one chance for us. The bog lies within a quarter of a mile of us, and once inside that, we'll baffle the bastes; but I'll not insure you from drowning in the bog.'

'Go on, Murphy,' I cried; 'anything is better than the hounds.'

At the word, he lashed up his horse, and started off at full speed.

'Bedad, we'll give them a run for it, anyhow,' he cried; and away we went, the cries of the hounds once more echoing loudly behind us. As Murphy had anticipated, they came to a check at the bridge, and the delay was vital. The inclosed country was now left behind us, and we emerged upon a wide desolate waste, bounded only by the horizon. The moon had now fully risen, and shone ghastly over the scene, revealing a huge dark morass, deep chasms where the winter's turf had been cut, black oozy pools, and quaking quagmires—a horrible place to traverse at night. I shuddered as our car left the rough road that bordered the morass, and ran noiselessly over the shaking, squelching turf.

'There's no scent will lie there,' said Murphy, shewing his teeth with an anxious smile, as our wheels sunk into a watery pulp up to the hubs: 'howsoever, we're likely to touch the bottom of the bog this blessed night. See the dogs there beyant, your honour!' Sure enough, they were gathered at the margin of the bog, clamouring loudly at the loss of their anticipated prey.

To any one who did not know the bog thoroughly, a drive like ours would have ended in certain destruction; but Murphy threaded his way with wonderful instinct over all the sound places, and after half an hour of intense peril and excitement, we found ourselves upon a little knoll that rose like an island out of the surrounding bog. Here, at a heap of turfs, hardly to be distinguished from others scattered about, my guide stopped, and gave a low whistle. A door, before unseen, was opened suddenly, and a man's face appeared in the gleam of a shaded rushlight.

'Step in, your honour,' said Murphy, 'and rest while we're sure the basties is out of the way.'

Gladly I sought the shelter of the cabin; after the intense excitement of the last hour, the revulsion of feeling was almost overpowering. I threw myself on the earthen floor in front of the fire of turfs, resting my head upon a three-legged stool, the only piece of furniture about the place, and fell fast asleep. I fancied I heard sounds about me of trampling and stirring, but I was too thankful and drowsy to heed anything. Presently, Murphy aroused me.

'All's safe now, your honour, and I know an illigant road over the bog that will take you to your friends in a jiffy.'

Once more we took to the car, and after a short drive we were challenged by a police vedette—welcome, reassuring sound!

A lamp was flashed in our faces. 'What have we got here?' said an authoritative voice. 'Oh, only Mr Supervisor and his car. Why, we've been waiting half an hour for you. You'd better take one of the trooper's horses, sir, as the track is a bad one.—Come, start off, Pat, with your car, and wait for the gentleman by the cross-roads.'

I did not enter into any explanation of the cause of my delay, but took my seat on horseback, and followed the column of police again some way into the heart of the bog. As we drew up opposite a little turf-hut, I recognised, with a start, the shebeen that I had just before quitted. In a few moments, the police had penetrated into a small subterranean chamber adjoining the cabin, that an informer had described to them as the illicit distillery. To our disappointment and disgust, nothing was found there to inculpate the inmates. The place smelt strongly of potheen, and there were certain indications that a still had lately been worked there, but nothing to secure conviction.

'Hollo! what's this?' cried a constable, kicking aside a heap of turfs, and revealing a small keg. Without more ado, the head was knocked in, and, behold, the contents were only red herrings!

When we returned, baffled and discomfited, to the cross-roads, where the car was ordered to be in waiting, nothing was to be seen of man or car, and my progress homewards was made very uncomfortably *en croupe* behind a constable.

Well, I had my own suspicions as to the cause of our failure, but I did not say anything about

them, for I didn't feel sure that I should gain any applause by revealing them. But a few days after, I mentioned the fact of the starving hounds having hunted me, to some gentlemen who were staying at my hotel. And it turned out that one of these gentlemen was the very master himself who had been in hot-water. He talked quite freely about the matter, for it seemed he had staved off the evil day, and was prepared to hunt the county once more. But he laughed at me when I talked of the dangers I ran, and assured me that the affair had been vastly exaggerated, and that though the hounds had broken loose one night, and harried a few pigs and sheep, yet that there was no danger to human beings; a fact I beg very much to doubt.

Just before I left the county, being transferred to another station, I met Murphy soon after. He pretended not to know me, but after a while he acknowledged that he was the man who drove me. He was very shy at first, but finding that I was leaving the county, and meant no harm by him, he suffered himself to be treated with some whisky, which presently unlocked his tongue. The truth of the matter was, that he was not the carman ordered to meet me at the station, but had come down on his own account, to pick up a little information—that being hailed by me, whom he recognised as connected with the preventive service, he had at once assumed the character of my guide, and had purposely dropped behind the constables, in order to give warning to some of his friends of what was in the wind—that the herrings were brought for the entertainment of the men who were working the still, and that, by the lucky accident of the hounds getting loose, and frightening me out of my wits, he had the opportunity of taking me to the very place we were in quest of, of hiding the still and tubs in the bog, and carrying off sundry gallons of potheen under the very nose of the excise, in a keg which he exchanged for the one of red herrings that had so nearly proved our destruction.

HORTUS SICCUS.

Gone, with their laughter and their silent sorrow;

Gone, with their weeping and their summer smiles;

Never to them will come a glad to-morrow,

Sweet with the dreams that many a day beguiled.

Gayness or sadness in their voices ringing,

Making one love them for the sounds they gave;

Sunlight or shadow in their pathway mingling—

All is now swept into the silent grave.

Nought but their shadowy memory remaineth,

Dim and uncertain through the lapse of years;

Nought their clear image in the mind retaineth,

Saving love's chain cemented by our tears.

Chain that is forged in furnace of our sorrow,

Links knit together by long-cherished hopes,

Infinite strength and beauty thus it borrows,

Strength and endurance with which nought can cope.

Through the soft gleam of many tinted fancies,

O'er their sweet memory such light is thrown,

Sadness divine and tenderness enhancing,

Darkening all other sunshine by its own.

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MORLEY FELL

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

In the whole of Westmoreland there is not, perhaps, a more beautiful bit of scenery than the Vale of Waterthwaite, and yet there is no place in the wide, wide world which Harry Vernon, a few years back, asserted to me he cared less to think about, and yet which more engrossed and occupied his mind. There it was, however, that he occasionally had spent some of the happiest days of his school-boy life, for thither, during both the midsummer and Christmas vacations, he was accustomed to run down from town, where his father drove a trade and prospered well, not 'in skins of cats,' but as a lawyer, to his old uncle, who not only kept a good table, but one or two good hacks, which Harry was glad enough to mount, when one or other of the packs of harriers was astir that were kept by gentlemen in the neighbourhood.

The little town or village of Waterthwaite, from which the valley takes its name, is comparatively little known, although several good trout streams, besides an average amount of good moorland for grouse, might induce many to take advantage of its natural resources, and there while away their brief holiday, gun or rod in hand. Rabbits also, as in most parts of favoured Westmoreland, abound; and so young Vernon, who knew how to enjoy most of the good things of this life, ought to have looked back with pleasure in after-time on the days he had passed at Waterthwaite. Indeed, for several years he could never say enough in praise of his pleasant trips down to Westmoreland, as many of his quondam schoolfellows could testify. But few indeed knew how a few hours changed the whole current of his thoughts, nay, the whole tenor of his life, from an incident that befell him during necessarily the last time he staid at his uncle's house.

Poor Harry! we were always chums, and to me alone he intrusted the sad story of his earlier life. The heat of India, where he was ordered with his regiment some years ago, finished him up; he

came home with a broken constitution, which quite seemed to give way, when, on seeking his father's house in London, he was met with the sudden news of his parent's death, which occurred a month previous to his landing; and almost at death's door, he confided to me the events of his past life, a life, once bright, suddenly struck down, and apparently now ebbing away into eternity. How deeply was I moved after hearing the tale I am about to relate! I first made Vernon's acquaintance at school, and as we were in the same class, consequently doing the same work, and also both in the first eleven, we naturally were thrown together, and acquaintance soon ripened into firm friendship. He was a tall, athletic young fellow, and his charges in football became a matter of history in the school after he had left. No one with a good heart could have helped liking him, though there were some half-dozen bullies who were glad to hear that he would not turn up again next half, but the school in general were grieved at his departure. He too felt sorry enough to leave the old place, where he had experienced so many pleasant terms; but go he felt he must, for his nineteenth birthday was close at hand, and it was high time that he devoted a year to hard reading with a private tutor before going in for examination, as, to tell the truth, he cared more for his bat than for his books when with me at Penford under good old Dr Williams. The half-year came to a close. On the morning following the breaking-up, Harry accompanied me to the station to see me off, as my train started about two hours sooner than the one which carried him to King's Cross.

'Well, old man, the best of friends must part,' I said, as I took my seat in the down train for Yorkshire.

'Ah! but I shall in a month's time be down at Waterthwaite,' he cried, as the train began to move off, 'and I will tell my uncle to expect you any time this holidays; you must come.'

With a promise that I would if I could, which, unfortunately, most unfortunately, I now believe, I was unable to fulfil, I retired from the window to the perusal of my penny paper. Little did

I imagine that the next time I saw him I should see quite a different being from the joyous young fellow who had just now parted from me. And, curiously enough, it was in another railway station that I saw him next, about a twelve-month after this, just for a few minutes. I was struck instantly by the great change not only in his face but in his general appearance; even his walk was not the same. To my anxious inquiries, he replied that he had not been very well; but I could see that something had happened, and that at the same time my questions seemed out of place, and painful to him. Although his manner was constrained, still the warm friendship he had previously entertained for me did not seem to have waned, and when I chided him for not writing, he said he hoped soon to have done with all book-work, which had kept him much engaged; and that, when once in the army, he was going to try to get to India, where 'you will be sure to hear from me all about tiger-hunting and pig-sticking, and all sorts of queer adventures.' I never got a line; and the first intelligence I had of his having actually gone out to India, and having returned again after a lapse of three years, was from himself, in a note scrawled in these words:

DEAR LAWRENCE—I daresay you have forgotten me, but if so, it's my own fault. I have just returned home from India on sick-leave, to find that my dear old father a month ago was committed to the grave. I am quite broken down; the doctors give me little hope of recovery; I feel it's true, and I'm glad of it. Do come up and see me, if you are still alive. God grant this may find you. Don't write, but come at once; do not disregard the wish of a dying man and your old chum,

HARRY VERNON.

As you may well imagine, I was awfully shocked; and it was not until I was being whirled away by a fast express towards London, with a small portmanteau packed with such few necessities as I should require, that I was able to reflect calmly on my sudden and mysterious summons. I had almost forgotten my quondam schoolfellow, inasmuch as nothing ever served to call him to mind, except, perhaps, an old cricket bat he had pressed upon me in days of yore, and which I never now handled. At first, when I used to look out for the letters that never came, I pictured him as a good type of the insincerity of this world; but for a long time he, of all people, perhaps, had least entered my thoughts. But now, as my mind dwelt on the strong and hearty young fellow, whom I had once so intimately known, the memories of old days flooded upon me. Again I felt myself at school; again I seemed to hear young Vernon's cheerful voice, and felt a glow of friendly exultation thrill through me as he 'drove hard to the off' for a sixer in an all-important match; again I heard his hearty greeting, and felt the hard squeeze of his hand, with which we always met again at school; and now, the tears started to my eyes, and all my old affection for him leaped up again within my heart. Never seemed a train to go more slowly, but at last there we were face to face. I don't know what Harry felt, but I felt as though I would, if I could, have given all in the world, and gone forth a beggar, to have seen him then as in former days, when he could always, either in boxing or wrest-

ling, lay me on my back. But now—his fine form wasted away, his features pinched, and limbs shrunk—he seemed as helpless as a baby. He started up in bed, as soon as he perceived me at the door, but sinking back again from weakness, he exclaimed: 'Thank God! thank God! I knew you would come; you are my old chum still.' Our emotion prevented more for the present. All through that summer's evening I sat by his bedside, and we talked about many things, although every now and then his valet, fondly attached to him, would make some excuse for entering the room, to busy himself about his young master's comfort, while he impressed upon us in earnest, anxious tones the necessity of keeping quiet, and not talking much, 'as it's agen doctor's orders, if you please, sir.' I forebore, of course, from asking if he had any particular reason for having so suddenly summoned me to his bedside, apart from the excuse of old friendship, and a feeling of loneliness, now that he believed himself doomed to die. I seemed intuitively to feel that he wished much to disburden his conscience of some sin, or ease his mind by some avowal, before the grave closed over him, and his secret perished with him. For this must be a terrible thought to the dying, that if words which they wish to utter are not spoken soon, they may easily be too late. How sweet a comfort is it, too, to have some one in this world, if only one, to whom one may with safety disclose the hidden trouble that, perhaps unnecessarily after all, fills the breast and pains the heart! Here, then, lay my poor old chum; and his secret, if he had one, I at once associated in my mind with the wretched and changed appearance which I had noticed in him the last time I had seen him, only a year after his leaving Penford. My conjecture proved right. Believing that I was the only true friend he had in the world—his mother, poor fellow, died in giving him birth—he, after much hesitation, had written to me in the manner I have described; and now, after apologising in a most touching way for his weakness, as he called it, in having given me so much trouble, he began to enlighten me as to the true state of his sad case. His story, however, I shall give in my own words, as frequently, from faintness and excitement combined, Harry was forced to stop in his narration. All his misfortunes occurred from that one unlucky visit he paid to his uncle in Westmoreland, at the close of his school career, and which he had pressed me to undertake with him. As I have said before, would that I had done so; I might at least have prevented some of the mischief. After spending, then, a month in town, he had, according to arrangement, run down to Waterthwaite for an indefinite period. Oh, how during the half-year had he looked forward to this visit! His uncle always received him with open arms, and in his uncle's house he not only felt at home, but, after the murky air of London, the pure fresh breezes of the country infused fresh life into his frame. But, what at that time I did not know, there was a greater attraction still. His uncle and aunt, like some others who have no children of their own, had about twelve years ago adopted and brought up the only child, a daughter, of a widowed lady, who, at the close of her earthly career, earnestly commended her little darling, then in her sixth year, to the care of those friends she had best

loved and trusted in her life. They not only accepted, but accepted with joyful pleasure, both the treasure committed to their charge and the responsibility connected with it. Here, then, was the greater attraction. A young lady in her eighteenth year, Maud Hamilton possessed in an eminent degree all those personal attractions and virtues, adorned with which woman has but to speak, and with man, to hear is to obey. The beauty of her face and figure were but equalled by the beauty of her temper and her mind. I will not go further into detail, suffice it that Harry thought her perfection, and I always thought Harry's judgment perfect. Poor Harry, with his frank and hearty manner, was not one to long conceal his love, not that anything had openly as yet been said, but guardians of a treasured daughter are seldom blind. In point of fact, they had for some time past discussed the question, and agreed, that could they see these two united, they would have no anxiety about their darling's future when they themselves had gone. Between Harry and Maud, however, there was no anxiety, no misunderstanding, for Harry knew that if he could once obtain his aunt's and uncle's leave, he had no need to search her heart, for Maud, who, with woman's instinct, felt the depth and intensity of Vernon's love, that shewed itself in a thousand ways, found that she too at length could no longer call her heart her own. He had at last, and that, too, during this very visit, opened out his heart to her, and she in return had artlessly and simply told him all. As Harry said, that evening was the happiest of his life. How soon was the joyful dream to be dispelled, how soon the cup of sweetness to be shattered in his grasp!

It was a few days after this, towards the close of a brilliant August, that Harry one evening sauntered across his uncle's grounds, and then, with quicker steps, commenced a walk of one mile towards a small copse at the foot of Morley Fell, which towered up abruptly to the skies on the side nearest to the wood, although still quite passable by a young and active man, whilst, on the other, an easier slope made that side the one generally preferred by all who wished to gain the top, whence a varied and extensive view might be gained; and to those who know England, both Cumberland and Westmoreland certainly carry off the palm for such views of wild and glorious scenery as can be obtained from Morley Fell. Both the copse and a few surrounding acres, together with the steeper side of the fell, belonged to old Mr. Vernon, and now his hopeful nephew was about to test a new double-barrelled breech-loader—one of the many instances of his uncle's kind and generous interest—upon the rabbits, that had had it all their own way at Morley Fell from time immemorial. Naturally, therefore, expecting good sport, he was much chagrined and surprised, after skirting two sides of the wood, and after vainly peering about for some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, to find that, despite numerous traces of the little fellows, not a rabbit was to be seen. 'Somebody must be about,' was his muttered exclamation, as he plunged into the wood, and coming out, after a three minutes' scramble, on the other side, facing the fell, sure enough there sat a man, apparently tying up a ferret or two in a bag, whilst a powerful lurcher was regarding with interest some half-

dozen rabbits lying at his master's feet. There were not more than one hundred yards between them; and no sooner had Vernon advanced twenty paces, than the dog sprang to his feet with a deep growl; not less speedily did the man seize his string of rabbits in one hand, and a stout cudgel in the other, and spring over a low stone wall close at hand, followed by the lurcher, where he turned round to see the extent of his danger. Apparently satisfied that there was not much, as he saw but one man after him, and that not a keeper, he threw down his rabbits again, and calling his dog close to his heels, awaited Harry, who, excited to greater wrath by seeing the fellow flee, a fact which at once stamped him as a trespasser, had put on a regular spurt to come up with him, and now arrived at the wall somewhat puffed, and in anything but a good humour.

'Holloa! you fellow, what are you doing here, giving me all this bother? What do you mean by it? Do you know you're trespassing?' he jerked out.

The 'fellow,' a powerfully built and rufianly looking vagabond, evidently puzzled what to answer, grasped his stick all the tighter, and then growled out: 'I warn't a-medin of you.'

'Confound you! I never said you were. What's that got to do with it? You're trespassing; you know you are. I'll see about this. What's your name?'

'My name, be darned!' shouted the fellow. 'What's yours? What reet have yer a-coomin' about more an me? I've gotten these ere rabbits, and I means to keep 'em,' he added, as he once more laid hold of them, and seemed about to depart.

'Drop them!' roared Harry, as he mounted the wall. 'If you take a single rabbit!'

'If yer took me rabbits, Sandy shall throttle yer,' roared back the villain with equal energy.

'His at em, seize em, my lad Sandy!' he cried again as Harry sprang from the wall. There were only a dozen paces between them now, when the savage beast, without any warning, sprang with the fury of a maniac from its master's side at Harry. It was all over in a moment. A puff of smoke, a sharp crack, and there they stood, a remarkable picture. On one side was Harry, his piece presented full at the man's head; on the other was the poacher, literally rooted to the spot with fear, anger, and amazement combined. Between them lay the ferocious Sandy, breathing out his last gasp, shot right through the heart. How like Vernon it was! His boldness and decision did not desert him at a pinch like this, and I believe really saved his life. Harry said afterwards: 'Pluck? Oh, it wasn't pluck; I did it without thinking of it.' But it is just that pluck, in my estimation, which shews itself how, when, or where, as occasion requires, and which is not wanting in the hour of need, which I really call pluck.

'By —, thou shalt pay for this!' at length cried his opponent, advancing a foot, and swinging his club.

'Another step, and you are a dead man,' now came in hoarse but earnest tones from Vernon's mouth. 'You would kill me if you could,' he added; 'and I shall shoot you just as I've shot your dog, in self-defence, if you don't take yourself off immediately.'

Completely cowed, not only by the words and determined voice, but more, perhaps, by the

whole attitude and unflinching eye, which threatened him with instant death, the fellow immediately backed a few paces, and sloping off until out of range, he only halted to shout out some bitter oath, before disappearing altogether in the distance. Harry turned to examine the dog for a minute, 'tremendous still in death,' and thought of the little chance at close quarters he would have had in a struggle with such a beast, especially when a strong ruffian was by with a stake to give him no gentle tap on the skull. He then skirted the wood towards home, and getting one shot at a rabbit, of course missed it, for his nerves were, to tell the truth, a bit shaky now that all was over. On the whole, however, by the time he got to his room, he felt rather merry at the thought of what the good people would say about his adventure at the dinner-table; and at dinner he did tell his tale, and laughed heartily over it; but even his uncle scarce saw much to laugh at; whilst one of the ladies—Harry was rather pleased than otherwise to observe—turned very pale indeed. That very evening also, Mr Vernon despatched a keeper to the place, to see if he could identify the dog; but although the man searched diligently, neither dog nor rabbits were to be found, only a deep crimson patch upon the grass where the scene had evidently occurred.

One week passed away, and Harry, at first really anxious to have a second interview with the savage who would have made such short work of him, had already twice visited the wood in company with the keeper; and his uncle too, out of curiosity to see the spot where the encounter had taken place, had once made one of the party. Three weeks passed away, and with them all recollection of the affair, and Harry, shouldering his gun, once more found himself, towards the close of a September day, on the outskirts of the wood, determined, if possible, to give the rabbits a warm farewell before he returned to town. There were several rabbits out on the feed, and as he sauntered along, getting now and again a really good flying shot at the little beggars as they scuttled towards the sheltering furze, he thought he had never enjoyed anything more, never seen a more glorious sunset, and reflected with regret that this would be the last of his pleasant solitary strolls which he so much delighted in, and which it would be impossible to get elsewhere. Having at length exhausted his stock of cartridges—not anticipating much sport, he had not burdened himself with many—and having strung up his rabbits by ones and twos to convenient trees, intending to send a boy for them in the morning, he paused on the other side of the wood, and gazing rather sadly upon Morley Fell, he thus soliloquised: 'Once more, and now for the last time, do I behold thee! Suffer me but to climb thy shaggy brow, and view around the scenes I love so well. Would I were thee, old fellow, to keep a watchful eye upon my darling Maud!' Arousing himself from these and such-like thoughts, and refreshed by the idea of a little muscular exertion, he began to climb, but had not ascended twenty feet, before, with a start and a sensation of nervous apprehension, he glanced rapidly upwards and then around, but nothing seemed to stir but his heart, which beat violently. 'Bah! what a coward I am; I must have been thinking of that affair here before.'

But no; his instinct, as is often the case, was right, and he was wrong. He does not see the danger just at that moment, concealed as it is by the old stone wall, but none the less real danger is menacing him, and now will he have need of all his pluck, of all his cool decision. Had he perceived and understood the peril which was creeping fast upon him, he would not now have stopped to examine that fern peeping from out a niche in the rock, nor plucked the prettiest frond for some one he was so soon to leave. Look how he loiters! will he see his imminent danger in time to avoid it? No; heedless, and with thoughts fixed far away, and mind intent upon the future, he saw not, heard not.

A PLEA FOR THE OTTER.

DUMB animals have a great deal to contend with; they can neither rebut nor answer accusations. Too frequently it happens that the 'intelligent gamekeeper' has only to express an opinion of the destructive character of any living thing, to obtain, from his master, carte blanche to go forth and destroy that living thing. In this way many comparatively harmless animals have been persecuted to the verge of scarcity, and the vermin which they usefully preyed upon have consequently increased to become a deplorable grievance. It is, to say the least, a dangerous task to meddle with a link in Nature's chain, every one of which is impressed, more or less, with its mission of binding and strengthening the great order of the universe. But when the fiat of extermination goes forth upon the really innocent, it is the duty of the humane sportsman to hold his hand, and the enlightened naturalist to enter his protest against such descriptions of animal slaughter. At the present moment, happily, a change of feeling is taking place with regard to the otter, an animal which has been from time immemorial charged with fatally grave offences. It has been alleged that he not only kills fish, but makes raids upon the farmyards far inland, to feed on poultry, rabbits, and sucking-pigs, and that he will even hunt wild-fowl, and help himself to a young lamb or kid. Now, there is no proof of any of these charges beyond the otter's natural appetite for fish; and circumstances, lately brought to light, almost conclusively shew the utter improbability of his feeding either upon flesh or fowl, in his wild state.

One of the oldest and most observant of trappers affirms that he has frequently seen otters swimming amongst wild-duck, teal, and widgeon, without their molesting the birds, or taking the slightest notice of them beyond giving them room to pass. So assured was he of this fact, that he says: 'I went one evening and took a man with me who is now living. We sat down by the river-side. Being almost dark, the otter came swimming along the stream, which was not above twenty feet broad; and though it was covered with geese, ducks, divers, &c., yet one of them did not rise on the wing; they only opened in the middle of the river, and the otter came swimming through them, as if a frequent visitor; and when he came to my gun's end, I shot him.' With a view to ascertaining whether or not the otter has a partiality

for meat, a friend of ours opened some hundreds brought to him for the purpose, the result of which went to prove that they touch nothing but fish in their natural state. The truth appears to be, that as the otter gives great 'sport' to numbers of every degree, by its instinctive cunning in eluding the dogs, and when beset, its indomitable pluck in holding on to them with a formidable gripe, and carrying them under water torn and bleeding, such attributes are woven into the charge of an unjustifiable ferocity deserving of punishment, not short of torture by impalement alive.

Men, however, who might be supposed to be the last to have a good word to say for the otter, are now boldly coming forward in its behalf. 'Not mere 'humanitarians,' contemptuously so called, or sentimentalists, but anglers, owners of salmon-waters, and secretaries of river preservation societies. That the otter does kill an occasional salmon, taking a mouthful from it, and leaving it to the next comer, perhaps a poor cottager, cannot be gainsaid; but the labourer is worthy his reward, and is a most useful one, if, as is now strenuously maintained, he does immeasurably more good than harm in keeping down the generation of eels, almost his especial and favourite food; for eels eat, as soon as deposited, the valuable ova of the salmon.

The otter is an extremely graceful creature, and its habits are interesting; but it is most to be admired when watched in clear water swimming and tacking in undulations by the aid of its tail as a rudder, and surrounded by three or more of its young. It has been compared in form to the polecat, but this is not a happy simile, as its head is more blunt, its fur shorter and thicker, and its feet webbed. It is amphibious in its habits, but if kept under water more than a few minutes at a time, is soon drowned, for to live, it must come up to breathe. It is not so famed in architectural skill as the beaver, but it must be remembered that much that relates to the beaver's residence is fabulous. When in full growth, it is about two feet in length from the nose to the tail, which is of itself fifteen or sixteen inches long, and tapers to a point; in this particular, differing from the sea-otter, whose tail is much broader. In colour it is a deep brown, with a light patch on each side of the nose, and one also under the chin. The throat and breast are ash-coloured, the mouth small, the lips furnished with strong moustaches, and the ears short and rounded. The eyes, which are diminutive, and placed near the nose, have a somewhat vertical aspect, which enables it to detect fish while lying below them on the bed of the river. Its neck is thick; the legs are thick, short, and very mobile in their articulations, enabling them to act with all the ease and effect of fins in the water, in which they have great power, as well by the flexibility of their joints as by the strength and muscularity of their members, and also by the close webbing of the toes, which, extending down to the very point, give them great power in swimming or diving. The otter crines great sagacity in the construction of its dwelling. It burrows under the banks of streams or lakes, sometimes for a considerable distance, and always makes the entrance of its home under water, working upwards to the surface of the earth, and fashioning three, four, or more chambers, which ascend

from one to the other. Nor does it neglect the important consideration of ventilation, as the interior atmosphere would vary in density as the water rose, but makes a few minute holes for the admission of air, generally contriving that these apertures shall be concealed by the gnarled roots of the stump of a tree, or a thick bush. The female is often followed in the season by several males, and the fights of the latter are desperate, often fatal, but they are said never to utter a cry under any circumstances, although the female does occasionally give a shrill kind of scream, particularly when with young. She has sometimes five at a birth, which takes place in a warm chamber or 'couch' deeply lined with moss, where she rears her little ones with extreme affection, assiduity, and caution; for it is seldom they are discovered, although often sought for. Numberless instances, despite of what has been said to the contrary, might be adduced of the extreme fondness of the mother for her young, in defending which, in many instances, she has been known to lose her life. When her progeny has been caught, and kept in captivity, she has been seen to visit them, taking them fish, and at length encompassing their deliverance by tunnelling from some secret spot to beneath their prison.

There is no authenticated evidence of the otter attacking man or dog, as some have alleged, excepting when grievously driven to bay, and then only when attacked, and in self-defence, while its attachment to man, if kindly treated, is so well known as not to need further confirmation. 'We are surprised to find any writer,' says Blaine, 'questioning the capability, not only of taming the otter, but also teaching him to fish-hunting, fish-catching, and to a faithful delivery of those he takes. Very many well-authenticated accounts of this aptitude are on record.' An interesting one is related by Bishop Heber, who, when in India, saw a number of otters, which, being stationed along the edges of the water, were made use of as hunters of the fish, which they pursued so adroitly as to drive them into the nets, and there only. To show that they perfectly understood what was required of them, we are told by the bishop that they laid hold on the largest, and brought them ashore. Thus has the otter, like the dog, been made a valuable and obedient servant. Buffon details the habits of a female otter which had been reared on milk until it was two months old, when 'it was afterwards so far led by degrees and necessity to partake of soups, fruits, pulse, animal food, and fish; but which last, in accordance with its original nature, it persisted in rejecting if not fresh. It was as tame as a dog it played and ate with, came when called, but was furious against any strange one which approached it; a dislike it may have learned from its canine companion. It is curious to add that, with its newly acquired taste for a variety of food, it had no piscatory talents, having lost its natural habits thus far in its early domestication; indeed, it would not willingly even enter the water.'

The readers of the *Complete Angler* will recollect that Walton makes Venator, Hunter, and Piscator ask whether the otter is a beast or a fish. Hunter observes that he heard the question debated among many great clerks, and they seemed to differ about it; yet most agree that her tail is fish.

And he continues: 'If her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land—for an otter does so sometimes, five, or six, or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish.' If the otter be fish, it can of course be eaten on *maigre* days. Mr Pennant says that he actually saw an otter preparing in the kitchen of the Carthusian convent, near Dijon, for the dinner of the monks. Those who have tasted the flesh of the otter, however, consider the eating thereof more as a penance than a treat, for its rankness requires the strongest piscivorous appetite to masticate or swallow a morsel. But we are glad to find there are people abroad who like the otter in any shape.

It has been recently attempted to justify the use of the spear in otter-hunting by its being the instrument with which the otter is at once put out of its misery. But this far from agrees with what we have seen and shuddered at. The poor animal has been transfixed completely through its intestines by the instrument, 'from which'—and we quote a work upon otter-hunting—'it is impossible to escape, as the spring-catch opens after penetrating the animal, and the toughness of its hide effectually prevents his releasing himself from it.' The otter is then held up in writhing agony. But that we may not err at a time when these practices are so energetically denied, we will again quote a recognised authority: 'Many casts with the spears, as may be supposed, are therefore made at him without effect. In the meantime, it is not uncommon for the dogs to seize him, and he is then bitten to death; yet not until he has imprinted some serious, and not unfrequently fatal wounds on a dog or two. Although the otter may be bitten, and bitten to death, it is but seldom he is broken up, except to be left exposed to the fury of the hounds, for a considerable time. In all other cases, such is the tenacity of the hide, that it is impenetrable to the common bite of even these vermin-biting dogs. Among the most energetic otter-hunters it is, however, the wish of each to signalise himself by piercing the game with his own spear. It is truly surprising to see how effectually the well-practised sportsman at this chase wields this weapon, in many cases delivering it in such a manner as to pass directly through the otter, and fix him either to the bank, or otherwise to the bottom of the river, from which, however, his dying efforts usually release him. But from the barb-spear itself no exertions can free him, as the barb, or barbs, form an insurmountable obstruction to its extraction. The spear is then recovered, the otter raised on high, and amidst the shoutings of the men and the barking of the dogs, he is thrown to the pack, and left to their mercy.' Are practices of this kind anything short of atrocious cruelty?

Should these authors be considered to deal in exaggeration, we would refer to the works of our artists, generally faithful in their delineations of field-sports, who, at the heel of the hunt, draw the otter raised as above described, writhing in its prolonged death-throes, and biting the spear in its frenzied agony.

An enthusiastic writer upon field-sports tells us that all animals possessing a mephitic nature are designed by nature to be hunted by dogs! This, however, need only be noticed to be dismissed. We have attempted to shew that the otter is a harmless creature, more sinned against than sin-

ning; the helpmate even of man if kindly treated, and which some of our leading water-farmers are willing to confess, is necessary to the welfare of our streams, as aiding in the maintenance of Nature's unerring balance.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XLV.—LEAP-YEAR.

It was already dusk as Walter and Santoro crossed the camp, and where the few trees grew, the light was so feeble that faces could scarcely be discerned; it was more, therefore, by the stature of Joanna than by her looks that Walter recognised the sister of the brigand chief, as she received him standing in the shadow of some beech-trees. Santoro, in obedience to a gesture from his mistress, had at once withdrawn, and they were quite alone.

'I have sent for you, Signor Litton,' said she, in a strange and trembling voice, 'to say what it does not become a woman's lips to say, though it delights her ear to listen to it. The peril in which you stand, the imminence of it, and—and—something in my own heart, must plead as my excuse: I love you!'

The fact was not certainly unknown to Walter; but the confession of it, made thus abruptly, and under such abnormal circumstances, astounded him—perhaps with that amazement with which an English marriage service credits young persons of the opposite sex. Having heard thus much, he did not doubt that the proposition hinted at by Santoro—that he should save his life by wedding Joanna, while at the same time adopting her profession—was about to be made to him.

'Joanna'—he began.

'Pray, let me finish ere you answer me,' interrupted she, in the same trembling tones, but with an earnest pleading in them that gave them force. 'It cannot be but that you scorn me at the outset, but I can bear your scorn, since it is for your own sake that I provoke it. From the first instant that I saw you, I became your prisoner, though you were mine; my woman's heart acknowledged you its lord; the courage you have shewn, the honour you have exhibited, it took for granted without trial. I should have known them, had I died that moment, as well as now, when they have been proved so gallantly, and at so great a sacrifice. When I shewed you the secret of our cavern, and bade you depart, if it so pleased you, it was but a girl's artifice to shew her trust, for I felt that I ran no risk of losing you that way; and later, when I became, as it were, bail for your returning hither, though it pained me to see you go, I knew you would return and redeem your promise, as certainly as I know it to-day. O signor, what was it but love that told me so! Here, in my bosom, I keep the picture that you drew of my poor self; but nearer yet, and within my heart, is your own image, and will remain there to my dying day, though that indeed will be soon, if you die. Oh, why'—here her voice grew passionately earnest, though her tone was little above a whisper—'should we speak of death, we two, when it can be averted from us both!'

'I see not how, Joanna,' answered Walter gravely.

'Ah, but I can shew you how. For your sake, I am content to give up—it is not much, you will say, but it is all I have—my place among my people, and its power; to exchange this free air and untrammelled life, for an existence that must needs seem cramped and submissive; my native land for yours; if only you will let me call you mine! Oh, do not scorn such love!'

She stopped for an instant, overcome with emotion, and Walter said: 'I do not scorn it, Joanna.'

'I thank you, signor, even for that much of kindness,' continued she submissively. 'I pray you hear me out. Corrali, look you, though he is black in your eyes, is my brother, dear to me as the only kin I have, and one who has avenged my wrongs; yet, to wed you, I will desert him, returning evil for good. I have no bant for this dishonest life; my hand is free from blood, and it is yours if you will but please to accept it. I cannot flatter myself, alas! that you would do so, if you were free to choose, but since it holds your life in it, signor, my love may help to make it worth your taking.'

During the latter part of Joanna's appeal, the passionate eloquence with which she had at one time urged it had quite failed her, though the plaintive tenderness still lingered. Doubtless she read in Walter's face not only that her love was unreturned, but that it could never be so. Or perhaps the humiliation of having to offer so huge a bribe, for what she would have fain obtained without the asking, quenched all her natural fire. This despondent pleading, however, by no means lost her ground with him to whom it was addressed. Walter had, it is true, no love to give her; but he had pity, which is said to be akin to it; and gratitude, which tends towards it; while, above all, the natural desire for life—life almost at any price—was pulling at his heart-strings. If he should promise to wed Joanna, he would hardly be forsworn, since to the girl he would have wed he was already dead—or would be so in a few hours; marriage with Lillian was an impossibility; then why not save his life, by marriage with Joanna? Men marry every day without affection, to gain much less; nor in his case—a mere Bohemian without kith or kin—were the social objections to such a union—stupendous as they would have been with some men—by any means unsurmountable. The only member of society who was likely to have any voice in the matter—namely, Jack Falter—would probably hail with enthusiasm the addition of a female brigand chief to their *ménage* in Beech Street; or regard her at worst as a gratis model of the Saviour Rosa class, and an admirable addition to the establishment. These thoughts, practical and even humorous, flashed upon Walter's brain, in spite of himself, though death was hovering over him, and genuine if misdirected love was demanding a final answer to its appeal. But they came and went in a second of time, and left him calm and steadfast. As to purchasing his personal safety at this price, or any price, that, had it stood alone, would have been his own affair, to be settled with his own conscience. He was not so quixotic as to hold Lillian's love as pledged troth, when death itself had put in, as it were, a priority of claim to him; in any case, he could not be Lillian's, and therefore it was unreasonable that he should accuse himself of faithlessness in wedding another. But there was a feature in this case which made it easy

indeed for him to come to a just decision. How was it possible for him to return to Palermo a free man with such news as he would have to bring with him? Could he tell Lillian that he had saved his life, on the condition of marrying Joanna, but had left her father to perish by unheard-of tortures at the hands of men made still more furious by his own escape? Would not the twofold woe be her death—doom, and the life he had thus basely purchased for himself, become intolerable, from shame, as that of Sir Reginald himself? He had not the shadow of a doubt of it, and therefore no hesitation as to what it became him to reply.

'Joanna,' said he, 'so far from scorning the love which you offer me at so great a sacrifice to yourself, I am deeply sensible of it, and thank you for it with all my heart; but the last words spoken by yonder unhappy man: "Do not leave me, Walter," and which are still ringing in my ears, have greater force than even those which promise me life and liberty. I cannot accept these gifts, for they would be worthless to me, since they would have been purchased by the desertion of my friend.'

For a full minute Joanna was silent; then she took a step towards him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder. 'Walter,' she said, 'rather than lose you I will save your friend. It will be difficult, and very dangerous, but I will do my best to do it. I had promised to desert my brother, though you will not desert this man, who is not even of your blood; but I will do yet more—I will play Corrali false, and rob him of what he holds to be his just revenge. For your sake, and to win you for my own, I will become a traitress. This very night—nay, within this very hour, for we have no time to lose—I will place you both in safety, if you will pass your word to be my husband. Oh, what can woman's love give more? Hark!'

Through the stillness of the night was heard the firing of musket-shots at a great distance. 'Yonder Corrali speaks. He will be up here shortly, wild with rage and loss. No power of mine will then avail to save you. Quick, quick! give me your Word!'

Again a torrent of contending thoughts swept through Walter's brain. The circumstances in which he was now placed had become strangely altered. If Joanna could carry out her present offer, Lillian would lose indeed her lover (though not, alas, his love), but she would at least be left to her father. It would be no longer for his own sake, but for hers, that he would become another's. His hand he could not offer her, but in its place he would give her her father's life.

Again was heard a dropping fire of musketry, but the sound was more distinct. The combatants were evidently coming nearer.

'Walter, your hand?' whispered Joanna eagerly; 'in a few minutes more it may be too late.'

'I give it you, Joanna. If you will save the old man's life, I promise to make you my wife.'

Never surely was betrothal made under circumstances so ill-assorted and inapt; nor was there one moment to spare for its tender ratification.

'Santoro, Colletta,' cried Joanna in loud and commanding tones, 'let both the prisoners be fast secured!'

This was done at once, with ropes that bit into their arms; and helpless as infants, Walter and Mr Brown were placed side by side upon the

ground. The brigands crowded round them with wrathful and excited looks, which the noise of the firing had doubtless evoked; they imagined that vengeance was already to be taken upon their wretched captives.

'Corralli is beset down yonder,' exclaimed Joanna, 'and we must send him succour. Now these men are bound, we women are their masters, and can be left to guard them. Let each take his musket and do his part; and when it is done, you will find us here in charge.'

There was an instant of hesitation, but used to the habit of obedience, the men moved to where the arms were piled, and each one took his weapon. Santoro alone remained standing beside the women.

'Get you gone, Santoro; it is you who will be in command till you join my brother,' said Joanna imperiously.

'No, signora; I remain here at all hazards,' answered he in low significant tones.

'You disobey, then, my express orders?'

'For the present, signora, yes. I venture to think the captain would wish the prisoners to be left with a stronger guard than yourself and Lavocca.'

'If you remain, you will do so at your peril.'

'That I quite understand, signora. Corralli will decide when he comes up the hill again as to which of us was in the right.'

By this time the band were ready to march, and, in their presence, all controversy was to one, at least, of the disputants out of the question.

'You will obey Colletta, men, till you fall in with the captain,' said Joanna steadily; 'upon second thoughts, I will keep Santoro to guard the camp.'

'Good!' exclaimed Colletta, who was well content to find himself in the unwonted position of commander. 'There is no knowing what prisoners may not be up to.—Now, then, my fine fellows, step out.' And off started the brigands at their 'double,' which was a run about twice as fast as that used by regular soldiers, and, of course, without the least pretence of order, which, indeed, the nature of the ground would itself have rendered impossible. Santoro watched them disappear, then with a grim smile turned round upon Joanna: 'It was well schemed, signora; but I am not quite such a fool as Lavocca has doubtless represented me to be.'

'On the contrary, Lavocca has always spoken well of you in that respect. "You have plenty of wits," she says, "but, unfortunately, no heart."'

'No heart? I, who love her with all my soul, and would lay down my life for her!'

'Oh, she has heard you say that, doubtless, perhaps a thousand times. But when it comes to the proof of your affection, then it is that you are found wanting.'

'Begging your pardon, signora,' answered the brigand, reddening, 'and with all due submission to you as Corralli's sister, you are speaking what is not the truth.'

'You talk of submission, and yet you remain here in defiance of my orders!' returned Joanna contemptuously. 'You talk of love, and yet it was Lavocca's wish, as well as my own, that we should be left alone here!'

'Ay; to let those birds yonder out of the cage, or, at all events, the one that, to your ear, seems to sing so sweetly. You would doubtless find your

own account in such a plan, signora; but what advantage would it be to Lavocca, who would only share the transgression and the punishment?'

'It is love, then, and not duty, that keeps you here, Santoro?'

'It is both, signora,' answered the brigand, smiling, for, at a sign from her mistress, her companion drew near, whose presence to his rugged nature was as the sun that draws from a barren soil unlooked-for signs of graciousness and fertility: 'it is duty to yourself, and love for Lavocca.'

'Then what I have now to ask of you, Santoro, will be easy to grant,' continued Joanna. 'It is my intention to set loose these captives, and lead them to Palermo. You may oppose it, of course, but it will be at the loss of one of our two lives; and if you should kill me, you will not find it easy, I think, to win Lavocca.'

'I would not marry him, if he did, though there was not another man in the world,' interposed Lavocca resolutely; 'I would even rather marry Corbara.'

'She would marry Corbara!' exclaimed Santoro, lifting up his hands, as if in appeal to universal nature against an idea so monstrous.

'But, on the other hand,' continued Joanna, 'if you will come into our plans, and assist us to escape, Lavocca will marry you as soon as we set foot in the city. A free pardon will easily be obtained for us, in consideration of this service to the Englishmen.'

'And your brother would slay us alive before the week was out,' interrupted Santoro.

'If he caught us; I don't doubt that in the least,' answered Joanna. 'But mind yonder will place you on board his yacht, and you will never leave it, until you and your wife are landed in England, where he will provide for you handsomely. Of course, there will be danger in getting down the mountain; but if you will not run some risk to win Lavocca, you, who were talking about laying down your life for her!'

She did not finish the sentence, because Lavocca had with the most opportune judgment precipitated herself into her lover's arms, and he was covering her comely face with kisses: the noise they made, however, was so very slight, that Joanna felt justified in taking it for the silence that gives consent. 'Come, come,' said she; 'you will have leisure enough for that to-morrow. You must earn your reward, Santoro, before enjoying it!'

Yet, nevertheless, she left the fond pair together while she flew across the camp, and with a sharp knife cut the ropes that bound the prisoners, at the same time whispering a few words into Walter's ear.

'Is it then come at last?' cried the old merchant feebly: 'is death awaiting us?'

'No; life and freedom, if you have only the courage to take advantage of the opportunity,' replied Walter. In the excitement of the moment, he had almost forgotten the price he had agreed to pay for them, and had bounded to his feet like a deer. 'Give me a weapon, Joanna.'

She drew a pistol from her belt, and gave it him. 'Santoro yonder is on our side, dearest, and will lead us down the mountain. If we part again, it will not be your death alone that will separate us, but mine also.'

He answered, not with the caress which perhaps she expected, but with a silent pressure of his hand.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE ESCAPE.

In a few minutes the whole party had left the camp and plunged into the shadow of the trees that thickly covered the mountain, and which at that hour as effectually concealed them as though the earth had swallowed them up. The foliage, however, was intermittent; large spaces of exposed ground had presently to be crossed, where the dusk of a Sicilian night afforded them but a scanty cloak; and when this happened, Santoro and the two women walked in advance, that their dress might deceive the eyes of their late comrades, and cause them to be taken for a portion of the band under Colletta. They were only too likely to fall in with some of these, since it was the brigand habit when entering into action to scatter in pairs; though, on the other hand, this might enable the fugitives to overcome opposition. Having once embraced their cause and his Lavocca, Santoro could be depended upon to fight for them, and, indeed, he had gone too far to render return to his original allegiance possible. His untiring step fell as noiselessly upon the rock as on the turf, his keen eyes roved from tree to tree with unceasing vigilance, and, though the night was cloudy and their way without a path, he never lost the true direction of their course; only, when shots were heard, he would stop and listen, and turn to the right hand or the left, in order to avoid the combatants, from whose neighbourhood they were still, however, at a considerable distance. Three out of his four companions, albeit two were women, took step for step with his own; but for the fourth—Mr Christopher Brown—the whole party had not seldom to halt, while he panted for breath, or begged for a drop of water to quench his thirst. His age and constitution were but ill fitted for a night-march of such speed and duration, and, moreover, the terrors and privations of the previous fortnight had much enfeebled his frame. In his own mind, Walter felt but too sure that in case of their having to fight their way, the poor merchant must needs succumb to adverse fate, and would never survive to enjoy that liberty which he had so loyally striven to procure for him.

They had descended about two-thirds of the mountain, and, consequently, had reached what was the most dangerous part of the journey, namely, the locality where, in all probability, the brigands' line intervened between them and the troops, when suddenly 'the call' was heard very soft and low, immediately in front of them. Walter and Mr Brown, who were just issuing from a copse into an open space, at once stepped back among the trees; but the three others, who had advanced farther, and whose appearance had doubtless evoked the signal, moved boldly on, Santoro, with admirable presence of mind, at the same time giving back the answering note. The next moment they were confronted by Corbara. Of all the band, next to Corrali himself, this man was the most to be dreaded; for not only was he a most determined and relentless ruffian, and possessed of vast physical strength, but he was especially hostile to Santoro. On the other hand, he was probably the most of the saviour sent by Joanna, and would, therefore, not be so suspicious of her presence as if he had known she had been left in charge of the prisoners; and what was

also hopeful was, that he appeared to be alone. Santoro, who had already loosened his pistols in his belt, would have shot him down at once, but for fear that he might have comrades near him; and the most bitter repentance that he had ever experienced seized his soul because he had parted with his knife to Walter.

'Ha! Santoro, how comes it that you are down here?—and La Signora also!' Here he stepped back with a movement of suspicion. 'What has caused you to leave the camp?'

'We are come to help my brother,' answered Joanna coolly; 'the firing came so quick that I felt he must be hardly pressed.'

'He is only fighting because he likes it,' answered Corbara gruffly; 'for my part, it seems to me that there is blood enough to be spilt for the present, without losing our own in return.'

This was a reference, as Joanna well understood, to the promised fate of the captives, and in her ignorance as to whether they were not even at that moment within sight of the speaker, she felt that her presence of mind was being tried to the uttermost; fortunately, her nerves were like her muscles, strong as steel.

'I hope there has been no loss amongst us?' inquired she earnestly.

'As to loss of life, I don't know, though, when there are bullets singing about our ears as plentifully as birds in June, it is more than likely; but I for one have lost blood enough.'

'Well, here is she who will bind up your wound, Corbara, and give you more comfort than the best surgeon in Palermo; and Joanna signed to Lavocca to approach the lieutenant. As she did so, Santoro whispered: 'Your knife, your knife!' and the young girl slipped it into his hand as she moved past him towards his rival.

'It is but a scratch in the right shoulder, my dear,' said Corbara, in a tone which he intended to be tender; 'and if you have got a handkerchief—'

'What's that?' A piercing cry broke from the covert from which they had just emerged, and almost at the same moment a groan from Corbara, who staggered and fell forward on his face; a blow from Santoro's knife, struck between the shoulders, had cloven his heart in twain.

'Hark, hark!' cried Joanna; 'there is mischief behind us; see to Signor Litton!' She was herself the first to reach the spot where she had left Walter and his companion, and where were now three persons. The youth Colletta lay on the ground, felled by the butt of Walter's pistol, though not before he had uttered a cry for help, which was already answered to left and right of them; they could even hear the noise of men forcing their way towards them through the brushwood.

'Quick, quick!' cried Santoro; 'straight down the hill every one of you.' And all five ran forward together, though it seemed that such a movement must cast them into the very arms of their foes. Again and again a sheet of flame flashed out upon them, and one at least of their number toppled over. It was not Mr Brown, Walter knew, for he was holding the old man firmly by the arm, and helping him on, as a father helps his child to keep up with his longer legs; and it was not Joanna, for she never left his side, and at each flash seemed as though she would have interposed her own lithe form between himself and

the bullet. Thus they held on their headlong way for a considerable time, when the old merchant suddenly fell exhausted on the ground, with the last breath he had to spare bidding Walter leave him to his fate, since another yard he could not run. Then, for the first time, they missed Santoro. The noise of the firing had ceased; there were no signs of their pursuers; and the gray dawn was slowly breaking over the eastern hills. Yet self-congratulation was by no means the prevailing feeling with their little band.

'Where is he?' cried Lavocca wildly. 'He was close behind me all the way, and again and again bade me be of good courage. If he has fallen into their hands, I will avenge him yet!'—and the determined girl had actually begun to reascend the mountain, when Joanna seized her arm.

'He is not in their hands, Lavocca, but with the saints, I trust,' whispered she tenderly; 'I saw him leap into the air, ten minutes back, killed by a bullet through his brain.'

'You saw him die, and yet you ran on? Oh, cruel, cruel!' cried the unhappy girl.

'What aid could we have given him, dear Lavocca? Would you have had us make the triumph of his murderers still greater by becoming their prisoners? His dearest wish, if he could now express it, would be that you should effect your escape. Let us now think only of obeying him, and mourn him afterwards.'

Accustomed to submit in everything to Joanna's will, Lavocca was to all appearance herself again before they resumed their flight; she shed no more tears, but instead of using her former vigilance, kept her eyes fixed on the ground, as though she cared little now what fortune happened to her, and lagged somewhat behind the rest. It was a harsh blow of fate that had deprived her of the being who was so soon to have been her husband, but, as a matter of fact, she had been by no means passionately devoted to poor Santoro; the love, as in her mistress's case, had been almost wholly on one side, only in the reverse order as to sex; and, moreover, Lavocca was a coquette in her way, with no stronger feeling of any kind than that of exciting admiration. Joanna, indeed, was as much grieved as she, at their late companion's death, for she could not but be aware that she herself had been the involuntary cause of it. But on the other hand, now that the pursuit of those whom she had such good cause to fear was over, or seemed to be so, and while the reward, for which she had fought so hard, seemed within her grasp, her heart had scarce room for grief. The dawn had broadened into daylight, and from where they stood, upon a low spur of the mountain, some portion of their city of refuge was to be seen. 'See, Walter,' whispered she triumphantly, as they moved, side by side together; 'yonder is Palermo; the troops are not far from hence; but in any case, in one hour more, you will be free, and I shall be bound only by the sweet ties of love and duty.'

The words had scarce escaped her lips, when a line of fire, accompanied by a splutter of musketry, broke out from a small thicket close to the right of them, and she dropped down at his feet like a stone. When the blinding bitter smoke had rolled away, Walter, kneeling by her prostrate form, found himself surrounded by a crowd of soldiers, astonished to see the young Englishman moved to tears by the just retribution that had overtaken one of his

captors. Lavocca, whom they took for a boy brigand, was bound hand and foot; and Mr Christopher Brown was drinking brandy as though it were water, from a flask which the officer in command was holding to his lips.

CHAPTER XLVII.—'HE IS WORTH ALL LOVE CAN GIVE HIM.'

Joanna was not dead; but she had received more than one wound, which the surgeon of the detachment pronounced to be very serious. As soon as they were bound up, and she could be moved, a litter was brought, in which she was conveyed slowly towards the town; and beside it walked Walter and Lavocca. A brief explanation of the matter had, of course, been given by the former, and the two women at once divided the interest of their captors with those whom they had been sent out to rescue. Poor Mr Brown, indeed, as he limped along, all dragged and torn, with anything but that smooth, starched look which distinguishes the rich citizens of London, was by no means an attractive object; but since his pecuniary value was well understood, he did not lack attention. Altogether, the procession was a sombre one, very unlike what the return of an expedition should be which has accomplished its object. For the soldiers were aware that they had not only 'encumbered with their assistance' the persons whom they had gone out to succour, but had inflicted a grievous wrong on her to whom the escape of the prisoners had been owing; while Mr Brown was too exhausted, and Walter too overcome with pity for his preserver, to show any symptom of satisfaction. As she was lifted speechless into the litter, she had feebly held out her hand to him, and he had carried it to his lips, and retained it still. The soldiers thought that the young Englishman was but expressing his gratitude by so doing; but he would have done the same, had it been an open sign of their engagement. He was too full of commiseration and thankfulness to her, to abate one jot of an exhibition of affection which evidently gave her an intense pleasure; nor, whatever his unbidden thoughts might have been, did he permit himself to speculate upon what fortune might have in store for him should her wounds prove mortal. His whole existence was for the time devoted to her; the remembrance of his former life, including even his late experiences while in Corrali's power, were all swept away, to make room, as it were, for the absorbing reflection that this girl had given to him her love, and had proved its genuineness by sacrificing for him all she had—even perhaps to life itself.

At a small village on their way, a mule was found, whereon Mr Brown was lifted, which enabled him to converse as well as keep pace with his late companion.

'Walter Litton, you are henceforth my son, remember, whatever happens,' were his first words, spoken with great feeling. 'I mean,' added he, as the young painter stared at him, half-dazed with woe and wonder, 'whatever happens as respects dear Lillian.'

How strange it seemed that such a communication should give him pain; but yet it did so. He only bowed his head, by way of acknowledgment; then turned to Joanna in terror, lest she should have understood the old man's words.

Whether they referred to Lillian's state of health, or her feelings towards himself (of which he had never spoken openly to her father), he did not know, but it brought her home to his remembrance, and in so doing, seemed to do a wrong to his wounded charge.

'This young woman, to whom we owe so much,' continued Mr Brown, misunderstanding his glance, 'will of course be taken to our hotel, to be tended by my daughters like a sister.'

'Indeed, she deserves no less, sir,' answered Walter solemnly.

Nothing more was said until they drew near the city, when Mr Brown once more broke silence: 'I wonder whether that scoundrel Selwyn will venture to look me in the face?' The old merchant's mental vigour was evidently returning to him, now that he had reached the confines of civilisation; while Walter, who had been the leading spirit throughout their common dangers, felt, on the contrary, more perplexed and subdued with every footfall. Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, a great crowd, upon whom Joanna's dark eyes rested without seeming to observe their presence, accompanied the procession to the hotel, where the good news had already penetrated, and on the steps of which stood the landlord, to do honour to their arrival.

'Is Sir Reginald Selwyn within?' was Mr Brown's impatient inquiry, delivered in very disinclinary tones.

'No, sir; he left yesterday by the steamer to Messina. Her ladyship, your daughter, however, did not accompany him.'

In another minute, ere he reached the head of the stairs, the old man was clasped in Lotty's arms. To his astonishment, and still more to that of Walter, Lillian herself, pale and trembling, and looking like one risen from the grave, was standing at the doorway of the sitting-room. But ere she could shape the words of welcome, her eyes fell upon the litter, as it was slowly borne up-stairs, and concluding, doubtless, that it contained Walter, sick or wounded, her feeble strength forsook her, and she would have fallen senseless on the floor, but for her father's aid. He kissed her tenderly; and then, still hugging her to his breast, observed to Lotty: 'You will have two patients to nurse now, my girl, instead of one.—This is a woman—though you wouldn't think so,' continued he, pointing to Joanna.—'and one to whom Walter and myself are indebted for our lives. And here is another young person in male attire. We have been in very queer company of late, as you will conclude; but these two are by far the best specimens of it, I do assure you.'

It was quite curious to see how quickly the old merchant had recovered from his late depression, and how naturally he reassumed the position of host and master, which he had occupied before his late misfortunes. Poor Lavocca, on the other hand, bereft of her lover, alarmed for the fate of her only friend, and overcome by the strangeness of the scene, so different from those of her mountain-life, looked piteous and disconsolate enough, and kissed the hand which Lotty held out to her with grateful humility.

'Now, Walter, my lad,' continued Mr Brown, 'you had better go home and make yourself comfortable, while I do the like, and then come up here to breakfast, and hear the doctor's report. I

have sent for the best in the place; and if money can save her, Miss Joanna shall not want for life, or anything that life can give her.'

Walter would have hesitated to obey this order, for he felt that his place was by the side of the wounded girl, whom he had promised to make his wife; but the arrival of the surgeon, who instantly ordered the patient to be conveyed into the inner room, and the apartment to be cleared, put the matter beyond his power, and compelled him to retire to his lodgings. Here he remained in a strange state of anxiety and suspense, scarcely knowing what to hope or what to fear; now moved with tender pity for Joanna, now filled with still more tender regrets upon Lillian's account; and very ill inclined to listen to the congratulations with which Baccari and his son overwhelmed him, but which gratitude compelled him to acknowledge. For it was indeed to the interest which Francisco had taken in him, and the promptness with which he had acted, upon seeing him depart with Santoro, that his rescue had been due. The lad had entertained some suspicion of his not being a free agent, during those last days he had spent in Palermo, and had watched his proceedings accordingly; had dogged him to the gate of the cemetery, and contrived to overhear the name of the locality where Corrali had pitched his camp. Then, when convinced of the young Englishman's departure and its object, he had hurried to the consul with the letter Walter had left behind him, and had also delivered that for Lillian into the hands of his mistress, her attendant. In consequence of these rapid measures, the troops had been sent out forthwith, with better information than usual as to the direction in which to march, and with orders to surround the mountain. The impatience and fury of Corrali himself had done the rest. But besides sending out the troops, the tidings thus disseminated by Francisco had roused public indignation, not only among the British residents, but with the natives themselves, against Sir Reginald; and it was amid a storm of hisses and execrations that he had embarked on board the steamer on the previous afternoon. He had not indeed been driven to do so by the general indignation; his natural courage would probably have been too high for that; but after having witnessed Walter's departure, he had felt inaction insupportable. To stay in Palermo and await the news of the massacre that he could have prevented by the mere signing of his name, was something that even his iron nerves refused to face; and therefore he had taken his place for Messina. He would willingly have carried Lotty with him, since, in her despair and wretchedness at the coming catastrophe, she was only too likely to drop some hint that would lead to his inculpation; but, on the other hand, to tear her away at such a time from her sick sister, was an act which would set every tongue wagging against him, and still more certainly arouse suspicion. So Sir Reginald had gone alone, to the great relief of all concerned, save the mob, who wished to duck him, and Mr Brown, who—no longer restrained by sentiments of respect for the baronet of the United Kingdom—yearned to give him a piece of his mind.

In the midst of these details came a message from the hotel, to say that Walter's presence was required there at once; he hurried thither, and found Lotty awaiting him in the sitting-room alone.

'I don't understand the matter at all, Mr Litton,' said she nervously. 'Everything has been so strange and terrible, that it may well have done away with my poor wits; but this poor brigand woman, it seems, is dying; and though Lillian is most unfit to be her companion under such circumstances, she has insisted upon being with her, and now you have been sent for to see them both—alone.'

Walter's heart was too full to speak; he only bowed, and followed Lotty through the door that led into the sick-room. She ushered him within it, and then immediately withdrew, taking Julia and Lavocca with her; and Walter found himself alone with the two women, to each of whom—but out of devotion to one of them—he had plighted his troth. Joanna, looking strangely unlike herself in feminine garb, and with features from which the near approach of death had chased every touch of harshness, and left all womanly, was lying on Lillian's couch; while Lillian—with cheeks as pale as those of her companion, and which she in vain strove to keep free from tears—was sitting in an arm-chair by her side. She signed to him in silence to draw near Joanna.

'I have sent for you, Signor Litton,' began the latter, in weak and broken tones; when a gentle hand was suddenly placed upon her arm, and a soft voice interrupted her with: 'Why not call him Walter?' 'Ah, you have a good heart,' murmured the dying girl. 'Yes, I will call him Walter, since it is for so short a time.—Walter, I have sent for you, to bid you farewell. The doctor tells me—though indeed I felt that it was so before he came—that I am dying. It is better that this should be, even on my own account, for what had I to live for save a love that could never be returned; and upon yours, how much better, since it will set you free.'

Walter's eyes were fixed upon her with an ineffable tenderness and pity, as he replied: 'Do you suppose, then, that I wish you to die, Joanna, you who have just preserved my life?'

'No; you are too generous, too unselfish, to wish that; but, nevertheless, my death will make you happy, and therefore death is welcome to me. It was but a mad dream of mine—but I am a poor ignorant foolish girl—that I could ever win your love. I see that now. Yet you won mine, all that I had to give, Walter, and you will keep it still; not like this other one's' (here she smiled on Lillian); 'yet something not altogether worthless to think of now and then, and draw a sigh from you. I hope that I shall not be quite forgotten, Walter?'

'You will never be forgotten, Joanna, while the life that you have given still abides within me.'

'And if I had lived, you would have kept your word?'

'I would have made you my wife, so help me, Heaven!'

'Brave heart, brave heart!' continued Joanna.

'He tells the truth to man and woman.—You knew this before, Lillian, but he did not know you knew.—Give me your hand, Walter. This hand is mine,' she murmured, carrying it to her parched lips, 'and I have the right to dispose of it.—Now, Lillian, give me yours.' Then she took Lillian's hand, and placed it in Walter's. 'You are worthy of him; you will make him happy, as I never could have done. May Heaven bless you both!'

The physical exertion she had used had been very slight, yet she seemed greatly exhausted.

'Indeed, Joanna, you must say no more,' whispered Lillian, caressing her. 'Walter must go away for the present; you are doing yourself harm.'

'As you please,' murmured Joanna with a sad smile, 'though I do not think I can take harm. But before he goes—he is yours now, Lillian; I have made him over to you—may I ask of him to kiss me?'

Walter bent low, half-blind with tears, and gave Joanna his first kiss: it was his last one also; for she died within an hour or so, quite suddenly, in Lotty's arms, whom she took for Lillian, whose scanty strength had succumbed to the late excitement.

'Be good to him, dear,' were the poor girl's last words. 'He is worth all love can give him.'

NARCOTICS.

THE indulgence in narcotics—something to dull, stupefy, and soothe the nervous system—is a predominant human weakness. Nature has been ransacked for narcotics. Tobacco, opium, betel-nut, Indian hemp, even some kinds of fungi, are employed for the desired object. When tobacco was first introduced into Europe, its use was nearly everywhere looked upon with dislike by the authorities. The efforts that were made to suppress it amounted to nothing less than persecution, and their want of success furnishes a curious illustration of the uselessness of legislative interference with the individual's legitimate freedom of action. It serves also to illustrate in some measure the strong hold which the taste for narcotics obtains over the mind, especially as tobacco is one of the mildest narcotics in use. Amongst ourselves, not to mention King James's well-known *Counterblast*, many petty restrictions were laid on the sale of tobacco during that monarch's reign, and the import duty was raised from twopence to six shillings and tenpence a pound. In England and elsewhere, remonstrance and penalties were equally unavailing. Tobacco made its way steadily into favour, and is believed to be now in use among not less than eight hundred millions of the human race.

Measures of a severe nature have been tried in China to check the use of opium, and have been quite as unsuccessful. However apathetic the Chinese may be in respect to most things, they will not submit to the withdrawal of their favourite narcotic. But in case of so dangerous a poison, some restrictions are as much needed as they are on the sale of spirituous liquors amongst ourselves; for the effects of habitual excess are not less deplorable than those of habitual drunkenness. Of forty prisoners confined in the House of Correction at Singapore, thirty-five were found to use opium; and of these, seventeen, who had been in receipt of eighteen shillings a month as wages, spent twenty-four shillings on opium, the difference being obtained by theft. From a sanitary point of view, the results are equally sad. The confirmed opium-eater in the East seldom lives beyond the age of forty, and may be recognised at a glance by his trembling steps and curved spine, his sunken glassy eyes and sallow withered features. The muscles, too, of his neck and fingers often become contracted. Yet incurring even this penalty

will enable him to indulge his vice only for a certain length of time. Unlike the healthy enjoyment which we derive from our appetite of hunger, and which Nature herself renews periodically, the enjoyment of the opium-eater gradually diminishes as his system becomes habituated to the drug. From time to time he must increase the quantity which he takes, but at length no increase will produce any effect. Under these circumstances he has recourse to a dangerous expedient: he mixes a small quantity of corrosive sublimate with the opium, the influence of which is thus for a time renewed. Then these means also fail; when the victim must bear the miserable condition to which he is reduced, until probably, sooner or later, he sinks into the grave. On the excitable temperament of the Malays and Javanese, a strong dose of opium causes a state of frantic fury amounting almost to madness, and this often ends in that homicidal mania which has been called 'running amuck'; in other words, in the individual attacking with his crease or dagger every one whom he meets, so that it becomes necessary to shoot him down with as little compunction as we do a mad dog. In Java, opium is not allowed to be sold except in an adulterated form, the risk of these evil consequences being thus in some measure lessened.

So far as the effects of opium on the system are concerned, it is almost entirely a matter of indifference in what way the drug is used. Whether it be taken in the solid form of pills, in the liquid form of laudanum, or inhaled from a pipe as heated vapour, it speedily exerts its pernicious and almost irresistible influence over the mind; so that few possess the iron will needed to relinquish the habit when it has once been fairly acquired. How completely even the most intellectual and cultivated minds may become enslaved was well illustrated in the cases of Coleridge and De Quincey, whose highly coloured descriptions of their experiences are said to have been productive of much evil amongst the educated classes of this country. These descriptions must not, however, be regarded as safe criteria of the usual influence of opium on the colder temperament of the North European. According to Dr Christison, it seldom produces a more striking effect on the Anglo-Saxon constitution than the removal of torpor and sluggishness, thus rendering the opium-eater a pleasant and conversable companion; but these small advantages, in turn, are purchased by a period of subsequent pain and depression, the misery of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

Opium, besides acting as a narcotic, possesses a remarkable power as a restorative. By apparently checking the natural waste of nervous energy, it enables the system to support fatigue, beneath which it must otherwise inevitably have sunk. For this reason it is much used by the Halextras, the palanquin bearers and messengers of India, who journey almost incredible distances, furnished with nothing more than a bag of rice, a little opium, and a pot to draw water from the wells. The Tartar couriers also use it to sustain them, when compelled to travel night and day in crossing the arid deserts of Central Asia; and in some parts of the East it is administered as a restorative even to horses.

It is difficult to come to any definite conclusion as to whether the physical character of eastern

races who habitually use opium as a narcotic has deteriorated in consequence. No doubt the general belief is that even moderate indulgence must necessarily be injurious, and it is easy to point to the enervated character of the Turks and other oriental races as a probable result of the habit. But at the same time it is a disputed point among physiologists how far this belief correctly represents the truth. The opinions of many men well acquainted with the East might be quoted in opposition to it; for example, Dr Batwell, formerly of the East India Company's service, in writing to the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, has affirmed that, as regards the great mass of the Chinese, no injurious effects of the opium they consume can be noticed, the people being generally a muscular and well-formed race. Dr Macpherson has given similar testimony in respect to the Chinese, and Dr Burnes in respect to the natives of Scinde and Cutch; whilst, on the other hand, Dr Little of Singapore is of opinion that the native population of that island would be in danger of becoming extinct from the use of opiate, were it not constantly recruited by immigration. It is, however, evident that the question can only be satisfactorily answered by knowing the real extent to which opium-eating prevails among the different eastern populations, and of this no reliable statistics can be obtained.

There is a similar want of definite information in respect to the United Kingdom. Attention was partially drawn to the subject so long ago as 1844, by an inquiry that was made into the state of large towns in Lancashire; and since that time there is every reason to believe that the evil has largely augmented. The increase in the quantities of the raw material imported would alone be sufficient to render this probable; for whilst, in 1852, the importation amounted to 114,000 pounds, it had grown to 356,000 pounds in 1872. No doubt a large portion of this enormous quantity is employed in the manufacture of morphia or other alkaloids, and is either exported or employed for legitimate medicinal purposes; but it is difficult to account for an increase in twenty years of two hundred per cent, except on the supposition that the drug is *more largely used as a narcotic than is generally believed*. The facility with which this form of vice can be concealed, renders direct evidence on the subject difficult to obtain; but such evidence as can be procured tends to prove that the above supposition is correct. We have recently been informed by the medical attendant to the workhouse in one of our larger cities, that a week rarely passes without a case of opium-eating coming to his knowledge among those who seek admission to the workhouse; and that he has known women, when suffering from the depression consequent upon their enforced abstinence, even go down on their knees to beg that he would administer to them an opiate. Again, there is reason to believe that opium is a favourite stimulant with many underfed and overworked artisans and labourers; and from inquiries made by parochial officials, clergymen, and others, this would appear to be especially the case in agricultural districts. In the fenny districts of Lincolnshire, a belief being prevalent that opium acts as a preservative against the effects of a damp climate, many of the inhabitants have in this way become addicted to its use.

Another and even more reprehensible form of the opium evil among the lower classes is to be found in the practice of administering soothing mixtures to young children for the purpose of keeping them quiet. In one instance, a mother, because her child was unwell, has been known to place a piece of crude opium in its mouth to suck, the death of the child being naturally the consequence; and though cases of such gross and culpable ignorance as this are no doubt rare, it is certain that the administration of soothing sirups and cordials is too commonly resorted to. In large manufacturing towns, where mothers are often employed in factories during the day, their infants are frequently placed for the time in the care of nurses; and these women seldom feel any compunction in administering an opiate to a child who is troublesome. It cannot be too widely known how greatly such a practice tends not only to the direct increase of infant mortality, but also to the permanent injury of the constitution, by inducing convulsions and other similar nervous diseases.

Opium in one of its forms enters largely into the composition of many of the pain-killers and patent medicines so freely advertised for domestic use in the present day, and for this reason the greatest care is needed in having recourse to any of them. Taken, perhaps, in the first instance, to alleviate the torments of neuralgia or toothache, what proves to be a remedy soon becomes a source of gratification, which the wretchedness that follows on abstinence renders increasingly difficult to lay aside. The same must be said of narcotics, such as bromide of potassium and hydrate of chloral, frequently resorted to as a remedy for sleeplessness; the system quickly becomes habituated to their use, and they can then be relinquished only at the cost of much suffering. Indeed, the last-mentioned of these two drugs obtains over the mind a power which may be compared to that of opium, and is, moreover, liable to occasion the disease known as chloralism, by which the system ultimately becomes a complete wreck.

Looking at the whole question of the medicinal use of narcotics, it is perhaps not too much to say, that they should never be employed except with the authority of a competent medical adviser.

Turning again to the narcotics of savage or but semi-civilised races, we find a species of fungus (*Amanita muscaria*) employed by the natives of Kamtschatka and the adjoining provinces of Siberia. It grows plentifully in parts of Kamtschatka, and is there generally prepared for use in several ways. The inhabitants either gather it during the hottest months, and hang it in strings to dry in the open air, or leave it to ripen and dry in the ground, when it possesses stronger narcotic qualities. Small-sized specimens, covered with warty excrescences and deeply coloured, are also considered more valuable than the smooth pale ones. Sometimes it is eaten in soups and sauces, or is taken mixed with the juice of the whortleberry; but the more usual method is to swallow it whole, rolled into the form of a pill, and a single large-sized toadstool thus taken is sufficient to cause the narcotic effects during a whole day. These bear a very close resemblance to those of ordinary intoxication, and, like them, often end in complete insensibility. Whatever may be the natural temperament of the individual shews itself with unusual distinctness. A man who is fond of music

or of talking will be constantly singing or chattering; and secrets often thus slip out, the disclosure of which is the source of much subsequent trouble. In this form of narcotism, too, the power of estimating the size of objects is temporarily destroyed, so that a man wishing to step across a straw or a small twig will raise his foot as though about to step across the trunk of a tree.

The Siberian fungus is not the only narcotic in which this last peculiarity is found. Similar erroneous impressions are caused by the Indian hemp, which, though it is used in south-western Asia, and indeed, in the Brazils as well, is more properly the narcotic of the African continent, where it is known to the native races from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. It is the same plant that is grown in Europe for the sake of its valuable fibre; for, though probably indigenous to India, it is able, like the potato and the tobacco plant, to adapt itself to a great variety of climates, and is grown even in the north of Russia. Its narcotic virtues depend on a resinous substance contained in the sap; and this is much more abundant in tropical climates than it is in temperate. Indeed, the European plant is almost devoid of it, though it possesses a strong odour which has been known to make people ill who have remained long in a hemp-field. Thus, when the dried plant is either smoked or eaten, its effects are both rapid and powerful. In Morocco, where the dried flowers are generally smoked, a single pipe not larger than an ordinary tobacco-pipe is sufficient to intoxicate. Among the Arabs and Syrians, the usual method is to boil the leaves and flowers in water mixed with butter to the consistence of a syrup, which is called *haschisch*, and as it has an extremely disagreeable taste, is eaten in a conffection of cloves, nutmegs, and other spices. But however the narcotic may be used, the pleasure it affords is much the same in character. It has been described as consisting in 'an intense feeling of happiness, which attends all the operations of the mind. The sun shines on every thought that passes through the brain, and every movement of the body is the source of enjoyment.' But the most remarkable peculiarity of the Indian hemp has yet to be mentioned: a dose of the resin has been known to occasion that strange condition of the nervous system called catalepsy, in which, notwithstanding the force of gravity, the limbs of the unconscious patient remain stationary in whatever position they may be placed.

The use of the coca-tree as a narcotic in Peru and Bolivia is of very great antiquity. When the Spaniards landed under Pizarro, they found the natives chewing the dried leaves, in exactly the same way in which they have continued to chew them down to the present day. Efforts were indeed made, soon after the subjugation of the country, to put a stop to the practice, for the plant had acted an important part in the Peruvian religious ceremonies, and its use was looked upon by the conquerors as an obstacle to the spread of Christianity. Nevertheless, the Indians persevered in spite of every prohibition and severity. Before long, too, the owners of mines and plantations discovered that it was to their interest to connive at the habit, as, with its aid, their labourers were able to perform more work on a given quantity of food than they could do without it. It has thus gradually

become the universal custom to allow from fifteen to thirty minutes, three or four times a day, for the purpose of chewing. At these times the first object of the Indian is to make himself as comfortable as possible, for the coca fails to produce its effect unless the chewer be perfectly quiescent. He stretches himself at full length in the shade, on a couch of dry leaves or soft turf, and rolling a few of the coca-leaves into a ball, conveys them into his mouth; adding immediately, to bring out the full flavour, a small quantity of unslaked lime, or of the alkaline ashes of certain plants. When thus engaged, the apathy he displays to everything around him is something marvellous. No entreaty on the part of his employer will induce him to move, and if he be a confirmed *copiero*, he is indifferent even to drenching rain or the roar of wild animals in the neighbouring thicket. In what way the pleasures of the coca-leaf manifest themselves is not known, but they must evidently be of a very seducing kind, thus to render men insensible to personal danger.

Notwithstanding the wide prevalence of the use of narcotics, little or nothing is known of the way in which their different effects are produced on the system; and the problem is complicated by the number of active substances that enter into their composition. Opium, besides other more ordinary ingredients, contains no fewer than eleven peculiar organic compounds, all of which are believed to share in producing its usual effects. It has, however, been noticed that many symptoms of narcotism bear a close resemblance to those of insanity. The wild laughter of a man under the influence of the deadly nightshade cannot be distinguished from that of a maniac, and the false impressions as to the size of objects, caused by the Indian hemp and the Siberian fungus, are a permanent feature in the malady of many lunatics. It has been suggested by Dr Carpenter that much light might be thrown on the connection between the mind and the body by studying the phenomena of drunkenness, and it seems probable that those of narcotism in different parts of the world might be made to yield equally rich results. Of one thing we may be quite certain. The use of tobacco has become a positive vice. The wastefulness of money which it causes, without a compensatory advantage, is alone deplorable.

PENNY ICES.

In going through the busy streets of London, one cannot help noticing a new trade that has been struck out—the sale of penny ices, conducted by means of wheeled barrows on the side of the thoroughfare. Likely enough, the vendor is surrounded by spendthrift little boys, who lap in the frozen 'cream' as blissfully indifferent to its composition as they are unconcerned about the process by which the phenomenon of freezing is brought about under a broiling sun. This happy indifference is not exactly confined to young gentlemen who take their refreshment at barrows in the streets, and perhaps it is as well that it should not be. As a general rule, it is perhaps better not to inquire too closely into the production of what we eat and drink. But the freezing of cream at a time of year when dogs are popularly supposed to go mad from heat, and

people are every day falling down from sunstroke, is a phenomenon of so striking a character, that, but for our familiarity with it, it would probably arrest the attention of most of us.

It is one which certainly ought to arrest attention, for it is one which illustrates in a very interesting way not only the operation of natural forces which are continually working mighty and innumerable changes on the face of the earth, but—what will probably strike most minds as something even more curious and interesting still—it shews how the Creator has, as it were, interposed to check the too violent operation of His own laws, and to arrest the rapidity of changes which, without some such check, would speedily reduce this beautiful earth of ours to a condition of chaotic ruin and utter desolation.

Nothing can be simpler than the actual process of freezing adopted by our locomotive manufacturers of penny ices, and indeed by confectioners generally. It consists merely in putting into a metal cylinder whatever is to be frozen—new milk, fresh eggs, loaf-sugar, and fresh butter, are the ingredients which the Confectioners' Journal gives for ice-cream—surrounding it with equal quantities of broken ice and salt, and rapidly spinning it round, so as to produce a little friction.

Now, everybody knows, or may know by trying it, that ice alone would not freeze the contents of the cylinder. It would simply melt slowly away, of course making whatever was near it very cold, but not cold enough to freeze. Indeed, it would seem ridiculous to suppose that the temperature which would melt the ice could possibly freeze the cream that was in the middle of it, especially when we raised that temperature by causing friction. Common-sense might suggest that while the cream got colder, the ice and the water around it would get slightly warmer, and that the result would be the immediate temperature of the two.

The supposition, however, would not be nearly so ridiculous as it would appear, and common-sense would be quite wrong as to the facts of the temperature.

The cream certainly will not freeze with ice alone around it, but it will come a great deal nearer to freezing-point than might be expected; for, although it will keep on giving out its heat to the surrounding ice, it will not make the ice in the slightest degree warmer, even though the process be aided by friction. So long as a particle of ice remains unmelted, the ice itself and the water it is in will stand at one fixed temperature, however much heat may be imparted to it; and unless the cream is in contact with something that ever communicates warmth to it, it will continue to get colder and colder so long as an atom of ice remains near it.

The explanation of this is to be found in a law which, like that of gravitation and many other natural laws, we can see in operation, without in the least degree comprehending it. The law is this: that where a solid body like ice becomes a fluid body like water, a certain amount of heat is always absorbed and concealed by the fluid. In the same way, when a liquid like water becomes a vapour like steam, a certain amount of heat is absorbed and concealed by the steam. The cream in the cylinder gives out its heat to the ice; but instead of the heat making it warmer, it helps to melt the ice, and then totally disappears in the

water. It does not make the water warmer any more than it did the ice; it is hidden or *latent* heat. It cannot be detected in any way either by the sense or by the thermometer; but it is quite certain that it is there, and if we convert the water back again into ice, it will immediately make its appearance, and will affect the thermometer.

A solid is never converted into a liquid, or a liquid into a vapour, without the consumption of more heat than would be required to effect the change, if it were not for this mysterious provision of nature; and if we can contrive to produce the rarer body from the denser—the liquid from the solid, or the vapour from the liquid—very rapidly and abundantly, as we do when we mix ice and salt together, and set a metal cylinder rapidly revolving in the midst of it, everything near it, including the cylinder and its contents, will be speedily robbed of its warmth, and reduced to a temperature below freezing-point.

Thus it is, then, that we are able to produce frozen cream in the London streets during ‘dog-days.’ We take advantage of two natural laws, with one of which everybody is familiar enough. Everybody knows that when water is reduced in temperature to 32° Fahrenheit it becomes ice, and that when ice is exposed to a temperature above 32° it is converted into water. Everybody knows that from the surface of the ocean water rises into the air in the form of vapour; that when the vapour comes in contact with something colder than itself, such as a stratum of cold air or the top of a mountain, it condenses into clouds, and if still further chilled it falls in the form of rain, or as snow, sleet, or hail, to be again melted and evaporated. But, by itself, the law which effects these changes would bring about the most disastrous consequences. It would produce them all by a series of violent shocks, which would often be more terrible and destructive than earthquakes. Seventeen volumes of water will expand into about eighteen volumes of ice; and even with the slow and gradual process of freezing which nature has arranged for us, we see that water-pipes are burst, vessels of all kinds, from bottles to reservoirs, are riven and cracked, and even rocks and mountains are rent and torn by the irresistible force of the expansion. But suppose all this took place instantaneously; that the first cold gust of wind that swept across a body of water after it had cooled to 32° froze it at once into a solid mass; or that the water filling a crevasse in a mountain-peak were thus suddenly congealed and expanded; or that the tremendous volumes of water that are often rolling over our heads in the form of clouds were liable at any moment to congeal into ice, and come crashing down by the ton! And a thaw would often be even more ruinous than a frost. An accumulation of snow and ice on a mountain-peak or a rising ground, or even a house-top, would be simply a reservoir liable to burst at any moment, and come down in overwhelming and devastating torrents. All these and a thousand other disasters are prevented by the wise and beneficent interposition of the other law which we see at work on the ice-vendor’s barrow.

Nature ordains that in every fluid a certain amount of heat shall be hidden away as a reserve force, to be brought out wherever there is a danger of too sudden a change. Nobody could tell that

the heat was there; but the moment the surrounding cold becomes so great that the fluid is in danger of being suddenly congealed into a solid, the latent heat at once betrays itself, mitigates the cold, and renders the process a slow and gradual one. On the other hand, the solid which the ice-vendor puts around his tins no sooner begins to dissolve, than the fluid it produces begins to absorb heat with such rapidity that everything around it is robbed of its warmth, and liquefaction is arrested. The change, which but for this would have been almost instantaneous, is effected slowly and by degrees; and if, notwithstanding this loss of heat, we still keep up a rapid thaw by adding salt to the ice, and by revolving the vessel, the cream within it, and everything else around, must be laid under contribution, and must part with its warmth, even though it be frozen hard, and that in a sultry thoroughfare on a broiling August afternoon.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY ANTONIA DICKSON.

A LITTLE child rests on a bed of pain,
With an aching head and a throbbing brain;
A feverish flush on the soft cheek lies,
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,
As the sick child moans: ‘How the slow hours creep!
Will the Lord not send to His little one sleep?’

And the mother smoothed from the child’s brow fair
The clustering locks of her golden hair,
And murmured: ‘My darling, we cannot tell;
But we know that the Father doth all things well;
And we know that never a creature in pain
Addressed a prayer to His mercy in vain.
Time has no line that His hand may not smooth;
Life has no grief that His love cannot soothe;
And the fevered brow shall have rest at last,
In the healing shade from the Death Cross cast.
Look up, my precious one; why shouldst thou weep?
The Lord giveth aye to His loved ones sleep.’

And the little one gazed with a glad surprise
In the loving depths of those patient eyes,
Then lifted her lips for one long embrace,
And turned with a smile on her weary face.

And the mother smiled as the early morn
Marked the deep peace on the childish form,
And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep:
‘The dear Lord be praised, Who hath given her sleep!’

Ay, mother—she sleeps, in that charmed repose,
That shall waken no more to earth’s pains and woes,
For the Saviour hath gathered His lamb to His breast,
Where never life’s storms shall her peace molest.
His dear love willed not that Time should trace
One sorrowful line on that innocent face;
Others, less favoured, might suffer their share
Of the midnight toil and the noontide glare;
Others might labour, others might weep,
But ‘the Lord giveth aye to His loved ones sleep.’

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SOME EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

SECOND PAPER.

In looking back to these long-past times in the little country town by the Tweed, I have hardly done justice to that respectable body, the local militia, or 'locals,' as they were familiarly called, who came into existence two or three years before the regular militia made their appearance in the place. I think the date of the locals was about 1808. The period of the year chosen for their drill was in June, when the days were long, the weather was fine, and there was no particular pressure in rural occupation. The turnips had been all sown, and little would be in hand till harvest. Now was the time for that pleasant outing which could not but be acceptable to farm-labourers—a holiday for a fortnight in the country town, in circumstances varied and agreeable.

Changing ~~the scene~~ ^{the scene}, they were for fourteen days to exhibit themselves in the attractive guise of soldiers—a red coat, white breeches, and black leggings, with a row of leaden buttons to the knee. It was a good turn-out, superior to the slovenly trouserings, which did not come into fashion till the conclusion of the war. To get into the locals was a kind of privilege, not only on account of the exemption from ballot, but for the pleasure of an annual holiday. During the fortnight, the members of the corps were billeted at free quarters, were provided with rations, and had absolutely no work to do but to pipeplay their breeches and belts, and scour the barrel of their gun. The parading, marching, and firing were mere amusement.

The higher class of officers were county gentlemen or their sons; the subalterns were well-to-do tradesmen. The sergeants were mostly men who had been in the army, and were preferred from their knowledge of regimental business. To one old sergeant of particular mark was assigned a double duty. He took charge of all the dresses and accoutrements in an adjoining feudal keep, and on annually taking the field, was, as a good disciplinarian, intrusted with the command of the 'awkward squad.' The squad usually consisted of about a dozen individuals, who, though unchallengeable in bodily aspect, laboured under the misfortune of not readily knowing their right foot from their left. When put in the ranks, there was no getting them to keep the step, and they were otherwise so odd in their movements, that they were remitted for cultivation to the old sergeant, who, in a secluded part of the town green, had a desperate job in bringing them into anything like decent military order. From the perplexities in which they were, as to managing their legs, standing upright, and looking straight forward, the awkward squad were objects of daily amusement to the school children.

In their drill, when in line, the locals were often commanded to 'fire a volley and charge bayonets after it,' and in this, with little practice, they acquitted themselves wonderfully; there being no enemy in front to charge against. Firing at targets with ball-cartridge was less successfully executed. But we have to bear in mind that the gun was the old 'brown Bess,' with which instrument, it has been said, not more than one in sixty bullets ever took effect. On one occasion, at this ball-practice, there occurred a misadventure. Willie Paterson, a weaver, noted for his buckish appearance on Sundays with a pair of boots, which, according to fancy, sometimes figured with tops, and at other times with tassels, became a member of the locals, no doubt with a view to escape being balloted for the militia. He was not quite aware of the dangers attending ball-practice. In grounding his musket after loading, Willis accidentally touched the lock with his foot. The weapon went off, and shot him in the shoulder. Willie dropped, and was carried home. The case roused general sympathy. He was viewed as a martyr to duty. Presents poured in upon him, and he was like to be killed with kindness. Instead of being a misfortune, the wound, which was by no means severe, proved to be the luckiest thing that could have happened. From the gifts of money he received, he was able to build a house, and set up as a small shopkeeper. In this

last respect, he was not particularly qualified by scholarship. I can recollect that some fun was caused in the town by his having, in writing to a merchant, requested him to send a gross of *organs*, instead of a gross of *oranges*. Willie Paterson has long since passed away, but I see that his neat two-story house remains as a memorial of the fortunate misadventure in the locals.

Among my early recollections are those connected with French prisoners of war. To the little town a few had been sent to live on parole in 1803, and there they continued in the light of familiar inhabitants for a period of eight or nine years. Though called French, only two or three deserved that appellation. The most of them were Dutch, Walloons, or Danes—unfortunate men who had been captured in connection with the French service, and sent to spend their lives on a small weekly allowance in an inland Scottish town. The two or three Frenchmen walked about in a quiet genteel way, doing nothing in the shape of work. One of them was a slim gentlemanly looking man of middle age, with gray silk stockings to the knee, and a small queue dangling over the neck of his coat. His name was Monsieur Boutelle. He lived in the close adjoining my father's house, and there my brother Robert and I, taking an interest in him, and occasionally doing him a trifling service, such as presenting him with a dish of small trouts, had the honour of making his acquaintance, and familiarising ourselves with the French language. The Dutchmen sent as prisoners on parole naturally took to the river and its tributaries, in which they employed themselves fishing for trout or eels, the boys in the town helping them to dig for worms as bait, and pointing out the spots where they were likely to be successful in their pursuit. They seemed to have no difficulty in learning English, and became at length quite companionable with the natives. The Walloons and Danes were a different set. They occupied themselves as weavers, and as such were almost merged in the general class of artisans. Two or three years later came a *détenu* of a different class. He was seemingly the captain of a ship from the French West Indies, who, by some special grace, had been permitted to bring with him his wife and a negro servant-boy named Jack. Black Jack, as we called him, was sent to the school, where he played with the other boys on the town green, and at length read and spoke like a native. He was a good-natured creature, and became a general favourite. Jack was the first pure negro whom the boys at that time had ever seen.

None of these classes of prisoners broke his parole, nor ever gave any trouble to the authorities. They had not, indeed, any appearance of being prisoners, for they were practically free to live and ramble about, within reasonable bounds, where they liked. In 1810, there was a large accession to this original body of prisoners on parole, to whom, however, on account of some special circumstance, I shall afterwards refer. Meanwhile, therefore, I pass on to a remarkable episode in connection with prisoners of war who were not on parole, but kept under restriction.

In the heat of the war in Spain, depots for the reception of crowds of the common class of prisoners were established in various parts of the country. The nearest of these, and which I on one occasion visited with my father, was at Penicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh. Here, on a level space in the depth of a valley, was a group of barracks, surrounded by tall palisades, for the accommodation of some hundreds of prisoners, who, night and day, were strictly watched by armed sentries, ready to fire on them in the event of outbreak.

The day on which we happened to make our visit was a Sunday, and the scene presented was accordingly the more startling. Standing in the churchyard on the brink of the hollow, all the immediate surroundings betokened the solemnity of a Scottish Sabbath. The shops in the village were shut. From the church was heard the voice of the preacher. Looking down from the height on the hive of living beings, there was not among them a vestige of the ordinary calm of Sunday—only *Dimanche*! Dressed in coarse woollen clothing of a yellow colour, and most of them wearing red or blue cloth caps, or party-coloured cowls, the prisoners were engaged in a variety of amusements and occupations. Prominently, and forming the centre of attraction, were a considerable number ranked up in two rows, joyously dancing to the sound of a fiddle, which was briskly played by a man who stood on the top of a barrel. Others were superintending cookery in big pots over open fires, which they fanned by the flapping of cocked-luts. Others were fencing with sticks amidst a circle of eager onlookers. A few were seated meditatively on benches, perhaps thinking of far-distant homes, or the fortune of war, which had brought them into this painful predicament. In twos or threes, some were walking apart to and fro, and I conjectured they were of a slightly superior class. Near one corner was a booth—a rickety concern of boards—seemingly a kind of restaurant, with the pretentious inscription, 'CAFÉ DE PARIS,' over the door, and a small tricolor flag was fluttering from a slender pole on the roof. To complete the picture, fancy several of the prisoners, no doubt the more ingenious among them, stationed at small wickets opening with hinges in the tall palisades, offering for sale articles, such as snuff-boxes of bone, that they had been allowed to manufacture, and the money got by which sales procured them a few luxuries.

Altogether, the spectacle to me, as a boy, was very extraordinary, and has left an indelible impression on my memory. What has since struck me as the drollest thing about the scene, was, that the multitudinous diversions and occupations should have been going on at full blast in the hollow of a pretty Scottish dell on a Sunday forenoon, almost within the sound of psalm-singing in the parish kirk. I venture to say, at least, that the congregation in the church, if they had cared to listen, could not have failed to hear the merry strains of the vivacious French fiddler. In the present orderly times, when everything is inquired into and debated, we cannot imagine that the eccentricities of the prisoners would have escaped public censure. The very circumstances specified serve to illustrate the exceptional condition of affairs during the war. Society was too much taken up with the question of national safety to

seriously concern itself about the conduct of these Frenchmen; while the government was probably fain to let them amuse themselves any way they liked, so long as they were amenable to discipline, and did not attempt to make their escape. Possibly the prisoners were not without visits from religious instructors, but I did not see or hear of any evidence to that effect.

Though far from being ill-treated, yet, hemmed in pretty much like wild beasts in a menagerie, and with literally nothing to do in the way of useful employment, the prisoners at Peniculik could not but fret, and, in despair, try to get out. They were under no parole, and perhaps felt that they were entitled to procure their liberty if they could do so by any species of artifice. Occasionally, two or three made the attempt, at the risk of almost certain death; for the sentries were vigilant, and authorised to fire upon any one trying to make his escape. What were the efforts which these unfortunate *détenus* made to burst out on a large scale, may be judged from the following incident.

One afternoon, on coming out of school, and emerging on the main street, my companions and I were startled with the spectacle of a party of French prisoners of war under a military escort. Even to boys, who are not very sensitive, it was an appalling scene; something at least which I can never forget. The poor wretches in their miserable attire, mostly without shoes, and faint from hunger, walked slowly and painfully within the circle of soldiers towards the county jail, the only place of security in the town. There they were immured for the night, and succoured with some provisions, which they thankfully received. Soon it became known that they had escaped from Peniculik, and in a way interesting to record. From one of the barrack-like buildings in which they were confined at night, they contrived to excavate a tunnel beneath the courtyard, the palisades, and the outer promenade for sentries, as far as the woody bank beyond. There were some serious difficulties in the undertaking. The excavators had to work with imperfect tools, such as bits of the iron hoop of a barrel. A greater difficulty consisted in getting rid of the excavated earth without exciting suspicion. This caused a great deal of trouble, but somehow the pocketful of loose stuff that were brought to the surface were happily got rid of. There was another very serious difficulty. Digging the tunnel in the required direction, and just as wide as would allow a man to creep through, it was almost impossible to determine on the point where the exit could be safely effected. By burrowing too far, they would get under the steep bank, and be unable to emerge to the surface. If they emerged too soon, even by a few feet, they would be exposed to the fire of the sentry. The whole enterprise was critical. It was a matter of death or life, and only certain daring spirits, ardently sighing for liberty, would engage in the terrible risk. One may imagine the months of agonising labour, digging night after night in that hideous tunnel, the dimensions of a common drain—the constant apprehensions of discovery—the trouble in carrying away and concealing the excavated material—the fears, the hopes attending the final issue.

So skillfully were matters managed, that none of the guards or prison officials was aware of the bold

attempt at escape that was to be made. The tunnel was completed; everything was ready for bursting forth. So far there had been an extraordinary success: the worst was to come. All things considered, the idea of getting clear off was little better than madness. The party were twenty-three in number. All were dressed in the yellow prison garb, which would everywhere reveal their character. They were unacquainted with the country. No more than two or three of them could speak English. The project was absurd, pitiable. The only rational conjecture I have been able to form regarding the apparent hopelessness of the attempt was, that the party designed, if possible, to reach a humble cottage, known as the Clay House, at Acrefield, in the immediate neighbourhood of the small town in which I lived, and where by some private understanding prisoners of war were received, and aided in escaping from the country. But even to get to the Clay House, without being seen, would be no easy matter. It was ten to twelve miles distant in a southerly direction, and was obscurely situated away from the main thoroughfare.

Whatever might be the scheme of operations, the party selected a moonlight night for the enterprise. With the prime engineer and leader in advance, the party, in single file, crouching down, and following close at one another's heels, stealthily crept through the tunnel to its extreme end, where it was thought to be safe to burst into the open air. The calculation as to the proper spot for issuing just within the loose scattered wood on the bank had been pretty correct. The leader, having cautiously loosened the earth until he saw the glimmer of the moonlight, pushed the incumbent mass upwards with his back, and in an instant was on his feet on the open ground, and hastening away among the trees up the acclivity. The others, one by one, followed, but not with equal success. The nearest sentry, seeing the torrent of fugitives, leveled his musket and fired, killing one dead on the spot. The alarm being thus given, other sentries fired. Following in pursuit, five were captured, and taken back to prison. The fugitives were now reduced to seventeen.

We may conceive that the hurried scrambling flight of the poor wretches, with dropping shots of soldiery in their rear, formed an exciting scene. It appears that one of the party, named Deschamps, had at times, under escort of a soldier, been permitted to visit shops in the village on errands connected with the prison, and had thus, by looking about him, and talking to the natives, learned the nature of the country around. His knowledge so acquired was now brought into use. After pausing for a few minutes to gain breath in the woods to the west of the village, he represented the propriety of pushing on in a southerly direction across a wild moory plain, full of peat-mosses, where some refuge could be obtained; and thereafter by crossing a hill get into a valley, in which was a small river tributary to the Tweed. His guidance was implicitly followed. Before dawn the party had ensconced themselves in the deep cuttings of the moss, where, in momentary apprehension, and peering across the heather, they were on the watch for pursuers. The only food they had was a little bread, which they carried in their pockets, supplemented by morsels of a raw turnip, which one of them had picked from a field

in the course of his flight. So passed over the first day, without any cause for alarm.

After dusk, they stole from their hiding-places in the moss, and, under guidance of Deschamps, crossed the hill above Leadburn on the south, and got into the vale of Eddleston Water. Holding down the valley, they reached the picturesque and secluded recess of Cowie's Linn. It was an admirable hiding-place, but its very seclusion rendered it untenable. They had nothing to eat but turnips, on which alone they subsisted the second day. To make matters worse, Deschamps, as scout to the party, had slipped down a rocky bank, and lacerated one of his legs so badly that he was scarcely able to walk. In the extremity to which they were put, it was evident that unless they reached the neighbourhood of a town, they must perish of starvation. At night, they resolved to advance, even at some risk of detection. Still pursuing their way down the valley, Deschamps limping dreadfully and half dragged on between two companions, the party at about two o'clock in the morning reached the farm-steading of Winkston. There, without leave, and in sheer desperation, they took refuge in a barn among straw, in which they buried themselves and fell fast asleep.

At this point they were within a mile of the Clay House, and if it was their intention to push their way thither, the feat might have been accomplished by turning down a byway to the right. For the time being they enjoyed some repose in the barn at Winkston. Here was an opportunity, such as seldom occurs, for a man doing a kindly act to houseless and forlorn strangers—criminals they were not—offenders in any degree they were not—but victims of a war into which they had been dragged by conscription, and whose heroic efforts to escape, as well as their destitution and sufferings, were enough to rouse the feelings of any one with a spark of humanity. The farmer was a person of a coarse nature—anything but a favourable specimen of the tenants in the district. When in the morning he was informed who were his guests, he proceeded to take a look of them in the barn, and found them to be in about the most abject condition possible to be endured by human beings. Did his conduct resemble that of the good Samaritan? Quite the reverse. Roughly, he asked them why they were there. One of the party, who could speak a little English, earnestly besought shelter for a few hours and something to eat—they would pay for bread and milk. Without a word in reply to the sad appeal, the farmer sullenly turned the key upon them—locked them up in their agonising distress—left them, it might be, to die. He forthwith despatched news of their capture to the military at Penicuik, and had the miserable satisfaction of delivering up the whole to a company of soldiers. How this hard-hearted man—whose name I suppress—was for years afterwards execrated throughout the neighbourhood! Conscious, perhaps, of the disrepute into which he had fallen, on account of his cruelty to the poor Frenchmen, he shrunk into a gloomy recklessness of character. The simple people about said he was 'under a feydom'—a familiar Scottish phrase only to be translated by saying that he was 'under the dominion of fees or fancies,' something supernatural. At all events, this unhappy person had a dismal ending. One night, he madly attempted to cross the Tweed

on horseback at a particularly dangerous ford, when the river was roaring 'from bank to brae' in full flood, and was swept away and drowned.

In the deplorable condition already described, the party of French prisoners reached the little town, and, as has been said, were secured in the county jail. Refreshed with food and a night's rest, they were brought out of the prison in the morning about nine o'clock, and by the military officer in command were ordered to march back to Penicuik. From the crowd of boys and town-folk who were spectators of the scene, there arose something like a cry of horror. The unfortunate wretches could not march; they could barely stand; and piteously implored compassion. Deschamps, who had figured as a leader, presented a sight which is fresh in my remembrance after an interval of more than sixty-four years. Drawing up the leg of his ragged trousers, he, with dramatic gesture, called the officer's attention to the state of his limb. It was a universal ulceration. Though speaking in French, he required no interpreter. The words were the voice of nature, which all could understand. The officer felt the force of the appeal. He ordered carts to be procured. There was accordingly a lull in the proceedings until the carts and horses made their appearance.

Let us, if possible, picture the grouping on the occasion. In the centre, in front of the jail, stood or sat on the street the woe-begone prisoners. Hanging about on their skirts, but ready for action, were the soldiers, the officer with sword drawn pacing backwards and forwards. Outside, at a respectful distance, were the miscellaneous onlookers. Among these was May Ingram, a tall woman of masculine character, who, though married, was known only by her maiden name. In the 'dear years,' she had headed a meal-mob. Yet May, with all her exterior roughness of character, had in her the milk of human kindness. On this memorable morning, she put to shame persons of higher pretensions. Perceiving that Deschamps was helpless, and suffering from a frightful sore, May rushed away to her poor home in quest of rags and emollient salve; and returning in time, bound up the wound, and aided in imparting a degree of comfort to the unfortunate Frenchman. The carts arrive. The cavalcade moves off, and we see it disappear round the corner at the east end of the town, on its way to Penicuik. In the throng who linger behind, May Ingram pathetically expatiates on the nature of her surgical operation and the sufferings of the poor creatures generally. French as they were, she observed, 'they were aye somebody's body!' Looking back on this occurrence in my boyish days, the painfulness of the recollection is assuaged by a remembrance of this poor woman's truly Christian act of charity to a totally friendless being.

The next time I visited Penicuik was long after the conclusion of the war. The site of the prison was entirely changed in character. It was a scene of peaceful and prosperous industry, consisting of the extensive paper-manufacturing works of the Messrs Cowan. Around it were still the woody banks which had been the scene of the extraordinary escapade of the band of *détenus*. Near the foot of the bank was seen among the trees a handsome monumental structure, erected almost entirely through the munificence of the late Alexander

Cowan, a man noted for his generous yet unostentatious benefactions. It bears an inscription in English and French, with a line in Latin from a Roman poet, believed to have been suggested by Sir Walter Scott. We read with interest, as follows:

The mortal remains of
300 prisoners of war,
Who died in this neighbourhood
Between 21st March 1811 and 29th July 1814,
Are interred near this spot.

Grata quies patria, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum.
[Grateful is it to repose in one's own country, but all the world is a tomb.]

Certain Inhabitants of this Parish, desiring to remember that all Men are Brethren, caused this Monument to be erected in the Year 1830.

Près de ce lieu reposent les cendres de
300 prisonniers de guerre,
Morts dans ce voisinage
entre le 21 Mars 1811 et le 26 Juillet 1814.

Nés pour bénir les vœux de vieillissantes mères,
Par le sort appelés
A devenir amants, aimés, époux, et pères,
Ils sont morts exilés.

Plusieurs habitants de cette Paroisse, aimant à croire que tous les hommes sont frères, firent élever ce Monument l'an 1830.*

w. c.

WALTER'S WORD.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—HOMEWARD BOUND.

FOR a few days after the return of the captives, it seemed probable that Walter would have lost not only his plighted bride, but her also to whose loving arms she had bequeathed him. The knowledge of her father's sufferings in the brigand camp, and of the fate which he had so narrowly escaped; her rival's death; and the disclosure of Reginald's perfidy, had so tried Lillian's feeble frame, that it almost lost its foothold upon existence. For weeks she lay, prostrated as before, and only able to see Walter for a few minutes; and it was well nigh winter before she could get about, and, leaning on his arm, face the mild rigours of the Sicilian air. In the meantime, he was, of course, thrown much into the society of Mr Brown, who seemed as though he could never sufficiently shew his contrition for having so unjustly banished him from it, upon that memorable evening at Willowbank. The merchant had recovered his old ways and habits of command with miraculous elasticity with respect to other people, but to Walter he never failed to exhibit a deferential as well as an affectionate regard. It was, however, expressed in a characteristic way; not demonstratively as to words and manner, but in a sober practical fashion, such as

* Near this spot repose the ashes of 300 prisoners of war, who died in this neighbourhood between the 21st March 1811 and 26th July 1814.

Born to bless the affections of aging mothers, destined to love and be loved, to become husbands and fathers, they died in exile.

A number of the inhabitants of this parish, happy to believe that all men are brethren, caused this monument to be erected in the year 1830.

became a pillar of commerce. 'I had never believed,' said he one evening, as they were smoking together on the veranda of the hotel, 'that the phrase, "His word is as good as his bond," could be taken in a literal sense; but you indeed have proved it to be so. That you should have come back again from all this life and liberty—he pointed to the swarming Marins, and the sparkling bay that bordered it, decked with many a sail—to death and torture, just because you had given your promise to do so, without an inch of stamped paper, is a very fine thing, my lad. I had come to know you better by that time; but yet I never thought so well of you as to believe you would have returned empty-handed to that den of thieves.'

'Well, as to my word being as good as my bond, Mr Brown,' answered Walter, laughing, 'that is not so great a compliment as it seems, for I fancy my bond would not be worth much.'

'It would be good for fifty thousand pounds, my men,' observed the merchant gravely.

'How so, Mr Brown?'

'Because that is the sum I am going to give you and Lillian for your marriage present. Why not, sir? If I had escaped Corralli's hands by any other means save those you contrived for me, I should have paid the money into the brigand treasury; and surely one may at least prefer to put it in the pocket of an honest young Englishman. Then the saving my life may be reckoned as some value received, I suppose; not to mention my daughter's life, which, had I been put to death, would, I verily believe, have been sacrificed. Moreover, I am under an immense obligation to you for unmasking that scoundrel, Sir Reginald. What a pretty existence he would have led poor Lotty, and how all my hard-earned gains would have been frittered away on the race-course or the gambling-table, if it had not been for you, my lad! No, no; I won't have a word of thanks, for the obligation will still be upon my own side, after all is done. Pooh, pooh! The money shall be settled upon Lillian and her children, then, if you wish it to be so; though there will be plenty more for them, I dare say. What's hers will be yours, you know, and being a prudent young fellow, I dare say you'll find the income sufficient.' And Mr Christopher Brown chuckled, as, at one time, not so long ago, and in a certain locality, now white with snow, which he could almost catch sight of from where they were sitting, he had hardly thought to chuckle again.

'Have you heard anything more of Sir Reginald, lately, sir?' inquired Walter, after some more talk to the same effect, in which the baronet's name had again been mentioned.

'Yes; I have had a telegraph from his lawyer, inclosed from Naples, this very day: "*My client accepts the terms proposed to him, and will give the undertaking required.*" Of course he will. So long as he gets his thousand a year, paid quarterly, he will be content to remain separated from his beloved wife. She will be free enough from any molestation from him, you may depend upon it.'

Walter nodded, and sighed; he was thinking of the old times when Reginald Selwyn had been a hero in his eyes at school and college. Had he been base from the beginning? he wondered. Was it a false glitter that had dazzled all eyes concerning him, or had his nature deteriorated from circumstances? Had want of money made him value it

too highly? and when fortune seemed to be within his grasp, had he been unable to resist the temptation to snatch at it? He had been always selfish, and somewhat hard, but surely not so heartless and cruel as these last days had proved him to be. Nor could Walter forget the impulse of old friendship that had caused the wretched man to follow him along the Marina yonder, as he went to his doom, and strive to save him from it—though only by making him partaker of his crime.

'I am afraid,' sighed he, 'Lotty will not receive this news with the same satisfaction as yourself, Mr Brown. After all, this man was her first-love.'

'First fiddlesticks!' exclaimed the old merchant impatiently. 'You would try to persuade me that my daughter is a fool, to my face! What has she ever got from this man but hard words and insults? Why, I have seen her start when he spoke to her, as though a gun had gone off. No, no; if first-love ever lasts for ever, man, it is only when one has had no experience of it. Not that I mean to say you will soon get tired of Lillian, you know; that's quite a different matter.'

'Indeed, sir, I think that I shall not do that,' answered Walter, blushing; for he could not but reflect who had been his first-love, and how it would astonish his future father-in-law to learn that it had not been Lillian, but that counterfeit presentment of her (as she had been), her sister. Ill-usage, and the destruction of her brightest illusions, had altered poor Lotty, indeed, since that memorable occasion when he had travelled in her company to Penaddon; but, for the moment, he seemed to see her as she had looked that day.

'Has Sir Reginald returned to London?' inquired Walter, after a long pause, during which, both he and his companion were deep in thought.

'No,' replied Mr Brown; 'or, rather, he did return, but found the place too hot to hold him. The news of his conduct here had arrived before him. I hear, from one of my correspondents, that he was out at his club, which, it appears, is the severest chastisement society can inflict, though I daresay he is too thick-skinned to feel it.'

'You are wrong there, sir,' answered Walter gravely; 'that is just what he would feel—the very punishment, of all others, under which his undoubted courage would not sustain him.'

'Still, it would have been more satisfactory to learn that he was hanged,' observed the old merchant grimly; 'instead of which, he has only been transported.'

'Transported! How do you mean?'

'Oh, I forgot I had not told you. He has gone to live in Paris, with—with'—it was Mr Brown's turn to blush now, and he did it in a very unmistakable manner—'with that aunt of his, of whom we used to see so much at Willowbank, Mrs Sheldon. There must be something good about that woman, to make her thus stick to him in his disgrace, and give him what countenance she can.'

'Doubtless; yet I think she was a designing woman.'

'Very likely,' answered Mr Brown dryly; 'widows often are.'

Then there was another pause, even longer than the preceding. 'Walter, my lad,' observed the old merchant, as he threw away the end of his cigar, 'what on earth was it made you come to Sicily?'

'Well, sir,' answered Walter, smiling, 'I was ad-

vised to do so.' Of course there would have been no harm now in confessing the true reason for his exodus, but that would have reopened the whole matter of Reginald's ill conduct—the suspicions that Lillian had entertained of him, &c.—and the topic had been already sufficiently debated.

'Advised? What? by a doctor, do you mean? Considering how fortunate the issue has been for me, I think he deserves a fee.'

'Well, no, sir; it was not a doctor, but a very good friend—a painter. If it had not been for his suggestion, I certainly should not have had the opportunity of doing you the service which you are pleased to value at such a fancy price.'

'Then that man's pictures shall never want a buyer,' cried Mr Brown excitedly. 'What's his name and address?'

'His name is Pelter, and he occupies lodgings in the same house with me in Beech Street. He is a very good artist, though by no means a very successful one; his style'—

'I don't care what his style is,' interrupted the merchant in his old arbitrary way, 'for I mean to like it, whatever it is. I shall buy what he can't sell, and give him orders for all he paints for the future. If he is your friend, my lad, he is my friend, and I shall make a point of patronising him.'

'Indeed, sir,' answered Walter, smiling, 'I hope you will not attempt to do that.'

He had a letter from his friend, in his pocket, at that very time, the second he had received from him—though Jack was as dilatory with his pen as with his brush—since the Coralli affair had been noised abroad; preaching Bohemianism and independence of all sorts, with a private and particular exception in favour of a man who had won an heiress, as a simple knight of old might carry off a king's daughter in a tournament, by his courage and conduct among brigands. 'I was convinced, my dear Walter, from the first, that sooner or later, you would swerve from the faith, and become a domestic character. You will have trouble in the flesh—not to mention the spirits—but I spare you. I believe nature intended you to be a married man in what is satirically termed "easy circumstances;" nor should I be surprised to see you (afar off) glistening in the sun, even as those who wear polished boots in the daytime. It is the privilege of some, whose friends have been thus turned away from them, to become godfathers to their children, but I am afraid I am hardly fit for even that connection. Still, there will be a link between us, old friend, though it may not be publicly acknowledged. I am indebted to you for many an hour of "sweet companionship," the memory of which will always be a treasure to me; the old house here is desolate enough without you, and I dare not go into your rooms; yet it is well for me that I have known and loved you. But "this is sentiment, sir," as old Tintae says, when he has concluded his bargain, and can eulogise "a picture of the affections," as his own. Talking of pictures, Nellie Neale has been here to break to me the news that she can no longer be a model, except of the domestic virtues. She is going to be married to a respectable young fellow in her own rank of life, with which prospect she bids me tell you she is quite content. This is to me a "dark saying," unless, indeed, she flatters herself that she might have had Walter Litton, Esq. for the asking. With

that young gentleman, it seems it is always Leap-year. Your relations with the Self-made One are indeed a subject for congratulation, and must have afforded you enormous opportunities; surely, surely you have not neglected to take sketches of him when in captivity. Let me suggest a series—*Corralli after Brown: Brown before Corralli: Brown on the Mountain; a Storm: Brown in female Brigand Costume, escaping: Brown laid lifeless by (the wind of) a Muskiet-bullet.* Keep these by you in the rough; and if anything should disturb your present relations with him, threaten to touch them up—in which my assistance may be of some service, and publish them. *Verbum sap.'*

This was a letter, though very significant of the writer, which Walter could hardly shew in its entirety to Mr Brown, so he confined himself to a *bird's eye* description of his friend's characteristics.

'I see,' observed the old merchant good-humouredly; 'this young gentleman is as proud and independent as his friend; he will have no patron but the dealers, won't he? Then the dealers shall buy them—for me.'

The old merchant was as good as his word. It was most surprising—and to no one more than to Jack himself—how very much the demand for Mr Pelter's pictures increased among the trade from the spring of that date; the effect of which did not much appear indeed in the attire or mode of life of that modest artist, but was very perceptible in the furniture of his studio; for, partly hidden, partly bulging forth under the folds of a picturesque Spanish cloak, hung low, for the purpose of concealing it, was always to be seen in that apartment a vast circular object bound with iron hoops. Jack took in his stout by the barrel.

His apprehensions of a separation from his friend, let us add, were altogether without foundation. Lilián was by no means one of those women who exhibit their devotion to the object of their choice by isolating him from all whom he held dear before his marriage; she made his friend her friend, and bound her Walter closer to herself, if that were possible, by that new tie. Jack was a frequent and welcome guest at Willow-bank, and had at least one prejudice in common with its proprietor: they stood shoulder to shoulder against the practice of putting on evening attire, except on very great occasions. At dinner-parties in the dog-days, Mr Brown was compelled to wear black broadcloth, whereas Jack sent his excuses, and sat at home in his shirt-sleeves, with his kind heart full of pity for the victims of society. He had the run of the house, except one Bluebeard's chamber, in which were hung his own pictures, until one day a great City magnate, who knew what was good when he saw it, even out of a soup-tureen, offered to buy the whole lot for twice the fancy price that his host had given for them. Mr Brown hesitated as to whether he should sell, and send the difference by cheque to Jack—which would probably have cost him his friendship. As it was, he adopted another plan. The next time Jack came, he was shewn into that very room, and just as his brow was getting black with pride and shame (for he guessed all in a moment)—'No wonder you are rather moved, Mr Pelter,' said the old gentleman, 'for I could make fifteen hundred pounds by those pictures to-morrow. However, old Ingot has taken

a fancy to your works, and I reckon I shall never get another bargain out of you again.' A remark which had not only delicacy but truth to recommend it, for there is now many a R.A. whose signature on canvas counts far less than that of plain Jack Pelter. 'It is as good as my name on stamped paper,' boasts Mr Christopher Brown, 'or as our Walter's word.'

But we are sadly anticipating matters. These things occurred of course long after the two chief personages in the history had been made one.

In the early spring-time, when the flowers were thick upon the grave of Joanna, which was in the very spot which he whom she loved had at one time thought himself to rest, Walter and Lilián were married. It was a very quiet wedding, and yet it was a double one, for Francisco and Julia were united on the same day; nor did the merchant forget the share which the young Sicilian had had in effecting his release from captivity, or that his bride had been Lilián's tender and faithful nurse for many a weary week. Her place as attendant upon Mrs Walter Litton was supplied by a handsome young woman, wearing the garb of woe, which, however, became her admirably, and who was not so prostrated by the loss of one swain but that she had already given hopes to several others that they might occupy his shoes. A more charming *soubrette*, in fact, than Lavocca was transformed into—nor a more modest one withal, in spite of her little flirtations—it would have been difficult to find. She left, however, all native lovers despairing, and stepped on board the *Sylphide* fancy-free. The whole party went straight to England in the yacht, their original idea of visiting Rome being abandoned. In vain the banker and other English friends painted the beauties of Italian scenery, and the interest of classical antiquities, in the most attractive colours, as also the safety of the high-ways and railroads. There were brigands in Italy as well as in Sicily, and Mr Brown was resolved to run no risks. The state of Lilián's health had alone detained him thus long upon foreign soil, and he was heartily glad to quit it. He had lost, not indeed fifty thousand pounds, he was wont to say, but still a good many pounds—of flesh—while partaking of the hospitality of Captain Corrali, and his health needed to be recruited at home.

Let us take a last look of our friends as they stand upon the deck of the *Sylphide* and wave their hands in farewell to those upon the quay. The consul is there, who strove so gallantly, although in vain, to assist poor Walter in his strait, and who has long got to know and like the young fellow; the banker also, at whose hospitable table—though he little thought to have been able to accept an invitation from him—Walter has often dined, and talked over with him that matter of the 'Brown Ransom,' which is to this day the stock story of the house of Gordon. Francisco is there with his new-made bride, and kisses his brown hand in graceful good-bye, while she sheds silent tears. Signor Bacari is also in tears, by no means silent ones, but his grief at the departure of his lodger is no less genuine than demonstrative. Again and again he commends Walter to the protection of the saints, and bids him beware of brigands—a baleful product, which he fancies to be indigenous to every soil. The yacht is loosened from her moorings, sail after sail clothes her delicate spars, and off she glides towards

England. The figures of those upon the quay grow fainter and fainter, till only the fluttering kerchief can be made out which marks Julia's presence; but the noble hills which are being left for ever are still discernible. To one of these, that stands up straight and sheer to eastward, Walter points in silence, and presses Lillian's arm.

'Yes; that was once my prison,' she answers, for in it was Joanna's cavern. 'I do not, however, regret my captivity, since but for it you would not have been mine, Walter.'

Here she pauses, gazing up into his face with inexpressible love; then, as if remorseful for forgetting the woes of others in her own exceeding happiness, her eyes wander to Lotty—husbandless—deprived of what she has gained. 'She is happier thus, than she could ever have been with him,' whispered Walter, in answer to her thought. And indeed, as she stood smiling cheerfully, with her hand upon her father's arm, and in loving converse with him, it might well be hoped that that well-nigh broken heart would heal.

THE END.

THE FLORA OF MADAGASCAR.

THE forms under which life manifests itself in the great African island excite deep interest in the mind of the naturalist. He who visits it after having explored Africa and India, will find himself in a new world; the plants have a peculiar aspect, often of a type which is unknown in other countries. When the traveller lands at Tamatava, his attention is at once arrested by the beauty of the trees and strangeness of the plants. The ground is one mass of verdure; bushes and reeds spring out of the tufts of grass, cocoa-nut palms rise to a great height, and the mountains bathed in blue vapour complete the picture. Lemon-trees—peculiar to the country—offer a welcome shadow from the heat; the Indian acacia showers a profusion of its yellow blossoms; the beautiful *lochmera*, allied to the periwinkle, throws out its long stems, terminating in a mass of rose-coloured flowers; and the *Palma christi* displays its large leaves, sometimes green, sometimes purple.

On the shore, the *Pandanus* attracts attention, trees of a singular appearance, abounding in the marshy parts of Madagascar. They possess large roots, which issue from the trunk up to a considerable height, in appearance like ropes, and attaching the stem to the ground. The wood is very poor, with a smooth bark, and long pointed leaves; one kind bears clusters of sweet fruit, which the natives hold in great esteem; this species grows to the height of twelve or sixteen feet, with the leaves at the top spread out like a parasol. In most damp places grows the kind of palm which is invaluable to the inhabitants—the *Sagws*, or sago-tree. When old and dry, the leaves cover their huts; when young and tender, they are made into mats and ropes, and also form an excellent food. From the interior of the trunk the starch is extracted known through the world as sago.

Near the rivers, or in damp valleys, the eye is enchanted by the splendid foliage of the *Ravenala*, or traveller's tree, one of the most characteristic representatives of Madagascar. Truth and error have alike made a poetical legend of it. When it is spoken of, the imagination pictures the exhausted traveller dying from the agonies of thirst, restored

at once by the pure water of this tree. Alas for this fiction! it only grows where there are plenty of springs. Sailing on the river Jarouka, and stopping to climb the hills, a beautiful landscape presents itself to the eye: the *ravenalas* cover all the valleys, some rising to the height of thirty feet; and at the top of the strong stem, a gigantic fan spreads out, of fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five enormous bright leaves, on stalks from two to three yards long. Between these, a few branches appear, bearing flowers and fruits; the latter, on opening, shew about thirty seeds wrapped in a silky envelope of a bright blue or violet. The reservoirs of water are very simple: the rain which falls on the leaves runs down a trench in the flower-stalk; these are large at the base, and retain the liquid. When this is pierced with a lance, a stream runs out, and the natives at work in the heat, draw from this source, to save the trouble of going to the neighbouring torrent. It is, besides, a most invaluable tree: the leaves are made into plates and cups; they serve to cover the roofs and walls of houses; the bark is made into planks, and the trunk into beams. Unique of its kind, those who have seen the *Malagaches* use it say it should be named the builder's tree.

On the edge of the forests the *Strychno* is generally to be found, its poisonous seeds furnishing the alkaloid but too well known as strychnine. There is, however, one kind which bears fruit about the size of the quince, wrapped in a hard envelope, the sweet flavour of which is much prized by the natives. It is on the borders of these forests that the botanist will stand in ecstasy before a wondrous sight. Over the old trunks, or on some decayed tree, fall long stems of large and strange flowers, orchids of the genus *Angraecum*. They take possession of the trunk and branches, bury their roots in the bark, throw out gracefully twined stems, with two rows of bluish-green leaves, and four or five flowers unequalled for beauty, firm as wax, of milky whiteness, and a spur like an enormous tail about a foot in length. Here, too, are the passion-flowers, with edible fruits; some growing as shrubs, others as climbing-plants, having magnificent violet flowers, and seeds as large as eggs.

In the larger forests, the superb trees, unknown out of Madagascar, towering above all the vegetation around, are the *Chrysopias*. The top is spread out like a parasol, and the branches terminate in bunches of flowers, formed of five petals, of a dazzling purple, contrasting admirably with the foliage. When the bark is cut into, a yellow juice flows abundantly, which thickens when it comes in contact with the air, and makes an excellent resin for fixing knives into the handle. Out of one of the trunks of this tree the *Malagaches* make a pirogue, or boat. Everywhere on the eastern coast there grows a tree of remarkable elegance, with panicles of small rose-coloured flowers; it is the *Tanghinia*, the most dreaded tree in the island. The fruit furnishes a deadly poison.

As a general rule, aquatic plants of the family of *Najas*, so widely spread over the streams and pools of Europe and Asia, do not attract particular attention; it is necessary to go to Madagascar to see a very remarkable specimen of this type. In the torrents and streams near Tamatava grows the *Ouvirandra fenestralis*—according to Sir William Hooker, the most curious production of nature. It

has thick roots, extending in all directions, and forming numberless crowns; from this base rise tufts of large leaves, which float on the surface of the water, supported on stems longer or shorter in length according to the depth of the stream. From the centre of these rises a stem in the flowering season, which divides into two, and bears small red flowers. The leaves are real specimens of living lacework, graduating through every tint, from the palest green to the darkest olive, and give to the plant its singular beauty and strange character. The veins in them are disposed with regularity, and look like the frames of well-lighted windows. During the dry season, the whole withers away, only to spring up again when the rains pour down, and the torrent rushes along. It furnishes to the natives a good vegetable, the root being much esteemed. For a long time this plant was believed to be unique in its peculiar class; but about thirty years ago, M. Bernier, an ardent student of natural history in Africa, met with a second species, though much less singular in appearance; and a third kind has since then been observed in Senegal.

In the eastern part of the island, where rivers are abundant, the traveller often comes upon most delicious landscapes when the morning sun shines upon them. Green water, the banks covered with beautiful flowers, small scattered villages, trees reflected in the lakes, palms, and every variety of fern, with the fresh dewy meadows, make up an enchanting picture. Besides the reeds and aquatic plants which abound, is a curious type discovered by M. Petit-Thouars, who named it *Hydrostachis*. It consists of a tuft of leaves hanging down into the water; from the centre rise stems of small flowers arranged like ears of corn. Of a very modest appearance, they require the eye of a botanist to perceive the difference existing between them and the forms found in other countries. The well-known and exquisite blue African water-lily is spread in profusion over stagnant waters. As in India, the bamboo occupies a large place; near the shore, at the least breath of wind, these slender canes bend, the long leaves are agitated like feathers, and a sort of shiver seems to pass through the entire field.

In the more desolate regions where sandy plains stretch far away, trees are few and stunted, but there is something to interest the botanist even here. Beside the aloe, grow varieties of the caper tree, one having leaves of a brilliant green, spotted red stems, and white flowers; another, covered with a woolly down, bears yellow flowers. On the chalk hills grow *Dombeyas* and *Dignonias*, which have not been found in any other land. Even in this sad region M. Bojer has discovered a splendid tree, the *Cobivilia*, unique of its kind. It reaches the height of twenty yards, with an elegant foliage, the crown of branches clothed with red bark spotted with brilliant scarlet; the flowers, hanging upon red stems, are grouped in splendid clusters, of a yellow orange shaded with purple. The effect is truly magnificent.

After climbing the hills near Maroumby, the forest of Analamazaotra is reached, which passes through the whole centre of the island, varying in width. Trees, shrubs, creepers, ferns, plants of all kinds, are here massed together, and form an impenetrable thicket. Where man has cut a road, ravines, marshes of mud, quagmires, lakes, precipices, and

rocks, make the work most painful. In the presence of this sublime disorder, the luxury of vegetation spreads abundantly and freshness, or, at intervals, permits the bright rays of the sun to penetrate. Without doubt, many new specimens would be found here by the side of those well known to other parts of the island, but no botanist has yet installed himself in a grotto for a season or two to study this rich entanglement.

A different aspect altogether is described by the few travellers who have scaled the hills, crossed the great central forest, and reached the highest summit of the chain. Here, it seems like a different land; palms and ravenalas have disappeared with all tropical vegetation; the height above the level of the sea is considerable, and the climate is that of the temperate region. Nevertheless, the uneven soil and heaped-up rocks produce a grand effect; and when the highest point is gained, an imposing sight astonishes the gazer, as the immense plain of Ankay, bounded by two chains of mountains, stretches before him. When a brilliant sun lights it up, and strongly defined shadows bring out the smallest details, the panorama is magnificent; the eye rests on the village of Mouramanga, where the different roads meet; these, like a ribbon of ochre, cross the valley, and winding round the sides of the hills, appear again in the distance as a golden thread till lost in the blue mountains.

The *Orateua coccolas*, thirty yards in height, grows in the mountains, and is a magnificent tree, the caper family. Strength, grace, and beauty unite to make it a splendid addition to this richly dowered land. At the base the trunk is nearly two yards thick, and at the top the branches extend in a nearly horizontal line; the leaves are of a bright green veined with red; whilst the young shoots are altogether purple, and wave under the slightest breeze upon their long thin stalks. At the season of the year when the foliage is in its greatest beauty, the clusters of flowers appear of a pale scarlet rose tint. The natives use this tree to cut very wide planks for shutters. The *Asaparea commutata*, which is distinguished by large oval leaves and white pendent flowers, is very common in the mountains, and is valuable, as the bark takes the place of hemp.

For several centuries past the Malagaches have cultivated rice in many varieties; it is supposed to have been introduced by the Arabs, and grows well in the low grounds, as also on the hills. The ignama, with its enormous roots, is most valuable as a vegetable. It is of the same family as our wild arum, but grows to a great height, with large leaves and pretty flowers, producing a good effect when grouped in masses near a picturesque site. Cultivated from time immemorial in India and the South Sea Islands, it is probably from thence that it has been transplanted to Madagascar, as well as the great cardamon, which has become so abundant, a beautiful plant, bearing very elegant flowers and scarlet fruit, with a slightly acid and agreeable flavour.

Nature has here bountifully supplied the native with all his simple wants; he can gather fruit and dig up roots for his food, and procure leaves and bark, which supply materials for his dress, with wood for his dwelling. The strangeness of the vegetation of Madagascar would almost lead one to believe that this island has never been united to

Africa or Asia ; though so near to the former continent, it has few resemblances to it, and may be considered as vying with the tropical richness of Asia.

MORLEY FELL.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

SCARCE had he set his foot upon the fell, than, issuing like shadows from the wood he had so lately left, there came forth two men, speedily joined by a third.

'Well, Bill,' muttered one of the two to the last comer, 'this is a rum go : our game's gone to earth somewhere.'

'Ay, curse him! the bird's flown,' responded Bill, who was none other than our former acquaintance, the master of the deceased Sandy. 'I tould thee we suld be o'er late ; but I'll be even wi' em yet.'

'Hist !' whispered the third man, clutching Bill by the sleeve, and pointing towards the fell.

'By —, there he goes!' uttered Bill in great excitement. 'Noo, ma lads, let's all slip awa to th' ould wall. We maun keep together; he's a devil to deal wi'.'

Without more ado, they soon gained the wall; and had Harry gazed more earnestly, on looking round, he would have seen them half-concealed, just about to slip over it. On they went; they reached the fell; step by step, each choosing his own path, up the side they crawl, carefully picking their way, and pausing to rest only behind the larger boulders of rock here and there jutting out. They are desperate men, bent upon a desperate task. Revenge pure and simple actuates one man—he is Billy. He had easily induced his companions—his companions in more than one outrage which might have sent them all swinging—to join him in his plan, a plan which promised them some fun, and which, at anyrate, promised one of the three the possession of a good breech-loader. And now they are but a short way below him. O warning instinct, warn him once again! But instinct now is quiet. Ah, nothing now can save him! On they stealthily creep, those lawless men. God alone knows what treatment Harry will experience at their hands. How must his guardian angels with pitying eyes look on, that one so young, so promising, should die. Can nothing save him? God alone can save him now. Then let us be content; if God is for him, who can be against him? Harry is climbing unconsciously but pretty vigorously now; but the men are gaining fast upon him. Already they are pausing for a supreme effort, before they make their rush, when, in the providence of God, Harry, in scrambling along, loosens a large stone; he nearly slips, but recovering himself, turns to see how soon in mad career it may reach the bottom. An instant more, and he had been too late. With a startled shout of alarm, he sees two men only a couple of yards below him, and had he not by some half-dozen springs, light and rapid as the chamois, leaped into comparative

safety, they would have had him in their grasp. In that one glance he had seen enough, and more than enough, to convince him of his dangerous position. In the upturned face and vindictive eyes of the man just below him, he recognised clearly enough the villainous features of his old antagonist; and now, as he rested for an instant to get his wind, he saw not only one but three men straining every nerve to come up with him, and heard their eager shouts as they followed in pursuit. Recovering his breath and his nerve at the same time, he now turned, and commenced to climb steadily, knowing the fatal consequence of one false step; he tried hard and successfully to steady his nerves, and husband his strength by not giving way to flurried haste. So on they scramble. His heart beats quicker as he feels that they are rapidly gaining on him; he is fast losing wind and courage, for, as they struggle panting nearer and nearer, he can tell that they mean no play.

Suddenly his foremost pursuer halts, apparently almost beaten. Now is Harry's chance once more to collect himself. He immediately sits down, facing the man below him, and pulls out his flask—empty—every precious drop gone! Billy eyes him without speaking, but with the ferocity of a wild beast. Harry wisely does not waste his breath in talking. Billy is the first to move, followed by his companions; he does not plunge away now as he did at the beginning of the chase, but quietly and yet with speed works his way up. Harry too sets himself deliberately to work; he knows that his only chance now is to gain the top at least a minute before the men come up, for he has already had experience of the way in which hill-men can in an incredibly short time make their way to the bottom again. A very awkward and abrupt piece of climbing comes now, which Harry at any other time would have gladly shirked; but the difficulty is past, and he turns with a degree of assurance he has not felt before to see if it will in any way damp or hinder his pursuers' ardour, while he gains once more his breath. His breath is nearly all knocked out of him again, though, by seeing his pursuers strike off to the left, and climb with redoubled vigour and seeming ease a path circling round the projecting rock, and which he wonders that he missed seeing. It was evident the men knew their ground, and poor Harry shuddered to think of the consequences, if, by unforeseen difficulties, he is at length brought to bay. The weary chase once more proceeds. Harry rather sickens at the thought of being hunted in this way, and I am proud to believe his statement that in that awful hour he thought of and wished for me. He could hardly credit his senses—Londoner as he was—that all this was taking place in England. Once more he halts, and planting himself firmly on the ledge formed by a sheep-run, he awaits the human hounds running steadily on the trail. For the first time he challenges Billy as he draws near, and aiming his gun, cries: 'Stop! If you come on, one of you must die.'

Billy's comrades pull up, but only for an instant. 'Gun ain't loaded,' he sputtered out, knowing that Harry would have used the same persuasion long

since, if the piece had been really charged. Harry seized the gun by the muzzle, and whirling it over his head, threatens a smashed brain-pan to the first who comes within reach; his higher ground too makes him look formidable. But the undaunted Billy, signing to the two ruffians beside him to climb up right and left, creeps a little closer, but quite out of Harry's reach. This was too much for Harry: that three men should make a simultaneous attack upon him on all sides in such a place must be fatal to him, he knew, should he manage to dispose of even one or two of his antagonists. He turned and fled. Once more he struggles gamely on; he nears the summit—the top is gained; no: the fell rises up still higher. His throat is parched, his legs feel not his own; climbing, and such a climb as this, they have not been accustomed to. Faint and in despair, he almost gives up; the thought of Maud, however, comes to help him; while there's life there's hope; he springs to his feet, and now the real summit is close by. With hands bleeding, clothes torn, blinded by his terrible exertions, and scarce hearing, with a terrible singing in his ears, another feeble struggle lands him on the top. At full length he lies for a few seconds, while the cold breeze invigorates his exhausted energies, and then, with a murmur of thanks to God, he hastily crosses the ridge, about thirty yards broad. As he sees the huge stones and fragments of rock scattered here and there, he has thoughts of trying the effect of hurling them upon the wretches below; but again thinking that they must be close upon him now, and feeling quite unequal to the desperate task of settling three men in as many minutes, he dashes to the other side, and steadying himself by sitting on his heels, he begins to slide at a good pace down the slope, made slippery by the short and stunted grass. No sooner had he got well under weigh, than his pursuers reach the top on the other side, and despite their anxiety to commence the descent, where, from greater practice in sliding, they hope at length to attain their object, like Harry, they are compelled for a minute to stop, before they resume the chase. On glancing below, Billy chances to see poor Harry in difficulties. He had been sliding along fairly well, when the ground suddenly became rougher, and loose stones more frequent; he was compelled, therefore, to assume an upright position, and scramble down as best he could; but as every one knows who has tried it, it is easier to start than to stop when once one has set off. Harry was delighted at the rapidity of his new motion, as compared with the slower rate of sliding; he had good legs, and kept his feet where many would have lost them; but faster and faster he went; his strides down the fell-side were almost ludicrous, had they not been so dangerous. In vain he tried to moderate his pace; he went like the wind; he felt in another instant that he would be dashed to atoms; his only chance was to throw himself backwards. This he barely accomplished, for he was almost powerless, but his heel catching in a small tuft of gorse at the same moment, he spun round like a top, and turning a few somersaults, he only came to an anchor by laying hold of another tuft. He felt himself terribly bruised, and out of breath; and perceiving a warm something gushing down his cheek and neck, he found, by putting up his hand, that the hard rock had inflicted a fearful wound upon his scalp; he had

a large gash too upon his forehead. Billy from above scarcely observed all this, before, with the swoop of an eagle, he rushed upon his prey; the other two men evidently feared a like catastrophe with that of Vernon, if they shewed too much haste, and they felt that the matter was secure in Billy's hands. On looking up, Harry saw that he must arouse himself, or all would soon be over.

The ground was here smoother, and he tried the sliding down again, directing his course towards his gun, which had been hurled from his grasp by the fall. Scarce had he seized it as he swept quickly by, than, by the stones and rubble which tumbled pell-mell past him and upon him, he knew that Billy in another second or two would reach him. O Harry, you have struggled nobly; do not give in now! But Harry's progress not only becomes slower; he suddenly stops, comes to a regular stand-still as he crouches on a little patch of furze. He must be lost, Billy, excited, furious, triumphant, comes like a thunderbolt upon him. Why, the very shock of a heavy man like that would simply smash him. At the very moment that Billy, with the spring of a tiger, actually launches himself in the air in his furious downward course upon the very spot, Harry, by a slight movement to one side, is saved. Billy makes a convulsive clutch at him as he goes crashing by, and then, after a couple of somersaults in the air, comes down with a heavy thud, and lies motionless and still. Harry is upon him in a second, and, with upraised stock, is about to give him his quietus, sufficient at anyrate to put an end to the pursuit, when, starting from the fallen form, he continues a headlong course to the bottom of the fell. The man's face had been towards him, and in the staring eyes and open mouth, from which blood was pouring fast, he saw death, death!

How he reached his uncle's house he knew not; faint, dizzy, and covered with blood, he had a confused idea that two men were hard after him. As a matter of fact, he had been pursued for quite half a mile by Billy's companions, now eager to despatch him, and to give them time to quietly leave the country, for a moment's inspection had assured them of their leader's fearful end, and they dreaded the consequence of immediate discovery. Poor Harry! he hastened through the shrubberies, and then leaning against a little iron gate leading through the garden, he paused for a moment to collect himself, and thought of his miraculous preservation. As he passed his hands through his matted and blood-stained hair, the frightful appearance he must present occurred to his mind, and the necessity of gaining his room before any alarm should be given to the house. He therefore bethought him of the easiest by-path that would conduct him most quickly and secretly round, not through the open grounds. With wary eye and anxious breast, he sped along, and on sharply turning a corner, he nearly ran into Maud's arms. There was one dreadful scream; it was heard all over the place. 'My darling, it's nothing, it's nothing,' he cried; 'I'm all right; but as he advanced, his face turned as into stone: with open eyes, parted and blanched lips, Maud seemed to repel him with her hand, and then, with another piercing and heart-rending shriek, she fell senseless on the ground. At that instant there appeared upon the scene the gardener, a housemaid, Harry's uncle, and the butler. Of course

the housemaid went off into hysterics. They bore poor Maud indoors. In less than an hour she awoke to consciousness, but not to reason. Day after day she would lie and murmur: 'Poor Harry! poor Harry!' Harry, poor fellow, returned that week to town. His uncle had heard his explanation; in his grief, had pitied, reproached him; had kissed him, and cursed him. But when, on sending a body of servants to the fell, no trace of the dead man was to be found, he broke out into bitter words of grief and invective, hard to be borne. Nothing was to be heard of the three villains at all; the scramble for life must have been an hallucination or an invention of Vernon's own brain, after meeting with an accident which had left such severe marks upon him. Such a man as Billy had, indeed, been noticed in the neighbourhood, and now most of all when dead, he might have been expected to remain for a few hours on the fell, until he was discovered; but he was nowhere to be found. Harry returned to his sympathising but perplexed and distracted father. Billy preceded him to town by three days, accompanied by his allies, without having accomplished much during their poaching expeditions in the country. He bore such a mark upon his visage as made him look more ruffianly than before the adventure, which had caused the breakage of a blood-vessel and temporary insensibility. It is satisfactory to know that he not long afterwards paid the penalty for being concerned in some fresh misdemeanour against the laws of the land in which he lived. A certain deep scar upon his face gave conclusive evidence as to his identity, and he was transported for life. Harry yearned for the good news which never came; Maud continued in the same wretched state. Before the year was out, to crown the misery which preyed upon poor Harry, his uncle died; he had never recovered from the shock of that day, which brought such wretchedness to his house.

In answer to a letter which he at length ventured to his aunt, he was told that Maud was under more careful treatment than his, and that she should prefer to hear no more from a murderer and destroyer. Young Vernon, for a few weeks, gave way to an indescribable melancholy, and it was only through the tender sympathy of his father that he survived. He then devoted himself to hard reading, passed a very creditable examination; and to his men and superior officers alike in India, as a young lieutenant, was only known as the strictest disciplinarian, and the sternest and most uninteresting companion in the mess. The unhappy state of his mind had the usual effect on his health, and hence his return to London, and his appeal to my sympathy and friendship. As a dying man, he requested me, when he was gone, to search out his aunt, and convey to her his last message of forgiveness for the harsh treatment he had experienced at her hands; whilst he assured me that if by his death he could have secured health and happiness to his once bright and merry darling, he would have died long since. And now at length his tale was told. He gazed at me with earnest eyes. I could only press his wasted hand, and promise that I would sacredly carry out his wish. He slept. I watched over him that night. The succeeding day he slept continuously. Towards evening the doctor called. He had seen from the first that he could do little in such a case. He

looked fixedly at his patient as he lay in a sound slumber, felt his pulse, and then, turning to me, said: 'You are Mr Lawrence?'

'Yes, I replied, 'I am.'

'Ah!' he said, 'I've heard him mention you. You see what your poor friend is suffering from? Well, stay with him as long as you can, please. You've done him pounds worth of good already.'

And what had I done? By being a quiet and sympathetic listener, I had brought that feeling of relief to the poor sufferer which undoubtedly ensues when the burden of sorrow is lightened by being borne on the shoulders of two, instead of being endured by the strength of one alone. Harry and I spent that week quietly enough; he slept, and I read and thought. When awake, he always sought me with an anxious look, which immediately changed to a peaceful smile, when I cheerfully spoke or affectionately pressed his hand; but he never spoke of getting better. When he thought of *life*, the old wretched look came back; when he thought of the *grave*, eternal rest seemed all that he desired. My thoughts at last took a definite shape. I explained to Harry that he must allow me a day for business in the country, and that then I would return to him. The next day I took the train for Stonebridge, a small town in Devonshire. Acting upon what I could glean from Harry's uncertain information, strengthened by the *Postal Directory*, I was about to play the last chance. Mrs Vernon had, some time since, sold everything, and left the neighbourhood of Waterthwaite; and now, as I walked through the principal street of Stonebridge, and neared the good lady's supposed residence, I felt as though walking into the lion's mouth.

'Does Mrs Vernon live here?'

'Yes, sir,' answered a very respectable-looking housemaid; 'but she's out for a drive, sir, and won't be back for some time.' I had pulled out my card-case; and seeing me look very much annoyed and perplexed, as indeed I was, she added: 'But if it's anything important, Miss Hamilton is at home, sir.'

'Miss Hamilton?' I exclaimed; 'Miss Maud Hamilton?'

'Yes, sir,' timidly replied the astonished maiden.

I knew not what to think of it; the girl must be an idiot to imagine that I could have any business with the poor imbecile Maud. However, stirred by some inward feeling, perhaps only a wish to see the unfortunate lady, in whom I now felt, on Harry's behalf, so great an interest, I sent up my card, and requested to learn from Miss Hamilton's lips when I might expect the return of Mrs Vernon, as I had important news. This was followed by a request to walk up-stairs into the drawing-room; and in another second, a side-door opened, and a young lady advanced most gracefully into the room. She looked pale and very thin, but if sadness reigned in those beautiful eyes, reason reigned there too. My gaze must have been too earnest, for, with a slight blush and a little confusion of manner, she expressed her regret that Mrs Vernon was out, and feared that she would not be at home for an hour or more. My resolve was taken. 'If you will be so good as to seat yourself,' I said, 'I daresay I can explain the nature of my visit to you quite as well as to Mrs Vernon; I come from an old friend of Mrs Vernon.'

'Oh, indeed; pray, be seated,' she said.

I had conned over and over what I should say to Mrs Vernon, but I had hardly expected to meet with Miss Hamilton. I began quietly and cautiously; but I had scarcely spoken a few words, when I saw that she had guessed my errand, had understood that Harry Vernon was the subject of my thoughts. I had a difficult task to perform; she had turned deadly pale, and clung to the cushions of the sofa on which she was seated for support.

'I feel rather tired with my journey,' I broke in with: 'may I ring for a glass of wine?' I rang the bell, and the poor girl had sufficient strength of nerve to say: 'Bring in some wine.' I hastily poured out a glass of sherry, which I forced her to take; and then, as the cat was out of the bag, I quickly concluded all I had to say. I did not tell her how desperately ill and near death's door Harry was; but her tears flowed freely, and she held out her hand to me, to express the thanks which she could not then utter, as I told her enough to convince her that it depended on herself whether misery or happiness was to ensue from my visit. Of course I had to wait for Mrs Vernon's return, and of course that lady was much surprised to find me at her house, and her daughter in an excited state of mind. The tale was one more and more connectedly told; and my urgent appeal to humanity's affection and sympathy, added to Maud's tears, had the desired effect. The old lady was softened; she burst into a flood of tears over her unfortunate nephew, and it ended in my leaving by the last train at night for London, to prepare Harry for their coming up to see him, to forgive him, and to be forgiven. I could hardly contain myself for joy, and any passengers in the compartment of the carriage next to mine must have been rather astonished by my bursts of laughter, my little shouts of self-congratulation, and my snatches of old songs, all the way from Stonebridge up to town. I was never so jolly in my life, and I'm afraid I gave Harry but little preparation. I could not conceal my gladness. 'Well, old man, I've done my business capitally; I feel quite jovial;' and I laughed again. 'Where do you think I've been?' He stared at me with his great hollow eyes, as though he would read my soul. 'I've been to Stonebridge!'

'No, you haven't!' he almost shouted.

'Yes, I have,' I said, smiling; 'and capital news too.' I then proceeded to tell him my adventures, not exactly at first as they occurred, for I first told him that his aunt was prepared once more to receive him with open arms. At last the great good news of Maud was told. He had two days in which to prepare himself for their arrival. Those two days did wonders, and though he looked like a ghost of his former self, yet he was able to receive them sitting in a chair, beside a cheerful little fire. No one witnessed the meeting between himself and Maud. I had quite enough pleasure in imagining it; indeed, I could not have controlled myself to see it. It is needless to speak further of my delight, that best happiness of making others happy.

Mrs Vernon had the ultimate and satisfactory pleasure of at last seeing sunshine behind the black clouds which had so long beset her house; and in her old age she stood with me beside the altar to witness there the union which had once so often been the earnest desire of her heart. Both

Maud and Harry looked older and graver than they might at such a time of life; but if they were rather aged by early sorrow, they at least knew better how to appreciate every moment in after-life of true love and happiness.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It is perhaps not widely known that among the numerous scientific societies of this country there is an Anthropological Institute, that is, an association which devotes itself to the study of everything that tends to bring to light the history of mankind. In this Institute are merged two previously existing Societies, the Anthropological and the Ethnological, and the combination is likely to do more for the special object in view than could have been achieved by three separate bodies. Concentration of knowledge and power, including, of course, money power, is as important in science as in war; and there are other societies, some of them archaeological, which might lay this fact to heart with advantage to all concerned. The Institute accepts facts from all quarters, for Great Britain and Ireland are comprehended in its scheme, illustrations from foreign sources are readily entertained, and the results are published in a *Journal*. For example, we find, in the last number of this publication, particulars of flint implements from various parts of the world—of a neolithic implement from Antrim—of incised flints—of non-historic stone implements from the Mediterranean—on the discovery of stone implements in Egypt—on skulls from Palestine, Tiflis, and Ashantee—on the Beothuks (a native people) of Newfoundland—on Indian remains from Labrador—on the Serpent in primitive metallurgy—on prehistoric and protohistoric comparative philology—on ethnic psychology—on mythological birds ethnologically considered—on school statistics—on the extinction of families—on the development of the mental function in man—and on the mental difference between the sexes. From these instances, the general scope of the Institute may be apprehended; and as they are published in full, with the discussions for and against, and with lithographs and engravings to make the subject clear, intelligent readers have the opportunity to make themselves acquainted with much that is interesting in the scientific progress of ethnology.

Another association, scientific only in the antiquarian or philological sense, is the Society of Biblical Archaeology. The results of their studies are published in *Transactions*, and in a style which to many readers would be highly interesting. Inscriptions, cuneiform and Egyptian, are translated and discussed; ancient legends are examined, dates are rectified, and such important subjects are treated of as the Synchronism History of Assyria and Judaea, and the Astronomy and Astrology of the Babylonians.

Dr Mann, in his annual address to the Meteorological Society, told the members that they must make up their minds to allow for the influence of

the sun, in all their meteorological observations. The importance of this remark may be judged of from the fact, that the sun's heat which falls on the earth is sufficient to keep 543,000 million steam-engines of four hundred horse-power, each working continuously. The central heat is such that the most stubborn metallic and rocky substances are fused and reduced to vapours. These vapours blaze; and by aid of the spectroscope, these substances can be identified, and the bright flames can be seen leaping up from the sun to a height of fifty thousand or a hundred thousand miles; thus, henceforth, the spectroscope will have to be used side by side with the thermometer and barometer. If the sun undergoes fluctuations, may we not suppose that the weather of our globe fluctuates more or less in sympathy therewith? To this question many observers now devote themselves, and every year throws a little more light on the problem of the connection between sun-spots and rainfall—as to their effect on heat and light—and on weather phenomena generally. Mr Meldrum, of the observatory, Mauritius, believes that he has discovered that a maximum of cyclones, and a maximum of rainfall, in the Indian Ocean, are coincident with a maximum occurrence of sun-spots. From these few particulars it may be seen that in solar phenomena there is a most promising subject for investigation, even though, as Dr Mann says, 'weather prophets may not be able to read in the sun's face the forecasts of tempests and of benign seasons; yet meteorologists will find there an interpretation of physical secrets that belong properly to their domain, and a field of philosophic generalisation that will add a power and dignity to their own grasp of their special methods of intellectual research.'

At Kremsmünster, in Bavaria, weather observations have been made for more than a century. Discussion of these observations, and of other observations made in Saxony, leads to the conclusion that there is a periodicity in thunder-storms as well as in some other natural phenomena. Von Bezold says, in his paper on the subject, that in years when the temperature is high, and the sun's surface relatively free from spots, thunder-storms are abundant. Since, moreover, the maxima of the sun-spots coincide with the greatest intensity of auroral displays, it follows that both groups of phenomena, thunder-storms and auroras, to a certain extent supplement each other, so that years of frequent storms correspond to those auroras, and *vice versa*. It is pointed out that this 'connection between sun-spots and storms does not by any means sanction the supposition of a direct electrical interaction between the earth and sun, but may be simply a consequence of a degree of insolation dependent on the sun-spots.' The changes of insolation manifest themselves successively in different latitudes, and not contemporaneously.

Mention has been made in former columns of this *Journal* of the connection between fluctuations of the barometer, and storms, and the occurrence of explosions in coal-mines. The observations made, establish the fact that explosions follow a change of pressure and a change of temperature; and in the new Coal-mines Regulation Act it is now required that, 'after dangerous gas has been found in any mine, a barometer and thermometer shall be placed above ground, in a conspicuous position, near the entrance to the mine.' Of

course, the intention is that the instruments shall be watched, and precautionary measures taken in accordance with their indications. It is remarkable that explosions are fewest when the wind blows from the north.

A nautical contemporary points out that there is an 'analogy between the causes of explosions in coal-mines and the causes of the principal casualties to shipping,' and the conclusion is that observation of the barometer and thermometer may be as beneficial in one case as in the other. Much has already been done towards making the value and importance of these instruments known among our seafaring population, but much remains to be done, and the more widely the knowledge is spread the better.

In the last part of the *Journal* of the Royal Agricultural Society is an instructive paper by Mr Lawes on the valuation of unexhausted manures. If a tenant gives up a farm before the effect is exhausted of the fertilisers which he has put into the soil, it seems but reasonable that he should be compensated for that reserve of effect. But the question is a difficult one, for the nature of the manure, the nature of the soil, the method of farming, and other particulars, have to be taken into account. As Mr Lawes explains, 'wheat has been grown, without manure, and by different descriptions of manure, in the same field, for thirty-one years in succession, and with very similar results. Mineral manures alone have given very little increase of produce; nitrogenous manures alone, in the form of ammonia salts or nitrate of soda, have given considerably more produce than mineral manure alone; and the mixture of mineral and nitrogenous manures has yielded much more still, and more of both corn and straw, than the annual application of farm-yard manure.' The most valuable manures are thus those which contribute most nitrogen to the soil and the crops.

The conclusions with which Mr Lawes ends his paper are, that, 'in the existing state of our knowledge, no simple rules, applicable to various soils and subsoils, climates, seasons, crops, and manures, can be laid down for the valuation of the unexhausted residue of previously applied manures which have already yielded a crop.' In the numerous discussions on this subject, it never seems to have occurred to any one that the simplest of all rules is to make everything a matter of contract between landlord and tenant. What more could any one have?

The result of Mr Lawes' experiments and other experiments recorded in the *Society's Journal*, which does not surprise us, is to demonstrate in the clearest possible manner, that grain crops may be grown year after year without injury to the soil, provided that the land be properly tilled, and that the right kinds of manure are made use of.

From time to time facts are discovered which add to the existing evidence that there is a rise of the land going on in the southern circumpolar regions: in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, the phenomena are remarkable. Owing to the rise of the land in one place, certain lakes and a river disappeared. The natives, who had sold the land, squatted immediately on the places that had been occupied by the water, contending that they had never sold the lakes. In another place,

on the western coast of New Zealand, the high-water mark of the year 1814 is now two hundred yards inland, and many other facts might be cited. They prove, as Mr Howorth says, in a communication to the Royal Geographical Society, that the masses of land round about the south pole 'are at present areas of upheaval,' and that 'the earth's periphery is being stretched or extended in the direction of its shortest axis.' He draws attention to the 'very remarkable fact, that in all this area, exhibiting so many signs of rapid upheaval, there should be such a marked absence of volcanoes,' for the two or three in the north island of New Zealand, those in Tierra del Fuego, and Mount Erebus, are but few in so vast a circle. 'If,' says Mr Howorth, 'if volcanoes be the violent efforts of the eruptive forces of the earth, it is remarkable that they should be absent, or only present in such feeble examples in this area, and that we shall search such markedly rising areas as Australia, Tasmania, and South Africa in vain for them. My explanation,' he adds, 'of this absence, which involves some very heterodox views on the subject of volcanic energy, I must reserve for a future occasion.'

On Iron as a Constructive Material, is the title of a paper read before the Institute of British Architects by Mr Driver, who contends that false notions prevail with respect to the use of iron in building. One of these false notions is, that iron should be disguised, covered with lath and plaster, to make it fit for architectural purposes; which implies that iron itself is too intractable a material either for feature or ornament. As a case in point, Mr Driver takes the ordinary shop front, where a sheet of plate-glass and a wooden fascia appear to support the weight of three or four stories of brick or stone. The weight is in reality supported by an iron girder behind the fascia; and it is clear that the girder might be brought forward, and so constructed with panels and mouldings, that it would be sufficiently ornamental, and at the same time have the appearance of strength essential to proper architectural effect.

It is a prime condition of the use of iron in architecture that it should look like iron. Imitations are too much the fashion of the day. Iron, by reason of its strength, is susceptible of constructive effects alike new and beautiful; notwithstanding that so many distressingly ugly railway bridges and railway stations favour the impression that iron and ugliness always go together. Readers interested in the subject should get Mr Driver's paper as published by the Institute, and study his designs for pillars, bases, capitals, ribs, ties, brackets, for the heads even of bolts and rivets; they would then become aware of the great adaptability of iron as iron to the art of building and of architecture.

At a recent meeting of the same Institute it was mentioned that the glazed tiles made at the Doulton Works, Lambeth, will resist the destructive atmosphere of London. Architects and builders are unfortunately too well aware that ordinary glazed tiles crack or flake off after exposure to the weather, and have often longed for some of those indestructible materials with which the architects of the middle ages appear to have been well acquainted. What an advantage it would be if tiles of imperishable glaze could be produced! The surfaces of buildings might be

coated therewith; all the moulded and ornamental parts might be made of the same material; dust and soot would not lodge, or would be quickly washed off by the rain, and the beauty of the architecture would be displayed through long generations. The Lambeth Works have won a well-deserved reputation by shewing that pottery and modelling may be developed into exquisite forms of art; and if glazed tiles that never alter can be produced, there will be a further claim to distinction.

The heavy mineral baryta is now used largely in the arts: white lead or paint is adulterated with it to the extent of twenty-five or thirty per cent.; chlorate (which produces a green flame) and nitrate of baryta are employed as ingredients in fireworks; in the form of sulphate it makes a beautiful white coating for collars and cuffs and other articles of dress, and for cards. This permanent white, as it is called, is manufactured to the extent of five thousand tons a year. Carbonate of baryta is a strong poison, and is much used for killing rats. In France, the beet-sugar manufacturers use caustic baryta in sugar-refining; and a preparation of baryta is used by chemists in the production of peroxide of hydrogen, which is a valuable article in bleaching operations, in changing the colour of dark hair to light, and as a medical reagent.

Thirty years ago the digging of iron in Cleveland, north-east Yorkshire, was a very small affair. Last year (with deduction of a strike of two weeks) the quantity of ironstone raised in the same district was 5,435,293 tons; not without risk, for twenty-five miners were killed by accidents. We have it on the authority of the Iron and Steel Institute that the Cleveland 'output' was nearly one half of the whole production of iron ore in England and Wales in 1874.

In Mr Selwyn's Report on the Geological Survey of Canada, information is given of coal deposits in Canada, that is, in the Saskatchewan region. The coal is described as 'hard and bright, and jet-like,' in horizontal beds; and the area of the coal-field is stated as 25,000 square miles. We learn too that good coal has been discovered in Patagonia, at a point in the Strait of Magellan, where it is being worked under a concession from the Chilean government.

Professor Le Conte, of the University of California, has recently described what he calls 'the most extraordinary lava-flood in the world.' In Middle California, he says, it appears as separate streams; but in Northern California, in Oregon and Washington, it becomes 'an absolutely universal flood, beneath which the whole original face of the country, with its hills and dales, mountains and valleys, lies buried several thousand feet.' This great outpour of eruptive rocks extends from Nevada and Montana to British Columbia, and covers an area of from 200,000 to 300,000 square miles. Professor Le Conte is of opinion that it was all produced by volcanic eruptions in the Cascade Mountains. From this we learn that the more Western America is explored, the more does the magnitude of its natural phenomena become apparent.

The *New York Medical Journal* states that, in the Mount Sinai Hospital in that city, acute rheumatism is treated and cured by applications of cold. The method, we are informed, 'consists in

the use of cold baths, combined with icebags, to the inflamed joints. Every patient does not bear well the cold baths; but the icebags always prove grateful, and always remove the pain. The very curious point has been noticed, that if blankets are placed over the patient, or if in any way sweating is promoted, the cold loses its efficacy. It is found also that if the icebags are removed from the inflamed joints, the pain sometimes reappears, and when it does, a return to the icebags again relieves the patient.

In Paris, carrageen, or Irish moss, has been used as a substitute for linseed meal and other kinds of poultices, with good results. It does not ferment, and remains moist and inodorous for sixteen or eighteen hours when properly prepared by chopping and soaking.

Professor Dewar, in the conclusion of a lecture on the physiological action of light, delivered at the Royal Institution, remarked that 'it is possible, by experiment, to discover the physical expression of what is usually called in physiological language fatigue.'

How greatly would the prosperity and happiness of nations be increased, if quarrels could be adjusted by arbitration instead of the sword.

The Peace Society's Annual Report, just issued, shews that the active propagation of its principles, both at home and abroad, under the leadership of Mr Henry Richard, M.P., continues to be attended by an amount of success which must be very encouraging to its friends. Notwithstanding the recent disturbing war rumours, which are happily subsiding, it is clear, from the declarations which have come from various Continental States, that there is nothing which the peoples of Europe desire so much as peace. The Society's Report shews that the example set by the British House of Commons, in July 1873, in adopting Mr Richard's Motion on Arbitration, has been followed, during the past year, by the Legislatures of the United States (both the Congress and the House of Representatives), Belgium (the Upper and Lower Chambers), and Holland, all of which have adopted similar motions. The Canadian parliament has, this year, favourably entertained a resolution in support of international arbitration, although it was not pressed to a division. The subject is also about to be brought before the attention of the Danish legislature, on a proposal submitted to that body by three of its members. Several striking practical illustrations of the growing prevalence of pacific diplomacy as a substitute for war, have been afforded during the year. One was the case of China and Japan, which nations, when on the very point of hostilities, consented to accept the arbitration of the English ambassador at Peking, in November last, by whose award the threatened war was entirely averted. A dispute as to frontier territory, between Italy and Switzerland, has been amicably arranged this year, by the arbitral decision of the United States ambassador, at Rome; whilst the dispute between the British and Portuguese governments on the question of Delagoa Bay, is, while we write, under the arbitration of Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic. And at New York a New Court for Commercial Arbitration has been established, with the prospect of important good results.

The Report also refers with satisfaction to the growing interest taken in the Conferences for the

Reform and Codification of International Law, which have been annually convened in Belgium, Switzerland, or elsewhere, for several years past. The Society has continued its diligent use of the platform and the press. Amongst its special supporters, its *Herald of Peace* circulates monthly, forming a valued channel of intercommunication and information. By means of the Society's agents, about three hundred and twenty lectures and meetings have been held within the twelve-month. The Report further acknowledges the valuable foreign co-operation which the English Peace Society receives from kindred organisations and fellow-labourers in the United States, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland.

We wish for the Society God-speed in its beneficent work.

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

RAISE me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood-water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbour-bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, wife;
Wee Jack is beneath the wave,
And blue-eyed Freddie sleeps, wife,
In yonder yew-bowered grave,
Where the early daisies cluster
Around his baby bed,
And the thrush sits chanting softer
In yon tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,
When the harbour-bar doth mean;
But a darker grief will be yours, wife,
When you're left in the cot alone;
But a few more flows of the sea, wife,
And a few more ebbs of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side!

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in days of yore;
We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore!

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